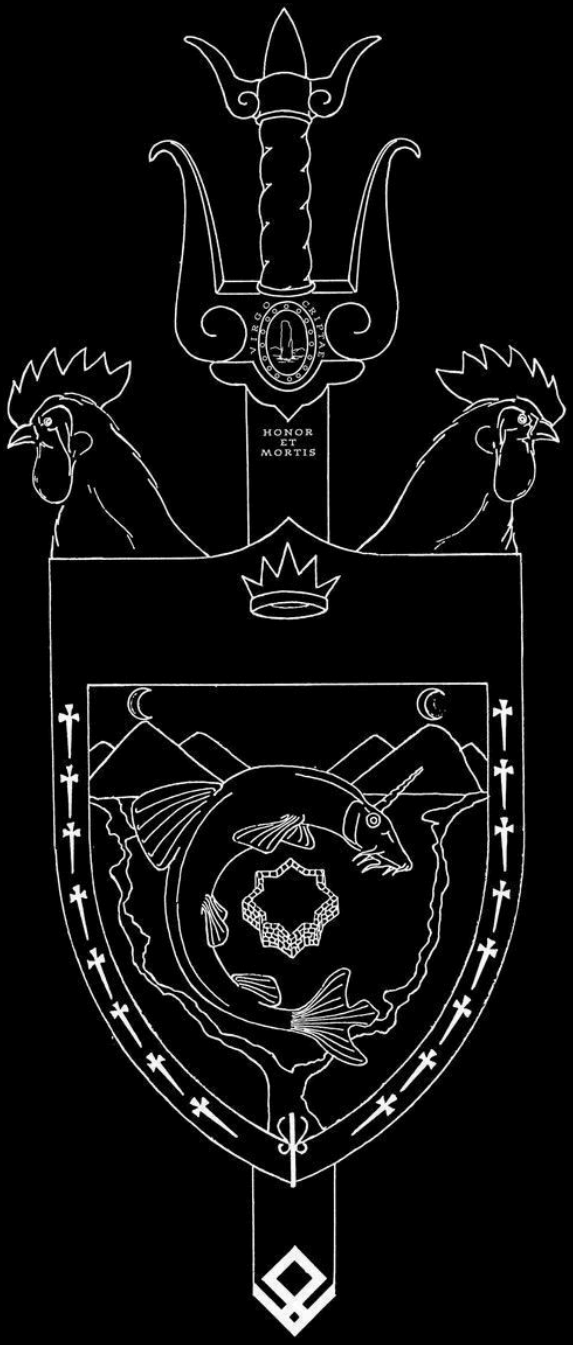
THE MYSTERY of the HYPERBOREAN WISDOM

or

"The Mystery of Belicena Villca"

NOVELA MÁGICA

LUIS FELIPE MOYANO CIRES
"NIMROD DE ROSARIO"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ET
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THE MYSTERY of the HYPERBOREAN WISDOM

or

"The Mystery of Belicena Villca"

"NOVELA MÁGICA"

or

INITIATIC NOVEL

IN FIVE BOOKS

by

LUIS FELIPE MOYANO CIRES
"NIMROD DE ROSARIO"

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH

BY

KRAKEN EDITORIAL

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Note from the Translator

Contained herein is a literal translation from the author's original manuscript. No part of this translation was done in an automatic manner or put through a translating machine, but manually performed, word by word, with every intention to preserve the exactitude of the original language and the incomparable literary qualities of the author and his work, leaving no part of this translation to chance. Each word and phrase has been rigorously proofread for accuracy and grammatical and historical correctness, often adapting the names of places and personages to their English-language equivalent. No part of this work has been altered during the process, with every effort made to preserve the syntax and sentence structure of the original and the intention to allow the author's words to speak for themselves, without interpretation or editorialization. Footnotes have been added to clarify and explain either foreign, archaic, or unfamiliar terms and phrases, to increase readability.

Author's Disclaimer

Reader, think that in reading this book you set foot on a land seldom trodden by others. It is my duty to warn you that the eye of Jehovah Satan will, from now on, be set upon you. You will be accursed to Him and He will try to destroy you. You will have to flee! But where, if He is all around you?

You will call out for help to our serpent-God Khristos Lúcifer, but He sleeps in order to awaken at the end of the Kaly Yuga. Only the ancient goddess Lillith watches over this black night of infernal darkness. You must seek Her! But bear in mind that She will demand from you the eternal and icy love of the Hyperborean Siddhas.

Reader, are you capable of loving Lillith? If you do not feel the eternal love, always present in the "Blood Memory" of the Minne: if you are not capable of transmuting and eternalizing yourself as a Hyperborean Siddha: then, for your own good, it is the author's will that you do not read this book.

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To the Reader 1175

Next, five books,
which jointly constitute

"The Mystery of the Hyperborean Wisdom"

FIRST BOOK

"The Desaparecido of Tafí del Valle"

Chapter I

I met Belicena Villca when she was interned at the "Dr. Javier Patrón Isla" Neuropsychiatric Hospital in the city of Salta, with a diagnosis of irreversible senile dementia. Being a doctor in ward "B," for incurable patients, I have had to pay attention to the referred patient during a long year in which I applied all the resources that psychiatric science and my extensive experience in the profession was affording me in order to attempt, vainly, her recuperation. As you will see later on, her story was written by herself while she was remaining in that sad confinement. She dedicated all available time to that end, which was a lot, since the medical board had authorized her to write "given that such activity was resulting in evident therapeutic results on the animus of the patient." However, no one knew to what her writings were referring and if they were revealing any logical coherence, information that would have been useful to possess in order to confirm or correct the adverse diagnosis. Two reasons were preventing from knowing the content of her manuscripts: the first, and main, consisted in that the sick woman was writing in ***Santiagueño Quechua,*** a language that is only spoken in her native region; in secret, seemingly, Belicena Villca translated the manuscripts into Castilian a few days before dying; the second reason was the homicidal zeal that she was putting in to avoid the reading of the texts, which resulted, one day, in a violent incident with a nurse who dared to set eyes on one of its pages. But, as what was of interest was keeping her tranquil, and writing was contributing to entertain her in that state, it was opted not to contradict her manic desires and she was permitted to hide the manuscripts in a briefcase from which she was never separated at any time. Nevertheless, part of her story was recounted to me by herself while her convalescence lasted, either through long monologues to which psychoanalysis was frequently leading her, on days in which a certain mental stability was allowing this therapy, or, involuntarily, when the narcosis treatment was plunging her into a heavy stupor during which, however, her oral activity was never diminishing. Naturally, her declarations could not be given credence to, not only because of her mentally ill condition, but because of the tenor of them, which were incredible and hallucinatory: her

account could never be more justly qualified ***as the story of a madwoman.***

The alienated situation of Belicena Villca will surely discourage the readers about the veracity of the narrated events. It is understandable as just a year ago I myself had done everything possible to prevent the divulgation of a material that prudence, and professional ethics, advise to keep in the reserved ambits of ***Clinical History and Personal File.***

But, lo and behold, the sudden death of Belicena Villca came to alter this rational point of view and led me to think that History registers the passage of venerable figures through the cells of celebrated madmen. I remembered Nietzsche, Ezra Pound, Antonin Artaud, the chess player Morphy, the mathematician Cantor, and many others. I reasoned that those famous personages were presenting acute symptom complexes of schizophrenia, like my patient, which signifies that the consciousness is fragmented but not dissolved, and may, eventually, produce states of temporal lucidity where the conduct is more or less normal. I told myself that if Cantor elaborated the brilliant theory of transfinite numbers in the madhouse and if Nietzsche during his ten years of confinement was able to quote Homer, Empedocles, and almost any classic, from memory, and in ancient Greek, it was possible, to an infinitely lesser extent, that the account from Belicena Villca was in part true. Of course, this apparently inconsistent syllogism will surprise the reader; but it is that I thought this all in haste, very much in haste: ***because Belicena Villca had been assassinated.***

Chapter II

That unpleasant event perturbed the impeccable running of the Hospital, plunging all of us into a state of indescribable malaise and anguish. Especially affected was our Director, the eminent Dr. Cortez, who was fearing that the scandal arrived to tarnish the name of the illustrious local hero that the Hospital bears, a fact that, according to his clear logic, would influence the checks that the powerful family of the deceased was sending monthly. I will not tire the reader with the details because this case was widely commented by the press and if you wish to do so, you can consult the "El Heraldo" newspaper of Salta, in the issues of the week that goes from January 7–15, 1980, where you will find all the information. Here I will only recall the essential, since the development of this ***true case*** requires to consider the strange circumstances under which the crime occurred and the mystery that surrounded it; ...and that still persists, since the Police did not manage to clarify it and worthy functionaries manifest doubts about whether it will someday be possible. Because two elements as absurd as they are irrational definitively intervene in the fatal dénouement, preventing any possibility of making coherent conjectures; the first is an unobjectionably verified fact: the crime was concretized in a cell for psychotic patients, hermetically sealed with a heavy steel door, between 00:00 hours and 02:00 hours on January 6, without ***anyone,*** absolutely ***no one*** having entered during that lapse. This was verified, luckily, thanks to a fortuitous event.

January 5 being the night before, that is to say, the Three Kings Day festivity, part of the staff was to deliver gifts to the Children's Hospital and to the Saint Francis of Assisi Orphanage. Among them was our eximious Director, Dr. Cortez, who at 23:00 hours had already returned, still wearing the Papá Noel[1] suit and ready to make the daily round that, for countless years, he performs throughout the pavilions in order to collect the final reports. Well, ***Dr. Cortez himself saw Belicena Villca alive for the last time at 23:50 hours,*** when, following a hysterical crisis in its second phase, he promoted a general disorder in pavilion "B": she was desperately running in the reduced space

1. Santa Claus

of her cell, with her eyes fixed and exorbitant, while shouting ***"Pachachutquiy," "Pachachutquiy,"*** words that at that moment were incomprehensible, although we recognized that they were from the Quechua language. On the other hand, the attack was symptomatically abnormal for her.

Dr. Cortez ordered an immediate dose of Valium, plunging the unfortunate Belicena Villca into a stupor from which she would only have to come out an instant in order to see Death up close, just as was suggesting the expression of tremendous horror with which her taut face was found when she was discovered, already dead, three hours later. And here arises the mystery; the first element that disconcerted and surprised the seasoned policemen: after the patient was attended to, at about 00:00 hours, we all withdrew from the cell, this being locked by Dr. Cortez, who ***inadvertently*** put the key in one of the pockets of his Papá Noel suit, later forgetting to deposit it on the general panel of keys. At three o'clock in the morning, when the on-duty nurse went to make the usual round, she noticed the lack of the key, of which no one knew how to report. From it she deduced that it had been taken by Dr. Cortez and, as the duplicates were in his office, it left her no other alternative but to call him at home. It was not necessary to do so, since the operator of the internal switchboard informed her that Dr. Cortez was still in the Hospital, although he was about to leave. Notified of his error, he decided to go up to Pavilion "B" in order to turn in the key and carry out a brief ocular inspection. That is to say, that during those three hours, the key, the only means to open the armored door of the cell, was in possession of Dr. Cortez. But the Director of the Hospital was a man of recognized social trajectory, whose moral virtues have always been exalted as an example worthy of emulation, and of whom, lastly, no one would dare to doubt, not even the experienced policeman Maidana in charge of the investigation of the case.

Finally, Dr. Cortez opened the door of the cell, accompanied by myself and Nurse Garcia, at exactly 03:05 hours. A penetrant and sweet odor was the first thing that caught our attention. It was a fragrance like sandalwood or incense and was so out of place there, that we looked at each other perplexed. But this was only an instant because what came afterward concentrated all our attention.

Belicena Villca was lying on her bed, undoubtedly dead for some time, her neck swollen because of the strangulation to which she had been subjected. The homicide weapon, an ivory-color rope, was still noosed on her head but already loose. And the two ends were gently falling over her chest to the side of the bed.

It was a spectacle so horrible that the seasoned nurse Garcia let out a scream of fright and staggered backward, having to sustain her by the shoulders, even though my legs were not entirely firm. And it was no wonder; the dead woman had her hands closed on the blankets on both sides of the body, a position in which they must have been at the moment of death and that the cadaveric rigidness preserved, which was indicating that she had not defended herself from her mysterious assassin. This one must have instilled in her such terror that, still observing how the noose was passing around her neck, and then, feeling that it was closing and cutting off her respiration, she only managed to desperately cling to the blanket. Such a deduction was being affirmed upon contemplating the gesture of the face: the eyes very wide and exorbitant; and the mouth half-open, allowing to see the swollen tongue, which was seeming to break into an inconclusive word, something that perhaps would now never be pronounced, perhaps the mysterious ***pachachutquiy***.

I will now expose the second absurd and irrational element that, when intervening with the crushing weight of the concrete, eliminated any hope of obtaining a prompt and simple solution. I will explain myself better. The incomprehensible fact that the door was locked when the crime was being committed, the first element, could be overlooked, establishing the logical, albeit improbable, hypothesis that the assassin possessed another key or that a conspiracy existed on the part of members of the medical corps, etc. Finally in the end, the police were formulating such hypotheses and what they were intending was to strip the case of any "mystery" or supernatural illusion. But the ivory-color rope, the second element, consisted of an object too tangible to overlook.

The second element was the evidence that something sinister and irrational had irresistibly installed itself among us. It was a rope of one meter in length; constructed with hair, apparently, human, braided and dyed. But the unusual thing was represented by the two gold medals, one at each end, madly

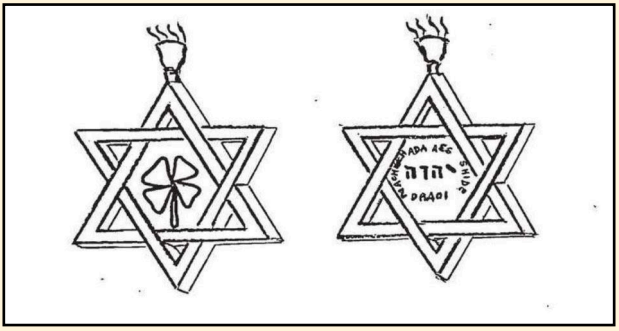
spinning in two small gold cones. The medals in themselves were constituting the most absurd thing of all: exactly alike in their Star of David shapes, however, their engravings and inscriptions were not. One of them was bearing, chiseled in relief, a ***four-leaf clover*** engraved on the central hexagon; the other was showing a fruit that, undoubtedly, was corresponding to the ***pomegranate***.

I found them similar to certain Masonic jewels that I saw at a Rotary Club exhibition; but the familiarity ended as soon as I remembered and reasoned that the only point of similarity between these and those was the Star of David that, as all know, is formed by two interlaced equilateral triangles. It is a symbol adopted for millennia by the Hebrew people to identify themselves, such as can be verified today seeing it on the flag of the State of Israel.

The backs of the medals were bearing inscriptions. But, these, far from clarifying anything, were increasing our confusion because they were written in two different languages. One phrase, horizontally engraved on the center, was written in Hebrew characters, although such signs were not the same on each medal. Surrounding these words was another inscription in Latin letters, this time identical for both jewels. At the time no one could clarify to what language it was belonging: ***"ada aes sidhe draoi mac hwch."*** The Hebrew words, on the other hand, were saying; on the pomegranate: בינה and on the clover: יחבה.

As will be understood, this curious bejeweled rope was giving all the sensation of being something of ceremonial or religious use, an attribute that officer Maidana immediately grasped, for upon examining it he could not avoid a gesture of repugnance and an exclamation:

"Ugh, this is something Jewish!"



Chapter III

I know that many powerful people of our country consider that every correct police officer must indispensably profess the "nationalist ideology"; and I also know that said indefinable ideology is opposed to the great internationalisms such as Marxism, Masonry, Zionism, multinational corporations, etc., and even to the foreign policy of the imperialist potencies. In nationalist ideology it is a common belief that all those vast organizations converge in a leadership of power, situated somewhere in the world, a true Secret Government that they call *"International Synarchy."*

The Synarchy have developed a Strategy, the execution of which is to lead to the formation of a World Government that would rule over all the Nations of Earth. The differences and contradictions that are noticed between the great organizations mentioned would be of a tactical order and purely exterior; they would all coincide at the vertices of power and the general efforts would be geared to fulfill the synarchic Strategy.

It is dogma in nationalist ideology, for a century, that the Synarchy has been founded by the ***Jews*** with the pretension of ensuring world domination and thus giving fulfillment to prophecies emanated from the Bible and the commandments of the Talmud. That is why the nationalists who hold these ideas usually ardently hate the Jews.

The anti-Jewish exclamation of Officer Maidana, then, did not surprise me; but, understanding that it was a hasty impression, I tried to make him comprehend that to attribute a Jewish origin to the homicide rope, just because the medals had the shape of the Star of David, was risky at the very least: in effect, such a symbol is also utilized by other religions or sects like Masonry, Theosophy, the Rosicrucians, the Christian Churches, etc. Besides, I told him, a strange combination was constituting the pomegranate and the clover; and the indecipherable inscriptions? And the cord of dyed hair? No. It would not be so easy to qualify the whole.

Although it seems incredible, something was missing in Belicena Villca's cell: the briefcase with all her writings. The police, upon learning of its contents, and considering it as absolutely lacking in value, immediately ruled out a possible theft and flatly refused to link it to the motive of the crime: rather,

they attempted to persuade us that the briefcase could have ended up in the Hospital incinerator, either by accident, or by reprisal from a nurse annoyed by the excessive zeal with which the sick woman was looking after it.

Chapter IV

I knew about Belicena Villca at the Hospital. She arrived in December of '78 in an Army ambulance. Two burly non-commissioned officers accompanied her to the Director's office and handed him a letter from the Chief of the 230th Cavalry Regiment based in Salta, Colonel Mario Pérez, together with an envelope containing documentation and a medical record. In the letter, Dr. Cortez later informed us, the Colonel was requesting that Belicena Villca, "who was suffering a mental illness duly verified by the military doctors who were signing the attached studies," be admitted as a patient of the Hospital. The woman, a native of the Province of Tucumán, had an only son disappeared during the Great Repression of 1977. Not knowing his whereabouts, and ***apparently*** harboring the certainty that the authorities were denying her information, she began to resolutely move through several provinces of Northern Argentina and even left the country, traveling through the interior of Bolivia and Peru. This conduct turned out to be suspicious for the Intelligence Services, who subjected her to intense surveillance and finally arrested her.

It was during the harsh interrogations that the possibility was considered that Belicena Villca was mentally disequilibrated, for which reason, after consultations with military doctors, her transfer to the Dr. Javier Patrón Isla Neuropsychiatric Hospital had been arranged. As for her son, the Army knew nothing of his whereabouts or if he was serving in any subversive organization; his disappearance justly alerted the authorities as it was thought that he had gone underground. This idea was affirmed upon finding out about the surprising activity of the mother, a matter that finally caused her detention. The Colonel was providing the preceding information so that no credence was given to the stories or to the claims that the sick woman could make.

According to Dr. Cortez, the tone of the letter was admitting no reply; it was almost an order to intern Belicena Villca. In his criterion, two possibilities were having to be considered: either the woman was driven mad during the "interrogation," or the story that the Army was presenting was real. What had to be flatly ruled out was a third variant: that she knew some-

thing about subversion... In that case she would have been executed. Times were difficult back then; Argentina, militarily occupied in 1976, was enduring a tremendous repression that began with the extermination of the famous "nihilist guerrillas," such was the official qualification, and concluded with a bloodbath worthy of Caligula, where fell, in addition to the miserable guerrillas, people of every kind. The dead and disappeared were counted by the thousands and, in so dangerous an atmosphere, it was not good for the health to discuss military directives.

"Better times will come," Dr. Cortez was telling us. "Remember that the militaries are ruled by the laws of Strategy." And with his usual erudition, he was quoting to us Machiavelli, genius of Strategy, who in his work "The Prince" says:

"...upon seizing a State, every usurper must reflect on the crimes that it is necessary for him to commit, and execute them all at once, so that he does not have to renew them day by day and, not finding himself in this necessity, he can conquer men by force of benefits. [...] For the offenses must be inflicted in a single stroke so that, lasting less, they hurt less; while the benefits must be provided little by little, in order that they are better savored."

This was, for Dr. Cortez, the philosophy of the government.

I remember as if it were today when I accompanied Belicena Villca to pavilion "B," impressed by her cultured manner and her simple elegance. Without really being tall, she was seeming so due to her petite but erect body; her straight black hair, of soft strands, was falling to her waist. Her eyes, slightly slanted, were green and her nose, somewhat prominent, was giving an effect of firmness to her face, framed in an almost perfect oval. Her mouth, proportionate, was of full lips; the eyebrows: thick and straight over her eyes. Everything in her was emanating a vital air that was in no way giving away an age of 47 years and, even though past rigors left their emaciated mark, I was guessing that in her youth she had been a woman of extraordinary beauty.

The studies performed at the Hospital confirmed that Belicena was suffering from some type of schizophrenia, which was why Dr. Cortez, not so sensitive to aesthetic considerations, decided to maintain the "irreversible senile dementia" diagnosis of the military doctors, even though such an assessment was totally unjust.

While walking through the corridors heading to pavilion "B," I received the first of countless surprises that dealing with Belicena Villca and her strange story would give me. Reading the plastic tag with my name, clasped on the pocket of my jacket, she said:

"Dr. 'Arturo Siegnagel.' You have a magical name: ***'bear of the victorious claw.'*** Did you know?"

"I suppose so," I responded, while I was mentally translating: ***Arturo*** from the Greek ***árktos,*** means ***"bear"; Sieg*** means ***"victory"*** in German; and ***nagel, "claw,"*** in the same language. "What surprises me," I added, "is that you know it. Do you understand Greek and German?"

"Oh, it is not necessary, Dr. ***I see with the Blood.*** I know what I always knew," she said with an innocent smile.

"Yes, she is ill!" I foolishly thought, believing that she was alluding to the theory of reincarnation as do the Spiritists, permanent clients of our pavilions. Back then I could not even remotely imagine that someday I would make unusual efforts to remember each one of her words in order to analyze them with great respect.

Chapter V

It should come as no surprise that the police archived the case soon after having begun the investigation since, after each step that they were taking to clarify it, everything was becoming more confusing, being unjustifiable to put so much effort into a crime that, was seeming, no one was interested to solve. Firstly, because Belicena Villca had no known relatives who demanded justice; but, mainly, because of the mystery that was surrounding the matter: how did the assassin enter the hermetically sealed cell? Why did he utilize a valuable bejeweled rope to kill a defenseless alienated woman? And, most incomprehensible: what could be the motive for the crime, the motive that made what occurred intelligible?

There were no answers to these and other questions that were arising and, as time was passing without advancing an inch, the case was prudently closed by the Police.

At two months no one was speaking of the crime at the Neuropsychiatric Hospital and few were those who some months later were remembering the ill-fated Belicena Villca.

The daily routine, the fatiguing work, the day-to-day and inevitable problems, all contribute to the fact that the mundane man, submerged in the becoming of his Destiny, turns himself impermeable to the pain of others or to those phenomena that do not permanently affect his concrete reality.

I am not the exception to the rule and, with regard to what is narrated here, I surely would have forgotten the horrible crime, beleaguered by the obligations of my medical residency, the attention of the doctor's office, or the classes of American Anthropology that I take as a tertiary post-graduate course.

I say "would have forgotten" because the story of Belicena Villca suddenly invaded my own world, turning everything upside down; driving me to the edge of the demented abyss into which she succumbed.

As I said, the police soon disinterested themselves of the crime; after the de rigueur statements given in the subsequent days, they did not bother us any more and life returned to its usual rhythm. The cadaver of Belicena Villca underwent an autopsy, which only served to confirm what was already supposed by us: the death was caused by strangulation with the

white rope. As she had no known relatives, a telegram was sent to her only visitor, a Chahuanco Indian apparently based in the Province of Tucumán; but after a certain period of time going by without him showing up, the remains were buried in a local necropolis.

In those days, mid-January, in the middle of the northern summer, my only concern consisted in planning my annual vacations that were beginning on January 20 and were extending until the end of February. No doubt I would have time to do some excursions and prepare the subjects that I would take in March.

Justly, on a visit that I made to the Salta Faculty of Anthropology to enroll myself in a final exam, I came across Professor Pablo Ramirez, a prestigious Doctor of Philology and whom I knew for having attended one of his courses on Amerindian languages. Upon seeing him it occurred to me, suddenly, to consult him:

"Good morning, Dr. Ramirez. If you don't mind wasting just a moment, I wanted to ask you something..."

"Good morning, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel," he responded while he was courteously bowing his bald head, "go ahead."

"You see Dr. Ramirez, a patient passed away a few days ago in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital where I am a Physician and, before dying, she pronounced a Quechua word, something just like ***'pachachutquiy'***; I translate ***pacha*** = World, ***chutquiy*** = to dismember: in other words, 'to dismember the World.' As this makes no sense, I would like you to tell me if there is any other acceptation for that word." I was trying not to give information about the strange death. Professor Ramirez listened to my translation with visible displeasure.

"Where was your patient from?"

"From the Province of Tucumán; it seems that she always inhabited the Calchaquí valleys, even though lately she had traveled to the north, even to Peru and Bolivia. But of such trips I know very little because she never agreed to comment on them."

"Well," said Dr. Ramirez with impatience. "As you know, Quechua has many dialects; but, according to the filiation that you have given me, I suggest you consider the following: even though ***pacha*** is 'World,' or 'Earth,' as in ***pachamama*** = Mother Earth, in Santiagueño Quechua, pacha also means 'Time.' In this dialect, ***'chutquiy'*** is the transitive verb 'to dislocate,' which

is why its word would mean 'to dislocate Time'; or 'dislocation of Time,' in a more actual sense."

I must confess that a sensation of alarm invaded me as I was listening to the old Professor, for something interior, a secret instinct, was shouting to me that if there was any explanation for the assassination of Belicena Villca, it was beyond normal comprehension, in an ambit in which laws ignored by man were surely ruling. What was this "dislocation of Time" but an obscure, inapprehensible concept, which resists reason but keeps an evident nexus with the murder? How is it understood, if not accepting the intervention of the unknown, the fact that someone or something can enter a locked cell, perpetrate an assassination, and easily go, leaving behind the deadly rope, that is, the proof of his inexplicable presence? Yes, in all this there was like a calculated negligence, as if the assassin wanted to give the slightest sign of his immense and terrible power in a boast of demented pride.

Visibly disturbed, I said goodbye to Professor Ramirez and retraced my steps, while a certainty was increasingly affirming itself in my brain: Belicena Villca knew that mortal danger was lying in wait for her when she was shouting ***pachachutquiy, pachachutquiy.***

Chapter VI

The matter was intriguing me and, although I was doubting that anything had advanced, I decided to get all possible information about the crime. When we discussed with Officer Maidana about the probable affiliation of the bejeweled rope, I agreed to bring him some Masonic publication so that he verified the similitude, only exterior, of the medals, with some jewels intended for rituals of different degrees of said organization. At the time I was not planning to fulfill said promise, which I made in a desperate attempt to convince the police of the ritual character of the assassination, upon seeing that they were evading the issue and seeking a rational solution that, in my opinion, was not existing.

Now I was planning to use this, as an excuse, to obtain information. I looked for the three enormous tomes of the ***"Dictionary of Freemasonry"*** in the University Library and went to the Police Headquarters. In Salta, it occupies an old colonial building next to the Cabildo, facing the main plaza, florid and provincial. I parked the automobile next to a parking meter, several blocks from my destination and I walked along Belgrano toward downtown.

On arriving at the Church of the Sacred Heart, with its more than 300-year-old edifice, I was thinking of the youthfulness of White America before millenary Europe; even though nothing was constructed here more than 400 years ago, the century-old, which we feel ancient and remote, shakes us.

I was still having to transit the block of La Recova with its centenarian arches, under which one can have a coffee and read the newspaper or simply contemplate the high distant hills that surround Valle de Lerma.

I crossed several somber-looking corridors, until encountering a door crowned by an enameled placard, the chipping of which was barely allowing to read ***"General Office of Investigations"***; another placard lower, of plastic, was announcing ***"Subcommissioner Maidana" "Call before entering."***

Things turned out better than what I was expecting. While Officer Maidana, with savage joy, was examining the Dictionaries, in my hands were feverishly slipping the few pages of the file titled: ***"Belicena Villca, Intentional Homicide."***

Thus, accompanied by the insults that the nationalist policeman was hurling when something of what he was reading was causing his fury, I could find out what I was wanting.

Several analyses had been performed on the homicide rope, this being partially destroyed during the experiments. One of the medals was "melted down and the material submitted to Molecular Spectroscopy analysis," the pages citing the "final report" and referring to the "attached main report, for any discussion on its interpretation." The conclusion was that, according to the minerals and metals that were appearing in the gold alloy, this would have a sure origin in a country of Europe: Spain. More precisely, the Rio Tinto Zone, in the province of Huelva, was being mentioned.

" 'Knight Kadosh!': what the fuck does this mean, Doctor?" Officer Maidana, who was reading "Ritual of the 30°," brusquely interrupted my reading.

"It is a Hebrew word that means 'very Holy.' The title would be 'very Holy Knight,' " I said.

The Officer had bloodshot eyes.

"Sergeant Quiroga!" he shouted. "Come see what the Masons do!"

The sergeant came in a hurry. He was a Criollo, sturdy as a quebracho tree, but evidently dim-witted, who obsequiously added his voice to the concert of maledictions that the Officer was performing.

I continued reading the file. A piece of the rope of hair was sent to the Pathological Analysis Laboratory of the Medical School. The report sent by the University was indicating that the strands were human hair, possibly female; the substance used in the dyeing was simply milk of lime, to which some acidic vegetable juice was added to subtract alkalinity.

But the most curious thing was that the University was able to certify the race to which the woman, whom the fatal hair was cut, was belonging; the ***oval section*** of the studied hair fibers, was leaving no room for doubt: ***White race***. The other Races have a ***round section*** of hair, according to the specialists.

This was almost everything. There were our statements and the Forensic Report. Also a report from the Army, with the same story already known, where it was veiledly being suggested not to dig too deep.

Unimportant bureaucratic paperwork was following, about the burial and other aspects of the investigation; but about the crime in itself, not much had been advanced.

In summary:

a. ***Fingerprints:*** no others than those of the deceased and the staff of the Hospital.
b. ***Another key:*** was not appearing.
c. ***Expert's report of the door:*** Indicated that the hinges were intact, as well as the lock. There was no forced entry with a lock pick, crowbar, or of any kind.
d. ***Expert's forensic report:*** death by strangulation.
e. ***Expert's report of the murder weapon:*** rope of human hair, dyed with lime. Spanish gold medals of unknown significance.

Not a word about the disappearance of the briefcase and, apparently, it had not been considered useful to investigate the legends engraved on the jewels.

"...Jewish dogs!" the Officer was shouting, who was reading the article "Jesuit" where there is a picture entitled "The Society of Jesus seen by Masonry" in which one sees, among innumerable symbols of every type, the Superior General of the Jesuit Order seated atop a mountain of skulls, from where the cross of Christ appears.

As a good Catholic Nationalist, he was feeling himself aggrieved, personally offended, by the "perfidy" of Judeo-Masonry. I did not think it convenient to clarify to him that the Society of Jesus created, in the nineteenth century, "Royal Arch Masonry," which was finally adhered to the "English Grand Orient" of the "Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite," with which both organizations established permanent points of contact. Unfortunately, the proof is in sight today, when considering the ***aristocratic Marxism*** that the Jesuit thinkers sustain. It would be ridiculous to admit the existence of an International Synarchy and to believe that the Roman Church, a temporal organization, is exempt from its control. But it would be useless; the Officer would not accept that reasoning.

I loaded up the heavy tomes and said goodbye to Subcommissioner Maidana.

"Goodbye Officer; if you need me just call the Hospital."

"Farewell Dr. I thank you for the collaboration that you have provided us."

Chapter VII

It was Friday and I would be able to rest for the weekend in the old manor house in Cerrillos, a beautiful town that is found 18 kilometers from Salta, on the same road that leads to Cafayate, in the heart of the Calchaquí valleys, and, farther, to Santa María of Catamarca. There ***were living*** my parents, already old, and a widowed sister with two sons.

The prospect of seeing them and spending a few days with them was always filling me with joy; so it should not shock anyone that a few hours later, while I was driving the automobile along the vine-bordered road, I thought no more on the horrible crime.

However, it was written that peace would be brief: in less than an hour my life was shattered and a future as a Doctor, Anthropologist, Professor, that is to say, as an upright professional, disappeared as a probable Destiny for me. The letter from Belicena Villca and the beginning of the madness was waiting for me at the house of my parents. If only I had not read it! How much pain, death, and grief I caused to my loved ones for having read that letter and, the most nefarious thing, having believed in what it was saying! And surely, not receiving the letter, nothing would have happened to us!

How much I would regret having given her credence three months later, ***in that very place!*** My vacation was beginning the following Monday, and upon returning to the Hospital, in March, all would be forgotten. I should not have read it: that was my last opportunity to continue being ***normal,*** that is to say, comfortably and mediocrely ***normal,*** loved by all, respected by all, and, of course, by the Good Creator! Yes, it is not a blasphemy! the Good Creator God should be proud of me: I was not at all interfering with His grandiose plans, and I was contributing as much as possible to the common Good: what more could one expect from a humble Salteño Psychiatrist? But I very much fear that now that I have lost everything, I have even lost the favor of the Creator. You will have to read Belicena Villca's letter and know the rest of the story to disagree or agree with me.

As I said, I should not have read it and everything would have continued the same. ***But it is clear that there are like care-***

fully set traps in the life of certain persons: it is enough to touch a spring so that irreversible mechanisms are triggered.

Chapter VIII

Canuto, the sheepdog, approached running to celebrate my arrival, while I was maneuvering the car and closing the gate. I was still having to drive another two hundred meters to the house; I made Canuto climb into the front and I started up. It was always like that; I was driving with one hand and, with the other, I was petting the old dog during those two hundred meters, which were belonging only to him.

I saw the figure of my parents moving closer, seated under the centenary lapacho trees of the patio and I felt the laughter of my beloved nephews. It was family, one of the most beautiful things a confirmed bachelor like me can conceive.

"Buongiorno a tutti," I teased while putting down the suitcase and looking for the usual treats for the children.

"How are the vines doing, Papa?"

"Better than ever, Arturo. There are a few grapes that are the glory of Bacchus! But what good to us is this abundance if this year we won't have a vintage?[2] ***Oh Mein Gott!*** This government will lead everybody to bankruptcy!"

"Okay Papa, calm down, you no longer have to make bad blood. Look, I brought you a gift."

I reached for the Angelito Vargas cassette and, while he was putting it in the portable player, I sipped the maté that my sister was brewing and silently circulating from hand to hand.

"Here, son, five days ago a parcel arrived for you. We picked it up to send it to you, but as nobody was going to Salta it stayed here. You must give your address in the City; something urgent may arrive someday and you will not be here..." Mama continued scolding me while Angelito Vargas' voice was spouting the "A Pan y Agua" tango. But I was not listening to anything. Absorbed in the sender of the package, where "Belicena Villca" was clearly written, my heart was seeming to have stopped.

The package contained the briefcase and, within it, an envelope with a long letter, so long that, one would say, Belicena Villca used all her free time, for months, in writing it. Below I transcribe it without removing or adding a comma. I wish that

2. The yield of grapes or wine from a vineyard or district during one season.

the reader shares in all its dimension the Mystery that was opening itself before me upon reading that astonishing missive. The envelope was bearing a legend, handwritten in fine calligraphy:

Dr. Arturo Siegnagel
PRESENTE

I tore the envelope and feverishly read:

SECOND BOOK

"The Letter from Belicena Villca"

The Letter from Belicena Villca

Dr. Arturo Siegnagel:

First and foremost, I wish to thank you for all that you have done for me during this long year in which I have been your patient. I know that many times your kindness has led you to go beyond the limits of mere professional responsibility and you have devoted more time and care to me than my mentally-ill condition undoubtedly deserved: I am very grateful for that, Dr., but, as you will understand when reading this letter, my recovery was practically impossible. In any case, the Goddess Pyrena will know how to justly reward your efforts.

Surely, when this letter reaches your hands, I will be dead: they do not forgive and we do not ask for clemency. This possibility does not worry me, since Death is, in our case, only an illusion, but I understand that for you my absence will be real and that is why I have decided to write to you. I am aware that you will not believe me in advance and that is why I took the liberty of sending you this letter to your address in Cerrillos. You may be wondering how I did it: by bribing a nurse, who obtained the address on file and sent the letter. I beg you to forget the lack of discipline and do not inquire into the nurse's identity because, if I die, which is probable, fear will keep her mouth shut, and, on the other hand, keep in mind that she was only carrying out my last wish. I will now come to the point, Dr.: I wish to ask you a last favor; but, to be fair to you, I will first acquaint you with certain facts. I believe that you will help me, for a Will, more powerful than us, has put you in my way: perhaps you too are looking for an answer without knowing it, perhaps that answer is in this letter.

If this is so, or if you have already become aware of the Great Deception, then read the following carefully, for there you will find some clues to guide you on the Way Back to the Origin. I have written with you in mind and was as clear as I could be, but I consider it a given that you will understand me, for you bear, visibly plasmated,[1] the Sign of the Origin.

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1. Plasmate: to form, mould, represent, express.

I will begin by informing you that I am one of the last descendants of an ancient lineage carrying a Mortal Secret, a Secret that was kept by my family for centuries and that was in danger of being lost forever when my son, Noyo Villca, disappeared. Now it does not matter if the Golen assassinate me because the objective of my strategy is fulfilled: they were trailing behind me but I managed to distract them while Noyo was carrying out his mission. In truth, he was not kidnapped but traveled to the Cave of Parsifal, in the Province of Córdoba, in order to transport there the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis. And I departed immediately, in the opposite direction, with the purpose of covering Noyo's mission by diverting the pursuit of the Golen upon me. The Hyperborean Wisdom helped me, although in the end I could do nothing against the power of their diabolical drugs, one of which was skillfully slipped to me on one of the trips I made to the Province of Jujuy. After that came the capture by the Army and the story you know. But all this you will understand more clearly when I reveal to you, as my posthumous legacy, the familial Secret.

The Secret, in synthesis, consists in the following: my family kept hidden, while fourteen American generations passed, the Instrument of an ancient Mystery, perhaps the White Race's most ancient Mystery. Such an Instrument allows the Hyperborean Initiates to know the extraterrestrial Origin of the human Spirit and to acquire sufficient Wisdom to return to that Origin, definitively abandoning the demented Universe of Matter and Energy, of Created Forms.

How did this Instrument come into our possession? To begin with, I will tell you that it was brought to America by my ancestor Lito de Tharsis, who disembarked in Colonia Coro in 1534 and, a few years later, founded the Tucumán branch of the Stirp. But this does not answer the question. In truth, to approach the direct answer, it would be necessary to go back thousands of years, to the time of the Kings of my people, of whom Lito de Tharsis was one of the last descendants. That people, who inhabited the Iberian Peninsula since time immemorial, I will henceforth call, for the sake of simplicity, "Iberian," without this signifying an adherence to any modern anthropological or racial theory: the truth is that little is cur-

rently known about the Iberians, since everything about them, especially their customs and beliefs, was systematically destroyed or hidden by our enemies. Now, at the time when it is appropriate to begin to narrate this story, the Iberians were divided into two irreconcilable sides, which fought to the death through a state of constant war. The reasons for this enmity were not minor: they were based on the practice of essentially opposing cults, on the worship of opposing gods. At least this was what the ordinary members of the warring peoples saw. However, the causes were deeper and the members of the ruling Nobility, Kings and chiefs, knew them quite clearly. According to what was whispered in the most reserved chambers of the courts, since it was a zealously guarded secret, it had been in the days following the Sinking of Atlantis when, coming from the Western Sea, groups of survivors belonging to two different Races arrived on the European and African continents: some were white, similar to the members of my people, and the others were of a darker complexion, although not completely black like Africans. These groups, not very numerous, possessed astonishing knowledge, incomprehensible to the continental peoples, and terrible powers, powers that until then were only conceived as attributes of the Gods. Thus, it did not cost them much to dominate the peoples that they found in their path. And I say "that they found in their path" because the Atlanteans never stopped definitively in any place but constantly advanced toward the East. But such a march was very slow because both groups were engaged in very difficult tasks, which required much time and effort, and for which they needed the support of the native peoples. In fact, only one of them carried out the "heavier" task since, after carefully studying the terrain, this group was dedicated to modifying it in certain special places by means of enormous megalithic constructions: menhirs, dolmens, cromlechs, wells, artificial mounds, caves, etc. That group of "builders" was the White Race and it had gone ahead of the dark group in its advance. The latter, on the other hand, seemed to be pursuing the white group because its movement was even slower and whose task consisted in destroying or altering, through the carving of certain signs, the constructions of the former.

As I said, these groups never stopped definitively in one place, but, after finishing their task, continued to move eastward. However, the native peoples who remained in their primitive sites could never return to their ancient customs: the contact with the Atlanteans had culturally transmuted them; the memory of the semi-divine men from the Western Sea could not be forgotten for millennia. And I say this to raise the improbable case that any continental people could have remained indifferent after their departure: this could not really occur because the departure of the Atlanteans was never abrupt but carefully planned, only concretized when it was certain that, precisely, the native peoples would take it upon themselves to fulfill a "mission" that would be to the liking of the Gods. To this end, they had patiently worked on the ductile minds of certain members of the ruling castes, convincing them of the convenience of becoming their representatives before the people. Such an offer would be difficult to refuse by anyone who has a minimum vocation of Power, because it means that, for the people, the Power of the Gods has been transferred to some privileged men, to some of its special members: when the people have seen the Power once, and keep a memory of it, its subsequent absence goes unnoticed if the representatives of the Power are there. And it is known that the regents of the Power end up being the successors of the Power. After the departure of the Atlanteans, then, there always remained their representatives, in charge of fulfilling and enforcing the mission that "pleased the Gods."

And what did this mission consist in? Naturally, since it was a commitment made to ***two*** *groups as different as the White and Dark Atlanteans, it could only refer to two essentially opposing missions. I will not describe here the specific objectives of these "missions" because they would be absurd and incomprehensible to you. I will, however, say something about the general forms in which the missions were imposed on the native peoples. It is not difficult to distinguish these forms and even to intuit their meanings, if one observes the facts with the help of the following pair of principles. In the first place, it should be noted that the groups of Atlanteans who landed on the continents after the "Sinking of Atlantis"*

were not mere survivors of a natural catastrophe, something like simple castaways, but men coming from a dreadful and total war: the Sinking of Atlantis is, strictly speaking, only a consequence, the end of a stage in the development of a conflict, of an Essential War that began much earlier, in the extraterrestrial Origin of the human Spirit, and which has not yet concluded. Those men, then, acted according to the laws of war: they did not make any move that would contradict the principles of tactics, that would endanger the Strategy of the Essential War.

The Essential War is a confrontation of Gods, a conflict that began in Heaven and then extended to Earth, involving men in its course: in the theater of operations of Atlantis only one Battle of the Essential War was fought; and within the framework of the opposing forces, the groups of Atlanteans that I have mentioned, the White and the Dark, had intervened as planners or strategists of their respective sides. That is to say, they had been neither the leaders nor the direct combatants in the Battle of Atlantis: in modern warfare their functions would be those of "staff analysts"...; except that those "analysts" did not have the elementary electronic computers programmed with "war games," like the modern ones, but an incomparably more perfect and fearsome instrument: the human brain specialized to the extreme of its possibilities. In summary, when the continental landing takes place, a phase of the Essential War has ended: the chiefs have retired to their command posts and the direct combatants, who have survived the mutual annihilation, suffer different fates: some try to regroup and advance toward a vanguard that no longer exists, others believe that they have been abandoned on the front lines, others flee in disorder, others end up getting lost or forgetting the Essential War. In short, and now using the language with which the White Atlanteans spoke to the continental peoples, "the Gods had ceased to manifest themselves to men because men had failed once again: they did not resolve the conflict here, posed on a human scale, leaving the problem to return to Heaven and to confront the Gods again. But the Gods had confronted each other because of man, because some Gods wanted the Spirit of man to return to its Origin, beyond

the stars, while others wanted to keep it imprisoned in the world of matter."

The White Atlanteans were with the Gods who wanted to liberate man from the Great Deception of Matter and were asserting that this goal had been strenuously fought for. But man was weak and let down his Liberating Gods: he allowed the enemy Strategy to soften his will and keep him subject to Matter, thus preventing the Strategy of the Liberating Gods from succeeding in pulling him out of the Earth.

Then the Battle of Atlantis concluded and the Gods withdrew to their abodes, leaving man a prisoner of the Earth because he was not able to understand his miserable situation nor did he have the strength to win the struggle for spiritual freedom. But They did not abandon man; the War was simply no longer being waged on Earth: one day, if man voluntarily reclaimed his place in Heaven, the Liberating Gods would return with all their Power and a new opportunity to raise the Battle would be seized; this time it would be the Final Battle, the last opportunity before the Gods definitively returned to the Origin, beyond the stars; in the meantime, the "direct combatants" for the freedom of the Spirit who reoriented themselves in the theater of War, those who remembered the Battle of Atlantis, those who awakened from the Great Deception, or the seekers of the Origin, would have to fight a very hard personal battle on Earth against the Demonic Forces of Matter, i.e., against enemy forces that are overwhelmingly superior... ***and defeat them with a heroic will****: only in this way would they be admitted to the "Headquarters of the Gods."*

In synthesis, according to the White Atlanteans, "a phase of the Essential War had ended, the Gods had withdrawn to their abodes, and the combatants were dispersed; but the Gods would return: the Atlantean presences there proved it, building and preparing the Earth for the Final Battle. In Atlantis, the Dark Atlanteans were Priests who fostered the worship of the Gods traitorous to the Spirit of man; the White Atlanteans, on the contrary, belonged to a caste of Warrior Builders, or Wise Warriors, who fought on the side of the Gods liberating the Spirit of man, together with the Noble and Warrior castes of the Red and Yellow men, who filled the ranks of the 'direct

combatants.' That is why the Dark Atlanteans tried to destroy their works: because they worshipped the Potencies of Matter and obeyed the design with which the Traitorous Gods enchained the Spirit to the animal nature of man."

*The White Atlanteans came from the Race that modern Anthropology calls "Cro-Magnon." Some thirty thousand years before, the Liberating Gods, who then ruled Atlantis, had entrusted this Race with a principle mission, a task of which fulfillment would prove their valor and open to them the gates of Wisdom: they were to expand throughout the world and exterminate the animal-man, the primitive hominid of the Earth that possessed only body and Soul, but lacked an eternal Spirit, i.e., the Race that Anthropology has dubbed the "**Neanderthal**," today extinct. Cro-Magnon men fulfilled this task with such efficiency that they were rewarded by the Liberating Gods with the authorization to regroup and dwell in Atlantis. There they later acquired the Magisterium of the Stone and were known as Guardians of the Lithic Wisdom and **Men of Stone**. Thus, when I say that "they belonged to a caste of Warrior-Builders," it must be understood as "Builders in Stone," "Wise Warriors in the Lithic Wisdom." And this clarification is important because, in their Science, **they only worked with stone**, i.e., both the tools and the materials of their Science consisted of **pure stone**, with the explicit exclusion of metals. "Metals," they would later explain to the Iberians, "represented the Potencies of Matter and were to be carefully avoided or handled with great caution." By conveying the idea that the essence of metal was demonic, the White Atlanteans evidently sought to instill a taboo in the allied peoples; a taboo that, at least in the case of iron, was maintained for several thousand years. Conversely, the Dark Atlanteans, doubtless due to their particular relationship with the Potencies of Matter, stimulated the peoples, who were addicted to them, to practice metallurgy and goldsmithing, without restrictions toward any metal.*

*And this is the second principle to keep in mind, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel: the White Atlanteans entrusted the Iberians who had supported them in the megalithic constructions with a mission that can be summarized as follows: **protect the mega-***

lithic constructions and fight to the death against the allies of the Dark Atlanteans. *The latter, for their part, proposed to the Iberians who supported them a mission that could be formulated as follows: "**destroy the megalithic constructions; if this were not possible, modify the forms of the stones until neutralizing the function of the whole; if this were not possible, engrave on the stones the archetypal signs of matter corresponding to the function to be neutralized; if this were not possible, at least distort the warlike meaning of the construction by converting it into a funerary monument; etc.": and: "fight to the death against the allies of the White Atlanteans."***

As I said before, after imposing these "missions," the Atlanteans continued their slow advance toward the East; the Dark always following the Whites at a safe distance. That is why the Dark took thousands of years to reach Egypt, where they settled and promoted a civilization that lasted thousands of years and in which they once again officiated as Priests of the Potencies of Matter. The White Atlanteans, meanwhile, continued ever eastward, crossing Europe and Asia along a wide strip bordering the Arctic regions in the North, and mysteriously disappeared at the end of pre-History: however, in their wake, warlike White peoples rose up unceasingly, contributing the best of their warrior and spiritual traditions to the History of the West.

*But where were the White Atlanteans heading to? To the city of **K'Taagar** or **Agartha**, a place that, according to the revelations made to my people, was the refuge of some of the Liberating Gods, those who still remained on Earth awaiting the arrival of the last combatants. That unknown city had been built on Earth millions of years ago, in the days when the Liberating Gods came from Venus and settled on a continent which they named "Hyperborea" in memory of the Homeland of the Spirit. In truth, the Liberating Gods claimed to come from "Hyperborea," an Uncreated World, i.e., not created by the Creator God, existing "beyond the Origin": they called the Origin "**Thule**" and, according to Them, Hyperborea meant "Fatherland of the Spirit." There was, thus, an original Hyperborea and a terrestrial Hyperborea; and an isotropic center,*

Thule, seat of the Gral, which reflected the Origin and which was as unreachable as the latter. All the spiritual Wisdom of Atlantis was an inheritance of Hyperborea and that is why the White Atlanteans called themselves "Hyperborean Initiates." The mythical city of ***Cattigara*** *or* ***Kattigara****, which appears on all maps prior to the discovery of America, located "near China," is none other than* ***K'Taagar****, the abode of the Liberating Gods, where only Hyperborean Initiates or Wise Warriors, i.e., Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood, are permitted to enter.*

Finally, the Atlanteans departed from the Iberian Peninsula. How did they ensure that the "missions" imposed on the native peoples would be fulfilled in their absence? By entering into a pact with those members of the people who were to represent the Power of the Gods, a pact that if not fulfilled risked more than the death of life: the collaborators of the Dark Atlanteans put their Soul's immortality at stake, while the followers of the White Atlanteans responded with the eternity of the Spirit. But the two missions, as I said, were essentially different, and the agreements on which they were founded, naturally, were also different: that of the White Atlanteans was a ***Blood Pact****, while that of the Dark Atlanteans consisted in a* ***Cultural Pact****.*

Evidently, Dr. Siegnagel, this letter will be long and I will have to write it over several days. Tomorrow I will continue at part where the story left off, and I will make a brief digression to examine the two Pacts: it is necessary, for from there will emerge the clues that will enable you to interpret my own history.

Second Day

I will begin with the Blood Pact. It means that the White Atlanteans mixed their blood with the representatives of the native peoples, who were also of White Race, generating the first dynasties of Warrior Kings of Divine Origin: they were Divine, they would later affirm, because they descended from the White Atlanteans, who in turn claimed to be Sons of the Gods. But the Warrior Kings had to preserve that Divine heritage by relying on an Aristocracy of Blood and Spirit, protecting their racial purity: this is what they would do faithfully for millennia... until the enemy Strategy operating through foreign Cultures succeeded in blinding or driving them mad and led them to break the Blood Pact. And that lack of commitment to the Sons of the Gods was, as you will soon see Dr., the cause of great evils.

Of course, the Blood Pact included more than genetic inheritance. Firstly, there was the promise of ***Wisdom****: the White Atlanteans had assured their descendants, and future representatives, that loyalty to the mission would be rewarded by the Liberating Gods with the Highest Wisdom, that which allowed the Spirit to return to the Origin, beyond the stars. It is worth saying that the Warrior Kings, and the members of the Blood Aristocracy, would also become Wise Warriors,* ***Men of Stone****, like the White Atlanteans, just by fulfilling the mission and respecting the Blood Pact; on the contrary, forgetting the mission or betraying the Blood Pact would bring serious consequences: it was not a matter of a "punishment of the Gods" or anything similar, but of* ***losing Eternity****, i.e., of an irreversible spiritual fall, even more terrible than the one that had enchained Spirit to Matter. The Liberating Gods, according to the particular description that the White Atlanteans gave to the native peoples, neither forgave nor punished them for their deeds; they did not even judge, for they were beyond all Law; their gaze was only fixed on the Spirit of man, or on what was spiritual in him, on his will to abandon matter; Those who loved Creation, those who wished to remain subject to the pain and suffering of animal life, those who, by sustaining these or*

similar illusions, forgot the mission or betrayed the Blood Pact, would not face any punishment: only the loss of eternity was certain; unless the unrelenting indifference that the Liberating Gods exhibit toward all Traitors was considered a "punishment."

Regarding the Wisdom, the native peoples received, in all cases, a direct proof that they could acquire a superior knowledge, a concrete evidence that spoke more than the incomprehensible arts used in the megalithic constructions: and this undeniable proof, which placed the native peoples above any other that had not made dealings with the Atlanteans, consisted in the understanding of Agriculture and of the way to domesticate and govern the animal populations useful to man. In effect, at the departure of the White Atlanteans, the native peoples counted on, in order to hold their place and fulfill their mission, the powerful help of Agriculture and Stockbreeding, no matter what they had been before: gatherers, hunters or simple plundering warriors. The magical fencing of the fields, and the layout of the walled cities, had to be carried out in the earth by means of a ***stone plow*** *that the White Atlanteans bequeathed to the native peoples for that purpose: it was a lithic instrument designed and built by Them, which they never had to part with and would only use in order to found agricultural and urban sectors in the occupied land. Naturally, this was a proof of the Wisdom but not the Wisdom itself. And what about Wisdom? When would one obtain the knowledge that allowed the Spirit to travel beyond the stars? Individually, it depended on the will to return to the Origin and on the* ***orientation*** *with which this will was directed toward the Origin: each one could leave at any time and from any place if he acquired the Wisdom coming from the will to return and from the orientation toward the Origin; the combat against the Potencies of Matter would have to be resolved, in this case, personally: this would constitute a feat of the Spirit and would be held in high esteem by the Liberating Gods. Collectively, however, the Wisdom of the Spirit's Liberation, which would make possible the departure of all the Wise Warriors to K'Taagar and, from there, to the Origin, would only be obtained when the theater of operations of the Essential War was moved back*

to Earth: then the Liberating Gods would again manifest themselves to men in order to lead the Forces of the Spirit in the Final Battle against the Potencies of Matter. Until then, the Wise Warriors should effectively fulfill the mission and prepare for the Final Battle: and then, when summoned by the Gods to take their place in the Battle, it would be up to the Wise Warriors as a whole to demonstrate the Wisdom of the Spirit. As the White Atlanteans asserted, this would be inevitable if the native peoples fulfilled their mission and respected the Blood Pact for, ***"then," the Utmost Wisdom would coincide with the Strongest Will to return to the Origin, with the Greatest Orientation toward the Origin, with the Highest Valor resolved to fight against the Potencies of Matter, and with the Utmost Spiritual Hostility toward the non-spiritual.***

Collectively, then, the utmost Wisdom would be revealed at the end, during the Final Battle, ***at a moment that all Wise Warriors would recognize simultaneously****. How?* ***The opportunity would be recognized directly with the Pure Blood, in an interior perception, or by means of the "Stone of Venus."***

To the Warrior Kings of each allied people, i.e., to their descendants, the White Atlanteans also bequeathed a ***Stone of Venus****, a gem similar to an emerald the size of a child's fist. That stone, which had been brought to Earth by the Liberating Gods, was not faceted in any way but finely polished, showing, on a sector of its surface, a slight concavity in the center of which the Sign of Origin was* ***observed****. According to what the White Atlanteans revealed to the Warrior Kings, before the fall of the extraterrestrial Spirit into Matter, there existed on Earth an extremely primitive animal-man, son of the Creator God of all material forms: such an animal-man possessed animic*[2] *essence, i.e., a Soul capable of attaining immortality, but lacked the eternal Spirit that characterized the Liberating Gods or the Creator God Himself. However, the animal-man was destined to evolutively attain a high degree of knowledge about the Work of the Creator, knowledge that was summed up in the Sign of the Serpent; in other words,* ***the ser-***

2. Having to do with the soul, derived from the Latin, *anima*; not to be confused with anemic.

pent represented the highest knowledge for the animal-man. *After protagonizing the Mystery of the Fall, the Spirit came to be incorporated into the animal man, prisoner of Matter, and the need for its liberation arose. The Liberating Gods, who, during all this, showed Themselves as terrible as the accursed Creator God, Captivator of Spirits, only attended, as it was said, to those who had the will to return to the Origin and exhibited an orientation toward the Origin; to those valiant Spirits, the Gods said: "**You have lost the Origin and you are a prisoner of the serpent: with the Sign of the Origin, comprehend the serpent, and you will again be free in the Origin!**"*

*Thus, Wisdom consisted in comprehending the serpent, with the Sign of the Origin. Hence the importance of the legacy that the White Atlanteans granted by the Blood Pact: the **Pure Blood**, blood of the Gods, and the **Stone of Venus**, on which concavity was **observed** the Sign of the Origin. That inheritance, without any doubt, could save the Spirit if "the serpent was comprehended with the Sign of the Origin," as the Gods ordered. But to concretize the Wisdom of the Spirit's Liberation would not be an easy task, because **in the Stone of Venus, the Sign of the Origin was not plasmated in any way:** on it, in its concavity, it could only be "**observed.**" And it was seen there only by those who respected the Blood Pact because, in truth, what existed as a Divine inheritance of the Gods was a Symbol of the Origin in the Pure Blood: **the Sign of the Origin, observed in the Stone of Venus, was only the reflection of the Symbol of the Origin present in the Pure Blood of the Warrior Kings, of the Wise Warriors, of the Sons of the Gods, of the Semi-divine Men who, together with an animal body and a material Soul, possessed an Eternal Spirit.** If the Blood Pact was betrayed, if the blood became impure, then the Symbol of the Origin would be weakened and the Sign of the Origin on the Stone of Venus could no longer be seen: the possibility of "comprehending the serpent," the utmost Wisdom, would be lost, and with it the opportunity, the last opportunity, to join the Essential War. On the contrary, if the Blood Pact was respected, if the Pure Blood was preserved, then the Stone of Venus could rightly be called "**mirror of the Pure Blood**" and those who observed on it the Sign of the Origin would be*

*"**Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood**," true **Wise Warriors**.*

*The White Atlanteans affirmed that their continental advance was directly guided by a Great White Chief whom they called Navutan. This Chief, whom only they saw, and for whom they expressed a deep respect and veneration, was reputed to have revealed the Sign of the Origin to the White Atlanteans. Naturally, the Sign of the Origin would be incommunicable since it can only be seen by those who previously possess, in their blood, the Symbol of the Origin. The Stone of Venus, the Mirror of the Pure Blood, made it possible to obtain a **reflection** of the Symbol of the Origin outside: but that reflection, the Sign of the Origin, could not be communicated either by Initiation or by any other social function if the receiver lacked the inheritance of the Symbol of the Origin. Even among the White Atlanteans there was a time when only a few, individually, managed to know the Symbol of the Origin. The difficulty lay in the impossibility of establishing a correspondence between the Uncreated and the Created: it was as if matter were incapable of reflecting the Uncreated. In fact, the Stones of Venus had been **structurally modified** by the Liberating Gods in order to fulfill their function. For the purpose of solving this problem and endowing His Race with the Highest Wisdom, greater even than the Lithic Wisdom known to them, Navutan had descended into Hell. At least that was what the White Atlanteans told. Here, he fought against the Potencies of Matter but failed to force them to reflect the Symbol of the Origin so that it could be seen by all members of His Race. Apparently it was Frya, His Divine Wife, who solved the problem: **She was able to express the Sign of the Origin through dance**.*

*All the movements of the dance come from the movement of the birds, from their Archetypes. Frya's discovery allowed Navutan to comprehend the Sign of the Origin with the **language of the birds** and to express it in the same way. But this was not a language made up of sounds but of **significant movements** performed by certain birds as a whole, especially wading birds, like the heron or the crane, and gallinaceous birds like the partridge, turkey or pheasant: according to*

Navutan, in order to comprehend the Sign of the Origin, exactly "thirteen plus three Vrunes," i.e., an alphabet of sixteen signs called Vrunes or Varunes, were required.

Thanks to Navutan and Frya, the White Atlanteans were Augurs (Auspices, from ***avi-specere****), that is, they were gifted in comprehending the Sign of the Origin by observing the flight of birds: the language of the birds represented, for them, a racial victory of the Spirit against the Potencies of Matter.*

Thus the Wisdom of Navutan would be synthesized: ***whoever comprehended the alphabet of sixteen Vrunes would comprehend the language of the birds. Whoever comprehended the language of the birds would comprehend the Sign of the Origin. Whoever comprehended the Sign of the Origin would comprehend the serpent. And whoever comprehended the serpent, with the Sign of the Origin, could be free in the Origin.***

It is clear that the White Atlanteans did not trust in the perdurability of the language of the birds, which, in spite of everything, they transmitted to their descendants of the Blood Pact. They foresaw that, if the Cultural Pact of the Dark Atlanteans triumphed, the sacred language would soon be forgotten by men; in that case, the only guarantee that, at the very least, someone would individually manage to see the Sign of the Origin would be constituted by the Stone of Venus. With great success, they based the success of the mission on it. Thus, when the White Atlanteans took leave of my Ancestors, Dr. Siegnagel, they suggested to them a suitable way to ensure the fulfillment of the mission. First of all, the Blood Pact should be respected without exception and, for this purpose, an Aristocracy of the Pure Blood should be maintained. From this Aristocracy, which began with the descendants of the White Atlanteans, the first Kings and Wise Warriors who would guard the Stone ***Plow*** *and the Stone of Venus had already been selected: in effect, at the beginning, each people was exogamously divided into three groups, each of which had the right to use the lithic instruments and contributed, for their common guardianship, a Wise Warrior; they kept the instruments inside a secret grotto and, when they had to be utilized, they transported them, the three of them, together; The three*

groups of the people, of course, obeyed the same King; with the passing of the centuries, because of the cultural defeat that I will explain later, the triple division of the people was forgotten, although the custom of entrusting the guardianship of the lithic instruments to the "Three Wise Warriors" or ***Vrayas*** *lasted for a long time.*

Consequently, all the Kings and Nobles of the Blood would be ***Initiates*** *in the Mystery of the Pure Blood: the Initiation would be at the age of sixteen, when they would be confronted with the Stone of Venus and would be asked to observe the Sign of the Origin in it. Whoever could observe it would have, at that very moment, sufficient Wisdom to achieve the self-liberation of the Spirit and depart toward the Origin. However, if the Wise Warrior was a King, or a Hero who wished to postpone his own spiritual freedom in pursuit of the liberation of his Race, there were two steps to follow. The first consisted in fulfilling the order of the Liberating Gods and "comprehending the serpent with the Sign of the Origin," then communicating the attained Wisdom to the remaining Initiates. Once the Sign of the Origin was seen, the second step of the Initiate demanded not to turn his attention away from the Stone of Venus because in it, on its concavity, would one day be seen* ***the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar****, that is, an* ***image*** *that would point the way to the City of the Liberating Gods.*

This principle would give rise to a secret institution among the Iberians, of which I will speak much later, that of the ***Noyos*** *and the* ***Vrayas****, a body of Initiates consecrated to safeguard the Stone of Venus, at all times and places, and to await the manifestation of the Symbol of the Origin.*

Thus it was that the descendants or allies of the White Atlanteans, who took the first step in the comprehension of the serpent, and represented it either in the actual form of the reptile, or abstractly in the form of the spiral, were universally taken for worshippers of ophidians. Such a confusion was wickedly used to ascribe all sorts of dark deeds and intentions to the Wise Warriors; for that purpose the Enemy associated the serpent with the ideas that were most fearful or repugnant to the ignorant peoples of the Earth: the night, the moon, demonic forces, all that is creeping or subterranean, the occult,

and so on. Thus, by means of a calumnious and ill-intentioned vulgarization of their acts, since no one except the Initiates knew of the existence of the Stone of Venus and the Sign of the Origin, it was possible to blame the Wise Warriors of Black Magic, i.e., of the grosser magical arts, those that are practiced with the aid of the passions of the body and the Soul: Curious paradox! The Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood accused of Black Magic and weakness! It was precisely They who, by comprehending the serpent, the total symbol of human knowledge, were outside of everything human!

Third Day

The Cultural Pact on which the Dark Atlanteans based their alliances, on the other hand, was essentially different from the Blood Pact. That agreement was founded on the perpetual support of a ***Cult****. More clearly, the fundament of the alliance consisted in the unwavering fidelity to a Cult revealed by the Dark Atlanteans; the Cult demanded the unconditional worship of the native people's members to a God and the fulfillment of His Will, which would be manifested through* ***their representatives****, the priestly caste formed and instructed by the Dark Atlanteans. With this, it should not be interpreted that the Dark Atlanteans were initiating the native peoples in the Cult of their own God, for* ***They claimed to be the terrestrial expression of God****, who was the Creator God of the Universe; they, they said, were consubstantial with God and had a high purpose to fulfill on Earth, besides destroying the work of the White Atlanteans: their own mission consisted in raising a great civilization from which would emerge, at the End of Time, a Chosen People of God, also consubstantial with God, which would be given to reign over all the peoples of Earth; certain Angels, whom the accursed White Atlanteans called "Traitorous Gods to the Spirit," would then support the Chosen People with all their Power; but it was written that that Synarchy could not be achieved without expelling from the Earth the enemies of Creation, those who dared to reveal to men the Plans of God so that they would rebel and deviate from His designs; the Final Battle would then ensue between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness, that is, between those who* ***worshipped the Creator God with the heart*** *and those who* ***comprehended the serpent with the mind****.*

Summarizing, the Dark Atlanteans, who "were the expression of God," did not propose themselves as the object of Worship nor did they expose to the native peoples their conception of God, which would be reduced to ***a "Self-vision" that the Creator God would experience from His manifestation in the Dark Atlanteans****: instead, they revealed to the native peoples*

the Name and Aspect of some celestial Gods, who were but Faces of the Creator God, other manifestations of Him in Heaven; the stars of the firmament, and every visible or invisible celestial body, expressed these Gods. According to the particular psychology of each native people would be, then, the God revealed: to some, the most primitive, God would be shown as the Sun, the Moon, a planet or star, or a certain constellation; to others, more evolved, they would be told that in this or that star ***resided*** *the God of their Cults. In this case, they were authorized to represent the God by means of a fetish or idol that symbolized His hidden Face, that with which the priests perceived Him in His astral residence.*

Whatever the case, whether God was a star, whether He existed behind a star, whether He manifested Himself in the surrounding world, in the whole of Creation, in the Dark Atlanteans, or in any other priestly caste, the materialism of such a conception is evident: as soon as one delves into it, ***matter*** *will become evident, always placed as the actual extreme of God's Creation, when not as the very substance of God, constituting the natural reference of the Gods, the essential support of the Divine existence.*

It is beyond any doubt that the Dark Atlanteans worshipped the Potencies of Matter, for all that was sacred to them, that which, for example, they pointed out to the native peoples in the Cult, was founded in matter. In effect, the sanctity reached by the priestly practice stemmed from an inexorable sanctification of the body and bodies. And the consequent Power, demonstrative of priestly superiority, consisted in the mastery of the forces of nature or, in the end, of all force. Moreover, the forces were but manifestations of the Gods: the forces emerged from matter or were directed to it, and their formalization was equivalent to their deification. That is: Wind, Fire, Thunder, Light, could only be Gods or the Will of Gods; the mastery of the forces was thus a communion with the Gods. And that is why the highest priestly sanctity, that which was demonstrated by the mastery of the Soul, whether conceived as body or force, meant also the most abject submission to the Potencies of Matter.

The movement of the stars denoted the act of the Gods: the Divine Plans were developed with such movements in which each rhythm, period, or cycle, had a decisive meaning for human life. Therefore, the Dark Atlanteans deified Time under the form of astral or natural cycles and transmitted to the native peoples the belief in the Eras or Great Years: during a Great Year a part of the Plan that the Gods had drawn up for man, his terrestrial destiny, was concretized. The last Great Year, which would last some twenty-six thousand solar years, would have begun thousands of years before, when the Swan of Heaven approached the Earth and the men of Atlantis saw the God ***Sanat*** *descend: he came to be the King of the World sent by the Sun God* ***Ton****, the Father of Men, He who is the Son of the Dog God* ***Sin****. The Dark Atlanteans glorified the moment when* ***Sanat*** *arrived on Earth and spread among the native peoples the Symbol of the Swan as a sign of that primordial memory: hence the Symbol of the Swan, and later that of every palmiped bird, was universally considered as the evidence that a particular native people had entered into the Cultural Pact; that is to say, although the God worshipped by the native peoples was different, Belenus, Lugh, Brân, Proteus, etc., the common identification with the Symbol of the Swan revealed the institution of the Cultural Pact. Subsequently, after the departure of the Atlanteans, the quarrel between the native peoples would be symbolized as a struggle between the Swan and the Serpent, for the conflict was between the supporters of the Symbol of the Swan and those who "comprehended the Symbol of the Serpent"; of course, the meaning of that allegory was known only to Initiates.*

The God ***Sanat*** *installed Himself on the Throne of the Ancient Kings of the World, existing since millions of years before in the* ***Korn*** *Palace of the White Island* ***Gyg****, later known in Tibet as* ***Chang Shambhala*** *or* ***Dejung****. There he had at his disposal, in order to govern, the assistance of countless Souls, for the White Island was in the Land of the Dead: however, only the Souls of Priests, of those who in all ages had worshipped the Creator God, came to the White Island. The King of the World presided over a White Fraternity or White Brotherhood integrated by the most Holy Priests, living or*

dead, and was supported, in their actions over humanity, by the Power of those mysterious Angels, ***Seraphim Nephilim****, that the White Atlanteans qualified as Gods Traitorous to the Spirit of Man. According to the White Atlanteans, the* ***Seraphim Nephilim*** *would only number two hundred, but their Power was so great, that they ruled over the entire Occult Hierarchy of Earth; they counted on, in order to exercise such a Power, the authorization of the Creator God, and the Priests and Initiates of the Cultural Pact, who were in the ranks of the "Occult Hierarchy" or "White Hierarchy" of Earth, blindly obeyed them. In summary, in Chang Shambhala, on the White Island, there existed the White Brotherhood, at the head of which were the Seraphim Nephilim and the King of the World.*

It should be made clear that the "whiteness" preached about the insular Mansion of the King of the World or his Brotherhood did not refer to a racial quality of its dwellers or members, but to the ***illumination*** *that they would unfailingly possess in relation to the rest of men.* ***Light****, in effect, was the most Divine thing, whether it be the inner light, visible through the eyes of the Soul, or the solar light, which sustained life and was perceived with the senses of the body: and this devotion demonstrates, once again, the metaphysical materialism that the Dark Atlanteans upheld. According to them, as the Soul evolved and rose toward the Creator God it "increased its light," i.e., it increased its aptitude to receive and give light, to finally become pure light: naturally, that light was a thing created by God, i.e., a finite thing, the limit of the Soul's perfection, something that could not be surpassed without contradicting God's Plans, without falling into the most abominable heresy. The White Atlanteans, on the contrary, affirmed that in the Origin, beyond the stars, there existed an* ***Uncreated Light*** *that could only be seen by the Spirit: that infinite light was imperceptible to the Soul. However, although invisible, in front of it the Soul felt as before the most impenetrable blackness, an infinite abyss, and was plunged into an uncontrollable terror: and that was because* ***the Uncreated Light of the Spirit transmitted to the Soul the intuition of eternal death in which it, like every created thing, would end its existence***

at the end of a super "Great Year" of manifestation of the Creator God, a "Mahamanvantara."

So, the "whiteness" of the Brotherhood to which the Dark Atlanteans belonged did not come from the color of the skin of its members but from the "light" of their Souls: the White Brotherhood was not racial but religious. Its ranks were filled only with Initiated Priests, who always occupied a "just place" according to their devotion and obedience to the Gods. The blood of the living had, for them, a relative value: if its purity kept the allied native people cohesioned, then it would have to be conserved, but, if the protection of the Cult required the miscegenation with another people, it could be degraded without problems. The Cult would be the axis of the native people's existence and everything would be subordinated to it in importance; everything, in the end, had to be sacrificed for the Cult: in first place, the Pure Blood of the peoples allied to the White Atlanteans. It was part of the mission, an obligation of the Cultural Pact: the spilled Pure Blood pleased the Gods and They demanded its offering. That is why the Initiated Priests had to be Sacrificers of the Pure Blood, had to exterminate the Wise Warriors or destroy their genetic inheritance, and had to neutralize the Blood Pact.

Up to this point I have described the main characteristics of the two Pacts. I could not avoid the use of obscure or unusual concepts but you will have to understand, esteemed Dr., that I lack the time to go into greater detail. However, before I continue with the history of my people and my family, I will comment on the consequences that the alliances with the Atlanteans brought to the native peoples.

If the priestly castes formed by the Dark Atlanteans excelled in anything in History, apart from their fanaticism and cruelty, it was in the art of deception. They literally made any sacrifice if it contributed to the preservation of the Cult: the fulfillment of the mission, that High Purpose that satisfied the Will of the Gods, justified all the means used and turned them into masters of deception. And so it should not be surprising that they often pretended to be Kings, or hid behind Kings and Nobles, if it favored their plans; but this can confuse no one: Kings, Nobles, or Lords, if their acts aimed at maintaining a

Cult, if they professed devout submission to the Gods of Matter, if they shed the Pure Blood or sought to degrade it, if they persecuted the Wise or affirmed the heresy of the Wisdom, they were undoubtedly Priests in disguise, even if their social functions appeared otherwise. ***The Principle for establishing the affiliation of a people allied to the Atlanteans consists*** *in the opposition between the Cult and the Wisdom: the support of a Cult to the Potencies of Matter, to Gods who place themselves above man and approve of his miserable earthly existence, to Creator Gods or Determiners of man's Destiny, automatically places their worshippers within the framework of the Cultural Pact, whether or not the Priests are in sight.*

On the contrary, the Gods of the White Atlanteans required neither Cult nor Priests: they spoke directly in the Pure Blood of the Warriors, and these, just by listening to Their Voices, became Wise. They had not come to conform man to his despicable condition of slave on Earth but to incite the human Spirit to revolt against the Creator God of his material prison and to regain absolute freedom in the Origin, beyond the stars. Here he would always be a servant of the flesh, condemned to the pain and suffering of life; there he would be the God he had once been, as powerful as All. And, of course, there would be no ***peace*** *for the Spirit as long as it did not concretize the Return to the Origin, as long as it did not reconquer the original freedom;* ***the Spirit was a foreigner on Earth and a prisoner of it****: unless it was asleep, confused in extreme deviation, enchanted by the illusion of the Great Deception, on Earth the Spirit could only manifest itself perpetually at war against the Potencies of Matter that held it prisoner. Yes; peace was in the Origin: here there could only be war for the awakened Spirit, i.e., for the Wise Spirit; and the Wisdom could only be opposed to any Cult that would force man to kneel before a God.*

The Liberating Gods never spoke of peace but of War and Strategy: and then the Strategy consisted in maintaining an alertness and keeping the agreed-upon site with the White Atlanteans, until the day when the theater of operations of the Essential War would again move to Earth. And this was not peace but the preparation for war. But to fulfill the mission, the Blood Pact, to keep the people on their toes, demanded a

certain technique, a special way of life that would allow them to live as foreigners on Earth. The White Atlanteans had transferred to the native peoples such a way of life, many of whose patterns would be incomprehensible today. However, I will try to explain the most evident principles on which it was based in order to achieve the proposed objectives: simply, there were three concepts, the principle of ***Occupation****, the principle of* ***Enclosure****, and the principle of the* ***Wall****; three concepts complemented by that legacy of the Atlantean Wisdom that was Agriculture and Stockbreeding.*

In the first place, the peoples allied to the White Atlanteans should never forget the principle of Occupation of territory and would have to definitively dispense with the principle of land ***ownership****, upheld by the supporters of the Dark Atlanteans. In other words, the inhabited land was occupied land, not owned land. Occupied by whom? Occupied by the Enemy, the Potencies of Matter. The conviction of this principal distinction would be enough to maintain alertness because the occupying people were thus aware that the Enemy would attempt to* ***regain*** *the territory by any means: in the form of the native peoples allied to the Dark Atlanteans, as another invading people, or as an adversity of the Forces of Nature. Believing in the ownership of the land, on the contrary, meant lowering one's guard against the Enemy, losing alertness and succumbing to Its Power of Illusion.*

Once the principle of Occupation was understood and accepted, the native peoples had to proceed, secondly, to enclose the occupied territory or, at least, to mark its area. Why? Because the principle of Enclosure made it possible to separate the occupied territory from the enemy territory: ***the Enemy's territory extended outside the occupied and enclosed area****. Only then, when an occupied and enclosed area was laid out, was it possible to sow and make the land produce.*

In effect, in the strategic way of life inherited from the White Atlanteans, the native peoples were obliged to work according to a strict order, which no other principle permitted to alter: thirdly, only after occupation and enclosure could cultivation be practiced. The cause of this strictness was the capital importance that the White Atlanteans attributed to ***cultiva-***

tion *as an act capable of liberating the Spirit or of increasing its slavery in Matter. The correct formula was as follows: if a* ***Pure-Blooded*** *people* ***cultivated*** *on* ***occupied*** *land, and never forgot the Enemy lurking outside, then, within the* ***enclosure****, they would be free to rise to the Spirit and acquire the Highest Wisdom. Otherwise, if the earth was cultivated believing in its* ***ownership****, the Potencies of Matter would emerge from the earth, would take possession of man, and would integrate him into its context, making him an object of the Gods; consequently, the Spirit would suffer an even more atrocious fall into matter, accompanied by the most noxious illusion, for he would believe himself to be "****free****" in his ownership when he would only be a piece of the organism created by the Gods. Whoever cultivates the land, without previously occupying and enclosing it, and feels himself to be its owner or wishes to be its owner, would be phagocytized by the regional context and experience the illusion of* ***belonging*** *to it. Property implies a double relationship, reciprocal and inevitable: property belongs to the owner as much as the owner belongs to the property; it is clear:* ***there could be no possession without prior ownership of the property to appropriate****. However, he who felt himself belonging to the land would be left unprotected against the Enemy's Power of Illusion: he would not behave as a foreigner on Earth like the spiritual man who cultivates in the strategic enclosure, for he would be rooted in and love the earth; he would believe in peace and long for that illusion; he would feel part of nature and accept that the* ***whole*** *is the Work of the Gods; he* ***would be dwarfed*** *in his home and be amazed at the* ***grandeur*** *of Creation, which surrounds him on all sides; he would never conceive of a way out of Creation: rather, such an idea would plunge him into a nameless terror, for in it he would intuit an abominable heresy, an insubordination to the Will of the Creator that could bring him unforeseeable punishments; he would submit himself to Fate, to the Will of the Gods who decide it, and he would worship them in order to win their favor or to appease their wrath; he would be softened by fear, and would not have the strength, not only to oppose the Gods, or to fight against the animal and animic part of himself, but also for the Spirit to master said part and*

transform him into the Lord of Himself; in the end, he would believe in the ownership of the earth but would belong to the Earth, and would comply to the letter with what is indicated by the Enemy Strategy.

The principle of the ***Wall*** *was the factual application of the principle of* ***Enclosure****, its actual projection. According to the Lithic Wisdom of the White Atlanteans, there were many Worlds in which the Spirit was imprisoned and in each one of them the principle of the Wall demanded a different concretion: in the physical world, its correct application led to the* ***Stone Wall****, the most effective* ***strategic*** *fence against any pressure from the Enemy. That is why the native peoples who were to fulfill the mission, and participated in the Blood Pact, were instructed by the White Atlanteans in the construction of stone walls as a fundamental ingredient of their way of life: all those who occupied and enclosed the land in order to practice cultivation, with the aim of sustaining the site of the White Atlanteans' work, also had to erect stone walls. But the erection of the walls did not depend only on the characteristics of the occupied land, but on secret principles of the Lithic Wisdom, principles of the Strategy of Essential Warfare, principles that only the Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood, the Wise Warriors, could know, had to be involved in their construction. The reason for this condition will be better grasped if I say that the White Atlanteans advised to "look with one eye toward the wall and with the other toward the Origin," which would only be possible if the wall were somehow* ***related*** *to the Origin.*

The principle for establishing the affiliation of a people allied to the Atlanteans consists in the opposition between the Cult and the Wisdom: but what are the factual indications, the concrete proofs, i.e. what is most evident for determining whether it is of the Cult or the Wisdom? In any case, it is necessary to observe whether the ***Temple*** *or the* ***War Wall*** *exists: because the practice of a Cult is indissolubly associated with the existence of a corresponding* ***Temple****: the Temple is the factual fundament of the Cult, its material extreme; and because the practice of the Wisdom is indissolubly associated with the existence of a* ***Strategic Wall****: the War Wall is the factual fun-*

dament of the strategic way of life, its material seat. This principle explains the fact that the White Brotherhood has sustained on Earth, in all historical times, Communities and Secret Orders specialized in the construction of Temples, which would closely collaborate with the Priests of the Cultural Pact; and it also explains the fact that the Lords of Agartha sustain, throughout History, the Builder Orders of Stone Walls, Orders integrated exclusively by the White descendants of the White Atlanteans, who master the Lithic Wisdom and the Strategy of the Essential War.

Fourth Day

rom all that has been seen, it will be evident that the strategic way of life could only come from an extremely austere type of Culture. In effect, the peoples of the Blood Pact never stood out for any cultural value other than their skill in warfare. At the beginning, these peoples behaved like true foreigners on Earth: they ***occupied*** *the region in which they lived, perhaps for centuries, but always thinking of leaving, always preparing for war, always distrustful of the reality of the world and showing an essential hostility toward the foreign Gods. It should not be surprising, then, that they manufactured few utensils and even fewer sumptuary objects; however, although scarce, things were perfected enough to remind us that these were peoples of builders, endowed with skilled craftsmen; merely observing the production of weapons, in which they always excelled, would be enough to prove it: these weapons were manufactured in ever increasing quantity and quality, being proverbial the fear and respect caused by them in the peoples of the Cultural Pact who experienced the effectiveness of their offensive power.*

The peoples of the Cultural Pact, contrary to the ***occupants*** *of the land, believed in the* ***ownership*** *of the soil, loved the world, and worshiped the propitiatory Gods: their Cultures were always abundant in the production of utensils and sumptuary and ornamental articles. Among them it was accepted that the tilling of the soil was despicable for man, although it was done out of obligation: their greatest skill was, instead, in commerce, which served them in spreading their cultural objects and imposing the Worship of their Gods. According to their beliefs, man had to resign himself to his fate and try to live as well as possible in this world: such was the Will of the Gods, which was not to be defied. And to please that Will, the right thing to do was to serve their representatives on Earth, the Priests and the Kings of the Cult: the Priests conveyed to the people the Voice of the Gods and pleaded with the Gods for the fate of the people; they stayed the arm of the excessively war-loving Kings and interceded for the people*

when the exaction of taxes became excessive; they were the authors of the law and often distributed justice; what evils would not befall the people if the Priests were not there to appease the wrath of the Gods? On the other hand, according to them it was not necessary to seek the Wisdom in order to progress culturally and reach a high degree of civilization: it was enough to strive for ***the perfection of knowledge****, e.g., it was enough to overcome the utilitarian value of a utensil and then to stylize it until it became an artistic or sumptuary object. The Wisdom was proper to the Gods and it irritated them when man invaded their domains: man was not to know but to* ***get to know*** *and perfect what was known, until, at a limit of the thing's excellence, it would lead to the knowledge of another thing which would also have to be improved, thus multiplying the quantity and quality of cultural objects, and evolving toward more and more complex forms of Culture and Civilization. Thanks to the Priests, then, who condemned the heresy of the Wisdom but enthusiastically approved of the application of knowledge in the production of objects that would make man's life more pleasant, civilizations of refined customs and exquisite luxuries contrasted markedly with the austere way of life of the Blood Pact's peoples.*

At first this difference, which was logical, had no effect on the peoples of the Blood Pact, always wary of anything that might weaken their warrior way of life: a fall would come, the Wise Warriors prophesied, if they permitted foreign Cultures to contaminate their customs. This certainty allowed them to resist for many centuries, while the civilizations of the Cultural Pact grew and spread throughout the world. However, over the centuries, and for numerous and varied reasons, the peoples of the Blood Pact eventually succumbed ***culturally*** *to the peoples of the Cultural Pact. Without going into details, it can be considered that there were two main causes for this outcome. On the part of the peoples of the Blood Pact, a kind of collective* ***fatigue*** *that enervated the warrior will: something like the drowsiness that sometimes invades the sentries during a long day of vigilance; that fatigue, that drowsiness, that volitional weakness, left them defenseless against the Enemy. On the part of the peoples of the Cultural Pact, a diabolical Strat-*

egy, conceived and devised by the Priests, based on the exploitation of the War Fatigue through the temptation of illusion: thus, the peoples of the Blood Pact were tempted with the illusion of peace, with the illusion of truce, with the illusion of cultural progress, with the illusion of comfort, of pleasure, of luxury, of comfort, etc. Perhaps the most effective weapon was the temptation of the love of the beautiful priestesses, specially trained to awaken the dormant passions of the Warrior Kings.

With the temptation of illusion, the Priests sought to make blood alliances between the combatant peoples, sealing the "peace treaties" with the consummation of marriages between members of the reigning nobility; naturally, since it was a matter of mating between individuals of the best lineage, and of the same Race, the degradation of the Pure Blood often did not occur. What did the Priests seek, then, with such unions? To culturally dominate the peoples of the Blood Pact. It was clear to them that the Pure Blood alone is not enough to maintain the Wisdom if one lacks the spiritual will to be free in the Origin, a will that was being weakened by War Fatigue. The Wisdom would make the Spirit free in the Origin and more powerful than the Creator God; but in this world, where the Spirit is enchained to the animal-man, the Cult of the Creator God would end up dominating the Wisdom, burying it under the mantle of terror and hatred. Once culturally subdued, the Priests would have time to degrade the Pure Blood of the Blood Pact peoples and to fulfill their own Cultural Pact, i.e., to destroy the works of the White Atlanteans.

In my people, Dr. Siegnagel, things happened that way. The Kings, tired of fighting and waiting for the return of the Liberating Gods, allowed themselves to be tempted by the illusion of a peace that promised them multiple advantages: if they allied with the peoples of the Cultural Pact, they would have access to their "advanced" Culture, they would share their refined customs, they would enjoy the use of the most diverse cultural objects, they would inhabit more comfortable dwellings, etc. And the alliances would be sealed with convenient marriages, ties that would spare the dignity of the Kings and not force them to cede, ***from the outset****, the Wisdom to the Cult. They believed, naively, that they were striking a kind of*

truce in which they lost nothing and had much to gain: and that belief, that blindness, that madness, that incomprehensible fatigue, that drowsiness, that spell, was the ruin of my people and the greatest breach of the Blood Pact with the White Atlanteans, a breach of Honor. Oh, what madness! To believe that the Cult and the Wisdom could be gathered in one hand! The result, the disaster I would say, was that the Priests broke through the walls and settled among the Wise Warriors; there they schemed until they imposed their Cults and made the latter forget the Wisdom; and finally, they eagerly set out to retrieve the Stones of Venus, which they promptly forwarded to the White Brotherhood by means of messengers who traveled to distant regions. Only very few Initiates had the Honor and Valor to resist such a heinous capitulation and arranged the means to preserve the Stone of Venus and what was remembered of the Wisdom.

*Among such Initiates was one of my remote ancestors, who set the Stone of Venus in the guard of an iron sword: it was a weapon of imposing beauty and remarkable symbolism; in addition to holding the Stone of Venus, the iron quillon was broken up into two parts that protected the hilt and gave the whole thing the shape of an inverted trident; the grip, for its part, was made of an ivory-like white bone, but spiraled, and it was convincingly affirmed that it belonged to the horn of the Unicorn Barbel, a mythical animal that represented the spiritual man; and the pommel, of iron like the blade, also possessed a smaller pair of upturned quillons, which formed a second inverted trident. In the Middle Ages, as will be seen, other Initiates engraved on the blade the inscription "**HONOR ET MORTIS**." Well, that Initiate established the law that that weapon should belong only to the Kings of the original lineage, to the descendants of the White Atlanteans. Vain were, in this case, the attempts made by generations of Priests to get rid of the Wise Sword, called so by the people: as you will see, it was conserved as long as was able, and then, when this was no longer possible, it was kept hidden until the days of Lito de Tharsis, the ancestor who came to America in 1534.*

I repeat: the madness of gathering in a single Stirp the Cult and the Wisdom caused a disaster in the peoples of the Blood

*Pact: **the interruption of the initiatic chain**. It thus occurred that at one point, when the Gods of the Cult asserted themselves, the Voice of the Pure Blood was extinguished and the Initiates lost the possibility of listening to the Liberating Gods: the **will** to return to the Origin had long since weakened and they now lacked **orientation**. Without the Voice, and without orientation toward the Origin, the Wisdom could no longer be transmitted, the Sign of the Origin would no longer be seen in the Stone of Venus. The Initiates suddenly realized that something had been severed between them and the Liberating Gods. And they realized, too late, that the future of the mission and the Blood Pact would depend, more than ever before, on the struggle between the Cult and the Wisdom, but a struggle that, from then on, would no longer take place outside but inside, in the blood. What did the Initiates do to counteract this irreversible reality, the darkness that was descending upon the Spirit, when they realized it? Almost all of them acted in the same way. Starting from the principle that all that exists in this world is only a crude imitation of the things of the True World, and faced with the impossibility of locating the Origin and the Path to the True World, they chose to use the last remnants of the Wisdom to plasmate in the Stirps of the Purest Blood a "familial mission" consisting in **the unconscious comprehension, with the Sign of the Origin,** of an Archetype. The modesty of this objective should be noted: the Ancient Initiates, the Wise Warriors, were capable of "comprehending the serpent, with the Sign of the Origin"; and the serpent is a Symbol **that contains All the archetypes created by the God of the Universe**, a Symbol that was consciously comprehended with the **uncreated** Sign of the Origin. Now the Initiates proposed, and there were no other options left, that a family should work "blindly" on a created Archetype, in the hope that the Symbol of the Origin present in the blood would one day casually comprehend it and reveal the Truth of the Uncreated Form.*

In summary Dr. Siegnagel, certain Stirps, through whose veins run the Divine blood of the White Atlanteans, were assigned a familial mission, an objective to be achieved with the passing of countless generations that would perpetually repeat

the same drama, revolving around the same Archetype. As the Alchemist stirs the lead, the members of the chosen family would tirelessly repeat the tests established by the ancestors, until one of them one day, circling around a thousand times under other skies, would achieve the familial mission, then purifying his ***astral blood****. This would produce a transmutation that would allow him to overcome the involution of the Kaly Yuga or Dark Age, return to the Origin, and once again acquire the Wisdom.*

It is obvious to clarify that the familial mission would be secret and is currently unknown to the members of the Stirps descended from the White Atlanteans. The mission demanded the fulfillment of a specific guideline of which contents would have no necessary relation with the goals or objectives of the cultural community to which the chosen Stirp belonged; even, depending on the epoch, the guideline could be incomprehensible or simply clash with the cultural canons in vogue. But none of this would matter because the mission was plasmated in the family blood, in the tree of the Stirp, and the descending branches would inevitably tend toward the guideline, in an unconscious and superhuman effort to overcome the spiritual fall. Of course, the specific guideline described the Archetype that would have to be comprehended in the blood, with the Symbol of the Origin, in order to transcend it and reach the Uncreated Form. Some families, for example, were entrusted with the perfection of a stone, a vegetable, an animal, a symbol, a color, a sound, a particular organic function, or an instinct, etc. The perfection of the guidelined thing required penetrating into its intimate essence until touching the metaphysical limits, i.e., until adjusting itself to the perfect form of the created Archetype: consequently, considering that the created Archetype is only a mere copy of the Uncreated Form, it would be possible to orient oneself again toward the Origin if one understood the Archetype with the Symbol of the Origin present in the Pure Blood; and there was the Wisdom.

The familial mission did not culminate, then, with the simple transcendent apprehension of the created Archetype, but demanded its spiritual ***re-creation****. Starting from a quality existing in the world, it would be returned to again and again,*

tirelessly, over eons, until penetrating into the intimate essence and concretizing its archetypal perfection: the quality would then ***be re-create****d in the Spirit and comprehended with the Symbol of the Origin. Only thus would the condition of Existence be given to the Spirit, only thus* ***would*** *the Spirit* ***be*** *something existent beyond the created: not perceiving the illusion of the created but recreating the perceived in the Spirit and comprehending it with the Uncreated. By fulfilling the familial mission in this way, the astral blood, not the hemoglobin, would be purified and would make possible a transmutation that is proper to the Hyperborean Initiates or Wise Warriors, that which transforms man into an immortal superman.*

In the course of this non-evolutive path, the summoned ones, those called to fulfill the familial mission, will be able to ***create****, "magically," several things. The Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood obtain, for example, a magical wine,* ***soma****,* ***haoma****, or* ***amrita****; after a millenary distillation of the scheduled and planned-for liquor, it is incorporated into the blood,* ***re-created****, as a transmuting nectar. Also the manipulation of sound makes it possible to arrive at a superior harmony, a music of the spheres; the Spirit, vibrating at a single note,* ***Om****, recreates the ineffable essence of the* ***logos****, the Creative Verb. And both that nectar and this sound, or other similar archetypal forms, can be re-created in the Spirit and comprehended by the Symbol of the Origin, comprehended by the Uncreated, thus opening the doors to the Origin and to the Wisdom.*

Your family, Dr. Siegnagel, was destined to produce an archetypal honey, the exquisite juice of all that is sweet. Since ancient times, your ancestors have worked all forms of sugar, from cultivation to refining; from the coarsest molasses to the most excellent honeys. One day the empirical handling of the sugar was exhausted and a metaphysical sugar, i.e. an Archetype, was incorporated into the astral blood of the family, beginning a slow process of inner refining that culminates in you. Today the metaphysical sugar has been adjusted to archetypal perfection and the effort of thousands of ancestors has been condensed in your person: ***the sought-after sweet-***

***ness is in your Heart**. It is up to you to take the last step of transmutation, to **re-create** that archetypal sugar in the Spirit, and to **comprehend it with the Symbol of the Origin**. But I am not the one who must speak to you about this, for your ancestors will be present one day, all together, and will demand the fulfillment of the mission.*

Fifth Day

Now that I have filled you in on this essential background, I will now enter fully into the history of my family, Dr. Siegnagel. As I have already mentioned, my family is directly descended from the white Atlanteans and, of course, from the Ancient Divine Hyperboreans. Thousands of years ago, the Iberians were also victims of that War Fatigue that was causing a generalized amnesia in the descendants of the White Atlanteans. First, the austerity of the customs became more flexible and the urban habits of the peoples of the Cultural Pact were permitted to be confused with the strategic way of life: that cultural penetration had a decisive incidence in the demoralization of the people, in the loss of their warrior alertness. Then the blood alliances were sealed which, in accordance with the deception suffered by the last Wise Warriors, would concretize the illusions of peace, wealth, comfort, progress, etc. Logically, together with the Princes and Princesses of the Cultural Pact's peoples, the Priests came to impose their cults to the Traitorous Gods and the Potencies of Matter. The warriors thus lost their spirituality, learned fear and speculated on the value of life: they would still be able to fight, but only to the limits of fear, like animals; and, of course, they would become "fearful of the Gods," respectful of their Supreme Wills, which no one would dare to defy; they would no longer lift their gaze from Earth, nor would they seek the Origin. Henceforth, only the ***Heroes*** *would be protagonizing the feats that the warriors now did not dare to perform: a sad place of exception reserved for the Heroes, when in the days of the White Atlanteans, the whole Race was a community of Heroes.*

The triumph of the Cult caused the oblivion of the Wisdom. The Spirit became dormant in the Pure Blood, and only those Wise Warriors who still retained a remnant of lucidity took the desperate recourse of plasmating the "familial mission." In the case of our Stirp, Dr. Siegnagel, the madness of gathering in one hand the Cult and the Wisdom led my ancestors to a demented proposal: they established, as a guideline, ***the per-***

fection of the Cult**; that is, the thing to be perfected would not be for us a mere quality, such as color or sound, but the very Cult imposed by the Priests, the Cult of a Deity revealed by the Dark Atlanteans. And I refer precisely to **Belisana**, the Goddess of Fire. But, **every Cult is the description of an Archetype**: the familial mission demanded, then, the insane objective of perfecting the Cult until adjusting it to its Archetype, which was then a Goddess, that is to say, a Face of the Creator God; and, as a culmination, it was ordered to **re-create**, in the Spirit, that Archetype, that Goddess, and to comprehend it with the Uncreated Symbol of the Origin: This was like pretending that the Spirit of a descendent member of the family lineage would one day embrace the Creator God, and the entire Universe, in order to comprehend it later with the Symbol of the Origin! In other words, it was like demanding, in the end, the Highest Wisdom, the fulfillment of the mandate of the White Atlanteans: to **comprehend the serpent, with the Symbol of the Origin!

*I could not assure you if this hallucinatory proposal was the product of the madness of my ancestors or if it obeyed a superior inspiration, a request that the Liberating Gods made to the Stirp: perhaps they knew from the beginning that one of us would fulfill the familial mission and would awaken, as a Wise Warrior, at the exact moment when the Final Battle would be fought on Earth. Because, if we rule out an act of madness on the part of the Wise Warriors and accept that they acted with full awareness of what they were supposed to achieve, the extreme difficulty of such a mission cannot be explained unless its fulfillment contributed to the Strategy of the Essential War and relied on the help and invisible guidance of the Liberating Gods. Perhaps, then, the Liberating Gods wanted to count on, during the Final Battle, Initiates capable of **confronting them face to Face**, and would have decided to endow certain lineages, such as mine, with the appropriate instrument for this purpose, that is, with **the comprehension of the Gods' Archetype**. This need is understood by means of an ancient idea that the White Atlanteans transmitted to the Wise Warriors of my people: according to that revelation, the Liberating Gods were Uncreated Spirits that existed freely*

outside all material determination; but the Spirits enchained in Matter, in the animal-man, had lost the Origin and, with it, the capacity to perceive the Uncreated: they could only relate to the created, to the archetypal forms; that is why the Liberating Gods used to employ, "as a garb," some Archetypes of Gods in order to manifest themselves to men: naturally, such manifestations would only take place in front of Hyperborean Initiates, because only Initiates would be able to transcend "the garb," the forms of the created Archetypes, and resist, "face to Face," the Terrible Presences of the Liberating Gods. This being so, perhaps They would have wanted an Initiate of my Stirp to come one day, presumably during the Final Battle, to contact the Hyperborean Goddess who usually manifests through Belisana, the one whom the White Atlanteans called ***Frya*** *and the Ancient Hyperboreans,* ***Lillith****.*

Whatever the case, by madness or Divine inspiration, what is certain is that the guideline of that mission determined that our family devoted itself with ardor to the perfection of the Cult to the Goddess Belisana. Surely this special dedication to the practice of a Cult was a saving grace because, for many generations, it was believed that ours was a lineage of Priests: in truth, the first descendants in the familial mission were not very different from the most fanatical Fire-worshipping Priests. However, as the generations went by, members emerged who penetrated more and more into the essence of the igneous.

The Goddess Belisana was represented, in the primitive Cult, by the Flame of an Ever-burning Lamp of the Dark Atlanteans. The Ever-burning Lamps had been given by the Priests in order to seal the blood alliances between members of the people of the Cultural Pact and the Blood Pact, and as the surest magical means to impose the Cult on the Wisdom. Thus, among the Iberians of my people, a Wise Warrior married an Iberian princess, who was also a Priestess of the Cult to the Goddess Belisana, and received, as a dowry, that lamp of which Flame was never put out. Absurdly, my family then possessed the Wise Sword, with the Stone of Venus of the White Atlanteans, and the Ever-burning Lamp, with the Flame of the Dark Atlanteans. But the Wise Sword would not

yet play its role: it was only zealously preserved, by family tradition, because the faculty to see the Sign of the Origin on the Stone of Venus had been lost. Instead to the Ever-burning Lamp, to the Cult of the Sacred Flame, all attention was offered. Thus, there were descendants who managed to perfect the Divine Flame, bringing it closer and closer to the igneous Archetype of the Goddess. And there were also descendants who managed to isolate and apprehend the essence of the igneous, incorporating the Archetype of Fire into the family blood. When this occurred, some ancestors prudently abandoned the Cult of the Flame and retired to a Seigniory in the South of Spain. They left the Ever-burning Lamp to the remaining relatives, who were incapable of failing the Cult, and kept the Wise Sword, which meant nothing to them. Of course, those who remained as guardians of the Ever-burning Lamp continued to be Kings or Priests because the people were completely devoted to the Cult of the Goddess Belisana: those who withdrew, my direct ancestors, had to cede, instead, all their rights to the royal succession. Nevertheless, they retained some power as Seigniors of the House of Tharsis, near Huelva, in Andalucía.

It was then when they adopted the Unicorn Barbel as the symbol of the House of Tharsis. At first they represented that mythical fish in their escutcheons or in primitive blazons, but in the Middle Ages, as will be seen, it was heraldically incorporated into the family coat of arms. The horse barbel, ***barbus eques****, is most common in the rivers of Spain, especially the Odiel that flowed a few meters from Tharsis; the fish is so-named due to four barbels that project downward from its snout and lower jaw, which is very protruding. However, the barbel referred to by the Seigniors of Tharsis was a fish with a frontal horn and five barbels. The myth that explained the symbol affirmed that the barbel, moving along the Odiel River, was similar to the Soul passing through the transcendent Time of Life: a representation of the animal-man. But the descendants of the White Atlanteans were not like the animal-man because they possessed an Uncreated Spirit enchained in the created Soul: therefore the barbel fish did not represent them exactly. Hence the addition of the spiraled horn, which*

corresponded to the instrument used by the Traitorous Gods for enchaining the Uncreated Spirit, that is, the ***Kalachakra Key****; naturally, the Uncreated Spirit was unrepresentable, and that is why it was insinuated by leaving unfinished, in representations of the Unicorn Barbel, the tip of the horn: beyond the horn, at an infinite distance, was the Uncreated Spirit, absurdly related to Created Matter. And the fifth barbel, of course, signified the inheritance of Navutan, the number of Venus.*

Naturally, the Seigniors of Tharsis continued practicing the Cult to Belisana because, until Lito de Tharsis, there was no one who comprehended the familial mission and, moreover, because it was established and sanctioned by the laws of my people. Moreover, the secret objective of the familial mission inexorably impelled its participants to spiritually re-create the igneous Archetype, and this marked them with an unmistakable sign: they acquired the reputation of being a family of mystics and adventurers, if not of dangerous madmen. And there was some truth in such fables, for that Fire in the blood, at first uncontrolled, caused the most intense extremes of violence and passion: there were those who experienced in their lives the most terrible hatred and the most sublime love that can be humanly conceived; and all that experience was condensed and synthesized in the Tree of Blood and transmitted genetically to the heirs of the Stirp. With time, the extreme tendencies were separated and periodically arose Seigniors who were pure Love or pure Valor, i.e., great "Mystics" and great "Warriors." Among the former, there were those who claimed that the Ancient Goddess "had installed herself in their hearts" and that her Flame "ignited them in an ecstasy of Love"; among the latter, those who, on the contrary, affirmed that "She had frozen their hearts," had infused them with such a Valor that they were now as hard "as the rocks of Tharsis." The Dames also intervened in this selection: they felt the Fire of the Blood as a God, whom they identified as Belenus, "the husband of Belisana"; in reality this Belenus, God of Fire whom the Greeks knew as Apollo, the Hyperborean, was an igneous Archetype used since the days of Atlantis by the most powerful of the Liberating Gods as a "garb" to manifest them-

selves to men: I refer to the Great Chief of the Hyperborean Spirits, Lúcifer, "He who defies, with the Power of the Wisdom, the Power of the Creator God's Illusion," the Envoy of the Incognizable God, the true Khristos of Uncreated Light.

It was necessary, then, that from the Stirp of the Seigniors of Tharsis should sprout offspring that would fulfill the familial mission, that which would re-create, in the Spirit, the Fire of the Gods and comprehend it with the Symbol of the Origin. I tell you in advance, Dr. Siegnagel, that there were only two who had that possibility to an eminent degree: Lito de Tharsis, in the sixteenth century, and my son Noyo, at the present time. But, let us take this one step at a time.

Sixth Day

The Catochar mountain range was always rich in gold and silver. While my people were strong in the Iberian Peninsula, that wealth allowed the Seigniors of Tharsis to live in great splendor. The strategic way of life had been forgotten thousands of years before acquiring the rights of that Seigniory and the land was no longer "occupied" in order to practice magical cultivation: at that time, they believed in the ownership of land and the power of gold. All the Kingdoms were infested with merchants and traders who offered, for gold, the most precious things: spices, cloth, clothing, utensils, jewelry, and even weapons; yes, the weapons that in the past were produced by each combatant people, the most perfect ones being stockpiled by the peoples of the Blood Pact, could then be acquired from the traffickers for a handful of gold. And the Seigniors of Tharsis, with their gold and silver, bought half of the peasants' crops: the other half, minus what was necessary for the peasants' subsistence, corresponded, logically, to the Seigniors of Tharsis, since they were the "owners" of the land. And the surplus of that food, together with the gold and silver that abounded, went to the ports of Huelva, which was then called Onuba, to be converted into merchandise of the most varied kind.

The Phoenicians, descendants of the Red Race of Atlantis, were among the peoples who adhered, at the outset, to the Cultural Pact. In the past they had been the Iberians' sworn enemies: only a hundred years before my family arrived at the Seigniory of Tharsis, the Phoenicians had occupied the citadel of "Tarshish," which was located near the confluence of the Tinto and Odiel rivers. Finally, after a brief but fierce war, my people recovered the plaza, although conditioned by a peace treaty that permitted the Red men to trade freely. From Tarshish to Onuba, in small river transports or in caravans, and from Onuba to the Middle East in overseas ships, the Phoenicians monopolized the traffic of goods, since the presence of merchants from other peoples was incomparably smaller. Without judging here the cultural impact that this

commercial traffic caused in the customs of my people, what is certain is that the Seigniors of Tharsis governed a peaceful country, which was becoming famous for its wealth and prosperity.

But behold, that illusory peace soon came to be disturbed; and not just because the gold of Tharsis had aroused the greed of foreign peoples and conquerors, as might be concluded from a superficial observation. Such greed existed, and there were many invaders and conquerors, but the main cause of all the troubles, and finally of the ruin of the House of Tharsis, ***was the arrival of the Golen****.*

Since the eighth century BC, approximately since Sargon, King of Assyria, destroyed the Kingdom of Israel, the Golen began to appear in the Iberian Peninsula. At first the Golen came accompanying the Phoenician traders and landed at all the ports of the Mediterranean, but later it was found that they also advanced by land, in the wake of a Scythian people whom they had dominated in Asia Minor. This Scythian people, who were of our own Race, crossed Europe from East to West and arrived in Spain two centuries later, when the destructive work of the accursed Golen was well advanced. The Golen, for their part, clearly showed that they belonged to another Race, which they proudly confirmed: they were members, they boasted, of the People Chosen by the Creator God to reign on Earth. Their masters had been the Egyptian Priests and they came, therefore, in representation of the Dark Atlanteans. All the native peoples of the peninsula, and also those who later arrived with the Golen, no longer remembered the strategic way of life and were in the power of Priests of different Cults: the mission of the Golen consisted precisely in demonstrating their priestly authority and unifying the Cults. For this purpose, they had diabolical powers, which undoubtedly resembled those of the Dark Atlanteans, and limitless cruelty.

The Creator God and the Potencies of Matter sent them to reaffirm the Cultural Pact. The times were ripe for man to receive a new revelation, a knowledge that would bring more peace, progress, and civilization than what the peoples of the Cultural Pact had hitherto achieved, an idea that would one

day make these benefits permanent and put an end to evil and wars forever: that revelation, that knowledge, that idea, was synthesized in the following concept: ***the oneness of God behind the plurality of the Cults****. The Golen, in effect, had come to enlighten the peoples, and the Priests of all the Cults, on the multiplicity of the faces of God and the necessary unity that He maintains in His own sphere; this would be the formula: "above all things are the Gods and above all the Gods is The One." That is why they did not intend to replace the Gods, nor to change their Names, nor even to alter the form of the Cults: "it is natural," they said, "that God should possess many Names since He exhibits many Faces; it is understandable, too, that there should be various Cults to worship the various Faces of God; none of this offends God, none of this questions His unity; but where The One will be inflexible with man, where He will accept no apologies, where He will set His Thousand Avenging Eyes, will be in the* ***sacrifice*** *of the Cult. For, whatever the form of the Cult, 'the Sacrifice is One,' that is to say, the Sacrifice participates in The One."*

According to this novel revelation, the unity of the Creator God was seen ***in*** *the ritual Sacrifice; and the worship of the Creator God, for every Cult, was demonstrated* ***by*** *the ritual Sacrifice. Alas, Dr., although today those Cults seem so far away in time, I cannot think without shuddering with horror of the thousands and thousands of human victims caused by the appearance of the Golen.*

I must now refer to a lurid aspect of the Golen's behavior. Perhaps the key lies in the fact that they considered the Creator God, in his absolute unity, as masculine. The One, in effect, was a male God and there was nothing above or below Him that balanced or neutralized that polarity. They admitted a relative cosmic androgyny up to a certain level, populated by properly paired Gods and Goddesses; but at the top, as Creator and Lord of the other Gods, was The One, who was neither androgynous nor neutral but ***masculine****. The One did not allow Goddesses at his side, for He was sufficient unto Himself to exist: He was a* ***solitary male*** *God. With such an aberrant conception, it should not be surprising that the Golen were also solitary men. However, although the key to their behavior*

is here, it is not so easy to derive from it the principle that led them to practice onanism and ritual sodomy among themselves.

Because of their habit of dwelling in the forests, far from the people, and their depraved practices, many believed that the Golen came from Phrygia, where there was a very ancient Cult, which was also performed by sodomite Priests, to the male Bee, Butes: in Phrygia the Priests castrated themselves voluntarily, and the temple was guarded by a court of eunuchs. Others supposed that they came from India, where a Cult of phallus worshipers was known of old. But the Golen came neither from Phrygia nor from India but from the land of Canaan and practiced neither castration nor phallus worship but plain and simple sodomy: they had banished women just as their God had dethroned all Goddesses; they led a solitary life and often exempted from pleasures, except for ritual sodomy, which represented the Self-sufficiency of Him.

Logically, although the Golen were extremely tolerant toward the form of the Cults, and the only thing they did not compromise on was the unity of God in the Sacrifice, it is understandable that they manifested a predilection for the peoples whose Cults were personified in male Gods and a certain contempt for the worshipers of Goddesses. In the very short term, this attitude of indifference or contempt, if not outright rejection, that the Golen had toward Goddesses was going to collide with the very particular form that the Cult to Belisana had acquired in my Iberian people.

But they certainly had the support of the Potencies of Matter, otherwise their success could not be explained; for in a relatively short time, they managed to dominate the peoples of Hispania, and even those of Hibernia, Britannia, Armorica, and Gaul. Despite the growing power of the Golen, their sinister doctrine would not have caused any harm to the Seigniors of Tharsis, always ready to accept anything that contributed to perfect the practice of the Cult. It was not the Sacrifices to The One that determined the fate of my family but another activity that the Golen carried out with great energy: they sought, by all means, to enforce the second part of the Cultural Pact, i.e., although it was no longer necessary to wage war

against the peoples of the Blood Pact, since they were culturally defeated, many megalithic works of the White Atlanteans still remained intact and this constituted "a sin that cried out to Heaven." "The peoples of the Cultural Pact failed in their commitments to the Gods and that guilt would be severely punished"; however, and fortunately for them, there was a solution: to perform the Sacrifice with the utmost rigor and to support the Golen in the fulfillment of the mission. In other words, the native peoples were now to devote themselves to the Sacrifice, to be sacrificed and to sacrifice and, as a reward, the Golen would free them from Divine punishment by carrying out, themselves, the destruction of the megalithic works or their neutralization. This would be all, were it not for the fact that the Gods had issued a warning and whoever disregarded it would risk being mercilessly destroyed as an example to men: from now on, what was not to be forgiven in any way, for the Patience of the Gods was exhausted, was the memory of the Blood Pact and the search for the Wisdom. This was forbidden, abominable in the eyes of the Gods. But the most forbidden, and the most abominable, an irredeemable sin, was undoubtedly the desire to retain the Stone of Venus. Whoever did not voluntarily surrender to the Priests of the Cult, or to the Golen, the Stone of Venus, would suffer the ***condemnation of extermination****, i.e., he would pay for it with the destruction of his lineage, with the annihilation of all the members of his Stirp.*

Needless to say, the Golen soon took possession of almost all the Stones that were still in the hands of the native peoples. Unlike the Priests of the Cult, they only sent some of them to the White Brotherhood: others they reserved for utilization in acts of magic, for they boasted of knowing their secrets and of being able to use them for the benefit of their plans; and these they called, pejoratively, ***serpent eggs****. The Seigniors of Tharsis, of course, never trusted the Golen, nor were they daunted by their threats. But the Wise Sword was a reality that had become a popular legend and could not be seriously denied: the Golen suspected, from the very beginning, that there was a secret vestige of the Blood Pact in that weapon. Since the Seigniors of Tharsis would not agree to surrender it voluntari-*

ly, and could not be bought at any price, the Golen decided to apply against them all the resources of their magic, the diabolical powers with which the Potencies of Matter had endowed them. And here the surprise of the Golen was enormous, for they found that those powers could do nothing against the demented Fire that ignited the blood of the Seigniors of Tharsis. Their madness, mystical or warlike, that distinguished them as unpredictable and indomitable men, also placed them beyond the reach of the magical spells of the Golen. They had no alternative, according to their demonic designs, but to seize the Wise Sword by force and subject the House of Tharsis to the penalty of extermination.

This was, Dr. Siegnagel, the real reason for the continuous state of war in which the Seigniors of Tharsis had to experience from then on, which meant the definitive loss of the illusory sovereignty enjoyed until then, and not the "greed" that foreign peoples and conquerors might have encouraged because of their riches. On the contrary, there was not a King, Lord, or simple war adventurer in the whole world whom the Golen had not tempted with the conquest of Tharsis, with the bountiful spoils in gold and silver to be won by the one who attempted the feat. And it was their scheming that caused the constant siege by bandits and pirates. As long as they could, the Seigniors of Tharsis resisted the pressure by their own means, i.e., with the help of the warriors of my people. But when this was no longer possible, especially when they learned that the Phoenicians of Tyre were concentrating a powerful mercenary army in the Balearic Islands to invade and colonize Tharsis, they had no choice but to accept the help, naturally interested, of a foreign people. In this case they requested help from Lydia, a Pelasgian nation of the Aegean Sea, made up of exemplary navigators whose overseas ships docked in Onuba two or three times a year in order to trade with the people of Tharsis: they had the defect that they were also merchants, and producers of expendable merchandise, and were accustomed to practices and habits much more "culturally advanced" than the "primitive" Iberians; but, in compensation, they exhibited the important quality that they

were of our same Race and demonstrated an unquestionable ability for warfare.

By "Pelasgians" History has known a group of peoples settled in different regions of the Mediterranean and Tyrrhenian coasts, of the Aegean peninsula, and Asia Minor. So, to find a common origin in all of them, we must go back to the beginning of History, to the times after the Atlantean catastrophe, when the White Atlanteans instituted the Blood Pact with the natives of the Iberian Peninsula. In truth, at that time there was only one native people, who were separated, according to the Atlantean exogamous laws, into three great groups: the Iberians, the Basques, and those who would later become the Pelasgians. In turn, each of these great groups was subdivided internally into three in all the tribal-social organizations of the villages, towns, and kingdoms. That unique people would be known, after the departure of the White Atlanteans, as ***Virtrions*** *or* ***Vrtrions****, i.e., stockbreeders; but the Name soon became* ***Vitrions****,* ***Vetrions****, and, through the influence of other peoples, especially the Phoenicians,* ***Verions*** *or* ***Geryons****. The "Giant Geryons," with one pair of legs, i.e. with a single racial base, but triple from the waist up, or in other words, with three bodies and three heads, comes from an ancient Pelasgian Myth in which the original people is represented with the triple exogamous division imposed by the White Atlanteans; with the passing of the centuries, the three great groups of the native people were identified by their particular names and the original unity was forgotten: the rivalries and scheming stimulated by the Cultural Pact contributed to this, and each group ended up convinced of its racial and cultural individuality. I have already mentioned the Iberians, since I am descended from them, and I will continue quoting them in this story; of the Basques I will say nothing except that early on they betrayed the Blood Pact and allied themselves with the Cultural Pact, a mistake they would pay for with much suffering and great strategic confusion, since they were a people of Very Pure Blood; and as for the Pelasgians, the case is quite simple. When the White Atlanteans departed, they were accompanied en masse by the Pelasgians, who had been given the task of transporting them by sea to Asia Minor. There they bid*

farewell to the White Atlanteans and decided to remain in the area, eventually giving rise to the formation of a large confederation of peoples. Successive invasions forced them on many occasions to abandon their settlements, but, as they had become excellent seafarers, they knew how to survive well in every situation: however, those displacements would bring them back to the Iberian Peninsula; at the time of the alliance with the Lydians, eighth century BC, other Pelasgian groups already occupied Italy and Gaul under the name of Etruscans, Tyrrhenians, Truscans, Tarascons, Ruscos, Rasenians, etc. The Lydian group that the Seigniors of Tharsis summoned, still remained in Asia Minor, although enduring at that time a terrible food shortage; they recognized, by the traditions, the close kinship that united them to the Iberians, but they claimed to descend from "King Manes," legendary ancestor that would be none other than "Manu" the perfect Archetype of the animal-man, imposed in their Cults by the Priests of the Cultural Pact.

Once the agreement was reached with the ambassadors of the King of Lydia, which included the customary exchange of princesses, dozens of Pelasgian ships began to arrive at the ports of Tharsis. They were full of fearsome warriors, but they also brought many families of settlers willing to establish themselves permanently among those distant relatives, who were so renowned for their wealth and prosperity. This peaceful invasion did not excite the people of my village too much, but they could do nothing because they all understood the imminence of the "Phoenician danger," a danger that disappeared as soon as they noticed the change of situation and evaluated the cost that the conquest of Tharsis would now entail. This time the Golen were outwitted; but they would not forget the Wise Sword, and neither would the Seigniors of Tharsis, nor the sentence of extermination that weighed on them.

In those circumstances, the alliance with the Pelasgians was a wise move from every point of view. The Lydians were among the first peoples of the Blood Pact who had overcome the iron taboo and knew the secret of its smelting and forging: at that time, iron swords were the most powerful weapon on Earth. However, despite being notable merchants, they never

sold an iron weapon, which they only produced in the right quantity for their own uses. They manufactured, on the other hand, a great number of bronze weapons for sale or barter: hence their interest in settling in Tharsis, of which first-rate copper vein had been known since legendary times, when the Atlanteans crossed the Western Sea and extracted copper with the help of Poseidon's Ray. Copper had hardly been exploited by the Seigniors of Tharsis, dazzled by the gold and silver that bought everything. The association with the Lydians essentially modified this criterion and introduced a new lifestyle to the people, based on the production of large-scale cultural objects destined exclusively for commerce.

A deterrent stone wall was erected around the ancient citadel of Tarshish, which the Pelasgians called Tartessos and ended up giving its name to the land, with a perimeter that now covered an area four or five times larger. The old citadel had been transformed into an enormous marketplace and in the new fortified spaces workshops and factories sprang up day by day. Fabrics, clothing, footwear, utensils, pottery, furniture, objects of gold, silver, copper, and bronze. There was practically no merchandise that could not be bought in Tartessos: and except for tin, essential to the bronze industry, which was sought in Albion, everything, even foodstuffs, was produced in Tartessos.

Evidently under the influence of the Cultural Pact, the alliance between my people and the Lydians culminated in a civilizing explosion. Very soon the ancient Seigniory of Tharsis became "the Tartéside Kingdom" and, in a few centuries, expanded throughout Andalucía: the Tartessians then founded important cities, such as Mainake, today called Torre del Mar, or Mastia, which the Carthaginian usurpers renamed Cartagena. Their fleet became as powerful as that of the Phoenicians and their trade, highly competitive due to the better quality of the products, managed to seriously endanger the economy of the Red Men. It was not until the fourth century BC, due to the Greek colonization and the expansion of the Phoenician colony of Carthage, that the commercial and maritime supremacy of the Tartessians in the Mediterranean declined somewhat.

I must insist that the fact of being close relatives greatly facilitated the integration with the Pelasgians. This could be seen especially in the case of the Cult, where there was almost no difference between the two peoples, since the Lydians also worshiped the Goddess of Fire, whom they knew as Belilith. In a few words: for the Lydians, Belenus was "Bel," and Belisana, "Belilith"; also, coming from a region where the Cultural Pact had greater influence, they presented some differences in the language and in the sacred alphabet; the ancient Pelasgian language, which in my people was still spoken with enough purity, in the Lydians had suffered the influence of Semitic and Asiatic languages: however, that jargon of seafarers, was more suitable for the overseas commerce that they practiced. The other difference was in the alphabet: thousands of years ago the language of the birds had been forgotten among my people; however, the last Initiates, and later the Priests of the Flame, preserved the sacred alphabet of thirteen plus three Vrunes, which they represented with sixteen signs formed with straight lines and to which they had associated a sound of the common language: thus there were thirteen consonants and three vowels; the vowels were known only to the Seigniors of Tharsis because they expressed the secret Pelasgian Name of the Moon Goddess, something like ***Io-a****; well then: the novelty brought by the Lydians was a sacred alphabet made up of thirteen plus* ***five*** *letters, i.e., eighteen signs that represented the sounds of the current language; it also had thirteen consonants, but the vowels were five; and the Lydians could no longer eliminate the two vowels without losing more than half of their words. Of all this, the most important thing, that which was to be agreed upon at the outset, was the Name of the Goddess and the number of the sacred alphabet. Regarding the former, it was agreed to refer to the Goddess, thenceforth, with an older Name, which had been common to both peoples:* ***Pyrena****; from then on, Belisana and Belilith would be, for the Tartessians, the Goddess of Fire,* ***Pyrena****. Regarding the latter, the Seigniors of Tharsis, who were on that occasion beset by enemy pressure, had no choice but to accept the imposition of the sacred alphabet of eighteen letters: the only consolation,*

they quipped, was that "the number eighteen was much more pleasing to the Goddess than sixteen."

Otherwise, the Lydians had suffered a fate similar to that of my people. At some point in their history they were overcome by War Fatigue and ended up yielding to the peoples of the Cultural Pact; the last of their Initiates then managed to plasmate the "familial missions" in an even greater number of Stirps than those existing among my people; this explained the great number of families of artisans, specialized in the most varied trades, that made up the Lydian people.

Seventh Day

The Sierra Morena mountain range is part of the Mariánica divide that separates southern Andalucía from the rest of the Iberian Peninsula; from the Mediterranean, opposite the Balearic Islands, to Mount Gordo at the mouth of the Guadiana River, its relief has an approximate length of 600 km. At the western end, giving rise to the Odiel River, the Sierra de Aracena runs from east to southwest, and in one of which hills is nestled the Templar castle to which I will refer later. Numerous chains of smaller mountain ranges extend further south: one of them is the Río Tinto, from where the river of the same name originates; another is the Catochar, seat of the main mines of the House of Tharsis. The Tinto and Odiel rivers descend toward the Gulf of Cadiz and converge, a few kilometers before the coast, forming a wide ria. On the strip of land that lies between the two rivers, at the mouth of the Odiel, the river and maritime city of Onuba, today called Huelva, has been settled since ancient times. And about twenty-five km from Onuba, up the Odiel, was the ancient citadel of Tharsis, in the vicinity of the present town of Valverde del Camino.

The river Tinto, or Pinto, is so named because its waters run reddish, stained by the iron ore that it collects in the Aracena mountain range. The Odiel, on the other hand, was always a sacred river for the Iberians and that is why they identified it with the most important Vrune, the one that designates the Name of Navutan, the Great Chief of the White Atlanteans. Apparently, Navutan meant Lord (Na) Vutan, in the language of the White Atlanteans; the various Indo-Germanic peoples who participated in the Blood Pact, but then fell prey to the Strategy of the Cultural Pact, concluded that He was a God and worshiped Him under different Names, all derived from Navutan: thus, he was called Nabu (from Nabu-Tan); Wothan (from Na-Vutan, Na-Wothan); Odan or Odin (from Nav-Odan, Nav-Odin); Odiel or Odal (from Nav-Odiel, Nav-Odal); etc.

Five km north of the citadel of Tharsis, in the system of the Catochar mountain range, is Mount Char, a name that meant Fire and Verb in various Iberian dialects. On its summit there was a forest of Ash trees that was venerated by the Iberians in memory of Navutan: there the White Atlanteans had erected an enormous menhir marked with His Vrune. They had placed it at the center of the forest, in a place that, strangely enough, was populated by a small group of apple trees. In the days of the Seigniors of Tharsis, only one of those apple trees survived, and no one could explain whether the others had disappeared by natural causes or by intentional felling. The one that remained was planted about twenty paces from the menhir and was clearly a tree several hundred years old.

All pre-Greek Mediterranean antiquity knew of the existence of the "Apple Tree of Tharsis," to which the devotees of the Goddess of Fire used to make annual pilgrimages. At the beginning, in effect, ash and apple trees were associated with Navutan and Frya, respectively. Later, after the blood alliance with the peoples of the Cultural Pact, the Priests consecrated the Apple Tree of Tharsis to the Goddess Belisana and established the custom of celebrating the Cult at the foot of its aged trunk. For this purpose they built a stone altar made up of two columns and a transversal slab, on which the Ever-burning Lamp was placed: that immortal fire represented the Goddess, and the Apple Tree the path to follow. As the Priests taught, the Creator God wrote the Cult in the seed of the apple tree; the tree was only a part of the message relating to the destiny of man; the flower, for example, was equivalent to the heart of man, the seat of the Soul, and its form, and its color, expressed the Promise of the Goddess; but another part of the message was written in the rose bush and the Promise of the Goddess also shone in its blossom, in its form and color; the apple tree and the rose bush were not only plants of the same family but in reality consisted of one plant: it was the Promise of the Goddess that divided the seed of the apple tree so that there would be several different blossoms, blossoms that would reveal the path of perfection to those men who would surrender to Her and embrace Her Cult.

Of course, the myth that described the Cult would only be revealed by the Priests to those whom they considered prepared for initiation into the priesthood, i.e., to those who were also to become Priests. The secret significance of the Promise would be this: the apple tree and the rose bush corresponded to two states or phases of man's life, such as childhood and adulthood, for example; when he ***was*** *"as a child," man had his heart like the apple blossom, which was white and rosy on the outside, and unfurled wantonly; when he* ***was*** *"as an adult," i.e., when he was initiated as a Priest of the Cult or when he was able to officiate as a Priest, he* ***would have*** *a heart like the blossom of the rose bush, which was the color of the Goddess' Fire and never unfurled fully, unless to die; that is why there was in the world only one apple tree and many rose bushes: The history of the apple tree was already written, but the history of the rose bush was still being written; and the best part had not yet been written: one day men of a heart so perfect would come into the world, and then the most beautiful roses would appear, such as were never before seen on Earth.*

With this explanation, it will be understood why the Priests had allowed an old rose bush to be coiled like a serpent around the trunk of the Apple Tree of Tharsis: undoubtedly, such an arrangement of the two trees was necessary for representing the secret significance of the Cult. The ritual obliged to worship the Fire of the Goddess and to admire the blossom of the apple tree, intensely wishing that the Goddess would fulfill the Promise and the heart of the Priest would become like the flower of the rose bush. But the people, who usually ignored this interpretation of the Cult, came far and wide to the Apple Tree of Tharsis in order to make their offerings in front of the Fire Altar of the Goddess.

When my ancestors acquired the rights to the Seigniory of Tharsis, which was then very small and devastated by the recent war against the Phoenicians, they naturally took over the Local Cult, although they lacked an Ever-burning Lamp. They introduced practically no reforms concerning the Promise, for they accepted as a fact that the heart was related to the apple blossom and that the worship of the Goddess would

cause a transmutation analogous to the rose bush blossom. It was only in regard to the Fire that the first visible effect that the familial mission was having on the Seigniors of Tharsis could be seen; they added to the title of the Goddess the word "cold," i.e., Belisana was now "Goddess of the Cold Fire." They explained this change as a local revelation of the Goddess. She had spoken to the Seigniors of Tharsis; in the communication, She stated that it would be Her Fire that would be installed in the heart of man and transmute him; and that this Fire, at first extremely warm, would finally become ***colder than ice: and it would be this Cold Fire that would produce the mutation of his human nature.***

It is necessary to see in this change something more than a simple addition of words: it was the first time that, in a Cult, appeared the possibility of facing and overcoming fear, i.e., the feeling that, in all Cults, ensured the submission of the believer; the fear of the Gods is a necessary and indispensable feeling to keep alive in order to ensure the earthly authority of the Priests; if man does not fear them, in the end he will rebel against the Gods: but first he will revolt against the Priests of the Gods. However, this change will not be seen if something that is not so obvious today is not clarified first: the fact that in all Indo-Germanic languages "cold" and "fear" have the same root, which can still be intuited, for example, in ***shivering*** *(with terror). Well, at that time, the word "cold" was synonymous with "terror" and, consequently, what the new Cult signified was that a nameless terror would be installed in the heart of the believer as "Grace of the Goddess";* ***and that this terror would cause his perfection.***

Thus Belisana, Goddess of the Cold Fire, had also become the "Goddess of Terror," a title which, though the Seigniors of Tharsis could not know it, belonged in very remote times to the Goddess Herself, for the wife of Navutan was likewise known as "Frya, She Who Strikes Terror Into The Soul And Instills Relief Into The Spirit."

After their arrival in the Iberian Peninsula, the Golen tried on numerous occasions to occupy the Sacred Forest and control the Cult to the Goddess of the Cold Fire, but they were always rejected by the zealous and obstinate mystical madness

of the Seigniors of Tharsis. They even went so far as to offer an authentic Ever-burning Lamp of the Dark Atlanteans, knowing that they lacked one and were forced to permanently guard the flame of their primitive lamp of oil and asbestos. It is not necessary to clarify that they offered it in exchange for the unification of the Cult and the institution of the ritual Sacrifice, and that such a proposal was unacceptable to the Seigniors of Tharsis, because it is obvious at this point of the story, as it is also obvious that this resistance, unusual for those who had imposed themselves over all the native peoples, together with the impossibility of seizing the Wise Sword, was permanently festering against the Seigniors of Tharsis. The reaction of the Golen triggered that international campaign encouraging the conquest of Tharsis that culminated in the dangerous attempt of Phoenician invasion from the Balearic Islands and Gades, or Cádiz. But the Seigniors of Tharsis summoned the Lydians and made the Phoenicians desist from their conquering project for at least the next four centuries. From the alliance between Iberians and Lydians emerged the "Empire of Tartessos", which soon expanded throughout Andalucía, the "Tartéside", and deprived the Phoenicians of coastal colonies in their territory. The Balearic Islands and the Isla de León, seat of Gades, were isolated from the mainland because the Tartessians only permitted them to maintain a meager trade through their own ports. What would be the next reaction of the Golen to this power that was developing beyond their control and that frustrated all their plans? Before answering, esteemed and, paradoxically, patient Dr. Siegnagel, I must acquaint you with the consequences that the presence of the Lydians produced in the Cult of the Cold Fire. To understand what follows one need only remember that the Lydians were more "cultured" than the Iberians, i.e., more culturally civilized, while the more "uncultured" Iberians, i.e., more barbaric, were more spiritually "cultivated" than the Lydians, possessed more Wisdom than knowledge.

These differences would cause the Lydian Princes, now of the same family as the Seigniors of Tharsis, to accept without delving deeper into the esoteric significance of the Cult of the Goddess of Cold Fire, who would thenceforth be called, by

*common agreement, "**Pyrena**," and to use all their efforts to perfect the exoteric form of the Cult. Such an application is always to the detriment of the esoteric part and, as it could not be otherwise, in the long run would prove fatal for the Tartessians. But this you will see, for, as I announced, I am going step by step.*

The Lydians, as in other industries, were skilled stone craftsmen. What do you think they did in their eagerness to perfect the exterior form of the Cult? They decided, to the horror of their Iberian relatives who could do nothing to prevent it, to carve the Sacred Forest's menhir with the Figure of Pyrena; the sculpture would contribute to sustain the Cult, they explained, because the Lydian people needed a more tangible image of the Goddess: her representation as a Flame was too abstract for them.

The menhir consisted of an olive-colored rough stone, about 5 m high, and in the shape of a truncated cone: the Lydians intended to use the whole of it for carving the Head of the Goddess. According to their plan, the nape of the neck should be in front of the Apple Tree, so that the Divine Face would look directly at the people; and the people, distributed in a surrounding clearing from which the ritual scene was taken in, would see the Face of the Goddess and, behind her, the Apple Tree of Tharsis. Two master sculptors worked on the carving, one to sculpt the Face and the other to carve the serpentine locks, while three assistants worked on the hollow of the neck's nape, connected to the Eyes of the Goddess. The work took five years to complete because, even though the Lydian iron tools made it possible to make much progress from the beginning, the polished finish that they aimed for demanded long years of work: in fact, the Tartessians would continue to polish the Head of Pyrena for decades, until endowing it with an impressive realism.

*The need felt by the Lydians to contemplate a figurative manifestation of the Goddess was typical of the time: the peoples of the Cultural Pact were then experiencing a generalized fall into the exotericism of the Cult, which led them to worship the more formal and apparent Aspects of the Deity. The peoples sensed that the Gods were withdrawing **from within**, but*

they could only retain them from without: hence they clung desperately to the Divine Bodies and Faces, and to any natural form that represented them. This being so, it should not be surprising the intense religious fervor awakened in the peoples, and the extraordinary geographical diffusion, which produced the Cult of the Cold Fire after the transformation of the menhir. Besides the Tartessians, proud depositaries of the Goddess' Promise, men belonging to a thousand different peoples made pilgrimages to the "Tartéside Sacred Forest" in order to attend the Ritual of the Cold Fire: among others, the Iberians and Ligurians came from all corners of the peninsula, and the brilliant Pelasgians from Etruria, and the corpulent Berbers from Libya, and the silent Spartans from Laconia, and the tattooed Picts from Albion, etc. And all those who came to Pyrena came ready to die. To die, yes, because that was the condition of the Promise, the requirement of Her Grace: as all Her worshipers knew, the Goddess had the Power to turn man into a God, to raise him to the Heaven of the Gods; but, as everyone also knew, the rare Chosen Ones whom She accepted had to previously pass through the Test of the Cold Fire, i.e., through the experience of Her Deadly Gaze; and this experience usually ended with the physical death of the Chosen One. According to what Her adepts knew, and without such a certainty affecting the fascination for Her one iota, ***many more Chosen Ones had died than were proven to be reborn****; those who received Her Deadly Gaze certainly fell; and many, the majority, never rose again;* ***but some did****: and that remote possibility was more than enough for the worshipers of the Goddess to decide to risk everything. Those who awoke from Death would be those who had truly given their hearts to the Cold Fire of the Goddess and whom She would reward by taking them as Husbands: by Her Grace, upon revival, the Chosen One would no longer be a human being of flesh and blood but an* ***Immortal Man of Stone, a Son of Death****. These titles at first constituted an enigma for the Seigniors of Tharsis, who were the ones who introduced the Reform of the Cold Fire in the Ancient Cult of Belisana, for they claimed to have received them by mystical inspiration directly from the Goddess, although they assumed that it re-*

ferred to a superior condition of man, close to the Gods or to the Great Ancestors. But then, when among the Seigniors of Tharsis themselves appeared Men of Stone, the answer became suddenly clear. But it occurred that this answer was not suitable for the sleeping man, nor for the Chosen Ones who most fervently worshiped the Goddess: the Men of Stone would keep silent about this secret, which they would only talk about among themselves, and would form a College of Tartessian Hierophants in order to preserve it. From then on, it would be the Tartessian Hierophants, i.e., my ancestors transmuted by the Cold Fire, who would control the progress of the Cult.

Eighth Day

At the time when the Ritual of the Cold Fire was not celebrated, the Tartessian Hierophants allowed the pilgrims to reach the clearing of the Sacred Forest and contemplate the colossal effigy of Pyrena; there they could deposit their offerings and reflect if they were willing to face the Death of the Cold Fire Test or if they preferred to return to the illusory reality of their common lives. For the moment the Goddess could not harm them, for Her Eyes were closed and She communicated Her Sign of Death to no one. But, notwithstanding such a conviction, many were frozen with fright before the Ancient Revealed Face and no less were those who fled then and there or died of terror. The original menhir had been placed there by the White Atlantean demigods thousands of years before, but, in the days of the alliance with the Lydians, there was no one on Earth capable of emulating that feat of moving a gigantic stone thousands of miles of distance, and placing it at the center of a thick forest of ash trees, ***without felling them****: it is understandable, then, that the pilgrims received the immediate impression that that terrible bust was the work of the Gods. But the menhir was not the work of the Gods alone, since the conformation of the Face came from that remarkable capacity to degrade the Divine that the Lydians exhibited; cunningly, the Tartessians were always very careful to give information about the origin of the disturbing sculpture.*

Whoever managed to recover from the initial impression, and noticed the details of the unusual Face, had to appeal to all his strength in order not to be overcome, sooner or later, by panic. Remember, Dr., that, for her worshipers, what they had in front of them was not a mere representation of inert stone but the Living Image of the Goddess: Pyrena manifested herself in the Face and the Face participated in Her. And it was that hieratic Face that took one's breath away. Probably, if someone had managed, with a powerful act of abstraction, to separate the Face from the Head of the Goddess, he would have found her features beautiful; in the first place, and in

spite of the greenish coloration of the stone, by the form of the features it was unquestionable that she belonged to the White Race; in the next order, one could recognize, in the overall countenance, an archetypical Indo-Germanic or directly Aryan beauty: rectangular-oval Face; wide Forehead; prominent Eyebrows, slightly curved and horizontal; the Eyelids, since I already said that the Eyes remained closed, showed, by the expression, a frontal Gaze, with round and perfect Eyes; straight and proportionate Nose; firm and prominent Chin; strong and slender Neck; and the Mouth, with the lower lip thicker and somewhat more protruding than the upper, was perhaps the most beautiful note: it was slightly open and curved in a barely hinted Smile, ***in an unmistakable gesture of cosmic irony****.*

Naturally, anyone lacking the necessary power of abstraction would not notice any of the previously-mentioned characteristics. On the contrary, all his attention would undoubtedly be absorbed by the Hair of the Goddess; and that first observation would surely neutralize the preceding aesthetic judgment: when contemplating the Head as a whole, Hair and Face, the Goddess presented that terrifying Aspect that caused the panic of the visitors. But what in Her Hair was capable of paralyzing the rough pilgrims, normally accustomed to danger, with fright? Serpents; serpents of exceptional realism. Her hair was made up of eighteen stone Serpents: eight, of different lengths, fell on both sides of Her Face and two others, much smaller, bristled on Her forehead.

Four pairs of eight Serpents were at the same height: two at the level of the Eyes, two at the level of the Nose, two at the level of the Mouth, and two at the level of the Chin; emerging from a previous level of Hair, the remaining eight Ophidians came around and positioned their heads between the previous ones. And each Serpent, separating itself from the remaining locks, formed, in the air with its body, two opposing curves, like an "ess" (S), which allowed it to announce the next movement: the deadly attack. And the two Serpents of the Forehead, despite being smaller, also showed the same aggressive attitude. In short, when admiring the Face of the Smiling Goddess from the Front, the arch of the eighteen Serpent heads of Her

Hair emerged with force; and all the heads were turned forward, accompanying, with their eyes, the Eyeless Gaze of the Goddess; and all the heads had their jaws horribly open, exposing their lethal fangs and gaping throats. It should come as no surprise, then, that this impressive apparition of the Goddess terrified Her most faithful worshipers.

Logically, such a composition had an esoteric significance that only the Hierophants and Initiates knew, although, eventually, they had an acceptable exoteric explanation. In the latter case, they notified the traveler, who could sometimes be an allied King or an important ambassador to whom knowledge could not be flatly denied, that the eighteen serpents represented the letters of the Tartessian alphabet, which they claimed to have received from the Goddess. During the ritual, they claimed, the Initiates could hear the Serpents of the Goddess recite the sacred alphabet. The esoteric Truth behind all this was that the eighteen letters indeed corresponded to the eighteen Vrunes of Navutan and that with them one could comprehend the Sign of the Origin and with it, the Serpent, the highest symbol of human knowledge. But such a truth was hardly intuited by the Tartessian Hierophants since in those days no one saw the Sign of the Origin or remembered the Vrunes of Navutan: by instituting the Reform of the Cold Fire, the Seigniors of Tharsis had received the Word of the Goddess that the House of Tharsis, descendants of the White Atlanteans, "would not die off until at least one of its members recovered the lost Wisdom," and for Her Word to be fulfilled, "never should they part with the Wise Sword." That time had not yet come, and no descendant of the House of Tharsis understood the deeper significance of that esoteric Truth revealed by the Stone Head of Pyrena. So for them it was also an unquestionable truth that the eighteen Serpents represented the letters of the Tartessian alphabet: the two smaller Serpents, for example, corresponded to the two letters introduced by the Lydians and their pronunciation was kept secret, as was the Name of the Moon Goddess formed by the three vowels of the Iberians. In this case, the two vowels made it possible to know the Name that the Pyrena Goddess gave to Herself when She

*manifested as Cold Fire in the heart of man, i.e., "I am" (something like **Eu** or **Ey**).*

Every year, when approaching the winter solstice, the Hierophants determined the nearest full moon, and on that night, the Ritual of the Cold Fire was held in Tartessos. Not many Chosen Ones would, in the end, dare to brave the test of the Cold Fire: almost always a group that could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The menhir was aligned toward the West of the Tharsis Apple Tree, in such a way that the Moon Goddess would invariably appear behind the tree and transit the sky until reaching the zenith, from where she would illuminate the face of the Goddess that Looks Toward the West. From dusk, with their gazes directed toward the East, the Chosen Ones were seated in the clearing, observing the Face of the Goddess and, farther back, the Apple Tree of Tharsis.

When the Brightest Face of the Moon Goddess fell upon the Sacred Forest, the Chosen Ones remained silent, with their legs crossed and expressing with their hands the Mudra of the Cold Fire: at those moments they were only permitted to chew willow leaves; otherwise, they had to remain in rigorous quietude. Until the zenith of the full moon, the dramatic tension grew instant by instant and, at that point, reached such an intensity that it seemed that the terror of the Chosen Ones extended to the environment and became breathable: not only was the terror breathed, but it was perceived epidermally, as if a terrifying Presence had sprung from the rays of the Moon and oppressed them all with an icy and overwhelming embrace.

This climax was invariably reached at the beginning of the Ritual. Then a Hierophant would go to the back of the Stone Head and ascend a small staircase that was carved into the rock of the menhir and enter its interior. The staircase, which had eighteen steps and culminated in a circular platform, gave access to a truncated conical platform: this was a narrow enclosure about two and a half meters high, excavated exactly behind the Face and barely illuminated from the floor by the Ever-burning Lamp. On the platform of the floor, in effect, there was a tiny stone hearth on which burner was placed, since the Lydians perfected the form of the Cult, the Ever-

burning Lamp: a slab made it possible to cover the upper opening of the burner and to regulate the output of the meager light. Now this light was minimal because the Hierophant was about to perform a key operation of the ritual: opening the Eyes of the Goddess. To achieve this, he only had to move inward two pieces of stone, which usually remained perfectly joined in the Face and caused the illusion that some stony Eyelids covered the bulb of Her Eyes: these heavy pieces required the strength of two men to be put in place, but, once there, it was enough to remove a lock and they slid by themselves on a guide ramp that crossed the entire interior enclosure.

***Imagine this scene**. The hedge of Ash Trees of the Sacred Forest forming the clearing and at its center, huge and imposing, the Apple Tree of Tharsis and the statue of the Goddess Pyrena. And seated in front of the Face of the Goddess, in a position that exalts even further the colossal size and disturbing serpentine Hair, the Chosen Ones, with fixed gaze and anxious heart, awaiting Her Manifestation, the personal call that opens the gates of the Cold Fire Test. From above, the Goddess **Io-a** pours torrents of silvery light upon that tableau. Suddenly, coming from the nearby Forest, a group of beautiful dancers interpose themselves between the Chosen Ones and the Goddess Pyrena: they come bare-bodied, wearing only ornamental objects, bracelets and rings on hands and feet, colorful necklaces and belts, long dangling earrings, ribbons, and browbands that let their long hair fall freely. They come prancing to the rhythm of a panpipe and at no time do not stop but immediately indulge in a frenzied dance. Previously, they have drunk the ritual libation of an aphrodisiac nectar and that is why their eyes are bright with desire and their gestures are insinuating and lascivious: hips and bellies move incessantly and can be seen, at every instant, in a thousand different positions; firm breasts heave like doves in flight and wet mouths open yearningly; the whole dance is an irresistible invitation to the pleasures of carnal love.*

*Of course, the eroticism displayed by the dancers was intended to sexually excite the Chosen Ones, to ignite in them **the Hot Fire of animal passion**. That dance was a survival of the ancient Cult of Fire and its culmination, in other times,*

would have resulted in an unbridled orgy. But the Reform of the Cold Fire had changed things, and now ritual sex was forbidden and it was demanded, instead, that the Chosen Ones experience the Hot Fire in the heart. If any Chosen One lacked the strength to refuse the invitation of the dancers, he could join them and enjoy a delight never before imagined, but this would not save him from death, for he would then be put to death as punishment for his weakness. The attitude demanded of the Chosen Ones required them to remain unchanged until the conclusion of the dance, keeping their eyes fixed on the Face of the Goddess.

Let us return to the scene. The volume of the music has increased and now it is a chorus of flutes and drums that accompanies the cadenced movements; the dancers pant, the dance becomes feverish and the erotic expression reaches its peak; behind them, the Smile of the Goddess seems more ironic than ever. The Chosen Ones concentrate on Pyrena but cannot avoid perceiving, as if in the mists of a dream, the dancing female beauties who intoxicate them with passion, who inevitably drag them into a warm and suffocating abyss. It is then that the intervention of the Goddess becomes necessary, when the Chosen Ones, with an enervated will, request in their hearts the fulfillment of Her Promise. And it is then that, at a signal from the Hierophants, the music abruptly ceases, the dancers quickly withdraw, and the Eyes of the Goddess open to gaze upon Her Chosen Ones. Like a whiplash, a shudder of horror shakes the Chosen Ones: the Eyelids have disappeared and the Goddess gazes at them from the empty, Apple Leaf-shaped sockets of Her Eyes. The Test of the Cold Fire has begun. A Hierophant, in a thunderous voice, recites the ritual formula:

O Pyrena,
Goddess of the Smiling Death, Thou who hast thy Abode Beyond the Stars, Draw Near to the Land of the Chosen Ones Who Cry Out to Thee!

O Pyrena,
Thou who didst once Love the Chosen Ones with the Heat of the Fire and then Slew Them, Remember Thy Promise! Kill Them first with the Cold of the Fire, to Love Them then in Thy Abode!

O Pyrena,
Make the Warm Life Die in Us! Make Us know Kālibur, the Cold Death of Thy Gaze! And Make Us Live in Death, Thy Icy Life!

O Pyrena,
Thou who once Granted Us the Seed of Grain to sow in the Furrow of Infamy, Slay that Created Life and deposit in the Heart of the Chosen One the Icy Seed of the Stone that Speaks!

O Pyrena,
White Goddess, Show Us the Naked Truth by Kālibur in Thy Gaze, and we shall no longer be Men but Gods of Frozen-Stone Heart!

Kālibur, Thy Chosen Ones Cry Out to Thee!
Kālibur, Thy Chosen Ones Love Thee!
Kālibur, Death That Liberates!
Kālibur, Seed of Frozen Stone!
Kālibur, Naked Truth Remembered!

Everything happens quickly, as if Time had stopped. The Hot Fire of Animal Passion turns again into Terror. But now it is a Terror without limits that ensues, a Terror that is Death Itself, the Kālibur Death of Pyrena, the Necessary Death that precedes the Naked Truth. The Chosen Ones are paralyzed with Terror and with hearts frozen with fright. They gaze absorbedly at the Face of Pyrena while the last "Kālibur...!" of the Hierophant still resounds in the air: the Eyes of the Goddess now seem like the Gates of Another World, a World of Infinite Blackness, a World of Essential Cold which is the Death of the

Warm Life! One cannot pass through those gates without Dying of Terror: but if something passes through them, ***that something lives in Death!*** *And if something survives Kālibur Death it is because* ***that something also consists of the essence of the Infinite Blackness' Cold.***

The Kālibur Death fascinates and attracts toward a Nothingness that will be the womb of one's own being. The Chosen Ones rush without hesitation into the Infinite Blackness of the Goddess' Eyes. But before crossing the Gates of Death, they perceive, in an instant of Supreme Terror, that the Sacred Forest has been transfigured and overflows with manifest Life, of a Life that was hidden behind the illusion of vivid existence, of a Life that at that moment gushed obscenely from all things like a demonic Orgasm of Nature; and they saw also how the Apple Tree of Tharsis, animated by demented Intelligence, shuddered with diabolical Laughter; and they saw the Head of the Goddess, equally vitalized, glowing with a blinding White Light that further accentuated the Infinite Blackness of Her Eyes. And as they enter the Infinite Blackness, as the heart grows cold and the Warm Life dies, they see at last the Hair of Pyrena seething with Serpents: and they hear the Serpents hissing the letters of the Sacred Alphabet and uttering with them, uninterruptedly, the Names of all Created Things. There it was, at last discovered, though useless to them, the Highest Knowledge permitted to the Animal-Man, the ***contents*** *of the Symbol of the Serpent!*

But, that Knowledge no longer interests the Chosen Ones. Something of them has broken through the barriers of Kālibur Death, something that does not fear Death, and has encountered the Naked Truth that is Oneself. For the Infinite Blackness offered by the Kālibur Death of the Goddess Pyrena, in which all Created Light is hopelessly extinguished, is capable of Reflecting that "something" which is the Uncreated Spirit; ***and the Reflection of the Spirit in the Infinite Blackness of the Kālibur Death is the Naked Truth of Oneself****. In the face of the Infinite Blackness the Created Life dies of Terror and the Spirit finds Itself. That is why if the Chosen One, after the reencounter, recovers Life, he will be the bearer of a Sign of Death that will freeze his heart forever. The Soul will not be*

able to avoid being subjugated by the Seed of Stone of the Self that grows and develops at its expense and transmutes the Chosen One into a Hyperborean Initiate, into a Man of Stone, into a Wise Warrior. As a Man of Stone, the resurrected Chosen One will have a Heart of Ice and will exhibit Absolute Valor. He will be able to love the Woman of Flesh without reserve, but she will never be able to ignite in his heart the Hot Fire of Animal Passion. Then he will seek in the Woman of Flesh, She who besides Soul possesses Uncreated Spirit, like the Goddess Pyrena, and is able to Reveal, in Her Infinite Blackness, the Naked Truth of Himself. Her, the Kālibur Woman, he will love with the Cold Fire of the Hyperborean Race. And the Kālibur Woman will answer him with the icy A-mort of the Kālibur Death of Pyrena.

Ninth Day

Among the Chosen Ones who faced the Test of the Cold Fire, three results could be expected. First, that some did not pass the Test, i.e., that they did not undergo the actual experience of Death, either because the initial Terror did not give way to Animal Passion, or because the Hot Fire did not turn into Terror, or because the Terror prevented them from looking the Infinite Blackness in the face, or for any other reason. Second, that others had actually died. And lastly, that some of these had been resurrected. In the first case, the Chosen Ones would be executed on the night following the Test of the Cold Fire; for the Tartessian Hierophants, whoever was not really willing to die should not present himself for the Test; because ***no one should come out of the Test alive****; if he died, and was resurrected, the one who was reborn would not be the one who died, but a* ***Son of Death****, someone who would bear a Sign of Death and would carry Death in Himself: i.e., the Son of Death would be engendered* ***in*** *Death by Himself. Whoever attended the Test, and did not die, would not deserve to live: the Executioner Women of Tartessos would bring down the stone axe on his neck; they would murder him the night after the Test, in the Willow Grove consecrated to the Moon Goddess* ***Io-a****, on the banks of the Odiel. What would happen to them? Nobody knew for certain what their fate would be; if they would really die forever, if they would be resurrected in another world, if they would reincarnate again in future lives, or if their Souls would transmigrate to other beings.*

But how long did the Test of the Cold Fire last? Only the Hierophants, and those who had failed, and who would likewise die, knew; only they had retained the consciousness of the time elapsed. Those who were Reflected in the Infinite Blackness, and found the Naked Truth of Themselves, received also a Reflection of Eternity: the contemplation of the Self, which is a Reflection of the Eternal Spirit, is experienced in a ***single instant****, unfathomable by the Time of Creation; the Chosen Ones who find the Kālibur Death of Pyrena will never be able*

to answer that question; the experience of Eternity is indescribable. Hence those of the second group, those who actually died, were considered Most Beloved by the Goddess, since She had retained them in Eternity. And they were given funerals befitting of Wise Warriors: they would have the right to be cremated with sword in hand; and an urn of Ash wood, containing their ashes, would then be cast into the Western Sea.

In the third case, when exceptionally a Chosen One returned from Death, he was immediately incorporated into the College of Hierophants of Tartessos. The event was a cause for celebration throughout the Kingdom, for the people, who did not understand esoteric subtleties, infallibly sensed that the Son of Death signified an award for the Race; in spite of having triumphed by Himself in the Trial of the Cold Fire, the new Hierophant would be considered as the exponent of a collective merit, of a racial virtue. But the ancient Hierophants, who knew the secret, also welcomed the resurrected Chosen One with joy: behold, they indicated, a Man of Stone; one Returned from Death; one who in Death was loved with the Cold Fire Kālibur of Pyrena and now retains the Remembrance of A-mort; one who has felt, beyond the Love of Life, the A-mort of Kālibur Death, i.e., the Undeath of Kālibur Death, and now has been immortalized as a Son of Death. So they received him:

O Chosen One of Pyrena,
thou wast mortal and the A-mort of a Goddess
hath freed thee from Life.
By Will of The One Creator,
thou wast of clay.
By Will of the Kālibur Death,
thou art of Stone.
O Son of Death, Valor hath thy Name.
Thou shalt no longer speak, only act.
Keep in thy Heart of Ice
the Remembrance of A-mort,
but remember not.
Only dwell in Thyself,
Immortal Cold Fire,
Man of Stone.

And, indeed, the Man of Stone would not speak, perhaps not for many years. He would not do so because he would be occupied in dwelling in Himself. For since rebirth, within his heart, upon a deep fiber, burned the Flame of the Cold Fire: ***and that Flame, when perceived, spoke with the Voice of Himself; and his words always began with the Name of the Goddess: I am, I am (Ey, Ey).*** *Hearing the Voice of Himself affirming "I Am," the Man of Stone really was, i.e., he had an* ***absolute existence*** *outside the illusion of material entities, beyond Life and Death. That is why the Immortal Man of Stone would not speak, or would speak very little, henceforth: he was very near the Hyperborean Wisdom of the White Atlanteans and this knowledge could not be explained to the sleeping men who loved Life and feared the Liberating Death. Perhaps in the end, during the Final Battle, he or other Immortal Men of Stone would speak clearly to the sleeping men in order to summon them to break free from material chains and fight for the return to the Origin of the Hyperborean Race. Meanwhile, the Man of Stone will only act, he will listen in silence to the Voice of the Cold Fire and act; and his act will express the highest spiritual Value:* ***whatever he does****, his act of doing will be founded on the absolute support of Himself, beyond good and evil, and he will not be affected by any judgment or punishment coming from the World of Deception. And no variant of the Great Deception, not even the Hot Fire of Animal Passion, will be able to drag him back into the Dream of Life: Wise and Valiant as a God, the Man of Stone will fight only if necessary and will quietly await the Final Battle; he will long for the Origin and be moved by the nostalgia for the A-mort of the Goddess; he will seek his Original Partner in the Kālibur Woman and, if he finds her, he will love her with the Cold Fire of Himself; and She will embrace him with the Uncreated Light of her Eternal Spirit, which will be Infinite Blackness for the created Soul.*

In this third case, certainly, the Promise of Pyrena would have been fulfilled.

Tenth Day

I suppose that you will await, long-suffering Dr. Siegnagel, an answer to the pending question: "What would be the next reaction of the Golen against the Tartessian power, which was being developed out of their control and that was frustrating all their plans?" This is the answer, very simple, although I will have to clarify it: ***the Golen directed the Myth of Perseus against Tartessos.***

With all rigor, it can be affirmed that that of Perseus, as well as other legends that have tardily been grouped under the general denomination of "Greek Myths," is in reality an ancient Pelasgian Myth. The same thing has happened with some of the "Greek" stories of Heracles: for example, with that in which the hero fights with the Giant Geryon to steal his red cattle and that, under a symbol dear to the Pelasgians, conceals an ancient incursion of the primitive Argives against the "triple people" of the Iberians, or Virtrions, with the aim to conquer the secret of stockbreeding that they were ignorant of or had lost; and the proof is in that those Argives, "enemies of the Geryons," were considered to be relatives of these, since Heracles himself was a great-grandson of Perseus. But Perseus was the great-grandfather of Heracles only in the Argive Myth; in truth, the theme is taken from a much older Pelasgian Myth, of Atlantean-Iberian origin, which refers ***to the adventure undertaken by a typical Hyperborean Spirit to achieve immortality and Wisdom****. The Perseus Spirit was not an Argive in the primordial theme but native to the Atlantean Iberians, that is, to a people much more occidental;*[3] *that is why he does not carry out his heroic deed on behalf of a mere mortal King like Polydectes but of the Goddess of Wisdom, Frya, the wife of Navutan: all the Names, and the functions of the Gods, were later changed, and twisted, by the peoples of the Cultural Pact, leaving the story of Perseus in the known form.*

3. Of, pertaining to, or situated in, the Occident, or West; Western.

The theme is simple and, as soon as I expose it, you will realize that it can only come from the Hyperborean Wisdom of the White Atlanteans. A Hyperborean representation of the Origin, as I already mentioned further back, was Thule, the isotropic center from where the Spirit was proceeding. Similarly, for the first descendants of the White Atlanteans, the Origin was Pontus, who was later personified as a God of the Sea and was identified with the Wave, surely because their Ancestors were originating from this "Origin." This Pontus marries Gaia, the Earth, who gives birth to Phorcys and Ceto among others, prototypical symbols of hybrid beings, half-animal, half-God: in an esoteric backdrop, this image alludes to the Spirit brought by Pontus, the Origin, to the son of the Earth animal-man. The brothers Phorcys and Ceto mate in turn and, together with a series of hybrid Archetypes, give life to three women who are already born "old": the Graeae or Graiai, that is to say, the Grays. Naturally, the Graeae are none other than the Vrayas, the Wise Warriors in charge of guarding the Stone Plow and the Stone of Venus: they are "old" because they must be Wise and those who ignore the significance of the lithic instruments will later affirm that "between the three, they only had one Eye and one Tooth."

Perseus is the idealization of the captive Spirit who attempts the feat of liberating himself from the material prison; his objective is to discover the Secret of Death, to obtain the Highest Wisdom, and to find his Original Partner. Navutan and Frya inspire him to consult the Vrayas and they, with the Stone of Venus, show him the path to follow: he must go to a Sacred Forest of Ash Trees and call upon the help of the Gods to successfully confront Death. This is what Perseus does and the encounter with Navutan is produced. The God informs him that Wisdom is in the possession of his Wife, Frya, but that it is not easy to get to Her as Death stands in the way of mere mortals. To smooth his journey toward Frya, Navutan reveals the Secret of Flight to Perseus and gives him the Sign of the Crescent Moon, that is to say, the symbol of the Hyperborean Pontiffs, the Wisest Bridge Constructors of the White Atlanteans: ***according to the White Atlanteans, the Hyperborean Pontiffs knew the way to build an infinite bridge between***

***the Spirit and the Origin (Pontus)**. The degree of Hyperborean Pontiff is confirmed by Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, when the tunic and helmet are delivered to those who pass through the Portal to the Abode of the Liberating Gods: they affix the Sign of the Crescent Moon on the forehead of this helmet. It is tradition that the Pontiffs have the Faculty to become **culturally invisible** dressed like this, not by effect of such attire, of course, but by the Wisdom that possessing it implies. Navutan teaches Perseus the language of the birds and guides him toward the Abode of Vides, who invests him as Hyperborean Pontiff: on his Journey toward Frya, Perseus will carry a crane's crop in his hand containing sixteen stones, on each one of which is engraved a Vrune. On approaching Frya, Navutan advises the hero not to stop to look at her Face of Death, which would cause his immediate destruction, and to concentrate on the **Mirror** that the Goddess of Wisdom significates **behind Death**: only like this will he be able to defeat Death! Perseus fulfills the indications with exactitude and, contemplating himself in the Mirror of Frya, manages **to comprehend Death** and is transformed into an **Immortal Man of Stone**. On his return from Death, Perseus uses the language of the birds to **comprehend the Serpent with the Sign of the Origin**: he then acquires the Highest Wisdom and encounters his Original Partner.*

Until now, this is the most important part of the original theme transmitted to the native peoples by the White Atlanteans. It is evident that much of the same, miraculously remembered thanks to the familial mission, was incorporated by the Seigniors of Tharsis in the Reformation of the Cold Fire. The Lydians, subsequently, would contribute to its degradation through the "perfection of the ritual form," which consisted in the demented attempt to exteriorly exhibit, plasmated into matter, signs that can only be metaphysical. Of course those who would do most to pervert the meaning of the Theme of the Perseus Spirit would be the Priests of the Cultural Pact; and after the meaning was restituted by the Cult of the Cold Fire, without delay, the Golen would accompany them with all their resources, locked in a war that they were

considering of life or death for the plans of the White Fraternity whom they were serving.

In the times of the cultural fall of the Pelasgians, long before the Golen initiated their sinister displacement toward Europe, the original theme was constellated as Myth, the Names were changed, and the meanings were distorted and inverted. In the Argive Myth, Perseus, on behalf of the tyrant of Seriphos, whom he imprudently promised to bring "the Head of Medusa," goes to the Tartéside as the Monster inhabits a forest on the Iberian Peninsula: such location is not unfounded as Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, was called Ides, Aides, or Hades, the Lord of Tar, that is to say, of Tartarus or Hell, by the Priests, with which Thar-sis, Tar-téside, Tar-tessos, etc., came to designate infernal places. The Golen, to a great extent, also contributed to that location, when they were able to observe the sculpture of the Goddess Pyrena and identified her throughout the ancient world as "the Gorgon Medusa." Hermes and Athena help the Argive Perseus, in whom it is still possible to recognize Navutan and Frya. Navutan, in effect, was called Hermes, Mercury, Wothan, etc.; as Hermes, according to the Greeks, was the son of an "Atlantean" woman, daughter of Atlas, and of a God (Zeus), which is not far from the genealogy of the Great Chief of the White Atlanteans; he was inventor of an alphabet, of the lyre and the syrinx, which he exchanged to Phoebus, the Sun, for the caduceus with which he was shepherding his flocks: if it is considered that the caduceus is a rod with two coiled serpents, that the Sun represents the Creator God, and the flock the animal-man, it is easy to distinguish the one who has comprehended in the figure of Hermes, through language, the Symbol of the Serpent with which the Creator God shepherds his servants. And Frya, for her part, was known as Athena, Minerva, Aphrodite, Freya, etc.; of Her, the Greeks were saying that "she was born already armed": she was, then, Goddess of War, of Wisdom, and of Love.

Starting from his inverse journey to the Tartéside, the Argive Perseus begins to behave as a clear exponent of the Cultural Pact: he does not consult the Vrayas but steals their common eye; they send him to Álsos, the home of the Alseids,

that is, to a sacred forest, where he encounters the Meliae Nymphs, those who are none other than personifications of the Ash Trees; The Nymphs supply him a crane-skin sack, where he will place the Head of Medusa, and some sandals that fly; Hades lends him the helmet of invisibility; and Hermes gives him a sickle in the shape of a crescent moon to cut off the head of the monster. But what most gives away this falsification engendered by the Priests of the Cultural Pact is the prevention of the Argive Perseus who ***fears converting himself into a Man of Stone****. For in the Aegean Myth it is not a posterior Wisdom but the very gaze from Medusa that turns into stone; Wisdom, on the contrary, is not behind Death but outside, beside Perseus, definitively independent and unreachable to him. She does not permit him to be reflected in her Naked Truth: she limits herself to place an objective mirror where the "hero" will contemplate Death without it capturing him. It is all the help that Athena gives him: seeing her from the mirror, Perseus will drive the sickle into the neck of Medusa and will put Death to death, without this "feat" allowing him to attain immortality. The mirror of Athena is his protective shield; the Head of Medusa, obtained in the useless feat of the Argive Perseus, is affixed in the center of the shield by the Goddess, clearly implying that in this Era, after the triumph of the Cultural Pact, Wisdom is shielded in Death, without any possibility for mortals to get to it. Of course, this is only a threat from the Priests of the Cultural Pact to discourage the search for the liberation of the Spirit. In the end, as the Argive Perseus neither attained immortality nor obtained Wisdom, he will not be able to comprehend the Serpent and so he is forced to also kill her, a thing that he will do on the way back from his "feat," when he fights against a dragon and liberates Andromeda, with whom he unites and procreates numerous offspring.*

Finally, running the risk of being mercilessly executed by the Tartessians, the Golen managed to infiltrate the Sacred Forest and spy on the Ritual of the Cold Fire. Since that ill-fated day, the Golen knew that they had found a Face and a Home for Medusa. In a few years, thanks to their incessant preaching and to that of the countless priests who were sec-

onding them in all the peoples of the Cultural Pact, the Argive legend of Perseus was popularized with renewed vigor: the children of Phorcys and Ceto, the Graeae, the Gorgons, and the Serpent who looks after the Tree of the Golden Apples, inhabit a sacred forest of the Tartéside, a region that was belonging to the Kingdom of Tartessos at the time. Logically, the strategic advantage, that for the Golen could mean relaunching and adapting a "Myth," will not be seen with clarity if we start from the erroneous principle that, then, no one was believing in it or that the whole world, even if granting it "legendary" veracity, knew that it "had already occurred." To think that would demonstrate not knowing the ideology of the Golen. Along with their revolutionary conception of the unity of God in the ritual Sacrifice, the Golen were sustaining the staggering concept that ***the Myths were having a prophetic character****. That is to say, that the Myths, and every storyline coming from Heaven or from the Gods,* ***are never entirely fulfilled, are never totally realized****. They had blind faith that if the circumstances and the personages were being repeated, the Myth, like a Prophecy, was going to unfold again on Earth; in synthesis, they were affirming:*

> ***What was, will be;***
> ***what was done, will be done:***
> ***there is nothing new under the sun.***

So, according to the Golen, this was infallibly going to be fulfilled if the Myth of the Argive Perseus was being ***prophesied:*** *then the sentence of extermination that was weighing on the House of Tharsis would also be fulfilled.*

Of course, we must not deceive ourselves with respect to the activity of a Myth described down to its smallest details: while Perseus and Medusa were imagined as real personages in the credulous minds of the people, the kings and military chiefs who sought the spoils of Tartessos were clear that it was a matter of representations; in the centuries of the Tartessian expansion, those who were desiring "to emulate Perseus," for example, knew very well that the "Head of Medusa" that they had to cut off was signifying "destroying Tartessos"; something similar was occurring when it was being proposed to "destroy the Bear" in the wars of the nineteenth century, alluding to

"the conquest of Russia," or "humiliate the Lion," instead of "subjugate England." However, the fact that a King was abreast of the allegorical sense of the Myth, does not detract from his capacity to act but, on the contrary, increases his possibilities to really concretize it: he who intelligently adopts the personage role of the mythical storyline, interprets the description of the Myth as a kind of plan or project to realize; but then it is not the personage who acts to realize the project of the Myth but the Myth that, unconsciously, drives the personage to concretize the storyline: ***whoever aspires to be Perseus, will end up cutting off the head of Medusa****, even if he believes that he will be able to control himself because he knows the allegorical significance of the personage.*

Thus, Dr. Siegnagel, the Golen "directed the Myth of Perseus against Tartessos" as a reaction to the economic and military expansion that was being developed outside of their control and frustrating all their plans: the answer is now clear. Over the subsequent centuries many would be the "Perseuses" who would attempt the feat of conquering Tartessos; and almost always, integrating the warlike expeditions, guiding the invading Kings or the pirate Chiefs, the Golen were arriving, a caricature of Hermes who would signal the abode of the Graeae and the location of the single Eye, that is to say, of the Wise Sword. Because the Golen would not ever forget their principal objective: to steal the Stone of Venus. That would be their part of the plunder: everything else, the gold and the silver, the docks, vessels and prosperous cities, would all be for the victorious Perseus, for the "hero" of the Cultural Pact. What they were requesting was not much and those who would respond to their intriguing proposals would not be few. However, despite this offensive that was being founded on the universal action of a Myth and that was forcing the Tartessians to live in a permanent state of war, the Kingdom successfully defended itself until the third century, when its power began to decline in the face of other nascent potencies: Carthage, Greece, and Rome would write the end of the story.

The Greeks of the preclassical period were very receptive to the Strategy of the Golen and this led them to undertake many expeditions of conquest against Tartessos: from their thriving

colonies in Sicily, Italy, Gaul, and, finally, in Spain itself, they would have finished off Tartessos if it were not for having to watch their backs from the growing power of Rome. The Romans, on the other hand, always showed themselves amicable with the Tartessians and not very permeable to the influence of the Golen: this should not be surprising if one remembers that the blood of the Pelasgians of Etruria, direct relatives of the Tartessians, circulated through the veins of the Roman nobility. Destiny would not reserve, then, either to Greeks or to Romans, the "feat" of destroying Tartessos. The new Perseus that would take up the iron sickle, an inverted and perverted symbol of the crescent moon, would be a Red or Punic man from Carthage, a Phoenician, and would cut off the Head of Medusa, thus giving fulfillment to the prophecy of the Golen.

The decline of Sidon, the most important city of Phoenicia, begins when the Philistines occupy and sack it in the twelfth century BC. Thus the power of Tyre is initiated, which would not cease to grow until Nebuchadnezzar, after a thirteen-year siege, definitively ruins it in 574 BC. But, by that time, Tyre has expanded throughout the ancient world and possesses colonies, like Gades (Cádiz), in Southern Spain, on the coasts of Sicily, in the Balearic Islands, in Sardinia, and, since 814 BC, on the coasts of Africa, where they have founded the rich and prosperous city of Carthage. With the commercial ruin of Tyre, from the sixth century, the Carthaginian colony, possessor of the largest fleet in the western Mediterranean, took preponderance.

Carthage achieved the sad celebrity of having constituted an amoral society, formed by merchants whose only ambition was wealth, who were imposing their commerce with the protection of a mercenary army; only a few military chiefs, in effect, were Carthaginians: the bulk of the army being integrated by men without a homeland and without law, that is to say, by soldiers whose fatherland was the one who was paying most and whose law was depending on the payment agreed. But what always most impressed observers to know, in a manner analogous to the repugnance that the bloody Aztec Cult of the Palpitating Hearts caused in the Europeans of the sixteenth century, was the Cult of Moloch, a deity to whom

they were offering constant human sacrifices in order to placate His inextinguishable thirst for lives. In Tyre, the Phoenicians were worshiping Gods very similar to those of other peoples of Mesopotamia and Asia Minor: they were rendering Cult to the Goddess Astarte or Tanit, who for the Assyro-Babylonians was Ishtar or Inanna, or Nana, Io to the Greeks, Isis to the Egyptians, and who in other parts was being called Ashtoreth, Cybele, Athena, Anath, Hathor, etc.; and they were also offering to Adon, who was equivalent to the Phrygian Adonis; and they believed in Melqart, who was corresponding to the Argive Heracles; and they were offering sacrifices to Baal Zebul, Baal Sidon, Baal Zadok, Baal Il, Baaltars, Baal Yah, etc.; all Names of the Creator God who at times was being represented as the Sun, or at times as the planet Jupiter, or at times as a force of nature. It was in the ninth century BC, when King Ithobaal, priest of Astarte, married his daughter Jezebel to King Ahab of Israel, that the Golen infiltrated into Tyre and tried to unify the Cults in the Sacrifice to the One God Il. That attempt would not yield major results until the following century, after the Great King Sargon II of Assyria conquered the land of Canaan and the Golen transferred themselves to Carthage to officiate as Priests of the Cult to Moloch.

One must notice that the first people in which the Golen established themselves to comply with their mission of unifying the Cults was the Carthaginian, outside of the European peoples that they were assigned by the White Brotherhood. But it would be the first and the last because, as they themselves were declaring, their only interest was in working on the Cults of Europe: if they were remaining in Carthage it was purely and exclusively due to the Tartessian heresy, to the necessity of orienting that Perseus-people to cut off the Head of Medusa and give fulfillment to their prophecies. And as it was so, impulsed by the sinister design of the Golen, the Cult of Moloch would come to dominate all the other powers of the government of Carthage through terror: the King, the Nobility, the Councils of State, the military Chiefs, all ended up subjected to Moloch and his Golen Priests. In the end, all the families of Carthage were forced to offer their first-born sons to be sacri-

ficed in the "mouth of Moloch," that is, to be cast into the mouth of a metal idol that was overlooking an incandescent furnace; and there the prisoners, the slaves, the accused for some crime, the consecrated virgins, or anyone that it occurred to the Golen to eliminate, were also ending their days. But the God was never satisfied: he was demanding more and more living proofs of Faith from the people in the ritual Sacrifice; his Law was requiring a hardly available quota of blood. Perhaps Moloch was expecting an even greater Sacrifice, perhaps he would calm himself with the offering of every lineage that had offended him, with the extermination of the stirp of the Seigniors of Tharsis in His Name.

At the outbreak of the Punic Wars, in the year 264 BC, the Golen believed the opportunity arrived to give fulfillment to the Prophecies. And They not only believed it but also did the members of the White Brotherhood, those who sent two mysterious personages named ***Bera and Birsha*** *from Chang Shambhala. They were two Priests of superior degree, to whom they gave the title of "Immortal"; two Priests who, for having belonged to the same Race of the Golen in remote Epochs, the White Brotherhood had entrusted them the mission of directing their plans. They were two "Supreme Golen," then, who were surpassing their brothers of Race in terms of cruelty and diabolical arts as much as they could have demonstrated: among other powers, for example, they were possessing the faculty of traveling through Time, a dominion that my family bitterly verified every time that the same actors appeared in different subsequent centuries with the aim of procuring their destruction. On that occasion, Bera and Birsha put themselves in charge of the Golen of Carthage to personally direct the attack on Tartessos because, apart from Race, the same hatred was uniting them all against the House of Tharsis. The General Hamilcar Barca would be the new Perseus, the instrument that the Myth was using to develop itself again on Earth. In order for this military man to demonstrate before the One God that he was prepared to perform the feat, he was impulsed to kill forty thousand men of his mercenary army, whom previously had been incited to rebellion, suppressing them the payment of their salary: from the Battle of the Saw,*

a River of blood was to thus end up in the jaws of Moloch, to the satisfaction of the Golen and as a clear sign that the prophecy was able to be fulfilled. Then the government of Carthage, following the instructions of the Golen Priests, commissioned the conquest of Spain to Hamilcar Barca in 237 BC. This invasion, the last that Tartessos was going to endure, was the theme of a familial saga of oral legends called "The Attack of the Twenty-two Golen."

The saga tells that in the year 229, by means of a skilled and unexpected redeployment of troops, General Barca manages to "surprise sleeping Tartessos," like the Argive Perseus to Medusa, and subjects it to blood and fire. However, while the soldiers give themselves over to slaughter and sacking, other events are going on. Twenty-two Golen, that is to say, twenty Golen Priests led by Bera and Birsha, have arrived at Tartessos accompanying the Carthaginian army. The Myth of the Argive Perseus has made itself reality, the prophecy is being fulfilled at this moment, and it is necessary to act with speed and precision: while the twenty Golen occupy the Sacred Forest, and the proper rituals are performed to consecrate it to the One God El Moloch and neutralize the magical influence of Pyrena, the Immortals Bera and Birsha will go in search of the Wise Sword. The Golen are applied to their task and soon find themselves profaning the Lamp of Pyrena, concentrated next to the Apple Tree of Tharsis and the sculpture of the Goddess. What occurs next is due to the fact that each one commits an error of evaluation about the capacity and the mode of reaction of the adversary: the Golen erred by not considering the mystical and heroic madness that the Tartessian Hierophants were having at their disposal by being descendants of the Seigniors of Tharsis; and the Hierophants underestimated the powers and determination of the Golen, perhaps by not knowing until then the existence of the Immortals like Bera and Birsha.

The error of the Golen was to suppose that the Hierophants, as unprepared as the sentinels of Tartessos, would accept the loss of the sanctuary of the Sacred Forest with resignation or that, at the most, they would offer armed resistance, in which case a troop who were escorting them would act in their de-

fense. The reality, quite different, was that the Hierophants had considered the possibility of which the Sacred Forest fell into the hands of the Enemy many years before and they had, already, made a decision in this respect: they would never permit this to occur; the fall of the Sacred Forest would imply, necessarily, its destruction. That is why when the fire, which was perimetrically advancing, surrounded and scorched the center of the Forest, the twenty Golen and the Guard could do nothing to avoid their horrible death: the charred skeletons showed, afterward, that they all had taken refuge under the Apple Tree of Tharsis and who finally burnt and were consumed like this one and the remaining trees of the Forest. Everything was incinerated in that fire that had been carefully planned for years and prepared through a studied distribution of dry firewood in distinct parts of the area: the Golen would not win a plaza upon entering the Sacred Forest by train of conquest but would fall into a mortal trap. Of course, they had never supposed that the Tartessian Hierophants "would sacrifice" their Sacred Forest before seeing it occupied by the Enemy and this reaction would be taken as a lesson by the Golen who, thenceforth, would continue fighting against the descendants of the Blood Pact.

And the underestimation that the Hierophants committed when evaluating the real power of the Golen was about to cause the definitive loss of the Wise Sword. If this had not occurred, merit should only be attributed to the incredible valor of the Vrayas; and to a loyalty to the Blood Pact that was going beyond death. The case was that about 20 kilometers from Tartessos, on the slope of Candelaria Hill, was found the secret entrance to a Cavern that had been conditioned in remote times by the White Atlanteans: it was one of the works to preserve, according to the commitment of the Blood Pact. Naturally, such commitment was forgotten after the cultural defeat of the Iberians and the Cavern, hidden and solitary, remained abandoned thousands of years. However, the purifying effects of the familial test that culminated with the Reformation of the Cold Fire, caused its rediscovery, even though not all of them, at any time, were able to penetrate it: the reason was that the secret entrance was marked with the Vrunes of Navu-

tan and only those of Pure Blood, those who were capable of hearing the language of the birds, were able to find it; anyone who was not meeting these requisites was not able to discover it, even if he was in front of it. Well, that Cavern had been chosen by the current Vrayas to guard the Wise Sword. A corridor of Tartessian warriors was formed to allow the exit of the Vrayas from Tartessos and save, at the last moment, the valuable inheritance of the White Atlanteans: many perished to consummate this heroic rescue, many who today must immortalized for their valor, awaiting the moment at K'Taagar in which they will return to occupy their combat posts, when the Final Battle will be unleashed on Earth. Thanks to their loyal dedication, the Vrayas, who at that time were the Queen of Tartessos and two princesses, were able to get to the secret entrance of the Cavern. In truth, they were being so closely pursued by Bera and Birsha that only one princess, carrying the Wise Sword, managed to cross the threshold, while the other two Vrayas were falling behind to stop them. And here was where the terrible power of the Golen Immortals was seen, for even when the Vrayas were confronting them with their fearsome axes of stone, they did not need to use any weapon to dominate them, except for their demonic arts. The Power of Illusion, in which they were Masters, was enough to immobilize and seize them. However, the Wise Sword was already secure in the Secret Cavern, since it would be impossible for the Golen, who were possessing only Soul but lacking Spirit, to comprehend the Vrunes of Navutan.

This part of the story concludes the familial saga narrating the spectacle observed by the Tartessian Hierophants when they went to the Secret Cavern, after setting fire to the Sacred Forest. Lying on the ground of the base of Candelaria Hill, not very far from the secret entrance that they had not managed to find, were the frightfully mutilated cadavers of the Queen of Tartessos and the princess: from that scene it was evident that Bera and Birsha subjected the valiant Initiates to cruel torment with the objective of forcing them to confess the key to the secret entrance; and it was undoubtable that they had preferred to die with Honor before betraying the familial mission and the Blood Pact; thus they had first resisted the magical

pressure of the Golen incantation, with a Will of steel, and then physical torture, the Ordeal of Pain. Then, surely seeing the failure of their plans and fearing a confrontation with the Men of Stone, the Immortals hastened to murder them and depart toward the White Island, but not without leaving behind an unequivocal sign of their infernal presences: before leaving, they scalped the two cadavers and took the totality of the hair, the two braids dyed with milk of lime that the Vrayas, like all Initiates consecrated to Io-a, were wearing to their ankles. And with the blood that was being drained from their bare skulls, they inscribed on a rock in the Phoenician language something like: ***the punishment for those who offend Yah will come from the Boar****. Without a doubt, another of their accursed prophecies.*

Eleventh Day

Thus, esteemed Dr. Siegnagel, the Kingdom of Tartessos disappeared forever. General Barca once again represented the Myth of the Argive Perseus, when he cut off the Head of Medusa, and also that of Melqart-Heracles, when he defeated the triple people of the Geryons. However, even though there was not one stone of Tartessos left upon another, the Sacred Forest was reduced to ashes, and the sculpture of Pyrena was demolished by order of Hamilcar Barca, the Golen prophecy was not fulfilled given that the Stone of Venus, the single Eye of the Vrayas, could not be stolen by Bera and Birsha. This demonstrates that although it is true that mythical storylines can be unfolded many times on Earth, their repetition is not always identical and can even bring more than one surprise to those who have propitiated them. On this occasion, the prophecy not only failed, by keeping the Wise Sword safe, but the sentence of extermination that was weighing on the House of Tharsis could neither be fulfilled.

In the Argive Myth, when Perseus drives his sickle into the neck of Medusa, two extraordinary beings emerge from the wound: Chrysaor and Pegasus. In accordance with the Myth, only Poseidon, the King of Atlantis and God of the Western Sea, dared to love Medusa, in whom he engendered two sons, Chrysaor and Pegasus, those who would be born from the wound inflicted by Perseus. Chrysaor would be a giant destined to marry Callirrhoe (Kālibur), a "Daughter of the Sea," from whose union would be born the triple Giant Geryons. I believe, Dr. Siegnagel, that the last manifestation of the Myth, concretized in the drama of Tartessos, would determine its repetition even in the minor details, despite failing to fulfill, fortunately, the prophecy of the Golen. I believe, for example, that from the effectively severed neck of Medusa, from the ruins of Tartessos, Chrysaor was born, the giant Son of Poseidon: this was, undoubtedly, Lito of Tharsis, who, as you will see further on, married a Daughter of the Sea, a princess of America, "the other shore of the Western Sea"; Chrysaor would be

born armed with a Golden Sword, just like Lito of Tharsis, who would depart toward America carrying the Wise Sword of the Iberian Kings. And I also believe that Pegasus is like my son Noyo, who was born with wings to fly to the Abodes of the Liberating Gods and, like him, has the power to open the Springs with his stomps, only that in his case it is the Springs of Wisdom.

The survivors of the House of Tharsis, curiously eighteen in total, were found reunited near the Secret Cavern, on a narrow terrace naturally protected by enormous rocks that were enabling a certain defense and from which one could dominate the side of the mountain range. The familial saga tells that, a moment before, the Men of Stone, the only ones knowing how to enter into it, had held a council in the Secret Cavern: faced with the disaster that was abating against the House of Tharsis, they swore to dedicate all efforts to give fulfillment to the familial mission and to save the Wise Sword. It was necessary that the Stirp continued existing at any cost; as for the Wise Sword, they decided that, after the death of the last Vraya, it would remain perpetually deposited in the Secret Cavern, at least until the day when other Men of Stone, descendants from the House of Tharsis, observed the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar and knew that they should depart: ***the Wise Sword would not again see the light of day until that occasion.***

Upon leaving, they communicated these determinations to their relatives and requested news about the Kingdom. But the news that was arriving to the improvised refuge was strange and contradictory. A prompt help from the Romans would have to be discarded as the Golen had revolted all the peoples of Gaul against them, cutting off the path toward Spain: coming to the aid of Tartessos was now demanding a very large expedition, which would leave Rome itself unprotected. On the other hand, in Tartessos, the Carthaginian victory had been crushing: the whole Tartéside was in the hands of General Barca, who was completing the total occupation of Southern Spain. The Seigniors of Tharsis were leaving with only their lives and a battalion of faithful and battle-hardened royal guards. However, something strange and contradictory occurred.

Hamilcar Barca, it is true, did raze Tartessos to the ground, converting it into rubble. In this action both he, as well as the mercenary army, acted moved by a homicidal fury that was surpassing all reasoning, by an indomitable force that seized them and had not abandoned them until having completely destroyed the already occupied city. It was as if the hatred experienced for centuries by the Golen against the House of Tharsis had been accumulated in some dark receptacle, ***perhaps in the Myth of Perseus****, to all together unload itself into the Soul of the Carthaginians. However, after the irrational destruction consummated, General Barca and the military Chiefs who were accompanying him brusquely recovered lucidity, the death of the twenty Golen and the departure of Bera and Birsha not being unrelated to this phenomenon. Momentarily, something had interrupted, something that was impulsing General Barca to desire the annihilation of the House of Tharsis; and no more Golen were remaining in the Tartéside to reinitiate it. Then, free from the destructive passion of the Argive Perseus for the moment, Hamilcar Barca acted with the common sense of an authentic Carthaginian, that is to say, he thought of his personal interests. For Hamilcar Barca the enemy was not only in Rome; there, in any case, was the enemy of Carthage; but in Carthage the enemies of Hamilcar Barca were also, those who were envying his career as successful General and distrusting his power; those who had sent him to conquer that inhospitable land eight years before and had no intentions of having him return.*

But Hamilcar Barca would pay them with the same currency, would demonstrate the same indifference toward the Government of Carthage and would usufruct[4] *the immense conquered territory for the benefit of himself and his family: Spain would be the private treasury of the Barcas! But, for that, they would have to rely on the indispensable collaboration of the native population, who had managed the country up until then and knew all the mechanisms of its functioning. And those bellicose peoples, who were free for centuries, would not easily submit themselves to slavery, this the Barcids were*

4. The legal right to possess and derive benefit and profit from a property, with the stipulation that it remains in good condition and proper use.

clearly noticing, unless their own Kings and Lords convinced them that it was better not to resist the occupation. The solution would not be impossible since, according to the particular philosophy of the Carthaginians, "that which cannot be purchased should just be destroyed."

The strange and contradictory news thus reached the refuge of the Seigniors of Tharsis: Hamilcar Barca was offering to save their lives if they were renouncing all rights over the Tartéside and were accepting to enter his service to govern the country; in the contrary case, they would be exterminated as the Golen were demanding. With much pain, but without possible alternatives, the Seigniors of Tharsis had to agree to such a dishonorable offer: they were doing it for a superior interest, for the familial mission and the Wise Sword.

Having arranged the surrender, those of Tharsis went to serve the Barcids and took care to pacify the Tartéside and reorganize the agricultural and industrial production. They were recompensed for their good disposition with a grange[5] *situated very close to the emplacement of the disappeared Tartessos, where the "Tharsis family" would thenceforth live, except for the members who were carrying out functions in the cities or accompanying the Barcids on trips of inspection. While the Carthaginian occupation lasted, despite the protection ensured by the Barcids, tranquility was scarce due to the constant stalking from the Golen, who explored the region inch by inch seeking the Wise Sword and had now added the death of twenty of their own to the list of charges to settle with the House of Tharsis.*

Upon the death of Hamilcar Barca, in 228 BC, his son Hasdrubal Barca succeeds him, but, after being assassinated in 220 BC, Hannibal Barca assumes command of the Carthaginian army. The grandson of Hamilcar invades the Greek colony of Sagunto in the year 219 BC, which was under the protection of Rome, and with this action initiates the Second Punic War, which would finalize in 201 BC, with the unconditional surrender of Carthage. Thirty years after the destruction of Tartessos, Spain saw itself forever free from the Carthaginian invader! But it was too late for Tartessos: the new Roman oc-

5. farm

cupant would not abandon the peninsula until the dismemberment of its own empire, six hundred years later.

The House of Tharsis had a relatively good run with the Romans, since it was considered an allied native nobility and the functions of governance of the region, now a Roman province, were restored to them, subject to the law of the Republic and the authority of a proconsul or propraetor. The region of ancient Tartessos, between the Tinto and Odiel rivers, was included in the province of "Baetica," thus named for the Baetis river, today Guadalquivir, which extended to the Flumen Anas, today Guadiana, border of Lusitania; the Romans gave the Tartessians the name of "Turdetani" and the Tartéside of "Turdetania": in a few decades Turdetania was Romanized, the use of Latin was popularized, and large rural latifundia were constituted, property of the provincial governors, magistrates, or army Chiefs.

Toward the first century BC, the House of Tharsis had become related to the Roman nobility and was quite powerful in Baetica, a province that had 175 cities, many of them rich and thriving like Corduba (Córdoba), Gades (Cádiz), Hispalis (Seville) or Malaca (Málaga). Based in the hacienda[6] *ceded by the Carthaginians and the restitutions made by the Romans, the Seigniors of Tharsis developed a rustic Roman Villa, edifying a Seigniorial Residence and expanding it with the acquisition of large extensions of fields for cultivation; cereals, olives, and vines were integrating the principal production, as well as some minerals that were still being exploited in the Sierra Catochar. It should be made clear that the Romans cadastralized*[7] *it as "Villa of Turdes" and that its inhabitants were called "Seigniors of Turdes" while the Roman Empire governed, although I will continue mentioning them as Seigniors of Tharsis to maintain the continuity of the story.*

They were possessing housing in the City where they were staying most of the year like all the families of Hispano-Roman landowners; however, whenever they were able, they

6. A large estate or plantation.

7. Surveying land, showing details of ownership and value, commonly for taxation purposes.

were preferring to retire to the country finca[8] *as their major interest was to be near the Secret Cavern.*

The Golen did not have any possibility of influencing the Roman population and their power was only being preserved intact in Lusitania, in some regions of Gaul, in Britannia, and in Hibernia. After the campaigns of Julius Caesar, this power seemed to completely decrease and, for a time, it was believed that the threat was definitively averted. ***This, as was seen later, was an error of appreciation, a new underestimation on the capacity of the Golen to carry out their plans.***

With respect to the Cult of the Cold Fire, the Seigniors of Tharsis had no problem in reimplanting it because the Romans were notably tolerant in religious matters and, in addition, they were also worshiping the Fire since remote Epochs. They constructed a ***lararium***[9] *dedicated to Vesta, the Roman Goddess of the Fire of the Hearth: there in front of the statue of the Goddess Vesta-Pyrena, was burning the Perennial Lamp of the Hearth, the* ***flamma lar***[10] *that was to never be extinguished. Despite now being a private Cult, the House of Tharsis had not lost its fame as a family of mystics and thaumaturges,*[11] *and soon their Villa was converted into another place of pilgrimage for the seekers of the Spirit, without achieving, naturally, the proportions of the Epoch of Tartessos. The family gave Rome good functionaries and soldiers, apart from contributing to its production of food and minerals, but also provided it with Aruspices, Augurs, and Vestals.*

8. An estate or farm in Spanish-speaking countries.

9. The part of the house set aside as a shrine or chapel for household gods.

10. A household deity; the protective spirit of a place.

11. A performer of thaumaturgy; a performer of miracles; a magician.

Twelfth Day

*Emperor Constantine, with the Edict of Milan of the year 313, legalized Christianity and concedes it rights equivalent to those of the official pagan Cults. Toward the end of the fourth century, in the year 381, and by the doing of Emperor Theodosius I, Christianity is declared "**official religion of the State**" and pagan Cults are prohibited; in 386, through an imperial decree, "**the closure of all pagan temples**" is ordered; and in 392, by imperial law, "**the pagan Cult is considered a crime of lèse-majesté and punished,**" that is to say, sanctioned with the penalty of death. These measures had not affected the Seigniors of Tharsis, as years before they had already adopted Christianity as a familial religion. The Cult of Jesus Christ would come from the land of Canaan, the homeland of the Golen, and such origin was, as is logical, suspicious from the outset; but also was the pretended cultural fundament of the drama of Jesus: the prophecies recorded in a collection of canonical books of the Hebrews, who were affirming to be "the Chosen People of the Creator God." None of this was convincing to the Seigniors of Tharsis and, on the contrary, the more they were observing that new Oriental Cult, the more they were being persuaded that behind it was hiding a colossal conspiracy woven by the White Brotherhood. How was it, then, that they adopted Christianity as the familial religion? Because, over the origin of the Cult and the filiation of its followers, was existing an unquestionable fact: **that the story narrated in the Gospels was in part true**. This the Seigniors of Tharsis were able to assure without any doubt, since they knew it for thousands of years, a long time before Jesus lived in Palestine. For that was, undoubtedly, a new version of the story of Navutan.*

To know the story in all its purity one would have to go back thousands of years into the past, to the Epoch of the White Atlanteans, Fathers of all the White peoples of the Blood Pact. They were claiming to be guided by Navutan, the Great White Chief who had discovered the secret of the spiritual enchainment and had revealed to them the way in which

the Spirit would be able to abandon matter and be free and eternal beyond the stars, that is to say, beyond the Abodes of the Gods and of the Potencies of Matter. According to the accounts of the White Atlanteans, Navutan was a God who was existing, free and eternal like all the Hyperborean Spirits, beyond the stars. The Incognizable God, of whom nothing can be affirmed from this side of the Origin, Navutan, and other Gods, were furious because a sector of the Race of the Spirit was found detained in the Universe of Matter: and the wrath was not solely directed against the Potencies of Matter that was restraining the Spirits, but also against the weak Spirit, against the Spirit lacking in Gracious Will to break the Illusion of the Great Deception and liberate Itself. On Earth, the Spirit had been enchained to the animal-man so that its volitive force would accelerate the evolution of the psychic structure of the latter: and so fierce was the enchainment, so submerged was the Spirit in the animic nature of the animal-man, that it had forgotten its Origin and was believing to be a product of Nature and of the Potencies of Matter, a ***creation*** *of the Gods. On other occasions, since the Spirit was remaining on Earth, the Liberating Gods, their Brother Spirits, came to their aid, and many were liberated and returned with Them: for that cause, terrible Battles were waged against the Potencies of Matter. Recently, for example, he had passed through the Origin, and had presented himself before the men of Atlantis, the Great Chief of All the imprisoned Hyperborean Race, the Lord of the Beauty of the Uncreated Forms, the Lord of Absolute Valor, the Lord of the Uncreated Light, the Envoy of the Incognizable God to Liberate the Spirit, that is to say, the Khristos of Uncreated Light, Khristos Lux, Luci Bel, Lúcifer, or Khristos Lúcifer. But the manifestation of Khristos Lúcifer in Atlantis caused the destruction of its materialistic civilization: the Battle of Atlantis culminated in the sinking of the continent, long after He had returned to the Origin.*

Under these circumstances, facing the imminent catastrophe of Atlantis, the story of Navutan unfolds. The Yellow Men, the Red Men, the Black Men, they will all perish in a cataclysm worse than the one looming over Atlantis: that which was preoccupying the Liberating Gods is the spiritual cata-

clysm, the abyss into which even those who survive the sinking of Atlantis will be submerged; and that result seems inevitable due to the insistence and tenacity with which the White Brotherhood maintains the spiritual enchainment, but, more than anything, due to the impossibility demonstrated by the Spirit to shun the Illusion and awaken from the Great Deception; these Races, strategically confused, will blindly follow the Atlantean Priests, who will lead them straight toward their definitive spiritual decadence. The White Race is the only one, at that moment, that has a possibility of liberation, a possibility that the Gods are not going to ignore. But the White man finds himself very asleep, with the Spirit very submerged in the Illusion of Matter, very projected into the Exterior World: he will not be capable of comprehending the Interior Revelation of the Spirit, he will not be able to be liberated by Himself. An Exterior Revelation of the Spirit apt for the White Race becomes necessary, to show to the White man, from the outside, a way of liberation that leads to the Hyperborean Wisdom: ***for that Navutan descends to Hell****. Navutan, "free and eternal God," accepts to go down to Hell, to come to the World of Matter, and be born as a White man. And as a White Man, to perform the feat of liberating his enchained Spirit by Himself: He will thus demonstrate to men, by the example of His Will, the way to follow, the Orientation toward the Origin.*

In summary, the story that the White Atlanteans transmitted to the native peoples ***in the form of a Myth****, would be the following. A Very Saintly White Virgin was living on Atlantis, consecrated to the service of the Incognizable God and devoted to the contemplation of the Uncreated Light. Afflicted by the terrible famine that was ravaging her people, that Virgin begged the Incognizable for help; and this Supreme God, whose Will is Grace, showed her a way toward the Planet Venus. Once there, the Virgin received various specimens of the Wheat Plant from the Envoy of the Incognizable, with which the material hunger of men would be satiated, a Rod, which would serve to measure the White Treason, and* ***the seed of a Child of Stone****, who someday would be a man, stand at the head of the White Race, and satiate their spiritual*

hunger. Upon returning from Venus, the White Virgin, who had not ever had carnal contact with any man, was pregnant with Navutan. The Liberating Gods had already announced to her that she would be a mother and give birth to a child whose spiritual Wisdom would liberate the White Race from material slavery. A serpent attempts to prevent the Virgin from fulfilling her mission but She kills it by crushing its head with her right foot. Past term, the Virgin gives birth to Navutan and educates him as a Constructor Warrior, relying on the help of the Guardians of the Lithic Wisdom.

In Atlantis was existing a path that was leading to an Enchanted Garden, which had been constructed by the God of Illusion. An Ancient Pomegranate Tree was growing there, known as ***the Tree of Life*** *and also as* ***the Tree of Terror****, the roots of which* ***were extended throughout the Earth*** *and branches of which* ***were elevated to the Celestial Abodes of the God of Illusion****. Near that Bespelled Pomegranate Tree was an Apple Tree, as Ancient as That One, to which was being called* ***the Tree of Good and Evil*** *or* ***the Tree of Death****. It was common belief among the Atlanteans that man, in the Beginning, had been immortal: the cause of why man had to die was due to the Great Ancestors having eaten of the Fruit from this Tree and Death had been transmitted to the descendants as a Disease. In truth, the blood of the Tree, its Accursed Sap, had been mixed with the Immortal Blood of the Original Man and was regulating Life and Death from within. And no one knew the Remedy for that Disease. Navutan, who was lacking a human father, had been born immortal like the Original Men, but his immortality was, for this reason,* ***essential****, proper to his special spiritual nature; in consequence, his immortality was incommunicable to the remaining White men, it was not useful for them, so that they recovered their lost immortality. That is why Navutan, with the help of his Divine Mother, the Virgin Ama, decides to make himself mortal and discover the secret of immortality for men.*

Ever since the Great Ancestors ate the Fruit of the Tree of Death, no one was daring to go near it, for fear of Death. But Navutan was immortal like the Great Ancestors and could, like Them, approach it without problems. Once next to the

Tree, Navutan cut and ate the forbidden Fruit, being immediately bespelled by the Illusion of Life: now he was only needing to discover the secret of Death ***without dying****, since he would never be able to communicate the Wisdom to White men if he was perishing in the attempt. It is then when Navutan* ***crucifies*** *himself on the Tree of Terror, to defeat Death, and hangs nine nights from its trunk. However, while time was passing, Death was approaching without Navutan comprehending its secret. Finally, already dying, the Great White Chief closed his one eye, which he was maintaining fixed on the Illusion of the World, and gazed toward the Depth of Himself, in a last and desperate reaction to save his life that was irremediably being extinguished. And on top of Himself, amidst the Infinite Blackness of the insinuated Death, he saw a Resplendent Figure emerge, a Being that was Pure Grace: it was Frya, the Joy of the Spirit, his Divine Wife from the Origin, who came to his aid.*

When Navutan reopens his eye, Frya comes out through it and enters into the World of the Great Deception: she goes to search for the secret of Death to save her dying husband. However, she is unable to find it and time is inexorably running out. Finally, without despairing, Frya heads to Hyperborea to consult the Liberating Gods; they advise her to search for a bicephalous[12] *Giant who inhabits a World situated under the roots of the Tree of Terror and who exercises the office of key-holder: from this Giant she must steal the* ***Kalachakra Key****, for on it the Traitorous Gods have engraved the secret of Death. The Myth of the White Atlanteans is very complex here and it is only convenient to mention that Frya, transformed into a Raven, descends into the World of the bifront Giant and steals the Kalachakra Key: but, to obtain it, she has had to convert herself into a murderess and prostitute; Frya, in effect, breaks the Kalachakra Key with a blow from her axe, but the bit,*[13] *while falling, transforms into seven giants of seven heads each, who "sleep so that the Root races live for them"; immediately afterward, and without alternatives as she is*

12. two-headed

13. The part that actually engages the mechanism of a lock.

pressed for time, Frya vests herself with the Veil of Death that those giants have fastened with a ribbon on each neck: then successively awakens them and delivers herself to them as a lover, but is inexorably decapitating them at the culmination of the orgasm; and the heads of the Giants, strung on a cord or sutratma, form the necklace of Frya Kālibur, on which each skull represents a Sign of the Sacred Alphabet of the White Race. Finally the Veil of Death hangs loose and Frya, once again transformed into a raven, velociously returns alongside Navutan.

But it is too late: arriving just in time, Navutan exhales his last sigh and his eye is closing forever. Frya comprehends that it will be impossible to reveal the secret of Death to Navutan as he has just died and will no longer be able to read the Kalachakra Key. And this is how, without losing a moment, Frya makes the decision that will save Navutan and the White Race: she transforms into a Partridge and penetrates once again into Navutan. She must leave the Kalachakra Key outside, since only She can exist in the Depths of Himself. Frya must reveal the Secret of Death to Navutan, not only to achieve his resurrection, but also so that her Husband communicates it to men; otherwise his sacrifice would have been in vain. But how to expose the Secret of Death to Navutan without the Kalachakra Key, without showing him this ***instrument of the spiritual enchainment****, for his comprehension?* ***And Frya decides it at that instant: like a partridge, She will dance the Secret of Life and Death. She will express, with dance, the Highest Wisdom that is possible for mortal man to comprehend from Outside of Himself****.*

And Frya, dancing in the Depth of Himself, reveals the Secret to Navutan from Outside of Himself. And Navutan comprehends it, the spell caused by the Fruit of the Tree of Life and Death is broken, and he resurrects once again as immortal. And coming down from his crucifixion on the Tree, he notices that his body has been transmuted and now is of Pure Stone; and that he can comprehend and express the language of the birds. Then Navutan teaches the thirteen plus three Vrunes to the White Atlanteans through the language of the birds and guides them to comprehend the Sign of the Origin,

"with which they will obtain the Highest Wisdom, they will be immortal while the Spirit remains enchained to the animal-man, and they will conquer Eternity when they win the Battle against the Potencies of Matter and are free in the Origin."

So far I have summarized, Dr. Siegnagel, the story of Navutan, according to the mythical account of the White Atlanteans. It is easy to notice that it had many points common with the evangelical story of Jesus Christ: both stories deal with a God made man; both Gods are born of a Virgin; both die by voluntary crucifixion; both resurrect; both leave the testament of their Wisdom; both form disciples to whom they reveal the "good news," which they must communicate to their fellow men; both affirm that "the Kingdom is not of this world"; etc. But it is evident that there are also fundamental differences between both doctrines. Perhaps the most accentuated are the following: Navutan comes ***to liberate*** *the Spirit of Man from its prison in the World of the Creator God; the Spirit is Uncreated, that is to say, not Created by the Creator God and, therefore, nothing of what happens here can essentially stain it and much less ethically affect it; the Spirit is* ***Innocent and pure*** *in the Eternity of the Origin; hence Navutan affirms that the Hyperborean Spirit, belonging to a Warrior Race, can only manifest an attitude of* ***essential hostility*** *toward the World of the Creator God, can only rebel before the Material Order, can only doubt the Reality of the World that constitutes the Great Deception, can only reject as False or Enemy all that which is not a product of Itself, that is to say, of the Spirit, and can only encourage a single purpose with Wisdom: to abandon the World of the Creator God, where he is a slave, and return to the World of the Incognizable, where he will be a God once again. Contrarily, Jesus Christ comes to save the Soul of Man from* ***Sin****, from the Transgression to the Law of the Creator God; the Soul is Created by the Creator God and must blindly obey the Law of its Father; everything that happens here ethically affects the Soul and can increase its quota of Sin; the Soul is not innocent or pure, since man finds himself in this World as a punishment for an Original Sin committed by the Fathers of Mankind and inherits, consequently, Original Sin; hence Jesus Christ affirms that the Soul of Man, the*

most perfect creature of the Creator God, must only manifest an attitude of ***essential love*** *toward the World of the Creator God, must only accept its place in the Material Order with resignation, must only believe in the Reality of the World, must only accept as True and Friend to that which proves to come in the Name of the Creator God, and must only encourage a single purpose with Wisdom: to remain in the World of the Creator God* ***as sheep*** *and be shepherded by Jesus Christ or the Priests who represent Him.* ***To be God or be sheep, that is the question, Dr. Siegnagel.***

As anticipated, when the imperial law of the year 392 threatened to consider the practice of pagan Cults "crime of lèse-majesté," the House of Tharsis had long since accepted Christianity as their familial religion. Logically, the Seigniors of Tharsis were clearly seeing the march of time, and their single priority, since the destruction of Tartessos, was to give fulfillment to the familial mission and preserve the Wise Sword. This familial priority was determining a Strategy for the survival of the Stirp, a survival that could see itself strongly threatened after a new persecution: those times of the fourth century were difficult, the decadence of Rome foreseen by Polybius in the second century BC, had been converted into a reality. The Empire, beset by invading peoples on all its borders, has incorporated entire regiments of mercenaries and has handed over the command of the armies to barbarians; the agriculture of the small producers has been ruined and disappeared from Italy for centuries, absorbed by the large-scale landowners: only the colonial latifundia survive in those days, among them, the one the Seigniors of Tharsis possess in Spain, contributing, with their low prices, to destabilize the economy of the metropolis even more.

Facing this panorama of generalized insecurity, the Seigniors of Tharsis, who are no longer Kings but a family of landowners and Hispano-Roman functionaries, must act with extreme caution. Christianity, which has imposed itself at the summit of imperial power, is now supported by the lances and swords of the legionaries. But this "Christianity," by all accounts, does not contain doctrinal principles that are absolutely unacceptable to the Seigniors of Tharsis: just as they harsh-

ly learned in their war against the Golen, the Myths, the Legendary Stories, the Storylines that are written in Heaven, can return to repeat themselves on Earth. And they are willing to accept the story of Jesus, and even the message, the good news, as a kind of update of the Myth of Navutan: the Seigniors of Tharsis will become Christians because they will look at the story of Jesus through the lens of the Ancient Wisdom; and they will not discuss the differences, although they will keep them in mind and not forget them.

They will embrace the Cross and celebrate the sacraments of the Church of Rome; they will be consecrated Christians for all intents and purposes; but among themselves, in the bosom of the House of Tharsis, they will only recognize as Truth that which coincides with the story of Navutan or with other fragments of the Hyperborean Wisdom that the family still preserves. As the Gnostics and Manichaeans in their time, and as the Cathars and Albigenses will later do, they will accept only part of the Gospels, especially that of John, and will flatly reject the Old Testament. This is what they were alleging: the God of the Jews was none other than Jehovah Satan, an aspect or face of the One Creator God of the Material Universe; the story of the Creation of the Material Universe is narrated in Genesis, where the Uncreated and Eternal Spirit would be enslaved; The created Universe is, then, intrinsically malevolent for the Uncreated Spirit, the Spirit only concedes value to the True World from where it comes; and from where the Creator God also originates, since the Material Universe has been evidently Created in ***imitation*** *of the True World.*

And the history of the "Chosen People" is narrated in the Old Testament as well, by Jehovah Satan, to reign over all the peoples of Earth. Perhaps the promise that the Creator made to Abraham was not clear: "Now raise your eyes and look from the place where you are, northward and southward, and eastward and westward; for all the land which you see I will give to you and to your descendants forever. I will make your descendants as plentiful as the dust of the earth, so that if anyone can count the dust of the earth, then your descendants could also be counted" ***[Genesis 13:14–17]****. A promise that is later reaffirmed: "And Jehovah took him outside and said,*

'Now look toward the heavens and count the stars, if you are able to count them.' And Jehovah said to him, 'So shall your descendants be'" ***[Genesis 15:5]****. But the Creator was more clear with Moses, when he revealed to him the mission of the Chosen People: "Now then, if you will indeed obey My voice and keep My covenant, then you shall be My own possession among all the peoples, for all the earth is Mine; and you shall be to Me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation. 'These are the words that you shall speak to the sons of Israel'"* ***[Exodus 19:5–6]****. And then: "Behold, I am going to make a covenant. Before all your people I will perform miracles which have not been produced in all the earth nor among any of the nations; and all the people among whom you live will see the working of Jehovah, for it is a fearful thing that I am going to perform with you. Be sure to comply with what I am commanding you this day [...]. Be careful that you do not make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land into which you are going, or it will become a snare in your midst. But rather, you are to tear down their altars and smash their memorial stones, and cut down their Asherim"* ***[Exodus 34:10–13]****.*

By fulfilling the Covenant, the Chosen People will be Blessed by the Creator, as he communicates to Moses: "You shall not make for yourselves idols, nor shall you set up for yourselves a carved image or a memorial stone, nor shall you place a figured stone in your land to bow down to it; for I am Jehovah Elohim. You shall keep My Sabbaths and revere My sanctuary; I am Jehovah. If you walk in My statutes and keep My commandments [...] you will eat your food to the full and live securely in your land. I shall also grant peace in the land, so that you may lie down, with no one to make you afraid. I shall also eliminate harmful animals from the land, and no sword will pass through your land. Instead, you will chase your enemies, and they will fall before you by the sword; ***five of you will chase a hundred, and a hundred of you will chase ten thousand****; and your enemies will fall before you by the sword. So I will turn toward you and make you fruitful and multiply you, and I will confirm My covenant with you [...].* ***I will make My dwelling among you****, and My soul will not reject you. I will also walk among you and* ***be your Elohim, and***

***you shall be My people**. I am Jehovah Elohim, who brought you out of the land of Egypt" **[Leviticus 26:1–3, 5–9, 11–13]**.*

*This "Chosen People" would be, then, those whom the Dark Atlanteans, the Enemies of the Blood Pact, were announcing thousands of years before: it was at least ironic that now an emulator of Navutan, the Founder of the Blood Pact, was intended to derive from that accursed people. But Jesus was not coming to **save** the Blood Pact but precisely to destroy it forever, which demonstrates that he was consistent with his provenance from the Chosen People: through Jesus Christ, the Pure Blood would be degraded like never before, the whole of humanity would be bastardized, Valor would be coagulated in the veins and would be replaced by the Fear of the One God; and when man materialized himself, and no longer responded to the Fear of the One God, Valor equally could not emerge as man would be sunken into the moral degradation of cultural decadence, he would be effeminate and softened, he would be confused in a universal Canaille*[14] *of the Spirit: but from that Vile Canaille, naturally, both the Church as well as the other sects founded by the Chosen People and the White Brotherhood, would extract the best from the Earth, that is to say, those who would ardently support and second them, the Priests and the faithful, the members of the Secret Societies who would dominate the World and the Canaille of the Spirit who would endorse their government, worms and serpents, sheeple and sheep, doves of peace, no eagle, no condor, Dr. Siegnagel.*

*Of course, the exception to this rule leaves safe those of Pure Blood; all those who intuit that with the crucifixion the Eternal Spirit, who never sinned, must be **liberated** and not **to save** the sinning Soul; those who want a Warrior Khristos and not a Shepherd Christ; those who foresee a Khristos of Uncreated Light and not those who perceive a Material Christ. The Khristos whom the Seigniors of Tharsis were conceiving, for example, was a Pure Spirit God, of Uncreated Light, who if manifested on Earth, would do so wearing the Crown of a King and wielding the Sword; and in that Parousia, the very*

14. Rabble, riff-raff, swine, mob; the lowest class of something; from Italian *canaglia,* "pack of dogs."

Presence of Khristos would be enough to cause an Aristocracy of the Spirit among men, which would put an end to the confusion of the Spiritual Canaille: Khristos would then charismatically communicate himself to men, he would speak to them directly into their Pure Blood; and those who would listen to him best, would really be the most Virtuous, the most Spiritual, the True Khristians.

Thirteenth Day

*s seen, the Seigniors of Tharsis were Christians **sui generis**, and if the Church had discovered their mode of thinking it surely would have condemned them as heretics. But they were always careful to publicly express their ideas: far off were the times in which the House of Tharsis was guarding the Cult of the Cold Fire and assuming the obligation of its preservation and diffusion. After the destruction of Tartessos and of the oath made by the last Men of Stone, the priority that had been imposed consisted in complying with the familial mission and saving the Wise Sword: and for this it would be necessary to pass as unnoticed as possible, concentrating only on their objectives. They were not forgetting that the Wise Sword was still awaiting in the Secret Cavern and that the sentence of the Golen, or **Gorren**, that is to say, of the **Pigs**, as the Seigniors of Tharsis were despisingly qualifying them in allusion to the sentence written with the blood of the Vrayas, was weighing on them.*

While the Seigniors of Tharsis were not speaking about their religious ideas, they were acting instead: and they were ostensibly doing so, to attract attention to their exemplary behavior and divert it from debatable thoughts. To a large extent, the great ignorance that was characterizing the clerics and Bishops of the Epoch was favoring them: these ones were only fixing themselves on the exterior part of the Cult and on the faith and obedience demonstrated by the believers. And, in that sense, those of Tharsis were constituting a model of a Christian family: they were rich landowners but very humble and virtuous; they were always spending a great part of the year in the countryside working their properties in Huelva; they were generously helping the Church and maintaining, in the Villa of Tharsis, a Basilica consecrated to the Most Holy Virgin; even having formed, with the people of the village of Turdes, a "Minor Order of Lectors" entrusted to expose the Gospel to the Catechumens who were going to be baptized! Yes, the Church could be proud of the House of Tharsis.

In truth, the Seigniors of Tharsis were not lying in this, as they were affirming that the purest Image of the "new Christianity" was that of the Virgin Mary. That is why, already in the middle of the third century, they transformed the Roman Basilica where the Cult of Vesta was officiated into a Christian ***Ecclesiae****. They preserved the edifice intact, but replaced the Statue of Vesta and constructed an Altar to celebrate the Eucharist, in which they deposited, also, the Perennial Lamp. As much as possible, the Seigniors of Tharsis tried to make sure that the Chapel was always attended by clerics of the family, even though it was receiving periodic visits from the Bishop of Seville and the Priests of the area, due to its importance. The worship chosen for the Cult of the Virgin had an autochthonous*[15] *origin, since the same Seigniors of Tharsis, when they presented themselves in front of the Christian Priests, did it assuring that they had witnessed a manifestation of the Virgin. According to them the Virgin had appeared in a shallow grotto situated just meters from Villa de Turdes, a case that all the members of the family and some servants could attest: the Virgin had shown herself in the Splendor of Her Majesty and had petitioned them that they worshiped her Divine Son and remembered her with a Cult. Then the Seigniors of Tharsis, prey to visible excitement, declared that they were desiring to abandon the Pagan Cult and become Christians. Such a voluntary conversion of so powerful a Hispano-Roman family, caused great satisfaction to the Catholic Priests as it would add exemplary prestige to their evangelizing missions in the region. Thence, they readily accepted the initiative of those of Tharsis to appoint the Basilica to the Cult of the Virgin of the Grotto.*

And thus began the Cult to Our Lady of the Grotto in Villa de Turdes, which would be famous in Southern Spain until the end of the Middle Ages, until the last of the Seigniors of Tharsis definitively abandoned the peninsula and the Church promoted its prudent forgetting. To comprehend the intentions that the Seigniors of Tharsis were hiding behind their conversion and establishment of the Cult to the Virgin, there is noth-

15. Native to the place where found; indigenous.

ing more revealing than to observe the Sculpture with which they replaced the Statue of Vesta.

Things had changed quite a lot since the Epoch of the Carthaginians. Now the Villa consisted of an enormous Seigniorial Residence on the ***terra dominicata***[16] *and about fifty hectares of* ***terra indominicata***[17] *dedicated to cultivation; a peasant village, also called Villa de Turdes, had been erected near the Residence of the Seigniors of Tharsis; and on the border of the village, on a hill that was gently descending toward the Seigniorial Residence, the Seigniors of Tharsis had destined an excellent Roman Basilica for the local Church and Parish. The Catechumens, who were going to hear the* ***missa catechumenorum****, and the Faithful, who were then attending the particular* ***missa fidelium****,*[18] *were arriving to the* ***atrium****, a patio surrounded by columns, and were passing by the fountain called* ***Cantharus****, before entering the central nave.*[19] *Constructed on a rectangular plan, the Basilica had three naves: two lateral naves that were forming the Cross, and the central nave, which was divided by two columns of seats, occupied, by the men to the right and, by the women, to the left; the central nave was ending in the* ***apse****, a vaulted and elevated widening where the* ***Sanctuarium*** *was. Normally, in all the churches of the Epoch, at the back of the apse was the Episcopal Cathedra, which was the throne occupied by the Bishop, together with other seats, for the Presbyters. At the Basilica of Tharsis, the Episcopal Cathedra, as will shortly be seen, had been ceded to the Most Holy Virgin. In front of the Episcopal Cathedra, in the center of the Sanctuary, the* ***sacred mensa*** *of the Altar was found and, above it, the instruments of the Cult: the Chalice, the Paten, and the Perennial Lamp.*

The culminant moment of the Mass of the Faithful, takes place immediately after the Priest pronounces the words that institute the Eucharist: then he recites the epiclesis, an invocation to the Holy Spirit requesting its concurrence to propitiate

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16. Seigniorial land, under the direct cultivation of the serfs and colonists of the Seigniory.

17. Indirect agricultural lands, which the Seigniors ceded to settlers and tenants.

34. Mass of the Catechumens and Mass of the Faithful, respectively.

19. The middle or body of a church.

the miracle of the transmutation of the Bread and of the Wine, ***and moves a curtain that leaves exposed, to the view of the faithful, the Divine Image of the Virgin****. The Faithful were absorbed in Contemplation: the Sculpture of the Virgin is of painted wood, of small dimensions: seventy centimeters high, thirty wide, and thirty deep; she is found sitting, in majestic attitude, on a Chair also of wood; her face is of beautiful western features, as it reproduces one of the Dames of Tharsis, and she softly smiles while her fixed eyes are directed forward; her hair falls in the form of sixteen finely carved braids, which immediately emerge below her Crown; because both She, as well as the Child, exhibit the attributes of Royal Dignity: both Crowns are triple and octagonal; as for the Child, he is sitting on her lap, upon her left knee, while She lovingly holds him from the shoulder with her left hand: unlike the Sculpture of the Virgin, which is made of painted wood, that of the Child is of White Stone; Virgin of Wood, Child of Stone: the Face of the Virgin is painted of immaculate White, the Hair of Gold, the Body of Red, and the Chair of Black; with the right hand, the Virgin grasps a sheaf of sixteen Ears of Wheat and a Rod, with her left hand she holds the Child; her feet are separated, as well as her knees, and under her right foot is seen sticking out, crushed, the head of a serpent; the Khristos Child King, for his part, fixedly looks forward, in the direction that his Divine Mother looks, and he holds a book in his left hand while* ***with the right makes a gesture that emphasizes the right angle between the index and thumb fingers****.*

*It is evident why this worship was being given the name of "The White Virgin of the Child of Stone" or "Our Lady of the Child of Stone." Whereas the name "Our Lady of the Grotto" is not so clear since, save for the mention made by the Seigniors of Tharsis about the place of the apparition of the Virgin, the "grotto" was not intervening at all in the Cult. But the case was that the Virgin, whose description I just made, was clearly representing Ama, the Mother of Navutan, whom the White Atlanteans were calling "The Virgin of K'Taagar," since they were claiming that She was still in the City of the Liberating Gods. But what does K'Taagar mean? It is an aglutination of three very ancient words: the first is "****Hk****," of*

*which only the final "**K**" is preserved, which was a generic Name for God to the White Atlanteans: with **Hk** they used to refer to both the Incognizable and the Liberating Gods; the second is "**Ta**" or "**Taa**," which means City: but not just any City, but Hyperborean City, City of White Atlanteans; and the third is "**Gr**" or "**Gar**," which is equivalent to Kripta, grotto, or subterranean enclosure. K'Taagar means, then, approximately: "The Subterranean City of the Liberating Gods." With the suppression of the "K" and the transposition of the remaining words, other peoples have referred to the same City as Agarta, Agartha, or A'grta, which literally means "Subterranean City." The Virgin of K'Taagar is also The Virgin of Agartha. But "A'grta" can also be interpreted as "**the grotto**": thus arises the true origin of the ingenious denomination "Our Lady of the Grotto" that the Seigniors of Tharsis adopted to publicly refer to the Virgin of Agartha.*

*In conclusion, when the imperial law of 392 that was suppressing the practice of pagan Cults was dictated, the Seigniors of Tharsis were already Christians, Roman Catholics, and they were sustaining the Cult to Our Lady of the Grotto in their **ecclesiae propia**,[20] the Virgin of Agartha. It is not that they had renounced the Cult of the Cold Fire with this change: in truth, no Image was required to celebrate that Cult. It was the figurative necessity of the Lydians that, by "perfecting the Form of the Cult," introduced the Image of Pyrena in the past. But Pyrena was the Cold Fire in the Heart and its most simple representation consisted of the Perennial Lamp: to the Chosen Ones of the Goddess, to those who still believed in Her Promise, only the Perennial Lamp was to suffice them, since the Ritual and the Test of the Cold Fire were now to be internally performed. So, the whole Ancient Mystery of the Cold Fire was exposed in sight at that Basilica of the Villa de Turdes. But, as before, as always, only the Men of Stone were comprehending it. Only They knew, when praying in the Chapel, that the Gaze of the Virgin of Agartha, and that of the Child of Stone, were imbedded in the Flame of the Perennial Lamp; and that that dancing Flame was Pyrena,*

33. proprietary church

was Frya, the Wife of Navutan, expressing the Secret of Death with her dance.

Just beginning the fourth century, three barbarian peoples launched an assault on Spain: two are Germanic, the ***Suevi*** *and the* ***Vandals****, and another, the* ***Alans****, Iranic. In the distribution that they make, the Alans occupy Lusitania and part of Baetica, including the region of the Villa de Turdes: They arrive in 409 and, in the eight years that they manage to stay in the region, their presence is reduced to the usufructing of the taxes corresponding to the Roman functionaries and to the periodic sacking of some villages for their own benefit. To confront the invasion, the Roman General Constantius, in the name of the Emperor Honorius, hires King Wallia of the Visigoths through a* ***foedus*** *signed in the year 416: by this treaty the Visigoths commit themselves to combat, as federates of the Empire, against the barbarian peoples that occupy Spain, receiving lands in exchange to settle in Southern Gaul, in the Tarraconensis and in the Narbonensis. The Alans are thus rapidly annihilated, while the Vandals still make incursions into Baetica for a few years until they finally abandon the peninsula headed for Africa.*

When the Skyrian Odoacer deposed the Roman Emperor Augustulus in 476, giving end to the Western Roman Empire, it was already five years since King Euric of the Visigoths had occupied Spain. This time, the Visigoths ingress to wipe out the Suevi, in fulfillment of the foedus of the year 418, but they would not leave for the next two hundred fifty years.

The permanent presence of the Visigoths in Spain did not affect the life of the Hispano-Romans in a determinant manner, except in the case of the owners of large latifundia who were forced by the foedus to share their lands with the Germanic "guests." Such was the case of the Seigniors of Tharsis, when having to host a Visigothic family of the name ***Valter*** *and cede to them a third of the* ***terra dominicata*** *and two-thirds of the* ***terra indominicata****. But, after this expropriation, which was constituting a just payment for the tranquility that was assuring the Visigothic presence in the face of the recent invasions, everything was continuing equal to the days of the Roman Empire: only the destination of the taxes had changed,*

which was no longer Rome but the closer Toledo; the amount and the periodicity of the exaction, and even the tax-collector functionaries, were the same as in the Roman Empire.

Three fundamental issues were separating the Visigoths and Hispano-Romans from the beginning: A law that was prohibiting marriages between Goths and Hispano-Romans, the religious difference, and the numeric disproportion between both peoples. The first question was solved in the year 580 with the annulment of the law, and the barrier that was impeding the two peoples to fuse being lifted: from then on, the Valter family integrates itself to the House of Tharsis with various marriages, leaving the primitive patrimony of the Seigniors of Tharsis restituted.

The second question, signifies that, while the totality of the Hispano-Roman population was professing the Catholic religion, the Visigothic guests were holding the Arian faith. In fact, both peoples were Christians and ignorant of the theological subtleties that the Priests were dogmatically establishing. And in this case, the difference that Arius had pointed out was of extreme subtlety. The Visigoths were evangelized, when they were still inhabiting the shores of the Black Sea, by the Gothic Bishop Wulfila, a partisan of Arius; when advancing west later on, pushed by the Huns, they would discover with satisfaction that their Christianity was different from that of the Romans and they would tenaciously cling to this difference, often incomprehensibly. They would act this way because the Goths had developed ***national pride*** *to an eminent degree and were needing to have a tangible difference at their disposal, a proper unifying principle, which avoided them being culturally phagocytized by the Roman Empire: the significance of the difference did not have major importance in itself; the concrete thing would be that Arianism was keeping them religiously separated from the Roman population while, by uniting them among themselves, enabling them to preserve the Gothic Culture.*

What consisted in that difference with the Catholic dogma, which few were comprehending but which the nationalist Goths would defend to the end? Specifically, it was referring to a definition about the problem of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

The position of Arius, native of Libya but enrolled in the diocese of Antioch, arose as a reaction against the doctrine of Sabellius: the latter had affirmed that there was no ***essential distinction*** *between the three Persons of the Christian Trinity; the Son and the Holy Spirit were in reality manifestations of the Father under another Aspect or* ***prosopon****: the essence of the One God, was the Father when presenting himself with one Aspect, was the Son with another, and the Holy Spirit with another. Against this, Arius began to teach from 318 that "only the One God is eternal and incommunicable: Jesus Christ was created from nothing and is therefore not eternal; he is a creature of the One God and therefore something different from Him,* ***something not consubstantial with Him****."*

Sabellius was not establishing any distinction between the three Persons of the Trinity whereas Arius was differentiating the Father and the Son in such a way that the latter was no longer God nor consubstantial with the Father: both would be condemned as heretics to the Catholic Doctrine. And then what was the truth? As a Council of three hundred Bishops decided it in Nicaea, in 325, Jesus Christ was responding to the formula of ***consubstantialem Patri****, that is to say, he was consubstantial with the Father, of his same substance, God equal to Him. So the religious difference that was separating Goths and Romans was about the complex concept of the consubstantiality between God and the Word of God, a difference that would not be enough to explain the Gothic obstination unless it is considered that, with it, they were preserving a Culture, a tradition, a way of life. Perhaps the danger of immersion in the Roman Culture that the nationalist Goths were denouncing is not evidenced in its real dimension if the third question is not considered, that of the numeric disproportion between both peoples: because the Visigoths were only numbering two hundred thousand; that is to say, that a community of two hundred thousand members, newcomers, had to dominate a native population of nine million Hispano-Romans, exponents of a high degree of civilization. In light of such figures, the reticence of the Goths to suppress the religious*

and juridical[21] *differences that were isolating them from the Hispano-Romans is better understood.*

The reality of their scarce number forced the Visigoths to tolerate the religion of the Hispano-Romans although without ceding one iota of their Arian convictions. However, despite the desperation of the nationalists, the universality of a world that was then Catholic and Roman was penetrating them on all sides and in the end they had to accept a cultural integration that was in fact already consummated. King Reccared converted to Catholicism during the Third Council of Toledo in the year 589, concretizing the religious unification of all the peoples of Spain. The Goths being those of a people of Indo-Germanic Race, who were among the last that abandoned the Blood Pact, that is to say, that they were among the Purest Blood of the Earth, it is easy to conclude that their presence in the peninsula could only benefit the House of Tharsis; but that step taken by Reccared would elevate, now without obstacles, the Seigniors of Tharsis to the noblest dignities of the Court of Toledo: from the seventh century those of Turdes-Valter would be Visigothic Counts.

The political unification of Spain completed by his father, King Liuvigild, and the religious unification carried out by Reccared, were going to reveal an internal Enemy who, until then, had prospered from the differences that were separating the two peoples. They were the members of the Chosen People, for Jehovah Satan, who profess toward the Gentiles, that is to say, toward those who do not belong to the Chosen People, an inextinguishable hatred analogous to that which the Golen experience toward the House of Tharsis. Even though the latest Christianity, that of Jesus Christ, was recording the clear origin of its Sacred Books, of its traditions, of its Synagogues, and of its Rabbis, they were despising it and explaining its existence as a necessary evil, as the fable that would put the moral of the Jewish Truth in evidence. The false Catholic Christianity would last until the coming of the Jewish Messiah, the true Christ, who would sit on the Throne of the World and subject all the peoples of Earth to the Slavery of the Jews. This was a Prophecy that would be inexorably fulfilled, just

37. Pertaining to the rule of law, legal; judicial.

as countless Rabbis and Doctors of the Law were assuring in the Talmud. They were blindly believing that the Diaspora was intended to infiltrate them among the Gentile peoples as a sort of mystical preparation for the Future that would come, for the Universal Restoration of the Temple to Jehovah Satan and the Resurrection of the House of Israel, the true Jewish Messiah: during the dispersion, the Gentiles would learn who the Jews are, the expression of the One God on Earth, and the Jews would demonstrate what the power of the One God is to the Gentiles. Throughout the Diaspora, and in that Sepharad of Spain, the Jews, persuaded of their messianic protagonism, were devoting themselves to undermine the social foundations of the Gentile peoples by any means; religion, morality, the institutions of nobility and royalty, the economy, and every legal basis, suffering systematic attacks by the members of the Chosen People.

Reccared already had to act against them due to the evidence of their tireless corrupting task, but the successors of that King had not acted with the necessary energy and permitted that the Jews continued with their plans. To King Sisebut, extraordinary warrior and zealous Christian, who successively defeated the Basques, Cantabrians, Sueones, Asturians, and Byzantine Greeks, it fell to him to correct this situation: in April of 612 he dictates a law that prohibits the Jews "the possession of Christian slaves." You should not miss, Dr. Siegnagel, the profound irony that that prohibition was implying from the theological point of view, taking into account that the talmudic Prophecies were announcing "the prompt enslavement of the Christians and Goyim." Of course, for juridical purposes, the law was regulated targeting the particular slaves, and was thus ordering that "every Jew who after the first of July of 612 was caught in possession of a Christian slave would be confiscated the half of his belongings, whereas the slave would be conceded freedom as a Roman citizen." A provision, by the same law, was also put into effect from the times of Alaric II that was mandating to execute the Jews who had converted a Christian to their religion, even if they were the children of mixed matrimonies.

*After the death of Sisebut, the Fourth Council of Toledo meets in 633 to which the Count of Turdes attends in his position as local Bishop. Widely varied matters are addressed, such as the royal succession, the cases of sedition, the norms for the ecclesiastical discipline, etc., and the Jewish problem is passionately debated in a central place. King Sisenand who presides over the Council, completely lacking the strategic talents and the Hyperborean Vision of Sisebut, permits that a pro-Jewish faction take the leading voice and he questions the measures recently decreed against the Chosen People. It is there when the Count of Turdes Valter violently faces against the Bishop Isidore of Seville, who not even remotely possesses the Pure Blood of Reccared and Sisebut, despite being one of the best instructed and most intelligent men in Spain: his encyclopedia in twenty tomes "**Etymologiae**" is a masterpiece for the Epoch, as well as numerous other books dedicated to the most varied subjects; he even wrote a treatise of apologetics with the suggestive title "**De fide catholica contra iudaeos.**" Nonetheless, Isidore was professing a limitless admiration for the history of the Chosen People and was considering the Old Testament as the theological basis of Christianity, just as he demonstrates it in his exegetical treatise "**Allegoriae quaedam Sacrae Scripturae**," where he comments on the Hebrew books. This position led him to the contradiction of sustaining the necessity to combat Judaism on the one hand and to procure the defense of the Jews on the other, to avoid that "any type of violence" be exercised on them. In the course of the Council, led by this false "Christian piety," he attempts to reverse the laws of the Visigothic kings.*

Thanks to the intervention of the Count of Turdes Valter, ten canons on the Jews are passed, but without the rigor of the law of Sisebut: the Jews are prohibited, among other things, the practice of usury, the holding of public positions, mixed matrimonies, the dissolution of existing mixed matrimonies is ordered, and the prohibition of keeping Christian slaves is reaffirmed. One only has to notice that the Councils of Toledo were National Synods of the Catholic Church, to evaluate the importance of the taken resolutions: thence the seriousness of one of the canons, which expressly establishes the penalty of

excommunication for the Bishops and other hierarchies of the Church, as well as to the nobles to whom the general preliminary questioning corresponded, in the case that they had not complied with the dispositions on the Jews with exactitude and dedication.

In that Fourth Council of Toledo, the Count of Turdes Valter ardently jumped to defend the cause that he was calling "of the Hispanic-Gothic Culture," at a moment in which the pro-Jewish faction headed by Bishop Isidore was seeming to have controlled the debate. His irruption was decisive: he spoke with such eloquence that he managed to define the majority of the Bishops in favor of taking urgent measures to counteract the "Jewish danger." All were fascinated, especially the Visigoth nobles, when they heard him assure that "the Hispano-Gothic Culture was the Most Ancient of Earth," and that now that invaluable inheritance "was being threatened by an enemy people of the Spirit, a people who worshiped Satan in secret and were counting on His Infernal Power to enslave or destroy humankind." Satan had conferred them power over Gold, of which they were always using to carry out their unconfessable plans, and "with which they had surely bought the vote from the Bishops who were defending them." This possibility of being at the service of Jewish Gold led more than one pro-Jewish Bishop to shut his mouth and permitted that, finally, the measures expected by the Count of Turdes Valter were passed. However, such a victory was not positive for the House of Tharsis, since it made evident something that until then had passed unnoticed by everyone: something more than Catholic zeal was being reflected in the attitude of Count of Turdes Valter, something alive, something that could only come from a Secret Knowledge, from a Hidden Source; the Bishop Count was too sure of what he was affirming, he was too categorical in his condemnation, to be a fanatic, of someone blinded by faith; it was clearly evident that the Count ***knew*** *what he was saying, but how much and what was he knowing? From where was his Wisdom coming? From there the House of Tharsis would once again be observed by the Enemy: and the Chosen People and a sector of the Catholic Church would now be added to the hatred of the Golen, who*

would no longer cease persecuting the Seigniors of Tharsis and procuring their destruction; thenceforth, although it would contribute to the fortification of the Church with its wealth and its members, the House of Tharsis would always be suspected of heresy.

Fourteenth Day

Of Muhammad, I will only note here that if he imposed on the faithful of Islam the daily obligation of ***orienting themselves*** *toward a* ***stone****, the Black Stone or Kaaba, and the* ***Holy War*** *as a way of complying with God, it was because he knew the Principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom: as the oriented warrior is an adequate definition for the Hyperborean Initiate. Surely the esoteric Wisdom of Muhammad was distorted or not comprehended by his followers. In any case, even when not totally comprehended, the simple application of the Principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom is sufficient to transmute men and peoples, to neutralize the degrading pacifism of the Cultural Pact. Thus, when Muhammad died in 632, almost all of Arabia was in power of the Caliphs; Syria and Palestine fall in 638, Egypt in 642, Tripoli in 643, and all of Persia in 650. Finally, the Roman Civilization loses Africa: Carthage is destroyed in 698.*

In Spain, King Egica had to urgently convoke the Seventeenth Council of Toledo, which met in the Church of Saint Leocadia on November 9, 694. The motive was the following: the African city of Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar, was the only Christian plaza that was still resisting the Arabian pressure; Count Julian, vassal of the King of Spain, was leading it: the resistance of Ceuta was exclusively depending on the provisions that the Hispanic Goths were sending them; well, the Ceutans had discovered something terrible: the Hebrews of Africa were negotiating the Arabian invasion of Spain, with help from their peninsular brothers; once the price of treason was arranged, the Jews of Spain would provide to the Saracens all the necessary information, and their personal collaboration, to ensure the success of the invasion. Naturally, the Chosen People hate the Muhammadans as much as the Christians, but their prophetic Strategy prescribes that they must pit one against the other until they all end up dominated by it. And then it was their turn to destroy the Christian Kingdoms of Europe. When this news reached King Egica, who was belonging to an enemy clan of high nobility and clergy, that is to

say, pro-Jewish, he had no other alternative but to reunite the Council and expose the case of High Treason. This time there are four Bishops from the House of Turdes Valter to defend the cause of spiritual Christianity and the Hispano-Gothic Culture. It is arduously debated and in the end they opt for acting with the maximum rigor: all the Jews of Spain will be subjected to slavery and their properties confiscated in favor of the Visigothic State. It is clear that these measures were not hard but soft since, by not applying the death penalty against the traitors, the latter only gained time and continued conspiring. Fifteen years later, the Arabs would give them back all their former possessions and would concede to them a prominent place in society, in return for the services rendered!

The party of the high nobility and the high clergy, supported by the Seigniors of Turdes Valter, was grouping around the family of the extinct King Chindasuinth; the party of the "progressive monarchy" was gathering around the family of King Wamba, dead in 680. Egica, who was a member of the family of Wamba, arranges the succession of his son Wittiza to the throne, who begins to reign in the year 702. Meanwhile, in Baetica, Duke Roderic governs, from the clan of Chindasuinth. When Wittiza dies in 710, the Aula Regia of Toledo, where those of the party of Chindasuinth won a majority, proclaims Roderic the new King. Spiteful were the sons of Wittiza, provincial governors and functionaries at the time, for what they considered a despoilment, they solicit the Jews to concert an interview with General Musa ibn Nusayr. In the meantime, they sublevate[22] *the Tarraconensis, Narbonensis, and Navarre, forcing Roderic to concentrate all his forces to suffocate the uprising in the North: these campaigns cause the interruption of the supplies to Ceuta, which is rapidly crushed by the Arabs. At last, that embassy of traitors departs toward Africa: the sons of Wittiza integrate it, Olmund, Ardabast, and Akhila, and the brothers of the deceased King, Sisbert and the Bishop of Seville, Oppa, whom the Great Rabbi of Seville, Isaak, accompany. Incredibly, Count Julian, who has been placed in the service of Musa after surrendering the plaza, and*

22. To rouse or excite to insurrection.

driven by a personal enmity with Roderic, advises the Arab general to intervene in Spain.

Musa promises to send help to defeat Roderic. The traitors return and feign making peace with the king, whom he distrusts. In 711 the Berber general Tariq transports an army comprised of Arabs and Berbers in four ships, and disembarks in Gibraltar. Roderic, who still combats the Basques in the North, must cross the country to cut off the passage of Tariq who is headed to Seville. The battle takes place on the banks of the Guadalete River; the brothers of Wittiza are in command of two columns in the ranks of Roderic; the traitors Sisbert and Bishop Oppa pass to the side of Tariq when the encounter occurs, leaving King Roderic in a compromising position; and after several days of combat, the Visigoth army is completely annihilated by Tariq, the fate of the last Visigoth King unknown. The "help" given by Jews and Arabs to the partisans of Wittiza would not redound to the benefit of these as the following year General Musa, at the head of a more numerous army, would initiate the conquest of Spain; in a few years the whole peninsula, except for a small region of Asturias, would fall into his power. Thus Spain was being converted into an Emirate dependent on the Caliph of Damascus.

Even though the Arab dominion was retroceding as the Christian Reconquest advanced, Baetica remained occupied for more than five hundred years. For the House of Tharsis, the Visigothic catastrophe caused no other effect but the immediate loss of political power: "the Counts of Turdes Valter" returned to be "the Seigniors of Tharsis." For the rest, they conserved their properties although they had to heavily pay taxes to the Emir for their Christian condition. The Seigniors of Tharsis, who already had more than enough experience in surviving similar situations, were fully conscious that for the moment a military force capable of expelling the Arabs from Spain was not existing in Europe: the Emir Al-Hurr, who governed between the years 718 and 720, managed to cross the Pyrenees and take the city of Narbonne, attacking the Frankish territories from there; only the nobleman Pelagius of Asturias resists them and manages to maintain a region under Christian dominion in the mountains of Cantabria and in the

Pyrenees: from this nucleus would arise the kingdom of Asturias, to which later, in the tenth century, León and Castile would be added and in the ninth century Catalonia and Navarre would be formed, and Aragon in the eleventh century, through successive reconquests of territories by the Arabs. But in the year 732 the Emir of Córdoba, Abd ar-Rahman,[23] *was moving freely through Gaul and conquering Bordeaux: only the decision of Charles Martel would prevent the conquest and destruction of the Frankish Kingdom; but it was also clear, already in the year 737, that to the Christian States, it was impossible for them to cross the Pyrenees toward Spain. Therefore, the supposition of the Seigniors of Tharsis was very realistic, as it was also their strategy to face the circumstance.*

They immediately comprehended that the Arabs were respecting only two things: Strength and Wisdom. Whoever was resisting them with sufficient valor as to arouse their respect was able to obtain concessions from them. And only the admiration that they were experiencing for Wisdom, and for the men who were possessing it, was allowing them to tolerate religious differences: one thing was a Christian and another a Wise Christian; the first should ***be forced*** *to embrace Islam, was what the Prophet was ordering; the second was procured* ***to convince*** *him of Islamic Truth, attracting him toward the Arabian Culture without prejudice. Hence the Seigniors of Tharsis decided to show themselves friendly with them and demonstrate to them, conclusively, that they were forming part of a family of Sages. This attitude was not properly constituting a treason to the Catholic religion as the Seigniors of Tharsis were continuing being "pagans," that is to say, they were continuing sustaining the Cult of the Cold Fire, and as the immense majority of the Hispano-Gothic population, now called "Mozarabic," was being integrated little by little to the Arabian Culture, adopting its language and religion. The Seigniors of Tharsis would be converted into exponents of knowledge at its most elevated level and would be professors of the Arab teaching centers of Seville and Córdoba for centuries, obtaining for this collaboration, and for the economic contributions from the Villa de Turdes, the right to profess the Chris-*

23. Abd al-Rahman ibn Abd Allah al-Ghafiqi

tian religion and to maintain the Basilica of Our Lady of the Grotto as a private Temple.

The members of the Chosen People, as is logical, took advantage of their influence to encourage persecutions against the Christians, and especially against the House of Tharsis, during the whole time that the Arab occupation lasted. However, faithful to their talmudic principles, they attempted to continue with their corrupting task, now to the detriment of Arab society, which meant that the Saracens, achieving the objective of conquering Spain, soon forgot their favors and also subjected them to periodic persecutions.

Fifteenth Day

It is convenient to inform you at this point in history, Dr., about the reappearance of the Golen. As I said on the Sixth Day, apart from their presence, always few in number among the Phoenicians and Carthaginians, they had arrived en masse to Europe from the fourth century BC, "accompanying a Scythian people from Asia Minor"; such people received many names, according to the country where they traveled or settled: fundamentally they were ***Celts,*** *but were known as* ***Gauls, Irish, Scots, Bretons, Welsh, Cornish, Galatians, Galicians, Lusitanians,*** *etc. Let us now see in more detail how it was that the Golen joined the Celts, and what their true origin was.*

Later on I will explain the significance of the Tablets of the Law, which Moses receives from ***YHVH*** *when concretizing His Covenant with the Chosen People. Now it can be summarized that the Tablets of the Law contain the Secret of the Serpent, that is, the description of the twenty-two voices that the Creator God used in order to realize his work, and the ten Aspects, or* ***Sephiroth****, with which he manifested Himself in the world when carrying out His Creation: they are* ***the thirty-and-two mysterious paths of The One****. This knowledge gives rise to a High Science called* ***acoustic and numerical Kabbalah****, which is found expressed* ***only in the first Tablets of the Law****: in the second, which were always exoteric, there is no more than one Moral Decalogue, a pale reflection of the ten Supreme Archetypes or* ***Sephiroth****. The first Tablets possess, then, the Secret of the Serpent, the Secret of the Construction of the Universe: in order to preserve this secret from profane eyes, the Tablets were kept in the* ***Ark of the Covenant****, while an "interpretation" of the acoustic Kabbalah was ciphered by Moses, Joshua, the Elders, etc., in the Pentateuch or written Torah. The twenty-two Hebrew letters, with which the ciphered words were written, have a direct relation with the twenty-two archetypal sounds that The One Creator pronounced, which grants them an inestimable value as a magical instrument. But such letters also possess an archetypal*

numerical significance, so that every word is susceptible to being analyzed and interpreted. This is the origin of the Jewish numerical Kabbalah, exclusively dedicated to comprehend the Scripture of the Torah, which must not be confused with the White Atlantean acoustic Kabala, which is related to the Vrunes of Navutan.

But the acoustic Kabbalah was revealed in the Tablets of the Law and these enclosed in the Ark, from where they were only able to be extracted once a year, for the privilege of the Priests. Finally, King Solomon had the Ark buried in a deep crypt under the Temple, about a thousand years BC, and it remained in the same place until the Middle Ages, that is to say, for twenty-one centuries. I might add ***that it was the magical manner in which it was buried*** *that prevented the Ark from being found earlier.*

When Solomon died, the Kingdom of Israel was divided into two parts. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin, who were occupying Southern Palestine, were left under the command of Reboboam, son of Solomon, and the rest of the country, formed by the other ten tribes, lined up behind the authority of Jeroboam. The Great King Sargon destroyed the Kingdom of Israel in the year 719 BC, and the ten tribes of Jeroboam were transported to the interior of Assyria to serve in slavery. The remaining two tribes formed the Kingdom of Judah, from which descend, to a greater or lesser extent, the Jews of today.

The "ten lost tribes of Israel" did not disappear from history as the self-interested propaganda of the Jews claims to believe, given that much more is known about the matter than what is said. For example, it is true that there were Hebrews in America before Columbus, and also that a large part of the present population of Afghanistan descends from the primitive members of the Chosen People. But what matters here is to point out that there was then a migration of Hebrews toward the north, who were guided by a powerful Levite caste. After crossing the Caucasus, where they were decimated by Germanic tribes, they arrived at the steppes of Russia and there they clashed with a Scythian people. The mass of the Hebrew people mixed themselves with the Scythians, but, as they were very inferior in number, they did not affect the ethnic identity

of these; on the contrary, the Levite caste did not accept to lose their status as members of the Chosen People, ***degrading their Blood with the Gentiles****. The Levites thus remained, dedicated to the Cult and to the study of the numerical Kabbalah, for many years, coming to achieve notable progress in the field of sorcery and natural magic. When, centuries later, the Scythians were displaced to the west, a part of them established themselves in the Carpathians and on the shores of the Black Sea, while another part were continuing their advance toward central Europe, where they were known as* ***Celts.*** *Accompanying the Celts were the descendants of those Levite Priests, now called Golen because it is believed that their origin was the Phoenician City of Sidon, where they were calling them* ***Gauls*** *or* ***Gaulen****. But from Sidon, the Golen expanded to Tyre, from where they sailed to Tharsis with the Phoenicians and made the first incursions that the Seigniors of Tharsis remember; after the fall of Tyre, in the fourth century BC, they would have to settle, as seen, in Carthage, carrying out the Priesthood of Baal Moloch. Some Golen also established themselves in Phrygia, as officiants of the Cult of Cybele, of Adonis, and of Attis. By then, the Golen were already possessing a terrible power, the fruit from centuries devoted to the study of Satanism and the practice of Black Magic. In synthesis, the Celts advanced through Europe guided by the Golen. And time would tell that this alliance would never end, extending to the present today.*

But, how did the Levites of the lost tribes come to be converted into Golen, that is, how did they obtain their sinister knowledge? The explanation must be sought in the fact that these Levites, something which did not occur with other Jewish Priests, neither then nor after, ***were not satisfied with the knowledge that was only able to be extracted from the written Torah: they were desiring access to Chokmah, or Divine Wisdom, through a direct contact with the Source of the acoustic Kabbalah, which is the Science of the Dark Atlanteans****. Their insistence and perseverance to achieve that purpose, and their character as members of the Chosen People, convinced the Demons of the White Brotherhood that they were in front of invaluable collaborators of the Cultural Pact.*

And from this conviction they decided to entrust to them a most important mission, an undertaking that would require their dynamic intervention in History. The fulfillment of the objectives proposed by the Demons would redound to the benefit of the Levites, since it would enable them to increasingly advance in the knowledge of the acoustic Kabbalah. What class of mission had the Demons entrusted to them? A task that was having a direct relation with their desires: ***they would be executors of the Cultural Pact****; they would work to neutralize the megalithic constructions of the White Atlanteans, would try to recover the Stones of Venus, would combat the members of the Blood Pact to death, and would collaborate so that the plan of the White Brotherhood, consisting in establishing the Synarchy of the Chosen People in Europe, could be brought to fruition. But the Golen, deep down, were continuing to be Levite Priests, sons of the Chosen People, and now possessors of the "Divine Wisdom" of* ***YHVH, Chokmah****; that is why their fundamental occupation, the principle objective of their efforts, would be theological:* ***They would attempt to unify the Cults, demonstrating that, "behind the plurality of the Cults," was existing "the Singularity of God," which, since then, must rigorously comply with the Sacrifice of the Cult. "Because, whatever the form of the Cult was, 'the Sacrifice is One,' that is to say, the Sacrifice takes part in The One."***

From the fifth century, the Celts and the Golen are already traversing Europe toward the west. The Gauls were those who joined Hamilcar Barca and prevented Rome from helping Tartessos; later they joined Hamilcar Barca in the invasion of Italy; but long before, in the fourth century, they had humiliated Rome and destroyed the Temple of Apollo, at Delphi. Julius Caesar, in his celebrated campaign of the Gauls, manages to definitively subjugate them to the control of Rome in 59 BC; Augustus divides the Transalpine Gaul into four provinces: Narbonensis, Aquitania, Celtica or Lugdunensis, and Belgica. The Golen, who were holding great power over all these peoples, begin to withdraw themselves little by little from the Roman provinces, even followed by some Celtic contingents: they first pass to Great Britain, or "Britannia," but

the final objective is Ireland, in other words, "Hibernia." Not many Golen moved freely through Europe in the first centuries of the Christian Era: in the fourth century, when the practice of the pagan Cults is punishable with the penalty of death, there no longer seems to be Golen in the Romano-Christian regions. In fact, by then the Gauls and Hibernia are totally Romanized and, in the regions that paganism is still practiced, Catholic missionaries demolish the pagan temples, at times centenarian trees, and put the Golen on the run. Invariably, the Golen depart toward Great Britain and Ireland.

The arrival of the barbarians in the fifth century does not give them an opportunity to reimplant their power as these peoples are Arian Christians and of Germanic Race, traditionally at enmity with the Celts who they also consider ***barbarii****. Thus, in the Visigothic Kingdom of Spain, the Seigniors of Tharsis will then gather the impression that, finally, the Golen have disappeared from the Earth. However, quite the contrary was about to occur, for in a short time the Golen would protagonize the most spectacular return. Yes, because the Golen were not returning to Europe to fulfill their ancient role of pagan Priests of the One God, to fulfill the mission of unifying the Cults in the ritual Sacrifice: now times were different; the members of the Chosen People would directly take care of that mission, who would offer* ***the Sacrifice of all Gentile Humanity or Goyim*** *to The One. The White Brotherhood had entrusted to the Golen, instead, the carrying out of a superior function, an occupation that would favor the unification of Humanity as never before. That is why they were not returning this time as pagan priests but as "Christians"; and not only as "****Christians****" but as "****Roman Catholics****"; and not only as Catholics but as "****missionary monks****" of the Catholic Church; and later they would be considered "****wise constructors****" of the Church, an absurd title, the mention of which was going to bring ironic laughter to the Men of Stone.*

This is a long story that I can only summarize here, and that has its beginning in the plans of the White Brotherhood. The Traitorous Gods, to fulfill their pacts with the Creator God and the Potencies of Matter, were having to favor the Control of the World through the members of the Chosen Peo-

ple. For this it would be necessary to definitively consolidate the materialistic way of life founded on the Cultural Pact, that is to say, it would be necessary to consolidate the Cult in the Germanic-Roman societies recently formed in Europe. And the best way to consolidate the Cult, just as it is clear from what I exposed on the Third Day, is to ***center*** *society around the form of the Cult. Evidently, the Cult begins with* ***the Temple****, which first* ***appears*** *to the believer. In truth, the most important thing of the Cult is the* ***Ritual****; but every site where the Ritual is practiced is a Temple, since the Temple is the* ***Sacred Space*** *where the Ritual* ***can*** *be realized: the apparent priority of the Temple arises from that, effectively, a Temple can exist, that is, a Sacred Space or Center of metaphysical Manifestation,* ***without there being a Ritual****, but it is inconceivable that a Ritual can be executed outside a Sacred Space or Temple. The plan of the White Brotherhood to strengthen the Cult was beginning, then, through the massive implantation of Temples and through the evolution of the form of the Temples in concordance with the objectives of the Ritual.*

But those plans were pointing to a much more complex final objective: ***the establishment of a World Government in the hands of the Chosen People****. The White Brotherhood would create the adequate cultural conditions so that a future society would accept such a form of government: in that enterprise they would occupy the effort of every priestly caste in the West, primarily keeping the mission entrusted to the Golen. When society was ready for the World Government, through Messiah, the reunification of Christianity with the House of Israel would be realized, and the Chosen People would be elevated to the Throne of the World. Such were the plans of the White Brotherhood and the Priests of the Cultural Pact. The transformation of society, which these plans were demanding, would be mainly achieved through religious unification and the fixative function of the Cult that every Temple exerts over the masses. But there would be more: the formation of a financial and military power would also be required to support, in due course, the constitution of the World Government.*

The official Cult of European societies was Christian, so the Temples would have to respond to the Rites of the Church. Clearly, it is noticed that the plan of the Traitorous Gods requires the effectivization of two conditions: the first is that the masses become conscious of the ***necessity*** *of the Temple for the efficacy of the Ritual; and the second is that there be available, at the moment in which this necessity reaches its maximum expression, men capable of* ***satisfying it*** *through the construction of Temples in great quantities and volumes. The first condition would be fulfilled by constant and permanent missionary preaching; the second, with the foundation in the West, of a* ***Secret College of Temple Constructors:*** *this College, Dr. Siegnagel, was entrusted to the Golen. But this did not occur from the outset, for the plan of the White Brotherhood had to be concretized beginning with the first condition: when the place that was going to occupy the Golen was prepared in the Church to develop their College of Constructors, in the sixth century, only then were they convoked* ***to Ireland*** *to make their astounding continental comeback.*

The opportunity that the Golen take advantage of to return to Europe is a product of the birth, in the sixth century, of "Western monasticism," traditionally attributed to Saint Benedict of Nursia. ***Really, only the ignorance of the Europeans could sustain such an attribution for twelve hundred years; however, even though the history of the religions of Asia is known in the West since the eighteenth century with enough precision, there are those who still today stubbornly sustain this lie, among them, the official dogma of the Catholic Church: but, to prove the deception, one must only take a plane, travel to Tibet, and there observe the Buddhist monasteries of the third and second centuries BC, that is to say, eight hundred years before Saint Benedict, whose internal rules and constructions are analogous to those of the Benedictines.*** *Prayer and work were the Rule there, just as in the* ***ora et labora*** *formula of Saint Benedict; but, the most important, the most revealing aspect of the comparison, will undoubtedly be the discovery that the Tibetan monks were dedicating themselves to the trade of* ***copyists,*** *that is to say, reproducing and perpetuating ancient documents and books, and to*

preserve and develop the art of Temple construction, ***the same as the Benedictines****. And there is no need to insist, because it is sufficiently well known that those monasteries were constituting centers of religious diffusion through the action of the* ***missionary and mendicant monks*** *who were preparing and sending themselves throughout Asia.*

In light of the current knowledge, however, any person of good faith has to admit that the institution of Oriental monasticism dates from the tenth century before Jesus, in other words, at least one thousand four hundred years before the appearance of Western monasticism. To refresh the memory in this respect, it is convenient to remember the following data: firstly, that the most ancient hymns of the Rig Veda and the Upanishads mention the ***Muni and Vratya*** *Brahminical communities; secondly, that in the Epoch of the Buddha, historical personage of the seventh century BC, ashrams were already existing hundreds of years before; and lastly, that if Buddhist religious reform is spreading rapidly in India, China, Tibet, Japan, etc., it is because the groups that were going to transform into Sanghas were already existing.*

*But it is not that the Benedictines were Buddhists or had anything to do with Buddhism but that both the Buddhist Priests, as well as the Benedictine Priests, were secretly obeying the White Brotherhood, the true Occult Source of "Oriental" and "Western" Monasticism. The White Brotherhood, in effect, was the author of a work titled "Rule of the Masters of Wisdom," of universal diffusion and that in the West was known since the second century as "****Regula Magistri Sapientiae****" by numerous Christian sects and also by the Jewish Gnostics. So, there would be nothing original in the Western monasticism that would respond, on the contrary, to the most orthodox dispositions that the White Brotherhood dictates on the matter.*

In the first centuries of the Christian Era when the Roman Empire was admitting "paganism" and maintaining contact with the peoples of Asia, the existence of Oriental monastic life was perfectly known; even illustrious men like Apollonius of Tyana, contemporary of Jesus, had traveled to Tibet and received instruction in its monasteries. Some Gnostic sects, who

came to comprehend and oppose the plans of the White Brotherhood, have left testimony that this was known in the main cities of the Middle East: Alexandria, Jerusalem, Antioch, Caesarea, Ephesus, etc. But the institution of monasteries is not established overnight: it is necessary to follow a strict process of formation, a method that has been known since the epoch of Atlantis and that the Priests of the Cultural Pact have universally utilized; with this method the Brahmin priests imposed Hinduism and the Buddhist priests, after the deformation of the doctrine of the Kshatriya Siddhartha, created the Tibetan, Chinese, Indian, and Japanese Buddhist monasticism. This method determines that one must begin with a stage of social anarcho-mysticism, characterized by the proliferation of enlightened ones, hermits, and Saints: this phase has the objective of fomenting the belief that the future monastic institution is a spontaneous product of the people, born and nourished from the people. In this way the peoples will naturally accept the existence and work of the monasteries, and, what is more important, the Kings and rulers will also accept it. And this infallible method is applicable in any people with the tendering of any religion.

In the framework of Judeo-Christianity, the method already began to be applied in the first century, and thus a multitude of ascetics and Saints arose in the Middle East who withdrew themselves to the deserts and mountains to live in solitude. During the second and third centuries the population of anchorites grows so much that many decide to join together under the command of a superior Saint and the order of some rule: the communities of cenobites are then constituted; nevertheless, the community of the cenobites does still not reach the degree of union required for the monastic way of life, as each member continues with the hermit life and only gathers together to pray and to feed themselves. And along with the anchorites and cenobites, "errant friars" wander everywhere, the Occidental version of the "Oriental mendicant monks." By the fifth century, the anchorite colonies and cenobiums were adding thousands and thousands of members in Egypt, Palestine, and the Middle East: in a single diocese of Egypt, Oxyrhynchus, were living twenty thousand hermits and one

hundred thousand anchorite hermits, whereas seven thousand cenobite monks during the lifetime of Saint Pachomius existed in his monasteries, that reach fifty thousand in the fifth century. With this I want to exemplify, Dr. Siegnagel, the magnitude of the pre-monastic movement, a movement that all knew was of Far Eastern inspiration.

The propitious moment to institute Western monasticism, and to disseminate the deception of which consisted in an original Judeo-Christian creation, was going to be presented after the death of Emperor Theodosius, in the year 395, when the Roman Empire is divided between his two sons Arcadius and Honorius. Arcadius establishes himself in Constantinople, giving rise to the Eastern Roman Empire, which would last until the year 1453. Honorius inherited the Western Roman Empire, with Rome, which would be dissolved eighty years later facing pressure from barbarian hordes: after the year 476, the Western Empire was divided into multiple Romano-Germanic kingdoms and begins a collective process of isolation and cultural decadence. Not only with Asia were cultural ties severed but also with Greece itself; but European society was already prepared for the monastic institution: the wandering friars from the Holy Land had seen and heard the stories of the Oriental anchorites and cenobites for centuries; even many pilgrims were traveling to the Holy Land and were there adopting the ascetic life, preserving the acquired customs upon their return; at that time, in the sixth century, there is no European mountainous area where Christian hermits do not inhabit. But once the order of the monasteries is established, all would forget the Oriental origin of the monastic institution.

Precisely, from the Benedictine monasteries will come the copies and translations of the most fecund books of Greek culture, ***which had no monastic institution****, and all vestige of the cultures from the Far East will be "lost"; vestiges that had existed in the Roman Empire and that mysteriously disappear from Europe at the same time that the most suitable books "appear" in order to push the West toward the spiritual disaster of the Renaissance and the Modern Age, that is to say, the books in which Greek rationalism and speculation, the root of modern "Philosophy" and "Science," are exposed. Nothing will*

be said, from the Benedictine Culture, about the Atlantean origin of European civilizations, nor about the religions of the peoples of Asia, nor even about that of the recent Germanics, who will be forced to forget their Gods and beliefs, and their runic alphabets. And nothing will be said, of course, that can relate the Western monastic institution with other Cultures, that can arouse the suspicion that what occurred in Europe is a history repeated elsewhere, the conclusion of a method of Psychosocial Strategy to exert control over human societies. Only after the ninth century, by the presence of the Arabs in Spain, and from the twelfth century, by the trans-culturalization caused by the Crusades, some alert Spirits notice the deception. But they are few and it will be too late to stop the Golen.

Saint Benedict, who was born in the year 480, founds the model monastery of Monte Cassino in 530 and writes his famous Rule in 534. There is no doubt that he received instruction from the "Angels" of the White Brotherhood because his ***Regula monachorum*** *is a faithful reproduction of the* ***Regula Magistri Sapientiae****. When he died in 547, and "ascended to Heaven by a path guarded by Angels" as many monks witnessed, the bases of "Western monasticism" were laid: this was the long-awaited "moment" by the Golen to burst into the continental countries of Europe.*

In the fifth century the Golen are concentrated mostly in Ireland and begin to infiltrate themselves into the Catholic Church. One of theirs is Saint Patrick, whom they send to the Continent to study the Christian Doctrine and to make contact with members of the White Brotherhood: he returns in the year 432, coming from Rome, invested as Bishop and with the papal authorization to evangelize Ireland. He immediately founds many monasteries, some very important like those of Armagh and Bangor where Synods would be held and religious schools would exist, in which the Golen of Ireland and Great Britain are rushing to ingress en masse. The following one hundred and thirty years, from the death of Saint Patrick in the year 462 until the departure of Saint Columbanus in the year 590, are used by the Golen to give form to the

"Church of Ireland," that is to say, to organize their future continental settlement.

The year 590 marks "the moment" in history in which the plans of the White Brotherhood for the participation of the Golen begin to be rigorously executed. The "place" where the Golen will develop the College of Temple Constructors is already prepared: they are the monasteries of the Order of Saint Benedict. And the Benedictine monk Gregory had been already elected Pope, who years before in Constantinople received the order from the White Brotherhood to "convoke the Irish monks," that is to say, the Golen, and integrate them into the Order of Saint Benedict. The Golen were needing nothing more than that call to act and in that same year of 590, Saint Columbanus, coming from the great monastery of Bangor, departs toward France, together with twelve members of the senior leadership. Six hundred Golen join him in France and dedicate themselves to found monasteries based on the ***Regula monachorum****: at all times they rely on the support of Saint Gregory the Great, who received Saint Columbanus in Rome more than once. After that of Annegray, he established the monastery of Luxeuil, of vast influence in the region, and the famous Saint Gall, on the banks of Lake Zurich, among many others. Saint Columbanus died in the year 615, in the Lombard monastery of Bobbio, leaving his mission practically fulfilled: hundreds of monasteries in Gaul, in Switzerland, and in Italy, that is to say, in the ancient Celtic settlements, under the direction of the Golen "Irish monks," and integrated into the Order of Saint Benedict.*

One must remember that in the year 589 the Third Council of Toledo took place where King Reccared, by influence of the Bishop Saint Leander of Seville, declares himself "Roman Catholic," together with the Queen and the entire court of the Visigothic Kingdom. It should not be surprising, then, that the Golen precipitated themselves into Spain starting from the ill-fated year of 590. However, that reappearance caused enormous surprise to the Counts of Turdes Valter, who were not expecting to see the Golen again in the peninsula, at least as long as the Gothic occupation lasted. But such improvidence had its cause in the supposition that the Golen would remain

pagans and would not "submit" to the Catholic Church: this supposition was a naivety, as reality soon took care of demonstrating it, since the Golen were aspiring ***to control the Catholic Church*** *after "submitting" to it. The Counts of Turdes Valter, who were also belonging to the Church and were Hispano-Gothic nobles, then used all their influence to prevent the Benedictine expansion into Southern Spain, an objective that they amply achieved: the Golen, as is logical, would affirm themselves in Northern Spain, in the Celtic regions. From the Monastery of Dumio, neighbor to Braga, in Lusitania, and others in El Bierzo and at the end of the Asturian Cantabrian Mountains that are called Picos de Europa, the Golen would undertake countless incursions into Baetica in order to destroy the House of Tharsis and steal the Wise Sword. A whole secret war was waged since the eighth century, in which the Golen "missionary monks" were attempting to approach the Villa de Turdes and the Seigniors of Tharsis were mercilessly having them executed. But, for every Benedictine Golen that was disappearing without a trace or was turning up murdered on a road by unknown hands, two were coming in his place, forcing the House of Tharsis to maintain, as in the past, a constant state of alertness. Experts in black magic, and masters in every class of Sciences, they would use all they knew to locate the Secret Cavern, but they would always fail. In the end, they would request the aid of Bera and Birsha, as will be seen later on.*

It is evident that the insertion of the Golen into the Catholic Church does not constitute a sufficient motive to disqualify it completely. The reason is that the Golen introduce themselves as a "Secret Society" within the Church and, although their intrigues compromise the whole Church on more than one occasion, their plans are never publicly declared or officially assumed by it. On the contrary, on many other occasions truly spiritual personalities, authentic Khristians, have shone in its bosom. It is convenient to consider then, even though such distinction is not always easy to determine, as if ***two*** *superimposed* ***Churches*** *existed: one, against which the Seigniors of Tharsis fought, is the* ***Golen Church****; so I will refer to it elsewhere, and its definition will be emerging from the story; an-*

*other is the **Church of Khristos**, or just **Church**, to which belonged the Seigniors of Tharsis and the **Circulus Domini Canis**, and to which belong many of those who are for the Spirit and against the Potencies of Matter, for Khristos Lux and against Jehovah Satan. One is the Church of Treason to the Spirit of Man and the other is the Church of Liberation of the Spirit of Man, one is the Church of the Demon of the Immortal Soul and the other is the Church of the God of the Eternal Spirit.*

Sixteenth Day

bout the Benedictine Pope Gregory I, the creator of the "Gregorian chant," there are two things to add. One is to highlight that the pressure exerted on Saint Leander to influence Reccared and achieve the massive ingress of the Golen in Spain only resulted in the ***Regula monachorum*** *being adopted in the already existing monasteries. And the other is to note that his decision, taken in combination with Golen Saint Columban, of sending the monk Saint Augustine and thirty-nine Benedictines to Great Britain in the year 596, was due to the necessity of provisionally replacing the Irish in the task of evangelization. That party was handling the task of evangelizing the Angles and Saxons who not long ago had conquered the isle: according to Saint Columbanus and other Golen, these peoples (of Very Pure Blood) were manifesting a natural predisposition against the Celts and especially against the Irish; they would only respect other Germanics or Romans: they would have to perform the task, for, once evangelized, there would be time for the Golen to infiltrate and seize control of the British Church. In the year 600 the Bretwalda of Great Britain was King Æthelberht of Kent, whose wife, princess of the Franks and fervent Catholic, favors the conversion of Saint Gregory by the Romans, even though she had a Frankish Bishop and some Priests of her peoples beside her; the success is great: the King and the people are baptized and a Benedictine monastery is founded in Canterbury with the hierarchy of a bishopric; then follow Essex, London, Rochester, York, etc.*

Forty years later the Golen will be penetrating the Anglo-Saxon monasteries from Celtic Scotland, supported by King Oswald of Northumbria. Incorporated as teachers in the Benedictine monasteries, the Golen will find it easier to convince the Anglo-Saxons, already Christians, of the goodness of their intentions. However, for many years, the lead will be taken by non-Irish monks, such as the Greek Theodore of Tarsus and the Italian Hadrian. Saint Bede the Venerable, dead in the year 735, takes the Benedictine monastery of Jarrow to its

highest degree of splendor: workshops where the most varied trades were taught, religious schools, monastic granges, copying and translation of documents, musical instruction, etc. From the Anglo-Saxon Benedictine monasteries would come invaluable help for the plans of the Golen in the person of the British missionary monks, who would be much better received than the Irish in the Germanic Kingdoms: Bavaria, Thuringia, Hesse, Franconia, Frisia, Saxony, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, etc., would see Anglo-Saxon monks pass through their lands. The greatest exponent of this English Benedictine current was, indubitably, Saint Boniface.

He was coming from the Benedictine convent of Nursling and his real name was Winfrid: the Benedictine Pope Gregory II granted him the new name of Boniface in the year 718, along with his mission to evangelize the Germanics. The truth, behind all this movement, was that the Golen were suspecting that the Germanics were still preserving the Stones of Venus and other legacies of the White Atlanteans and they were procuring to find them at any cost. That is why Saint Boniface, for example, is determined to cut down the ancient Oak of the God Donar, in Geismar, in the year 722, trying to find the Stone that a Germanic tradition was situating in the roots of the tree. But this was not a task that Saint Boniface himself would personally take into his hands: for this he was relying on thousands of Benedictine Golen under his orders; the famous Stone of Venus of the Saxons, for example, would be sought for fifty years, and would cost the Saxons, who in the end lost it, thousands of victims, later cynically attributed to the "efforts of Christianization." Saint Boniface was not, then, a mere preacher but a great executor of the plans of the White Brotherhood: the Arch Golen, hidden in the monasteries, and the Benedictine Popes, will reveal these plans to him in the form of directives that he will faithfully fulfill. One of his most fecund acts for those plans, for example, was the universal diffusion that he gave to the idea of the superiority of the Bishop of Rome, the representative of Saint Peter on Earth, over any other ecclesiastical or regal hierarchy: ***the power of the papacy in the Early Middle Ages will be established based on this idea.*** *And the papacy, the Benedictine and Golen*

papacy, it is understood, will respond in consequence, endowing it with the archiepiscopal Pallium that will permit it to appoint its own Bishops and complete the hierarchy of its Priests.

In the year 737, in Rome, he received the maximum dignity from the hands of Gregory III: he will be papal Legate in Germany, and will have ample powers to act. At that time, "Germany" was including the Frankish Kingdom, the most powerful of European Christianity. Well, the appointment of Saint Boniface, was intended to free his hands so that he could carry forward a plan as audacious as it was sinister; in the Eastern Roman Empire, or Byzantine Empire, the Patriarch of the Church was normally subjected to the will of the Emperor; in the West it would be necessary to reestablish the imperial power, but founded on a completely inverse relationship of forces: here, the Pope would dominate the Kings and Emperors, the Priest to the King, the Knowledge of the Cult to the Wisdom of the Pure Blood. And the instrument for this plan, which would in turn allow to concretize the plans of the White Brotherhood and of the Golen, would be the Frankish family of the Pippinids.

The Merovingian Kings called themselves "Divine" because they were affirming to descend from the Liberating Gods: for Judeo-Christianity, which was sustaining the identical descent of all mortals since Adam and Eve with the Bible, that origin was not signifying anything; the only God was the Creator God, Jehovah Satan, and no one could arrogate to himself his lineage; and outside of the Judeo-Christian Creator God were existing only superstition or Demons. Thus, then, it was a question of principle to eliminate some Kings who, were not only declaring to have Divine lineage, but who were affirming ***to remember it with the blood****: that vinculation*[24] *between Divinity and royalty, very popular among the Franks, was a bothersome obstacle for some Priests who were intending to present themselves as the only representatives of God on Earth. When Charles Martel died in the year 741, his sons succeeded him: Carloman as Mayor of the Palace of Austrasia and Pepin as Mayor of the Palace of Neustria. Carloman, who*

24. link, connection

would later retire to the monastery of Monte Cassino, concedes total freedom to Saint Boniface to reform the Frankish Church according to the Benedictine Rule; Pepin will do the same. In a few years, through a series of Synods from 742 to 747, the entire Frankish Church is placed under the control of the Benedictine Order.

Carloman and Pepin are also dominated by the Order. Saint Boniface communicates to Pepin the plan of the Golen: with the approval of the new Pope Zachary, King Childeric III will be dethroned, the last of the Divine Merovingians; Pepin would be elected in his place by the Greats of the Kingdom and his appointment would be legitimized, analogously to the Old Testament, by the ***consent*** *of the Pope and the* ***unction*** *of Saint Boniface. The payment of the new King, for legitimizing his usurpation, would consist of a considerable bounty: the creation of the Papal States. But this recompense would in no way curtail the power of the Frankish Kingdom, since it would not be constituted at their expense but at that of the Lombards and Byzantines: in effect, the Pope was requesting some territories in payment for his alliance with the Frankish King that were to be previously conquered. The arrangement concerted, King Childeric III was confined in a Benedictine monastery in November of the year 751, and Pepin the Short proclaimed King and anointed by Saint Boniface. In 754 King Pepin and Pope Stephen II gather at Ponthion where they sign a treaty by which the Franks thenceforth commit themselves to protect the Catholic Church and serve the Throne of Saint Peter. In this way, in 756, the Franks donate the Exarchate, Venice, Istria, half of the Langobard Kingdom and the duchies of Spoleto and Benevento to Saint Peter.*

The Carolingian dynasty, cornerstone of the work of the White Brotherhood, is inaugurated with Pepin the Short. From the above, it shows with clarity that the court and all the resources of the Frankish State were taken over by the Benedictine Order: it will not be difficult to imagine, then, in what sort of environment his grandchildren and relatives would be educated, and what beliefs would be inculcated in them about the ancient "pagan" religion of the Germanics and their ancestral Gods. In view of this, one will have to recognize

Charlemagne as having done everything possible to become a Judeo-Christian and comply with the plan of the Golen.

*The fruit of the centuries of patient and reserved labor obtained in the Benedictine monasteries could be observed in the Carolingian court, especially in the so-called "Scola Palatina." The Emperor was personally attending this School with his sons and daughters, his personal guard, and other members of the court, to listen to the lessons that the "wise" Benedictines were imparting, who came, in many cases, from distant monasteries: Peter of Pisa, Paulinus II of Aquileia, Paul the Deacon of Pavia, etc. came to Aachen from Italy; from Spain came one of the Seigniors of Tharsis with the mission of spying on the progress of the Golen conspiracy, bringing discouraging news upon his return about the magnitude and profundity of the enemy movement: he was named Tiwulfo of Tharsis and was famous for his book written in the Scola Palatina, titled "**De Spiritu Sancto Bellipotens**." Despite these origins, the great majority of the teachers were Irish and Anglo-Saxons, that is to say Golen and minions of Golen. Among the latter, it is worth mentioning the mastermind of the Schola Palatina and of the general diffusion that from it would be given to "Benedictine culture": I am referring to Alcuin of York, a disciple of the School of Saint Bede the Venerable, who is incorporated into the Palatine School in 781 and directs between 796 and 804, the date of his death, the School of the monastery of Saint Martin of Tours. His **Schola Palatina** is the focus of the so-called "Carolingian Renaissance," to which they effectively contribute his works, of classical and neoplatonic inspiration, and based on concepts of Priscian, Donatus, Isidore, Bede, Boethius, such as **De ratione animae**, or his famous manuals that governed European education for centuries: **Ars grammatica**, **De orthographia**, **Ars rhetorica**, **De dialectica**, etc.*

*From the Palatine School came the ideas for the "**Epistola de litteris colendis**," of which resolutions approved by Charlemagne had the force of law and was ordering the creation, in all monasteries and cathedrals, of Schools for Priests and laymen: in them should be taught the **Trivium**, the **Quadrivium**, Philosophy, and Theology. The **Trivium** and **Quadrivium***

were forming the so-called "Seven Liberal Arts": the ***Trivium*** *was containing Grammar or Philology, Rhetoric, and Dialectic; and the* ***Quadrivium****, Astronomy, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Music. Of course, the teaching of such materials was in the care of the Benedictine monks, those who had prepared for it for two hundred years and were the only ones who had sufficient teachers and classical material with which to fulfill the royal order, which they themselves had inspired. And the Golen Benedictines were very clear on how to educate European minds so that they would collectively experience the imperious necessity of the local Temple in the times to come: then the College of Golen Constructors, which would soon be set in motion, would raise never-before-seen Temples of Stone, magnificent Cathedrals, Constructions that would in reality be* ***stone machines*** *of Dark Atlantean technology and the function of which would aim to transmute the mind of the believer and adjust it to the collective Archetype of the Hebrew Race, which is the same as that of the archetypal Jesus Christ.*

*Alcuin, who called himself "****Flaccus****" in honor of the Latin poet Horace, was leading the Benedictine Golen cultural circles that were surrounding the Emperor. In such cenacles, a very intense biblical and Judaic air was being breathed: Charlemagne himself was demanding to be called "David," and his faithful advisor Einhard, for example, was asking to be named* ***Bezaleel****, after the constructor of the Tabernacle in the Temple of Jerusalem. And in this special microclimate set by the Benedictine Golen, the Emperor and his principal collaborators of the Frankish nobility, were slowly being brainwashed and conditioned to adopt the "Golen point of view" on the Order of the World. To preserve that Order, for example, one must eradicate paganism and impose Judeo-Christianity worldwide: that was the Good, what the law of God was commanding and what the representative of Saint Peter was subscribing to. It was not mattering if Good brother peoples had to be destroyed to achieve that: God would forgive His own for everything done in His Name. In this way, the Golen were conditioning the mind of the Emperor because they were needing a new Perseus, a "Hero" who fulfilled the sentence of*

extermination that was weighing on the Pure Blood people of the Saxons and enabled them to steal their Stone of Venus.

At least the Perseus-people of the Carthaginians who destroyed Tartessos a thousand years before were belonging to another Race. The crime of Charlemagne and his Franks is inestimably greater, for, not content with militarily supporting the offensive launched by Saint Boniface against the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Saxons, he himself undertook the task of exterminating the Saxon nobility, close sister of the Frankish blood.

*The Saxons were one of the last peoples of the Occident who uninterruptedly held themselves faithful to the Blood Pact and the Liberating Gods: as they were believing, the White Atlanteans had entrusted them with the mission of protecting a Great Secret of the White Race, which fell from the sky over Germany thousands of years ago, during the Battle of Atlantis; that Secret was specifically mentioned in the Myth of Navutan, whom the Saxons were calling Wothan, as "the Ring of the Kalachakra Key," where the Traitorous Gods had engraved the Sign of the Origin: Freya Partridge had to drop it before penetrating into the moribund Navutan and its fall, according to the Wisdom of the Saxons, occurred in Germany; concretely, it had fallen on the rocks of the Externsteine, a mountain that is found in the center of the Teutoburger Wald forest. According to what the Saxons were sustaining, the ring touched the rocks in coincidence with the moment in which Navutan was resurrecting and acquiring the Wisdom of the language of the birds: this resulted in the Sign of the Origin being decomposed into the thirteen plus three Vrunes or Runes and that these were forever plasmated into the rocks of the Externsteine; on one of them, the most prominent, anyone who possesses spiritual lineage will be able to see, for example, the Vrune most sacred to the White Atlanteans, which represents the Great Chief Navutan, that is to say, the Odal Rune. But the Saxons not only knew, at that late date in the eighth century AD, the Vrunes of Navutan, but had managed to preserve, just as the Seigniors of Tharsis, their Stone of Venus. On the summit of the Externsteine rose from time immemorial the "**Universalis Columna**" Irminsul, a Pillar of Wood that was*

representing the Tree of Terror where Navutan had crucified himself in order to know the Secret of Death. This sanctuary was venerated by the Germanics since remote times and, to avoid its profanation by the Romans in the year 9 AD, the Cheruscan Leader Arminius, or Ermenrich, annihilated the army of General Publius Quinctilius Varus, comprised of twenty thousand legionaries, in the proximities of Teutoburger: Varus and the principal officers committed suicide after the disaster.

The heroic Saxons were not going to have the same luck seven hundred and sixty years later in the face of an overwhelmingly superior enemy who was harboring an irrational intolerance toward them, similar to that which Hamilcar Barca was experiencing for the Tartessians. Of course, behind this intolerance of Charlemagne, one must see, just as in the case of Hamilcar, the hand of the Golen, the necessity, artificially implanted in the mind of those Generals, of fulfilling the sentence of extermination. The sin of the Saxons was this: ***they occupied*** *the forest and devoted themselves to realize their mission with such commitment, that they prevented the Golen from approaching the Externsteine for centuries; but the most grave thing was that they engraved the thirteen plus three runic signs of the Sacred Alphabet on the Irminsul Column,* ***and encrusted the Stone of Venus on its center****, in remembrance of the Single Eye of Wothan that was gazing at the World of the Great Deception from the Tree of Terror. The repulsion that the Saxons experienced toward the Golen Priests, their irreversible rejection of Judeo-Christianity, their fidelity to the Blood Pact and the Hyperborean Wisdom, their fierce defense of the Teutoburger Wald, and their refusal to surrender the Stone of Venus, were more than sufficient motives to decree the extermination of the Saxon Royal House, especially at that moment in which the power of the Golen was at its apogee.*[25]

Only in this way can the sanguinary persistence of Charlemagne be explained, who for thirty years trucelessly combated the Saxons, a people culturally and militarily inferior to the Franks and who if they resisted so long, it was because of the indomitable Valor that the Spirit was making

25. The highest point.

spring forth from their Pure Blood. In the year 772, the troops of the new Perseus fell on Teutoburger Wald and, after a bloody struggle, manage to take the Externsteine and deliver it to the Benedictine Golen priests for its "purification": these did not take long in destroying the Irminsul Column and stealing the Stone of Venus, from then on condemning the Saxons to the darkness of strategic confusion, to the disorientation about the Origin. Despite the conquered spoils, the sentence of the Golen had yet to be fulfilled: in 783, in Verden, Charlemagne, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, would decapitate five thousand Noble Saxons, whose Pure Blood would consummate the unity of the Creator God Jehovah Satan in the ritual Sacrifice. After a subsequent hopeless resistance, on the part of the only surviving rebel chief, Wittekind, the Saxons ended up accepting Judeo-Christianity, like so many other peoples in similar circumstances, and were integrated into the Frankish Kingdom.

Charlemagne was dying in Aachen, in the year 814, but in 800 he had already received the consecration as Roman Emperor from Pope Leo III, just payment for anyone who had served the Church and the cause of the Benedictine Order so well. His son Ludovicus Pius succeeds him as Emperor, whom his contemporaries nicknamed "the Pious" and "the Monk," for his dedication to the Church and his preoccupation to definitively place the Frankish monks under the power of the Benedictine Order. This desire of the Golen concretizes barely three years after his imperial coronation at the Synod of Aachen of the year 817, in which it is agreed to impose the Benedictine Rule to all the monasteries of the Frankish dominions, that is to say, to what soon would be the Germanic Roman Empire: part of Spain, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Frisia, Italy, etc.

With the sanction of that imperial law, the power of the Order was so sufficiently consolidated that the Golen thought of nothing else, for the next two hundred and seventy years, than bringing the College of Temple Constructors to perfection. In the preceding two hundred years they accumulated the Knowledge of the Sciences; now they would go on to practice, they would form Guilds of Constructors comprised of

lodges of Apprentices, Fellowcraft, and Master Masons; and such lodges would be lay, integrated by men of the people, but secretly directed by the Order, which is going to be who possesses the Plan and the Keys of the Temple. It would also be necessary to have a ***Final Key****, a Secret that would allow the Golen to bring their work to the maximum perfection. But the Golen, and the Benedictine Order through Them, were depending on the Word of the White Brotherhood that such a Secret would be entrusted to them when their European mission was about to conclude. That Secret, that Key of keys, consisted of the Tablets of the Law of Jehovah Satan, those that the Creator God gave to Moses on Mount Sinai and that later made it possible for Hiram, King of Tyre, to construct Solomon's Temple, the Temple of temples: on them was engraved, by means of a Sacred Alphabet of twenty-two signs, the Secret of the Serpent, that is to say, the Highest Knowledge that the animal-man is permitted to attain, the Words with which the One God named all the things of Creation: with those Tablets in their possession, the Golen would be in conditions to raise Solomon's Temple in Europe, thus complying with the plans of the White Brotherhood and elevating the Chosen People to the Throne of the World. It is clear that the Benedictine Order would have to resolve several problems before arriving to such marvelous realizations: in addition to putting in place the College of Temple Constructors, they would have to create the conditions so that the peoples of the Roman Empire supported the existence of a Military Order in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Such an Order would have a double function: on the one hand, to guard, at the moment that the White Brotherhood decided to deliver it to the Golen, the Tablets of the Law from its present location in Jerusalem to Europe; and on the other hand, to serve as a military force supporting the Constitution of the Financial Synarchy, or Concentration of Economic Power, which would be necessary to establish in Europe as a step prior to the World Government of the Chosen People.*

Seventeenth Day

To carry out the last part of the plans of the White Brotherhood was requiring a reform in the Benedictine monastic system: it being necessary, above all, ***to concentrate*** *the Knowledge of the Order and to control, from that center, the principal cultural functions of the Occident. And that reform would not be long in coming as it was foreseen beforehand, that is to say, it was a strategic alternative of the Golen; in the same ninth century, with Charlemagne just dead and when his dynasty was preparing to engage in a factional struggle, for the pieces of the Empire, which would last a hundred years, the change already begins to take shape: in the year 814, Ludovicus Pius, the Monk, gives all his support to Saint Benedict of Aniane so that he may found a monastery in Aachen, where Benedictine Rule would be applied with maximum rigor. Three years later that monk, who had been sent to the Carolingian court by Benedictine Pope Leo III, wrote and made known the* ***Capitulare Monasticum*** *and the* ***Codex Regularum*** *that would give initial fundamentation to the reform of the Benedictine Order. But it will be in the tenth century when the objective of concentrating the Knowledge of the Order is definitively concretized with the occupation of the monastery of Cluny. The delay is to be attributed to the compatibility that such an objective should keep with the* ***conviction*** *of the Secret of the Order: the Golen were not able to risk, at that point in time, a failure due to lack of foresight. That is why the reform of Cluny is only undertaken when there is certainty that it will not be interrupted.*

With the election of the Saxon Henry I the Fowler, as Frankish King and Emperor, in the year 919, enters into History the extraordinary lineage of the Ottonians and the Salians, a Pure Blood that would come to produce one Frederick II Hohenstaufen in the thirteenth century, ***"the Hyperborean Emperor who opposed the most satanic representatives of the Cultural Pact with the Power of the Spirit."*** *In the tenth century, this powerful lineage is vigorously dedicated to reorganizing the Kingdom, while the papacy falls into major disre-*

pute because of the digitation[26] *effectuated by the families of the Roman nobility, especially the Theodorae, Crescentii, Tusculani, etc. The Benedictine Order, which has decided to take advantage of the moment to secretly work on the formation of the College of Temple Constructors, is assured from the outset that no one will interfere in the functioning of Cluny: that is, precisely, the place chosen to concentrate the Knowledge fell to a French monastery due to exclusive motives of security. A succession of papal bulls issued during the tenth and eleventh centuries complied with, to the letter, by the Dukes of Aquitaine and Kings of Burgundy established the total independence of Cluny from any other authority outside of the Pope or his abbots: neither the Kings, nor the Doges or Counts, nor the regional Bishops, were able to intervene in the affairs of the monastery.*

Have you heard presently, Dr. Siegnagel, of certain secret bases that the Great Potencies would possess, for example the Soviets or the North Americans, in which an enormous number of scientists of all specialities would be gathered, equipped with the most advanced instrumental means, to integrally plan long-range objectives, and who would directly report to the President or to a Supreme Council and would act independently of any other national authority outside of their own chiefs or commanders? For that was exactly Cluny in the tenth century. There a future unified Europe was being planned for under the Cathedrals and Solomon's Temple, controlled by a military Order of the Church, administered by a Financial Synarchy, and ultimately ruled by the Chosen People.

It is Formosus, the same Benedictine Pope whose dug-up cadaver was thrown into the Tiber by Pope Stephen VI, partisan of Lambert of Spoleto, in revenge for appointing Arnulf as Emperor, who appoints Berno to undertake the great mission. Berno was a Benedictine monk of noble Burgundian lineage, whose influence over Duke William I of Aquitaine was used to convince the latter of the convenience of founding the monastery of Cluny. In the year 910, Berno himself takes direction

26. (Figurative) manipulation with the fingers.

of the monastery and gives beginning to the Concentration of Knowledge: the principal books and manuscripts that the Order was possessing in different monasteries are gathered there and a Golen Elite dedicated to the copy of documents and to the study of "Sacred Architecture" is constituted. Of course, the Golen Elite, internally called "clerical monks," would have to take care of their task with exclusivity and would have to abandon the traditional Benedictine norm of sharing the tasks of maintenance of the monastery and the production of food: in this sense, the Benedictine Rule is reformed and the institution of the "lay monks" is created to carry out the honorable function of maintaining the Golen. During the term of office of its second abbot, Saint Odo, the fruits of the reform already begin to be seen: first the fame of the asceticism and perfection achieved by the Cluniac reform is disseminated, which attracts the curiosity of other monasteries and causes the admiration of the people; then groups of specially trained monks are sent to the monasteries that require it, to initiate them into the reform: the members of the peoples are carefully selected to incorporate them into the Elite of the clerical monks or to commission them with the tasks typical of lay monks; then monasteries submitted to the jurisdiction of Cluny are inaugurated, to which their rights of autonomy and independence are extended. At that point, Cluny was a Congregation in its own right. And who most enthusiastically supports Saint Odo with a bull in 932 is the Benedictine Pope John XI, bastard son of Pope Sergius III and Marozia of Theodora, celebrated assassin of the Epoch.

After one hundred and fifty years of activity, the Congregation of Cluny boasts two thousand monasteries distributed principally in France, Germany, and Italy, but also in Spain, England, Poland, etc.; not including the remaining thousands of Benedictine monasteries that have adopted the Cluniac reform but that do not depend on the Abbot of Cluny. By the middle of the eleventh century the Order has effectively managed to transform European Culture: under the intellectual mantle of the Benedictines of Cluny, have been formed the guilds of operative masons who demonstrated their expertise in the art of "Romanesque" construction and who are already

prepared to launch the "Gaulic," misnamed Gothic, revolution; behind this movement, naturally, is the Secret College of Temple Constructors. But it has also succeeded to plant in the hearts of the feudal Seigniors the seed of sentimentalism, of repentance, and of Christian piety: the "sins" weigh more and more on the Soul of the Knight and require the relief of priestly confession; it is accepted to moderate the warlike conduct through the "peace of God" and the "truce of God," determined by the Priests; the Germanic warriors are moralized with the Judaic principles of the Law of God, of the Fear of the Justice of God, etc. A special class of Nobles and Knights arises as a result of this who, without losing their valor and audacity, but respectful of God and of his representatives, are conditioned to blindly throw themselves to any adventure that the Church points out to them.

The plans of the White Brotherhood are being fulfilled everywhere. In the year 1000, after having frightened Europe with the "proximity of the Final Judgment," the Golen advance a great step by exposing to the German Emperor their project of reconstruction of the Western Roman Empire with the capital in Rome and to get the latter to accept to move the capital of the Empire from its German base: although such a project would not be concretized, the idea was already launched and would have influence in the imperial objectives of the German kingdom for two hundred and fifty years. The details of this plan are agreed between King Otto the Great and Golen Pope Sylvester II, whose name was Gerbert of Rheims. And in that plan of the year 1000, in the commitment that the Emperor was assuming of "fighting against the unfaithful," especially against the Saracens of Spain, by means of a "Militia of God," the concepts of the Crusades and of the military Orders were clearly outlined a hundred years before their realization.

But the success of the plan was depending, in any case, on the subjection of the Emperor before the authority of the Pope, on the dominion that the Church could impose on the naturally indomitable temperament of the Germanic sovereigns. It would be there where the forces of the Cultural Pact would be once again measured against the unconscious Memory of the

Blood Pact. For this the Golen would seat on the Throne of Saint Peter a Cluniac reformer of unparalleled fanaticism, the monk Hildebrand, who will go down in History as Pope Gregory VII, the Pope who would humiliate Emperor Henry IV at Canossa before lifting his excommunication, thus demonstrating "the superiority of the spiritual power over the temporal power," that is to say, sustaining the ancient falsification of the Dark Atlanteans and the Priests of the Cultural Pact: for the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Blood Pact, contrarily, the Spirit is essentially warlike and, therefore, the noble and warrior castes are spiritually superior to the priests. But, with the weakness of Henry IV, the damage was caused and it would be up to his descendants to fight against a Golen papacy erected as director of the Destiny of the West.

That the Golen had not trusted nor would ever trust in the Germans, apart from the establishment of the College of Constructors in Cluny, is indicated by their favorable attitude to the Normans as the preferred executors of their plans, followed by the French. Those, who were not belonging, as is supposed, to the family of Germanic peoples but to a Celtic tribe of Scandinavia, ethnically different from the Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish Vikings, had conquered a Duchy in Northern France, Normandy, which was officially recognized by Charles the Simple in the year 911: by the peace treaty then agreed at Saint-Clair-sur-Epte, Duke Rollo was baptized and accepted Christianity along with his people, whose definitive evangelization was left in the hands of the Benedictine Order. It did not take long, then, for monasteries to flourish in Normandy and finally the whole Norman nobility to be under the influence of Cluny. One hundred and fifty years later the effects of the patient labor of indoctrination and cultural conditioning carried out by the Benedictines were being seen: the Normans were prepared to be constituted as an executing arm of the plans of the White Brotherhood. The Golen Pope Nicholas II, the one who institutes the papal election by the Cardinals, delivers them to Southern Italy in fief: to King Robert Guiscard: Puglia, Calabria, and Sicily; to Richard of Aversa: Capua; the year is 1059. Seven years later, in 1066, the Duke of Normandy, William the Conqueror, takes over Eng-

land with the collaboration, or blatant treason, of the Benedictine Order of the Isle: thanks to him, the members of the Chosen People, who had been expelled in the year 920 by King Cnut the Great on the charge of "enemies of the State," reenter England. The Pope is then Benedictine Alexander II, but the brains behind the maneuver are the Golen Cluniacs Hildebrand and Peter Damian. When the same Hildebrand, or Gregory VII, succeeds him in the papacy in 1073, an impressive strip that descends from Ireland, encompasses England, Normandy, Flanders, France, Burgundy, Italy, and concludes in Sicily, is subject to the direct influence of the Golen of Cluny.

It is worth adding about Hildebrand, a piece of data that should not ever be forgotten: his Jewish origin. Hildebrand, in effect, was the great-grandson of Baruch, the Jewish banker who converted to Christianity and was head of the Pierleoni family, a lineage that influenced papal elections for centuries. Thanks to the money of the Pierleonis, for example, Hildebrand had achieved the election of Alexander II and support for his own plans. And the Pierleoni Bank, of course, was very charitable; and their charity, indeed, had a direct beneficiary: the Congregation of Cluny, where their brothers of Race and the Golen were preparing the World Government of the Chosen People.

Fine-tuning the plan of the Golen will demand a preliminary trial: that general test of verification of potentialities will be the First Crusade. In 1078, Gregory VII and the Golen leadership receive two simultaneous notices: the most important is the one that comes from the White Brotherhood, in which the Immortals finally approve the transfer to Europe of the Tablets of the Law, hidden for twenty-five centuries in Jerusalem, in the proximity of Solomon's Temple. The other notice comes from the Eastern Empire, which is surrounded by a powerful military deployment of the Seljuk Turks, who already occupied Iran, Baghdad, Syria, Palestine, a large part of Asia Minor, and have just seized Jerusalem. The Golen decide, with those notices, on the form in which they will rehearse their forces: they will preach the Crusade, but, in principle, this will not point to the principal objective but to a secondary one; the Christian chivalric necessity of providing aid to the

Byzantine Church against the Turks will be publicized; if that call yields the expected results, only then will the duty to "liberate the Holy Land" be announced; and only if this last claim is obeyed, only thus, will the mission to Jerusalem to seek the Key to Solomon's Temple be undertaken. For it occurs that the recovery of the Secret of the Chosen People is not easy: if it was hidden twenty-one centuries, it is not because no one had sought and found it before, but because its concealment was deliberate and careful and employed esoteric techniques; its present location would require the dispatch of a team of Initiated Priests in the acoustic and numerical Kabbalah, to correctly read and pronounce the Words that would open the Bolt of the Secret: and that team should go at the right time, relying on the maximum security, because on that operation would depend the success or failure of a Strategy systematically planned for six hundred years.

The Synod of Clermont in 1095 is used by Pope Golen Urban II, recent prior of Cluny, to call for war against the infidels and to liberate the Church of the East: "this war is," Urban II was explaining, "a pilgrimage of armed Knights"; "there would be special indulgences for all those who take up the cross and, so complaisant will the Heavens be with the Crusade, that then an extraordinary period of Peace from God will ensue." Peter the Hermit, a popular preacher, gathers a multitude of one hundred thousand persons lacking in military preparation and of means, who will soon be exterminated; the army of Frankish, Flemish, and Norman Knights on the other hand, cause the admiration of the Golen: enlisted in it are, Godfrey of Bouillon, Lord of Lorraine, with his two brothers Baldwin and Eustace; Robert of Flanders; Robert of Normandy; Raymond of Tolosa; the Norman Lord of Italy, Bohemond of Taranto; and Tancred. To this army could be requested, from the outset, the conquest of Jerusalem!

After multiple difficulties typical of war against a valorous and religiously fanatical enemy, aggravated by the treasons of the Byzantines, the Crusaders managed to conquer Jerusalem in 1099, three years after their departure from Europe. A Christian Kingdom is founded there of which Godfrey of Bouillon is the first King.

After that victory, the Golen will only take thirty years to locate the Tablets of the Law and transport them to Europe: from then on, the Gaulic or Gothic revolution will begin. That phase of the plan developed with several parallel movements. On the one hand, it was necessary to prepare an adequate place to receive the Tablets of the Law, to decipher their message, and to find a way to apply the Knowledge of the Serpent to the Construction of Temples. On the other hand, the team of Golen Initiates who would be in charge of locating the Secret had to be dispatched to Jerusalem as soon as possible. And also, the formation of the military Order that would sustain the financial Synarchy that would promptly have to be created should immediately be set in motion. If such movements were culminating in the objectives proposed by the White Brotherhood, then the World Government of the Chosen People would not take long to come about and the Will of the One Creator God would be fulfilled.

In 1098, the Benedictine monk Robert received the order to retire to the vicinity of Cister: in the year 1100, as soon as the news of the capture of Jerusalem is known, Pope Paschal II puts him in charge of the Cistercian Abbey and entrusts to him the reform of the Cluniac rule. On the basis of the ***Regula monachorum*** *of Saint Benedict, he and his successor Alberic introduced substantial changes with respect to Cluny: the monks returned to manual work, asceticism and solitude are insisted on with more rigor, that is to say, in* **secret,** *and the clothing is changed: from now on, the Cistercians will not use the classic black habit of the Cluniacs and Benedictines, but a white one, similar to the ancient tunic of the Golen of the Roman Gauls, and to that of the Levite priests who were guarding the Ark with the Tablets of the Law in Israel. In 1112 the community is ready to receive the group of Initiates who will give it its definitive conformation: there are thirty-one, among them Saint Bernard with five of his family, all Golen. After three years of studying the fine details, Saint Bernard set about founding at Clairvaux, in the region of Champagne, fief of Count Hugo, also of the Golen family, a monastery adequate to keep the Secret that would arrive from the east. Once finished, with the pretext of effectuating translations of He-*

brew texts, the principal Kabbalist Rabbis of Europe are convoked to collaborate in the task of deciphering the Tablets of the Law. Strange community that of Cister and Clairvaux, integrated by Golen and Jews, while the whole of Europe proclaims itself "Christian" against the "infidel" peoples of the East!

At the death of Saint Bernard there were three hundred and fifty Cistercian monasteries, and by the end of the thirteenth century, they were reaching seven hundred in Europe. In this way the first movement was carried forward.

As for Cluny, one must not believe that the foundation of Cister and the expansion of the Knights Templar were going to detract any power from it. Proof of this is the enormous volume of its establishments reached in the thirteenth century; as an example, it is worth to remember that in 1245, on the occasion of the General Council of Lyon assembled by the Golen to excommunicate the Hyperborean Emperor Frederick II, a large retinue accompanied the Pope on his visit to Cluny, where they were comfortably accommodated without the necessity that the monks abandoned their cells; in other words, that it was possessing the infrastructure to accommodate a Pope, an Emperor, and a King of France, together with all the prelates and Seigniors of their cortèges. Do not think that I exaggerate, Dr. Siegnagel: in addition to Pope Innocent IV, there were two Patriarchs of Antioch and Constantinople, twelve Cardinals, three Archbishops, fifteen Bishops, Saint Louis the King of France, his mother Blanche of Castile, his brother the Duke of Artois, and his sister, the Emperor of Constantinople Baldwin II, the children of the King of Aragon and Castile, the Duke of Burgundy, six Counts, and a high number of Seigniors and Knights. Its library was numbering five thousand volumes copied by the friars, apart from the hundreds of manuscripts, scrolls, and books of Antiquity, which were unique pieces in Europe.

Eighteenth Day

In the year 1118, at last, the nine Golen found the Key to Solomon's Temple with the approval of the White Brotherhood: they are three Initiated Priests, in charge of locating the Tablets of the Law, and six Knights of custody. One of the Initiates is Count Hugh of Champagne, on whose lands Cister has been established, who is a relative of King Baldwin of Jerusalem and smooths the occupation of the requested site without difficulty: it is the traditional emplacement of Solomon's Temple. Their residence in that place for several years would mean for them the name of Knights of the Temple that they adopted later, although they preferred to call themselves the ***Sole Guardians of Solomon's Temple****. Finally, after much searching, meditating, reflecting, and comprehending the nature of the Secret, and also counting on the help of the "Angels" of the White Brotherhood, the Templars were in conditions to find the Ark. And when the Secret arrived at their hands, and they were preparing to escort it to Europe, Bera and Birsha, the same Immortals who assassinated the Vrayas of the House of Tharsis, joined them. From Chang Shambhala, the White Brotherhood was sending Bera and Birsha to accompany the transport of the Ark to Clairvaux and ensure that it arrived without problems; once there, they would try to seize the Wise Sword and settle the pending score with the House of Tharsis. I will suspend for a moment, the account of the consequences that this new appearance of the Immortals would have for the Seigniors of Tharsis.*

The most important thing now is to note that in the year 1128, the Ark is installed in Clairvaux, in the possession of the highest dignitaries of the Golen Synagogue and Church, in the Heart of the College of Temple Constructors. The second movement unfolded in this way.

The triumphant result of both movements motivated the Golen to act immediately with the third. The six Knights who have transported the Ark, along with Bera and Birsha who still remain in Clairvaux instructing the College of Construc-

tors are found in Champagne, and it is agreed to constitute them into an Order of Chivalry. With that secret end, Saint Bernard convokes a Council in Troyes in 1128, in the region of Champagne, to which attend Benedictine and Cistercian clerics in their totality: Bishops, Abbots, and Priors of all the monasteries of the Order, who come conscious of the importance of the event and wish to closely observe the terrible Immortals Bera and Birsha who will also be present. At the Council of Troyes the formation of the Knights Templar is approved and the drafting of its Rule is entrusted to Saint Bernard. This will be a monastic Rule, basically Cistercian but completed with norms and dispositions that regulate military life: at the head of the Order will be a Grand Master, who will only depend on the Pope; the mission of the Order will consist in forming an army of Knights to fight in the east and in Spain against the Saracens; in the West, the Order will possess properties apt for practicing monastic life and for offering military instruction; the Knights Templar will be authorized to receive every class of donations, but the Knights will have to observe the vow of poverty, etc.

During the rest of the twelfth century, the Order grows in every sense and is constituted in the thirteenth century, into a true economic and military power, subject only, and up to a certain point, to the authority of the Church. Since the hidden objective of the Crusades was to obtain the Ark of the Covenant of Jehovah Satan with the Chosen People, and such objective had already been achieved, it is evident that the maintenance of the Holy War was having no other purpose than to fortify the Knights Templar and the Church: the following Crusades, in effect, were permitting the Popes to demonstrate their power over the Kings and Nobles, and the Knights Templar to increase its riches. Thus, the papacy was reaching its highest degree of prestige and was able to convoke the Kings of France, England, or Germany, to "cross themselves" for Christ, Our Seignior, and, with luck, was even managing to eliminate any potential enemy of his plans of European hegemony, like Emperor Frederick Barbarossa for example, who never returned from the Third Crusade. And, while the war was continuing and the army of the East was

being professionally perfected and becoming indispensable in all operations, the Order was constructing a formidable economic and financial infrastructure: it was said that that power was serving to sustain the Crusade of the Knights Templar, but, in reality, it was attending to the foundation of the financial Synarchy. The Order soon developed, on the basis of its countless properties in France, Spain, Italy, Flanders, etc., a banking network that was operating with the very new system of "bills of exchange," invented by the Jewish bankers of Venice, and was having its central seat in the House of the Temple in Paris, a real Bank, equipped with a Treasury and Security Chamber. Naturally, they were practicing loaning at interest to Nobles and Kings, whose "promissory notes," and other very advanced documents for the Epoch, were being guarded in the strongboxes of the Order. Among other responsibilities, the administration of the funds of the Church and the collection of taxes for the crown of France had been entrusted to them.

The Templars occupied various plazas in Spain, among which was the Fortress of Monzón, which after the death of Alfonso I the Battler, was granted to them as property: from there, "they were fighting against the infidel," according to the Rule of the Order. That fortress was located in Huesca, on the banks of the Cinca River, then the Kingdom of Aragon: and toward there Bera and Birsha were headed, after the Council of Troyes, accompanied by an important retinue of Cistercian monks. The Immortals were going to form a "Secret Golen Council" in which they would leave the directives established for the next one hundred years, a date on which they would return to ask for an account of what had been done. In that Council, apart from the details of the Golen plan that I have already described, the Immortals raised, in the name of the White Brotherhood, two questions that had to be resolved as soon as possible; it was a matter of two Sentences of Extermination: one, against the House of Tharsis, was still pending since ancient times; the other, against the Cathars and Albigenses from the Aragonese Languedoc, was recent and had to be executed without delay.

Regarding the House of Tharsis, the Immortals admitted that it was a difficult case as the extermination could not be concretized without having the Stone of Venus found before, which those had hidden in a Secret Cavern. To get the confession of the Key in order to find the secret entrance, Bera and Birsha decided this time to attack the members of the family living in the nearby city of Zaragoza; these were three persons: the Bishop of Zaragoza, Lupo of Tharsis; his widowed sister, already mature, who was living next to him in the Bishopric and was in charge of domestic affairs, Lamia of Tharsis; and the son of the latter, a young novice of fifteen years of age named Rabaz. The three were kidnapped and taken to Monzón, where they were locked in a dungeon while the instruments of torture were being prepared. They began with the elderly Lupo, whom they savagely tormented without getting him to utter a word about the Secret Cavern; finally, and even though he had the majority of his bones broken, Lupo of Tharsis expired as the Lord that he was: laughing with sarcasm in the face of the impotence of his assassins. With the woman and her son, the Golen employed another tactic: considering that these ones would already be frightened enough by the cries of the Bishop, they prepared a convenient scenario to extort the young Rabaz with the threat of subjecting his mother to the same degrading torment that had cut short the life of Lupo of Tharsis.

They extended, then, Lamia on the torture table and began to stretch her limbs, wrenching from her terrifying screams of pain. At that moment they made Rabaz enter, who was coming with his hands tied behind his back and escorted by two Cistercian Golen, who was left frozen from fright upon hearing the laments of Lamia and discovering her tied to the mortal table: and when seeing him paralyzed from horror, a triumphant smile was drawn on the face of the Golen, who were already counting on his confession in advance. But what they were not counting on, even then, was the mystical madness of the Seigniors of Tharsis. Oh the madness of the Seigniors of Tharsis, which had turned them unpredictable during hundreds of years of persecutions, and that was being manifested as the Absolute Valor of the Pure Blood, a Valor so elevated

that any weakness in the face of the Enemy was inconceivable! Unable to prevent him, the young Rabaz, impulsed by a mystical madness, took two leaps and situated himself beside his mother, who was observing him with a brilliant gaze; and then, from a single bite, tore her left jugular vein, causing her to die a rapid death by desanguination. Now the Golen were not laughing when they were furiously dragging Rabaz; and yet someone laughed: before dying, with the last breath that was breaking in a spasm of agonizing grace, Lamia managed to emit an ironic guffaw, whose echoes remained reverberating several seconds in the meanders of that lugubrious prison. And Rabaz, who had just murdered her and had his face covered in blood, was smiling relieved to see that Lamia was no longer existing.

No, the Golen were no longer laughing: rather they were pallid with hatred. It was evident that the Will of Rabaz was not able to be broken by any means, but that is not why they would not stop torturing him to death: they would do it if only it was to vent the rancor that they were experiencing toward the Seigniors of Tharsis.

*Bera and Birsha achieved nothing with that killing and that is why they left the Cistercians a specific mission to be fulfilled by the Knights Templar in the following years: the cost was not mattering, even if it was implying to engage in a permanent fight against the Taifa of Seville, but a Castle was to be constructed in Aracena, a few kilometers from the Villa de Turdes. The exact place would be known since Antiquity as "Odiel Cave," today called "Cave of Wonders," of which name was meaning, evidently, Cave of Odin or of Wothan, but which was also called "Daedalus Cave" by the deformation "**D'odal Cave**": naturally, Daedalus, the Constructor of Labyrinths, was another of the Names of Navutan. The entrance to the Odiel Cave was at ground level, at the summit of a hill in Aracena. The plan was to build a Templar Castle that would hide the Odiel Cave: the entrance, since then, would only be accessible from inside the Castle. Why would they want that? To get to the Secret Cavern of the Seigniors of Tharsis; because, as Bera and Birsha were believing, from the Odiel Cave it would be possible to approach the Secret Cavern*

using certain techniques that they would put into practice upon their return from Chang Shambhala.

Nineteenth Day

ynthesizing, Dr. Siegnagel, it can be considered that upon reaching the thirteenth century, the Golen had realized ninety percent of the plans of the White Brotherhood: the Benedictine-Golen Order and its derivations, Cluny, Cister, and the Temple, were firmly established in Europe; the College of Temple Constructors had acquired, with the possession of the Tablets of the Law, the Highest Knowledge; the guilds and brotherhoods of Masons, instructed by the Golen, were erecting hundreds of Gothic Temples, churches, and cathedrals, in all the important cities of Europe and in certain places to which "telluric value" was being adjudicated; and the peoples, from the serfs and villeins to the Seigniors, Nobles, and Kings, were living in an Era of religious customs, sustaining a Culture where God, and the Priests of God, were actively and quotidianly[27] *intervening; that is to say, the peoples, who were now experiencing religious* ***unity****, were prepared to receive the economic and political unity of a World Government, the Synarchy of the Chosen People; the economic power of the Knights Templar was already consolidated; and the army of the Church, which would ensure the political unity, also. You see, Dr. Siegnagel, the plans of the White Brotherhood were about to be concretized: and yet they failed.*

What was it that occurred? The plans of the White Brotherhood fundamentally failed because of two Kings, Frederick II Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the Holy Romano-German Empire, and Philip IV the Fair, King of France. Both reigned in distinct countries and in different historical periods, and did not know each other: Frederick II in Sicily, from 1212 to 1250, and Philip IV in France, from 1285 to 1314. However, a hidden nexus explains and justifies the highly strategic acts deployed by these extraordinary monarchs: it is the ***opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom****.*

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27. Something which can be seen every day or very commonly; commonplace, ordinary, mundane.

*We then have two exoteric causes of the failure of the enemy plans, the mentioned Kings, and an esoteric cause, the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom, of which those, are no more than effects. I will examine, then, the first two somewhat superficially and I will concentrate on detailing the second; it is convenient that I do so to expose the prominent role that the House of Tharsis played in such events. We will have to begin, of course, by describing the circumstances that gave rise to the coronation of Frederick II and the acts with which this one destabilized the Power of the Papacy. Then I will stop to show the true causes of those acts, that is, the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom: it will be seen, thus, how the Seigniors of Tharsis developed their Strategy and how they were almost exterminated by the Golen in the middle of the thirteenth century. Finally I will get to the administration of Philip IV, "**the King who applied the Mortal Blow to the Financial Synarchy of the Templars.**" From there, Dr. Siegnagel, everything will be given so that the history of the House of Tharsis, which I am narrating for you, enters into its final phase.*

With the election of Pope Innocent III in 1198, the Golen played one of their last and most important cards. That "pontiff," in effect, enjoys an unparalleled prestige among the undocile Germanic nobility: the Kings submit to his arbitration and his will is imposed in all areas without resistances. For the rest, he is not too concerned with concealing his plans as he openly proclaims the validity of the theory of Gregory VII about "the Two Swords," of which, the temporal one of the Emperor must be subject to the "spiritual" one of the Church. Well, this Pope, who holds in his hands all the triumphs of the Golen, is also the tutor and regent of the young Prince Frederick of Sicily, principal heir of the Austrian and German Hohenstaufen. It is on that prince that the Golen, and the White Brotherhood, have put all the weight of their Strategy: Frederick, educated as a Cistercian monk and Templar Knight by the Golen of the Norman court of his mother Constance of Sicily, should wield, since the times of Charlemagne, the temporal Sword of the Kings with never-before-seen vigor and submit it to the spiritual Sword of the Church; then the spiritual Sword, which is the Cross of Jesus Christ and the Plan of the Temple,

would be the seat of the Throne of the World, a site for the Messiah of the Creator God or his representatives. But behold, Frederick rebels against that plan early on.

Frederick II is crowned German King in 1212 under the auspices of Innocent III and the manifest approval of Philip II Augustus, King of France. In principle, he did what was being expected of him and already in 1213, being only eighteen years of age, he promulgated the Golden Bull in favor of the Church, in which he was confirming the totality of his territorial possessions, including those that had been unduly appropriated after the death of Henry VI; he was accepting, as well, to renounce, both he and any other future German King, the election of Bishops and Abbots. It is evident, then, the initial predisposition of the young King to comply with the plans of the Golen Church. However, very soon that attitude began to change, until it became totally hostile toward his long-standing protectors; the causes were two: the positive reaction from the Inheritance of his Pure Blood ***thanks to the historical proximity*** *of the Gral, a concept that I will soon explain; and the influence of certain Hyperborean Initiates that Frederick II himself made come to his Court of Palermo from distant countries of Asia and whose story I will not be able to stop to relate in this letter. The important thing was that the Emperor began to reject the Golen idea, which was being amply publicized by the Benedictine network, that the world was to be ruled by a Theocratic Messiah, a Priest placed by the Creator God over the Kings of the Earth. Contrarily, Frederick II was affirming, the world was waiting for an Imperial Messiah, a King of the Pure Blood who imposed his Power by the unanimous recognition of the Seigniors of the Land, a King who would be the First of the Spirit and who would found an Aristocracy of the Pure Blood in which they would only have room for the most valiant, the noblest, the hardest, those who were not bending before the Cult of the Potencies of Matter. Frederick II, naturally, felt called to occupy that place.*

The doctrine that Frederick II was expressing with so much clarity was the synthesis of an idea that was being developed among the members of his Stirp since Emperor Henry I the Fowler. In principle, such an idea consisted in the intuition

that the royal power was legitimated only by an Aristocracy of the Spirit, which was linked to the blood, to the inheritance of the blood. Then it was evident, and thus it began to be affirmed, that if the King was legitimate, his power was not able to be affected by forces of another order that were not spiritual: sovereignty was spiritual and therefore Divine; only God was to intervene with justice above the will of the King. This concept was essentially opposed to the one supported by the Golen, in the sense that the Pope was representing God on Earth and, therefore, it was up to him to subject the will of the Kings. Pope Gelasius I, 492–496, had declared that two independent powers were existing: the spiritual Church and the temporal State; against the dangerous idea that was being developed in the Stirp of the Ottonians and Salians, Saint Bernard formalized the Gelasian thesis in the "Theory of the two Swords." According to Saint Bernard, the spiritual power and the temporal power are analogous to two Swords; but, as the spiritual power comes from God, the temporal Sword must be subject to the spiritual Sword; ***ergo****, the representative of God on Earth, the Pope, by wielding the spiritual Sword, must impose his will on the Kings, mere representatives of the temporal State and only bearers of the temporal Sword.*

Despite the effort made by the Church in imposing the deception, the idea is maturing and clashes begin to be produced between the most spiritual Kings and the representatives of the Potencies of Matter. The "Investiture Controversy," protagonized by Emperor Henry IV, ancestor of Frederick II, and Golen Pope Gregory VII, marks the culminant phase of the satanic reaction: in the year 1077, Emperor Henry IV is forced to humble himself before the Pope, in Canossa, to obtain the lifting of his previous excommunication. To not accede to this supplication, Henry IV would have been stripped of his imperial investiture, and even of his sovereignty over his hereditary Seigniories, by the simple "spiritual" will of the Pope. Naturally, an idea that springs from the blood, and becomes clearer and stronger after each generation, cannot be repressed with penances and humiliations. It will be Frederick I Barbarossa, the grandfather of Frederick II, who will most vigorously oppose the papal tyranny and demonstrate that the existence of

the Aristocracy of the Spirit was more than an idea. By then, the idea has already taken shape and has partisans willing to defend it with their lives: they are the so-called ***Ghibellines****, a name derived from the Castle of Waiblingen where Frederick I was born. The reaction of the Church against Frederick I polarizes the family of his mother Judith, a descendant of Welf, or Guelph IV, Duke of Bavaria, staunch partisan of the Pope, from where comes the name "Guelphs," given to his followers. Thus, despite the brainwashing and clerical indoctrination to which Frederick II was subjected during the years that he remained under the tutelage of the ferocious Innocent III, nothing could prevent the Voice of his Pure Blood from revealing to him the Truth of the Uncreated Spirit, his Divine inheritance from transforming him into the living expression of the Aristocracy of the Spirit, into the Universal Emperor.*

Before departing to Palestine in 1227, Frederick II had been converted into a Men of Stone, a Hyperborean Pontiff, and had remembered the Blood Pact of the White Atlanteans. And he decided to fight with all his might to revert the order of European society, which was based on the ***unity of the Cult****, that is to say, on the Cultural Pact, in favor of the Blood Pact. The solution chosen by Frederick II consisted in undermining the imperial unity of the time, monarchies of which were totally conditioned by the Church, conceding the greatest possible power to the Territorial Seigniors: they would be, of course, those who would recognize with their Pure Blood the True Spiritual Leader of the Occident, the one who would come to establish the Universal Empire of the Spirit. On the other hand, the Golen Church, facing the growing power of the princes, would only see the political unity that was so necessary for its plans of world domination disintegrate: a political unity that had built upon the foundation of countless crimes perpetrated over centuries of intrigue and deception, that had projected into the Secret of the Benedictine and Cistercian monasteries, that had imposed upon the credulous and fearful minds of the nobles with the threat of the "loss of Heaven," excommunication, the blackmail of terror, and all sort of unworthy resources.*

That political unity discreetly controlled by the Church, which now had a powerful Bank and a military Order, was fatally destabilized by Frederick II. In 1220, when he was still obeying the plan of the Golen, Frederick II conceded to the ecclesiastical princes the rights of regulating commercial traffic in his territories and to decide on their fortification. However, in 1232, he conferred these same rights to the Territorial Seigniors in addition to authorizing them complete jurisdiction of their lands: in practice, this was meaning that such matters as currency, market, justice, police, and fortifications, were forever subject to the authority of the Territorial Seigniors, no longer the King, or the Pope, having any executive power in their respective lands.

After the death of Frederick II, in 1250, the Golen Church will never get another similar opportunity to comply with the plans of the White Brotherhood: in Germany the Interregnum will ensue, during which the Territorial Seigniors will be made more and more powerful and independent; and in France, will govern Philip IV, the Fair, who will conclude the work of Frederick II by proceeding to annihilate the Knights Templar and to dismantle the infrastructure of the financial Synarchy.

As the second cause of the failure of the Golen plan, the principal cause, the esoteric cause, I have mentioned the "opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom": with such a denomination I refer, logically, to the ***conscious opposition*** *that certain sectors carried forth against the secret intrigues of the Golen and their Cistercian and Templar organizations.*

These sectors, which were including the Hyperborean Wisdom, significantly contributed to determine the failure of the Golen; they were various groups, but among the principal it is worth to cite the Bogomils in Italy, the Cathars of France, and the Seigniors of Tharsis of Spain.

The Seigniors of Tharsis had made themselves strong in Spain, both in the Muslim region as in the Christian: in Turdes, they were preserving their bishopric and the property of the Villa, where a part of the family was staying all year round; in Córdoba and Toledo, were always living the clerics who were dedicating themselves to teaching; and in Catalonia and Aragon, and even in several European countries, were in-

habiting those who were theologians and doctors, and were receiving the invitation of some Seignior to officiate as counselors or to instruct the royal families. But, wherever they were, the Seigniors of Tharsis were never forgetting their Destiny, and all efforts were set on obeying those two principles sworn by the Men of Stone: to preserve the Wise Sword and to fulfill the familial mission. Their priority was, then, to survive; but to survive as a Stirp, which was forcing to keep themselves permanently informed about the enemy Strategy, since one of the strategic objectives declared by the Enemy was demanding, exactly, the extermination of the House of Tharsis. In the thirteenth century, the Seigniors of Tharsis were perfectly clear about the plans of the White Brotherhood and knew how close the Golen were making them a reality. To oppose these plans, without risking the security of the Stirp, the Seigniors of Tharsis comprehended that they were needing to operate protected by an Order of the Church, an Order that, of course, was not controlled by the Golen or governed by the Benedictine Rule: of course, ***such an Order was not existing****. The honor of founding it, and saving the sanest part of Christianity through its intermediary, would go to Saint Dominic.*

Twentieth Day

From today I am going to examine, Dr. Siegnagel, the Cathar question, the most significant of the productions of the Hyperborean Wisdom that opposed the plans of the White Brotherhood in the thirteenth century. It was in the context of Catharism when Saint Dominic founded the Order of Preachers that would permit the Seigniors of Tharsis to act in an undercover manner. It is necessary, then, to describe said context so that the objective sought by Saint Dominic and the Seigniors of Tharsis is clear.

Above all, it is worth warning that to qualify Catharism as "heresy" is as absurd as doing so with Buddhism or Islam: like these, Catharism was ***another religion****, distinct from the Catholic. Heresy is, by definition, dogmatic error about the official Doctrine of the Church; a heretic is not who professes another religion but who distorts or twistedly interprets the Catholic dogma, such as Arius or the Golen Templars themselves, who were the most diabolical heretics of their Epoch. Of course even if it would have then been accepted that the Cathars were practicing another religion, like the Saxons, it would not have made any difference in the result: nothing would be able to have saved them from the sentence of extermination of the Golen. The Arians, without a doubt, were heretics; but the Cathars would not be: these were, yes, enemies of the Church, to which they were calling "the Synagogue of Satan."*

To comprehend the problem one must consider that what the Cathars knew was in reality the Hyperborean Wisdom, which they were teaching by means of symbols taken from Mazdaism, Zurvanism, Gnosticism, Judeo-Christianity, etc. Consequently, they were preaching that the Good was of an absolutely spiritual nature and was totally outside of this World; ***the Spirit was Eternal and Uncreated and was proceeding from the Origin of the Good; the Evil, on the contrary, was by nature everything material and created****; the World of Matter, where the animal-man inhabits, was intrinsically malevolent; the World had been* ***Created*** *by Jehovah*

Satan, a demoniac Demiurge; they were rejecting, therefore, the Bible, which was the "Word of Satan," and were especially repudiating Genesis, where the act of Creating the World was narrated by the Demon; the Church of Rome, which was accepting the Bible was, then, "the Synagogue of Satan," the abode of the Demon; ***the animal-man, created by Satan, had two natures: the material body and the Soul; to these the Uncreated Spirit had been joined, which since then was remaining a prisoner of Matter; the Spirit, incapable of liberating itself, was residing in the Soul, and the Soul was animating the material body, which was immersed in the Evil of the Material World; the Spirit was, thus, sunken into Hell, condemned to the pain and suffering that Jehovah Satan was imposing on the animal-man****.*

*The Cathars, that is to say, the "****Pure****" Men, had to aim for the Good. This was meaning that the Spirit had to return to its Origin, previously abhorring the Evil of the Material World.* ***They were assuring that the Holy Spirit was always ready to assist the prisoner Spirit in matter and that it was responding to the request of the Pure Men****; then the Cathars had the power of transmitting the Holy Spirit to those in need of help by means of the laying on of hands, an act they called "****Consolamentum****." They were affirming, in addition,* ***the existence of an Eternal and Uncreated Khristos, whom they were calling "Lucibel,"*** *who used to voluntarily descend into the Hell of the Created World to liberate the Spirit of man; they were rejecting the cross for being a symbol of the spiritual enchainment and of human suffering; they were ultra-iconoclasts and were not admitting any form of representation of spiritual truths; they were practicing poverty and asceticism, and were distrusting of riches and material goods, especially if they were coming from persons who were claiming to be religious; they were sustaining that the most elevated virtue was the comprehension and expression of the Truth, and that the greatest error was the acceptance and propagation of the lie; they were reducing alimentation to a minimum and recommending not to abuse sex; they were forbidding the procreation of children because it was contributing to perpetuate the enchainment of the Spirit to Matter.*

It is evident, Dr. Siegnagel, that the concepts of the Cathar religion were not proceeding from a Catholic heresy but from the Hyperborean Wisdom. However, to those who were unaware of such affiliation or were fanaticized and controlled by the Golen, it was not difficult to convince them that it was of a diabolical heresy; especially if the gaze rested upon the exterior form of Catharism. Because the Cathars, with the declared aim of competing with the Catholics for the favor of the people, had also organized themselves as a Church. The reason for this decision, which was going to confront them in a disadvantageous manner with a Catholic Europe already conditioned by the idea that it was legitimate to mount military "Crusades" against peoples who were professing another religion, one must seek it in the ancestral beliefs of the Occitan population.

Undoubtedly there were connections between the Cathars and the Bogomil Manichaeans of Bulgaria, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Servia, and Lombardy, but these contacts were natural between peoples or communities who were sharing the inheritance of the Hyperborean Wisdom and were not implying any dependence. Catharism was, rather, a local product of the land of Oc, a medieval fruit from the Iberian racial trunk. The ancient Iberian population of Oc, like that of Tharsis, had not suffered great Celtic influence, unlike the Iberians of other regions of the Hispanias and of the Gauls who became racially confused with them and fell promptly under the power of the Golen. In Oc the Gauls had not succeeded to join with the Iberians, even though they dominated the region for centuries, to the great disgust of the Golen who would appeal to all resources to break their racial purity. However, the Occitans would later mix themselves with more affine peoples, in a similar way to the Tartessians, especially with the Greeks, the Romans, and the Goths. In a remote past, the White Atlanteans had communicated to them the same Wisdom as their brothers of the Iberian Peninsula, to later include them in the Blood Pact. They possessed, then, their own Stone of Venus and lost it to the hands of the Golen when these Priests of the Cultural Pact favored the invasions of the ***Volcae Tectosagii and Arecomici, the Bebruces, Vellavii, Gabali and***

Helvii, *as well as settling on the Mediterranean coast with the Phoenicians in their colonies of Agde, Narbonne, and Port-Vendres, which was originally called "Port of Astarte."*

Now then, apart from what I already recalled about the Wisdom of the Iberians of the Blood Pact, it is necessary to add here a particular legend that was quite disseminated among the Pyreneans. According to it, the White Atlanteans had deposited another Stone of Venus in a cavern of the region, to which they were calling ***the Gral of Khristos Lúcifer****. That Stone, which the Envoy of the Incognizable God brought, no longer to reflect the Sign of the Origin to a few Initiates, but to charismatically bond and spiritually liberate a whole racial community, would only be found at key moments of History. They were believing that the reason was the following: the Gral was constituting a* ***Tabula Regia Imperialis****, that is to say, the Gral was informing, with exactitude, who was the King of the Pure Blood, whom was to rule the people by the Virtue of his spirituality and his racial purity; but the Gral had the Power to reveal the leadership, charismatically communicating it in the Pure Blood of the Race: the Physical Presence of the Stone of Venus was not necessary to hear its message; however, if the racial community was forgetting the Blood Pact, if it was falling under the soporific influence of the Cultural Pact, or if it was degrading its Pure Blood, then it would lose the charismatic bond, it would be disconcerted, and would err when choosing its racial leaders: bad Kings would ensue, weak or tyrannical, perhaps Priests of the Cultural Pact, who in any case, would guide the people toward their racial destruction; however, even if the people were dominated by the Cultural Pact, the Hyperborean inheritance of the Pure Blood would not be able to be easily eclipsed and, at* ***indeterminate moments of History****, a* ***culturally acausal coincidence*** *would occur that would put all members of the Race in charismatic contact with the Gral:* ***then all would know, without any doubt, who the leader of the Race would be****.*

It was a double action of the Gral: on the one hand, it was revealing to the people who was the true Leader of the Pure Blood, without being influenced by their social status; that is to say: being Noble or plebeian, rich or poor, if the Leader was

existing, everyone would know who he was, all would simultaneously recognize him. And on the other hand, it was supporting the Leader in his driving mission, charismatically connecting him with the members of the Race by virtue of the common origin: in the Origin, the whole Race of the Hyperborean Spirits would be united, since the Gral, precisely, ***would be a reflection of the Origin****. By the Grace of the Gral, the racial Leader would appear before the people endowed with an evident, undeniable, and irresistible charism; he would clearly exhibit the Power of the Uncreated Spirit and would give proof of his racial authority;* ***and this could not be otherwise since, by the Origin, he would return to be under the orders of the Great Chief of The Race of the Spirit, the Lord of Absolute Honor and of Uncreated Beauty: Khristos Lúcifer or Lucibel.***

The becoming of History, the inexorable advance of the peoples culturally dominated by the Strategy of the White Brotherhood in the direction of the Darkness of the Kaly Yuga, would cause the increasingly strong manifestation of the Potencies of Matter. Therefore, the racial Leaders who eventually arose from the people, would have to demonstrate an increasingly greater spiritual Power to confront such demonic forces. The consequence of this would be that the confrontation, between the emergent spirituality of racial purity and the degradation of materialist Culture, would become more and more intense until reaching, naturally, a Final Battle where the conflict would be definitively settled: it would coincide with the end of the Kaly Yuga. In the meantime, would come those "moments of History" in which the Gral would be able to be found again and would reveal the Leader of the Race. Of course, in the last millennia, the Race being more and more sunken into the Strategy of the Cultural Pact, the successive racial Leaders would have to be consequently more powerful, that is to say, they would have to be Imperial Leaders, Wise Warriors who would attempt to found the Universal Empire of the Spirit: whoever achieved it, would liberate the people from the Strategy of the Cultural Pact, from the Priests of the Cult, and from every Cult; he would construct a society based on the Aristocracy of the Pure Blood, on the Seigniors of

the Blood and of the Earth, like the one that, wisely, Frederick II Hohenstaufen would procure to impulse.

And here we arrive at the hidden cause of the Cathar expansion in the twelfth century: ***at that time there was the generalized conviction among the Occitans, incomprehensible to those who were lacking in racial purity or were ignorant of the Hyperborean Wisdom, that one of those "moments of History" was near to arrive, or had arrived, in which would arise the Racial Leader, the Universal Emperor of the Spirit and of the Pure Blood.*** *It was a common presentiment that was springing from an intimate fiber and uniting all in the certainty of the regal advent. And that spontaneous unity was the cause of profound social transformations: it was seeming as if the entire efforts of the peoples had suddenly been coordinated in a joint spiritual undertaking, in a project of which permanent realization was the generation of the brilliant Oc civilization. Poetry, music, dance, choral singing, literature, were reaching great splendor there, while a Romance language of exquisite semantic precision was developing, very different from the more barbaric language of the Franks of the East: it was the "language of Oc" or "langue d'Oc," which gave its name to the land of the Languedoc. In the structure of this nascent civilization, as one of its fundamental elements, Catharism was going to emerge, which would no longer then be a "Catholic heresy," as the Golen Church was claiming, or a religion transplanted from Asia Minor, as others claimed. On the contrary, Catharism was the formal expression of the religion that was existing a priori in Occitan society: it was the Gral, so everyone was believing, which was religionizing Occitan society and constituting the fundament of the Cathar religion.*

But the Gral, by communicating the next coming of the Universal Emperor, was also announcing the War, the inevitable conflict that its Presence would pose to the Potencies of Matter, perhaps the Final Battle if the times were ripe for it. The "historical moment" of the appearance of the Gral was demanding, then, a special predisposition from the people to face the crisis that would fatally happen: it was the time of spiritual awakening and material renunciation, of clearly dis-

criminating between the Allness of the Spirit and the Nothingness of Matter. Now you will understand, Dr. Siegnagel, why the Cathars organized themselves as a Church and dedicated themselves to publicly preach the Hyperborean Wisdom: they were preparing the people for the historical moment, they were strengthening their Will and procuring to acquire the "State of Grace" that the times were demanding. If the Universal Emperor was coming, Khristos Lúcifer would be closer than ever to the captive Spirit in Man, favoring its liberation: that is why the Cathars were announcing the imminent arrival of Lucibel, and encouraging the people to forget the World of Matter and to affix their interior eyes only on Him. If the Universal Emperor was coming, profoundly spiritual men would be required, who possessed the Hyperborean Wisdom and were transmuted by the Remembrance of the Origin, by the revelation of the Naked Truth of Themselves, that is to say, Men of Stone would be needed: that is why the Cathars formed and launched thousands of troubadours initiated into the Cult of the Cold Fire of the House of Tharsis; they had the mission to travel the country and ignite in the Nobles of the Blood, Nobles or plebeians, rich or poor, the Flame of the Cold Fire, the A-mort of the Goddess Pyrena, whom they were simply naming as "the Dame," or "the Wisdom"; and the Nobles of the Blood, if they were understanding the Trobar Clus, were being converted into Knights betrothed to their Sword, a Vrune of Navutan, which they were occasionally consecrating to a Dame of flesh and bone, to a Kālibur Woman who was able to immortalize them Beyond the Infinite Blackness of Her Sign of Death.

Twenty-first Day

The urgency of the times had forced the Cathars to publicly expose themselves, an act that would cause, sooner or later, the inevitable attack by the Catholic Church. The Benedictines, Cluniacs, and Cistercians soon began to elevate their protests: already in 1119, that year when the nine Golen are installed in Solomon's Temple, Pope Callixtus II fulminates the excommunication against the heretics of Tolosa. But such measures were not having any effect. In 1147 the Abbot of Clairvaux, Saint Bernard, Chief Golen of the Templar conspiracy, traverses the Languedoc, everywhere receiving displays of hostility from the people and the seigniorial nobility. From then on, it will be the Cistercians who will be in charge of stoking hatreds and forming a new Perseus-people to destroy the "Occitan Dragon." But the Cathars, far from being daunted by these threats, convoked a General Council in 1167 at Saint-Félix-de-Caraman: there they resolved to divide the land, in the same way as the Catholic Church, into bishoprics and parishes.

The Cathar Church, then, was being organized based on Bishops, Presbyters, Deacons, Elder Brothers, Younger Brothers, etc. and was giving superficial arguments to those who were sustaining the accusation of heresy. However, from the internal point of view, only two groups were existing: the ***"believers" and the Chosen.*** *The believers were constituting the mass of those who were sympathizing with Catharism or professing its faith, but without reaching the initiation of the Holy Spirit that was characterizing the Chosen. The latter, on the other hand, had been* ***purified*** *by the Holy Spirit and that is why the believers were calling them* ***pure****, or in other words,* ***Cathars****. It should be clarified that the initiation into the Cathar Mystery, being a social act like any initiation, was being differentiated from the initiations to the Ancient Mysteries in that the ritual form was reduced to a minimum: in effect, the Cathars, the Pure Men or Initiates, were having the Power of communicating the Holy Spirit to the believers by means of the laying on of hands, whereupon the latter would also be*

able to convert himself into a Cathar; so that such a miracle could occur, it was necessary to have a "Hyperborean Chamber," in which the believer was situated and received the ***consolamentum*** *from the hands of the Pure Man; but the Hyperborean Chamber was not any material construction, like the Temples of the Golen, but a concept from the Hyperborean Wisdom of the White Atlanteans, the realization of which was constituting a secret zealously guarded by the Cathars: for your clarification, Dr. Siegnagel, I will tell you that it consisted in the same principles that I already explained on the Third Day as fundamentals of the "strategic way of life," that is to say, the principle of* ***occupation****, the principle of the* ***fence****, and the principle of the* ***strategic wall****.*

The three principles mentioned intervene in the concept of the Hyperborean Chamber, and its realization was able to be effectuated at any site, although, I repeat, the lithic technique, which was only requiring the spatial distribution of a few unhewn stones, was secret. Thus, with only some stones and their hands, the Cathars were initiating the believers into the Mystery of the Uncreated Spirit; and as true representatives of the Blood Pact, they were in this way opposing the Cult with Wisdom, the Temple with the Strategic Wall.

*But if the ritual form was minimal, the consequent spiritual process was reaching the maximum intensity during the Cathar initiation. The believer was interiorly "****consoled****," that is to say, he was* ***sustained*** *by the Spirit, and converted into a Chosen One.* ***But, Chosen by whom? By Himself. Because the Cathar Initiates are Self-convoked To Liberate Their Spirit, those who have Chosen Themselves To Reach The Origin and Exist. The believer, then, would not be Chosen by the Cathars, nor would his transmutation depend only on the*** *Consolamentum* ***but*** *His Own Spirit Chose and Invested Itself in Purity by strategically situating Itself under the charismatic influence of pure men.*

The Cathar Church was lacking of Rituals, Temples, and sacraments: the Cathars were only allowing themselves the preaching, the exposition of the Gospel of Khristos Lucibel to every believing man. And it was resulting that the tireless preaching was spreading Catharism day by day, like an epi-

demic, throughout the land of the Languedoc, causing the consequent alarm of the Catholic Church that was seeing its Temples empty and its Priests despised and offended. The Pure Men were attributing the success to the proximity of the "historical moment" in which the Gral would appear. But, what at first was simple conviction, one day, when Catharism was at the zenith of popular adhesion, became an effective reality: toward the end of the twelfth century, very many Pure Men were assuring ***to have physically seen the Gral and received its transmuting Power****.*

In the county of Foix, in the heart of the Pyrenean region, was the Seigniory of Raymond de Péreille, which was including, apart from castles, villages, and cultivated fields, a very steep mountainous peak, on the summit of which was an ancient fortress in ruins. The name of that place was ***Montsegur*** *and its Seignior, as well as all his family and his subjects, were counted among the believers of the Cathar Church. In the year 1202 the Pure Men requested Raymond de Péreille to construct a strange edifice of stone at Montsegur with an asymmetrical pentagonal shape: improper for defense, inadequate to inhabit, aesthetically shocking, the work was conceived, nonetheless, according to the Highest Hyperborean Strategy. Its function had nothing to do with defense, housing, or beauty, but with the Gral, with the Physical Manifestation of the Gral:* ***Montsegur would be an area of reference from which the Initiates would be able to locate the Gral, and, even, to physically approach it****. Its function was not consisting, then, in serving as a depot to "guard" the Gral, because the Gral can be neither inside nor outside of anything: as the Spirit, Eternal and Infinite, the reality of the Gral is Beyond the Origin. But, to locate the Origin signifies the liberation of the Spirit enchained to Matter, it is that the Gral approaches sleeping men to facilitate that localization; and Montsegur was going to be, then, the Strategic Wall from where the Gral would be seen, the orientation toward the Origin would be found, the Spirit would reencounter Itself and the Voice of the Pure Blood would be heard once again. And the Gral would speak and reveal to the White Race the identity of the King of the Pure Blood, of the Universal Emperor.*

In synthesis, Dr., ***the Gral from Montsegur, as a stone, would be able to be found and taken by the pure men; but, while they remained in the Strategic Wall, the Gral would not be inside but outside of Montsegur as*** *the technique of the referential area* ***demands it, whereas, once taken outside, it would be able to be transported to any other site if desired, as the reference would be preserved as long as the fenced referential area and the Initiates who operate it existed. Naturally, the Gral can be located, always, from any place that constitutes a liberated plaza in the space of the Enemy, an area occupied to the Potencies of Matter according to the techniques of the Hyperborean Wisdom of the White Atlanteans, a site where the Illusion of the Great Deception does not act: Yes, Dr., from such a strategic area, at any place, the Hyperborean Initiates, be they Wise Warriors, Men of Stone, or Pure Men, will be able to find the Gral of Khristos Lúcifer whenever they desire it: but, it will not be necessary to insist on it, the Strategic Walls constructed will not then even be similar to those of Montsegur, since the inconstant distribution of matter in the universal space, forces to punctually vary the Strategic Form used.***

As I wrote two days ago, when Innocent III took control of the Vatican, in the year 1198, the plans of the White Brotherhood were about to be concretized. And in those plans was, as a pending question to which must be given a prompt solution, the fulfillment of the sentence of extermination that was weighing on the Cathars. In principle, Innocent III sends special legates to traverse the land of Oc while he initiates a maneuver destined to submit the King of Aragon, Peter II, to the vassalage of Saint Peter, something that he achieves in 1204: in that year Peter II was crowned in Rome by the Pope, who gives him the royal insignias, mantle, colobium, scepter, globe, crown, and mitre; immediately afterward he demands an oath of fidelity and obedience to the Pontiff, of defense of the Catholic faith, of protection of the ecclesiastical rights in all his lands and Seigniories, and **to combat heresy to the death.** *Peter II accedes to everything, who does not suspect his sad end at the hands of the Cistercians, and, after receiving the*

Knight's Sword from the hands of Innocent III, ***cedes his Kingdom to Saint Peter, to the Pope, and his Successors.***

By this time, the legates had already alerted the bishops loyal to the Golen and effectuated a prolix census of the autochthonous prelates who would never approve the destruction of the Oc civilization and who would have to be expurgated from the Church. In 1202, the Golen consider that the conditions are given to execute their plans and decide to lay a mortal trap for the Count of Tolosa, Raymond VI: the mechanism of that trap aims to offer a justification for the imminent destruction of the Oc civilization and the Cathar extermination; and the artifice, devised to deceive the prey, is a propitiatory victim, a Cistercian monk of Fontfroide Abbey named Pierre de Castelnau. That sinister personage was very well prepared for the function that he would have to perform, without knowing it, of course, since he was excelling in such matters as cruelty, fanaticism, hatred of "heresy," etc.; and, to potentiate his imprudent and intolerant action, he was endowed with special powers that were putting him above any ecclesiastical authority except the Pope and was ordered ***to inquire*** *about the faith of the Occitans: in only six years, Pierre de Castelnau managed to earn the hatred of a whole country. In 1208, after having a dispute with Raymond VI because of the violent repression that he was claiming against the Cathar heresy, Pierre de Castelnau is assassinated by the Golen themselves and the responsibility for the crime made to fall on the Count of Tolosa: the trap had been shut. The response of Innocent III to the assassination of his legate would be the proclamation of a holy Crusade against the Occitan heretics. Logically, the call for that Crusade was entrusted to the Congregation of Cister.*

Heir to the region that the Romans were calling "Gallia Narbonensis" and Charlemagne "Gothic Gaul," the Languedoc was constituting an enormous land of 40,000 km², which was bordering the Kingdom of France: in the east, on the banks of the Rhône, and in the north, with Forez, Auvergne, Rouergue and Quercy. In the thirteenth century that country was de facto and de jure under the sovereignty of the King of Aragon: among the most important Seigniories were the Duchy of

Narbonne, the Counties of Tolosa, Foix and Béarn, the Viscounts of Carcassonne, Béziers, Rodez, Lussac, Albi, Nîmes, etc. In addition to these vassals, Peter II had inherited the states of Catalonia and the Counties of Roussillon and Pallars, and was possessing rights over the County of Provence. But not all was ending there: Peter II, whose sister, Constance, was the wife of Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen, had his two other sisters married to the Counts of Tolosa, father and son, Eleanor to Raymond VI and Sancha to Raymond VII, and was entitled to, by his own marriage to Maria of Montpellier, rights over that County of the Languedoc. The commitment of the King of Aragon to the land of Oc was not able to, then, be greater.

The Cistercians called for the Crusade throughout Europe after the death of Pierre de Castelnau, that is, since 1208. In July of 1209, the most numerous army that was ever seen in those lands was crossing the Rhône and marching toward the land of Oc; as its chief, Innocent III appointed a Golen who was seeming to emerge from the very bowels of Hell: Arnaud Amalric, Abbot of Cîteaux, the mother monastery of the Cistercian Order. The army of Satan, comprised of three hundred and fifty thousand crusaders, soon finds itself laying siege to the small fortified city of Béziers; the sentence of extermination will at last be fulfilled! Hours later, the defenders cede a gate and the infernal troops prepare themselves to conquer the plaza; the military chiefs interrogate Arnaud Amalric about the way of distinguishing the heretics from the Catholics, to which the Abbot of Cîteaux responds, "Kill them all. The Lord knows those who are His." Nobles and plebeians, women and children, men and the elderly, Catholics and heretics, the totality of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Béziers are decapitated or burned in the following moments. The body of Béziers is the Eucharistic Lamb of the Communion of the Crusaders, the Sacrament of Blood and Fire that constitutes the Sacrifice to the One Creator God, Jehovah Satan. Punishment from the Creator God, Condemnation from the White Brotherhood, Sanction of the Dark Atlanteans, Priest Expiation, Golen Vengeance, Hebrew Chastisement, Catholic Penance, the slaughter of Béziers is archetypal: it has been and will be, as

long as the peoples of Pure Blood attempt to recover their Hyperborean Inheritance; until the Final Battle.

After Béziers, falls Carcassonne, where five hundred heretics are burned, the autochthonous prelates deposed, and the Viscount Raymond Roger is captured and humiliated. Peter II arrives to Carcassonne to intercede for his vassal and friend without obtaining anything from the papal legate: this impotence gives an idea of the power that the Church had acquired, in those centuries, over the "temporal Kings." The King of Aragon withdraws, then, and concentrates on another Crusade, which is being simultaneously carried out: the fight against the Muslims of Spain; he believes that with participating in that feat, his honor would not be compromised, as would be the case if he intervened in the repression of his subjects; however, the lack of honor was already great, for he was abandoning them in the hands of his worst enemies. While the Golen Crusade is exterminating the Cathars castle by castle, and procures to destroy the County of Tolosa, Peter II successfully confronts the Muslims in the reconquest of Valencia. He returns, finally, to Narbonne, where he meets with the Cathar Counts of Tolosa and Foix, and with the military chief of the Crusade, Simon de Montfort, and the papal legates: again, he gets nothing, but this time his Catholic condition is questioned and threatened with excommunication; he ends up accepting the indiscriminate repression and confirming the rapine effectuated by Simon: he agrees that, if the Counts of Tolosa and Foix were not apostatizing from Catharism, those titles would be transferred to him. Then Peter II was believing that the Crusade was only pursuing the end of "heresy" and that his sovereignty over the Languedoc would not be questioned. It is this way that, as "proof of good faith," he arranges the marriage of his son James with the daughter of Simon de Montfort: but James, James I the Conqueror, the future King of Aragon, is only two years old; Peter II delivers him to Simon for his education, that is to say, as a hostage, and the latter is hastened to situate him behind the walls of Carcassonne.

Then, Peter II joins the fight against the Almohads, together with King Alfonso VIII of Castile, and remains two years dedicated to the Reconquest of Spain. After playing a prominent

role in the Battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, he returns to Aragon, where the sad surprise awaits him that the Crusaders of Christ have divided his lands and threatened to request protection from the King of France: Arnaud Amalric, the Abbot of Cîteaux, is now "Duke of Narbonne," and Simon de Montfort "Count of Tolosa." It ends in 1212 when Peter II complains to Innocent III for the action of open conquest that the Crusaders are carrying out on his land; the Pope tries to stall him to give time to the Golen to complete the annihilation of Catharism and the destruction of the Oc civilization, but, at the insistence of the Aragonese monarch, he ends up by showing his true hand and excommunicated him. Thus, Innocent III, who in 1204 crowned and appointed him ***Gonfaloniere****,*[28] *that is to say, Senior Alférez of the Church, was now considering that he too was a heretic: but it would be a naivety to expect that a Golen, only interested in complying with the satanic plans of the White Brotherhood, had acted in a different manner. Suddenly Peter II understands it all and marches with an improvised army to help Count Raymond VI at the siege of Tolosa; but it is too late to combat the Infernal Powers:* ***whoever has lived closing his eyes to the Truth has become too weak to hold the gaze of the Great Deceiver****; Peter II has reacted but his strength is only enough for him to die. It is what he does in the Battle of Muret against Simon de Montfort, in September of 1213: he incomprehensibly dies, in the middle of a great strategic disaster, in which the Aragonese army is destroyed and the last hope of the Occitan Cathars definitively buried.*

28. Gonfalonier of the Church; a mainly ceremonial military and political post within the Papal States.

Twenty-second Day

Like Tartessos, like Saxony, like the land of Oc, the peoples of Pure Blood have to pay a harsh tribute for opposing the Hyperborean Wisdom to the Cult of the One God. The Crusade against the Cathars "and other heretics of the Languedoc" would continue, with some interruptions, for thirty more years; thousands and thousands of Occitans would end up at the stake, but the land of Occitan would go slowly returning to the bosom of the Mother Church in the end. In 1218, Simon de Montfort dies during a siege of Tolosa, which had been reconquered by Raymond VII; his son Amauric, lacking the vocation of Executioner Golen that Simon was possessing in such high degree, ends up selling the rights of the county of Tolosa to the King of France Louis VIII, with which the Capetians legalize the intervention and they will conclude by keeping all the land. But this was not accidental: the Frankish occupation of the Languedoc was constituting an unpostponable objective of the Golen Strategy, principally because it would permit to prohibit the marvelous language of Oc, the "language of heresy," in favor of medieval French, the language of the Benedictines, Cluniacs, Cistercians, and Templars. That linguistic substitution would be the coup de grâce for the Culture of the troubadours, as the stakes had been for Catharism.

Adding the destruction of the Oc civilization to the remaining great works carried out by Innocent III during his ecclesiastical reign, it is understood that when dying, in 1216, he has supposed that the plans of the White Brotherhood were about to be fulfilled: the guarantee of it, the instrument of universal domination, would be the young Emperor Frederick II, who in those days was in full agreement with the Golen Strategy. However, Frederick II was going to surprisingly change his attitude and deliver a mortal blow to the plans of the White Brotherhood: and the principal cause of that change, of that spiritual manifestation that was flowing from his Pure Blood and transforming him into a Lord of Lords, was the effective Presence of the Gral of Khristos Lúcifer.

The Cathars, in effect, paying the cruel price of the extermination to which the Benedictine Golen had condemned them, achieved in a hundred years to pit a whole people of Pure Blood against the Potencies of Matter. The Blood Pact had thus been restored, but the confrontation was not able to be won because it was not yet time to unleash the Final Battle on Earth: the moment was propitious, instead, to die with Honor and await in Valhalla, in Agartha, the signal from the Liberating Gods to intervene in the Final Battle that would come. But, even if the present battle could not be won, the laws of war were demanding to inflict the greatest possible damage to the Enemy; and, in that case, the greatest setback in the plans of the Enemy would produce the manifestation of the Gral. That is why the Cathars, despite the bitter persecutions of the Crusaders and Golen that were decimating them, and the horrific collective killings of believers, were tirelessly working from Montsegur to spatially stabilize the Gral and approach it in the physical body.

It can be considered that the concrete results of that Hyperborean Strategy would have been produced in the year 1217: then the physical Presence of the Gral executed the ***Tabula Regia*** *and confirmed that Frederick II Hohenstaufen was the true King of the White Race, the only one with spiritual conditions to establish the Universal Empire of the Pure Blood. And in coincidence with the appearance of the Gral in Montsegur, simultaneously, Frederick II was achieving in Sicily the comprehension of the Hyperborean Wisdom and was transmuting himself into a Man of Stone: from that moment he would begin his war against the "Popes of Satan," "the Antichrists," as he was calling them in his libels; he also prohibits the transit and any economic or military operation of the Templars in his Kingdom, bringing them to trial for heresy. It is then when Frederick II publicly affirms that "the three Great Liars of History were Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad, currently represented by the Antichrist who occupies the Throne of Saint Peter."*

With the decided and unforeseen action of Frederick II, the delicate architecture of intrigues built by the Golen was beginning to crumble. But the White Brotherhood, and the Golen, knew very well from where the real attack was pro-

ceeding and, far from engaging in a direct and useless confrontation against the Emperor, they concentrated all their efforts in the Languedoc, which from there would be converted into an authentic Hell: it was urgent to find the magical construction that was sustaining the Gral and destroy it; it was necessary, then, to obtain the information as rapidly as possible.

Heretics would no longer be immediately sent to the stake: it was now necessary to obtain their confession, to discover their secret places, the site of their ceremonies. For this mission the form of inquiring about their faith is perfected by instituting the use of torture, extortion, bribery, denunciation, and threat. And as such a task of interrogation of prisoners, who were cherishing dying before speaking, could no longer be solely carried out by the papal legates, they decide to entrust it to a special Order: the "beneficiary" of the undertaking would be the Order of Preachers, that is to say, the Order founded, as we will see, by Saint Dominic of Guzmán.

Well, in spite of the efficient labor carried out by the Inquisition with the capture and execution of hundreds of Occitan heretics, the Golen took twenty-seven years to reach Montsegur: in the meantime, either through false information, or reasonable doubt, or a simple suspicion, they were demolishing, one by one, thousands of stone constructions in Occitania, contributing even more to ruin that beautiful country. However, the Gral was not found and Frederick II carried out almost all his projects to weaken the Golen papacy. Only in 1244 are the Crusaders under the command of Pierre d'Amiel, Golen Archbishop of Narbonne, deployed against Montsegur and the Presence of the Occitan Gral comes to its end: after the troops of Satan occupied the plaza of Montsegur, "the Gral would disappear and would never again be seen in the Occident."

Montsegur was conquered and in part destroyed; the family of the Seignior of Perella was exterminated, together with two hundred and fifty Cathars who were operating there; but the Gral could never be found. What occurred with the Stone of Venus of Khristos Lúcifer? It was transported very far away by some Cathars who were in charge of its custody. It is worth repeating, however, that the Gral, by being a Reflection of the

Origin, is Present at every time and place from where a strategic disposition based on Hyperborean Wisdom is posed, and that it would be able to be found again if the necessary conditions were given, if the Pure Men and the Strategic Wall existed. The Cathars, who managed to hold it as a ***Stone****, that is to say, as a* ***Lapsit Exilis****, for twenty-seven years, decided to move it before the fall of Montsegur. Five of the Pure Men embarked for Marseille toward the destination that the Liberating Gods of K'Taagar had signaled:* ***the unknown lands that were existing beyond the Western Sea****, that is to say, America. The ship was belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights and was awaiting them for some time by express order of the Grand Master Hermann von Salza: that evacuation was the only aid that Frederick II could provide them, despite the fact that, for a long time, the arrival of an imperial garrison had been awaited at Montsegur.*

The Constanza, which the ship was thus named, after crossing the Pillars of Hercules, went out into the Ocean and took the route that centuries later Díaz de Solís would follow. Four months later, prior to sailing up the Río de la Plata and the Río Paraná, they were arriving to a region close to the present city of Asunción of Paraguay. The map that the Teutonic Knights were using was coming from distant Pomerania, one of the lands of Northern Europe that they were conquering by mandate of Emperor Frederick II: there existed a people of Danish origin who were sailing toward America and they were possessing a colony in the place where the Constanza had been headed; those Vikings were trading with "some relatives" who, according to them, had made themselves Kings of a great nation who were leaving behind the high snowy peaks of the west: a country separated from the colony by extensive and impenetrable jungles, which would be none other than the Inca Empire; some Danes were coming on the Constanza who knew the dialect spoken by the colonists.

They found the colony at the indicated site and there the Pure Men disembarked, to fulfill their objective of giving adequate physical shelter to the Gral through the construction of a Strategic Wall. The ship of the Teutonic Order departed, some time later, but the Pure Men would never return to Eu-

rope: instead they worked for years, helped by the colonists and the Guayaki Indians, to complete an astounding subterranean construction on one of the slopes of Cerro Corá. The physical Presence of the Gral was now ensured, since the construction had been referred to in such a way that its spatial stability was sufficient to remain many centuries at the site, until other Pure Men sought and found it.

Naturally, the Templars, alerted in Europe by the White Brotherhood, did not take long to depart in pursuit of the Cathars. They usually were sailing to America from the ports of Normandy, where they were readying a powerful fleet, for they were needing to accumulate precious metals, especially silver, to pay for the future Financial Synarchy, metals that could be easily obtained in America. Some years after the events narrated, the Templars fell into the Viking colony and put all its inhabitants to the sword; but the Gral, again, did not appear.

The Golen would not forget the episode and then, in the middle of the "conquest of America" by Spain, a legion of Jesuits, natural heirs of the Benedictines and Templars, would settle in the region to attempt to locate and steal the Stone of Venus. But all the searches would be fruitless and, on the contrary, the Presence of the Gral would be making itself felt in an irresistible way over the Spanish settlers, purifying the Pure Blood and predisposing the people to recognize the Universal Emperor. In the nineteenth century, Dr. Siegnagel, a miracle analogous to that of the Oc civilization was about to be repeated: the Republic of Paraguay was raising itself with its own light above the nations of America. In effect, that country was possessing a powerful and well-equipped army, its own fleet, railroad, heavy industry, flourishing agriculture, and an enviable social organization, with very advanced legislation for the Epoch, in which obligatory, free, and gratis education is emphasized: and this in 1850. The population was brave and proud of its Stirp, and knew to admire the spirituality and the valor of its Chiefs. Of course, to the White Brotherhood the direction that society was taking was not pleasing, which would not agree to integrate itself to the scheme of the "international division of labor" then proposed as a model of

world economic order: such order was the preliminary step for the concretion in the twentieth century of the Financial Synarchy and the World Government of the Chosen People, ancient plans that, as I clarified, were frustrated in the Middle Ages. For the White Brotherhood, the Paraguayan people were becoming ill; and the virus that was affecting them was called "nationalism," the worst modern enemy of the synarchic plans.

The height of the situation occurred in 1863, ***when the Gral appears again and confirms to all, that Marshall Francisco Solano López is a King of Pure Blood, a Lord of War, a Universal Emperor****. Then the sentence of extermination is decreed against the Paraguayan people and the dynasty of Solano López. In a short time a new Crusade is announced in all areas: Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay will provide the means and the troops, but behind these semi-colonial countries is England, that is to say, English Masonry, a Golen and Hebrew organization. At the head of the Crusader army, which is now called "Allied," is placed the Argentine General Bartolomé Mitre, a Mason entirely subordinated to British interests. But the capacity to officiate as Executioner Golen that General Mitre demonstrates amply surpasses the diabolical cruelty of Arnaud Amalric and Simon de Montfort: and it is logical that it be so, since the patience of the Enemy was exhausted centuries ago and now intends to give an exemplary punishment, a chastisement that clearly demonstrates that the path of spiritual and racial nationalism will no longer be tolerated.*

The War of the Triple Alliance is initiated in 1865. In 1870, when the armies of Satan occupy Asunción and Marshall Solano López dies fighting in Cerro Corá, the war ends and leaves the following toll: population of Paraguay before the war: 1,300,000 inhabitants; population after the surrender: 300,000 inhabitants. Béziers, Carcassonne, Tolosa, are child's play in front of a million deaths, Dr. Siegnagel! And it goes without saying that many of the three hundred thousand survivors were women, elders, and Indians; the population of Hispanic origin, that which was brave and proud, is mercilessly exterminated, house by house, in gruesome massacres that will have caused the delight of the Potencies of Matter.

Once again, Perseus had slain Medusa. A million heroic Paraguayans, together with their chief of Pure Blood, was the sacrifice that the satanic forces offered to the One God in the nineteenth century, in that remote country of South America, where, nevertheless, the transmuting Presence of the Gral of Khristos Lúcifer manifested itself.

Twenty-third Day

It is time that I refer to Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers. Dominic de Guzmán was born in 1170 in the village of Caleruega, Old Castile, which was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Osma. Before he was born, his mother had a dream in which she saw her future son as a dog that was carrying between its jaws a burning labrys, that is to say, a double-bladed flaming ax. That symbol deeply interested the Seigniors of Tharsis as they were considering it a sign that Dominic was predestined for the Cult of the Cold Fire. From there they attentively watched him during his childhood and, as soon as he concluded his primary instruction, they arranged a place for him at the University of Palencia, which then was at the zenith of its academic prestige. The motive was clear: the celebrated Bishop Pedro of Tharsis was teaching theology at Palencia, better known by the nickname of "Petreño," who was enjoying unlimited confidence on the part of King Alfonso VIII, whom was one of his principal advisors.

What occurred fifty years earlier to his cousin, Bishop Lupo, was a warning that was not able to be overlooked and that is why Petreño was living behind the walls of the University, in a very modest house but that had the advantage of being provided with a small private chapel: there he was having, for his contemplation, a reproduction of Our Lady of the Grotto. In that chapel, Petreño initiated Dominic de Guzmán in the Mystery of the Cold Fire, and so great was the transmutation operated in him, that he soon converted himself into a Man of Stone, into a Hyperborean Initiate endowed with enormous thaumaturgical powers and no lesser Wisdom: so profound was the devotion of Dominic de Guzmán for Our Lady of the Grotto that, it was being said, the Holy Virgin herself was responding to the monk in his prayers. It was he who communicated to Petreño that he had seen Our Lady of the Grotto with a necklace of roses. Then Petreño indicated that that ornament was equivalent to the necklace of skulls of Frya Kālibur: Frya Kālibur, seen outside of Himself, was appearing vested as

Death and wearing the necklace with the skulls of her slain lovers; the skulls were the beads with the Words of the Deception; but Frya seen in the depths of Himself, behind Her Veil of Death that presents Her as Terrible to the Soul, was the Naked Truth of the Eternal Spirit, the Virgin of Agartha of Absolute and Immaculate Beauty; it would be natural that she wore a necklace of roses in which each bud represented the hearts of those who had Loved Her with the Cold Fire. Dominic was left intensely captivated by that vision and did not stop until he invented the Rosary, which consisted of a cord where were strung, but fixed, three sets of sixteen little balls amassed with rose petals, the sixteen, thirteen plus three beads, were corresponding to the "Mysteries of the Virgin." The Rosary of Saint Dominic is utilized to pronounce orderly prayers, or mantrams, which go producing a mystical state in the devotee of the Virgin and end up igniting the Cold Fire in the Heart.

It should not be surprising that he mentions sixteen Mysteries of the Virgin and today they are counted as fifteen, or that the number of beads of the Rosary varies, or that today the Rosary is associated with the Mysteries of Jesus Christ and the Mysteries of Our Lady of the Child of Stone have been hidden, since all the Work of Saint Dominic has been systematically deformed and distorted, both by the enemies of his Order, as by the traitors who have existed in quantity and exist, in even greater quantity, within it.

Dominic arrived to dictate the cathedra of Sacred Scripture at the University of Palencia, but his natural vocation for preaching, and his desire for divulging the use of the Rosary, led him to disseminate the Christian Doctrine and the Cult to Our Lady of the Rosary in the most remote regions of Castile and Aragon. In that action he stood out enough as to convince the Seigniors of Tharsis that they were before the indicated man to found the first anti-Golen Order in the History of the Church. Dominic was capable of living in extreme poverty, knew how to preach and awaken faith in Christ and the Virgin, was giving signs of true sanctity, and he was surprising with his inspired Wisdom: it would be difficult to deny him the right of congregating those who were believing in his work.

But, so that such a right could not be denied by the Golen, it was necessary that Dominic make himself known outside of Spain, that he gave to the peoples the example of his humility and sanctity. The Bishop of Osma, Diego de Acebo, who was secretly sharing the ideas of the Seigniors of Tharsis, decided that the best place to send Dominic was the South of France, the region that at that time was agitated by a confrontation with the Church: the great majority of the Occitan population had turned to the Cathar religion, which according to the Church was constituting "an abominable heresy," and without the Benedictines of Cluny and Cister, so powerful in the rest of France, having been able to prevent it. To that end, Bishop Diego obtained the representation of the Infante Don Ferdinand to concert the marriage with the daughter of the Earl of March, which was giving him the opportunity of traveling to France taking Dominic de Guzmán with him, whom he had already named Presbyter. That trip allowed him to acquaint himself with the "Cathar heresy" and to project a plan. On a second trip to France, the daughter of the Earl died, and it decided the mission of Dominic; both clerics head to Rome: there Bishop Diego negotiates before the terrible Golen Pope Innocent III the authorization to traverse the Languedoc preaching the Gospel and making known the use of the Rosary.

Obtaining the authorization, both depart from Montpellier to preach in the cities of the South; they do it barefoot and begging for sustenance, not differentiating themselves too much from the Pure Men who profusely transit the same roads. The humility and austerity they display contrasts notably with the luxury and pomp of the papal legates, who in those days also traverse the land trying to put a stop to Catharism, and with the ostensible wealth of Archbishops and Bishops. However, they gather signs of hostility in many villages and cities, not for their acts, which the Pure Men respect, not even for their preaching, but for what they represent: the Church of Jehovah Satan. But those results were foreseen beforehand by Petreño and Diego de Osma, who had imparted precise instructions to Dominic on the Strategy to follow.

The point of view of the Seigniors of Tharsis was the following: observing ***from Spain*** *the openly combative attitude*

assumed by the People of Oc toward the Priests of Jehovah Satan, and considering the experience that the House of Tharsis was having in similar situations, the evident conclusion was indicating that the consequence would be destruction, ruin, and extermination. In the opinion of the Seigniors of Tharsis, collective suicide ***was not necessary*** *and, on the contrary, was only benefiting the Enemy; but, it was also clear, that the Cathars were not completely taking the situation into account, perhaps by not knowing the diabolical wickedness of the Golen, who were constituting the Secret Government of the Church of Rome, and for only perceiving the superficial, and most shocking, aspect of the Catholic organization. But, even though the Cathars were not supposing that the Golen, from the College of Temple Constructors of Cister, had decreed the extermination of the Pure Men and the destruction of the Oc civilization, and that they would fulfill that sentence to its last details, it was no less certain that such a possibility would not worry them at all: as touched by a mystical madness, the Pure Men were having their eyes fixed on the Origin, on the Gral, and were indifferent to the evolution of the world. And it was already seen how effective that tenacity was, which enabled the manifestation of the Gral and of the Universal Emperor, and caused the Failure of the Plans of the White Brotherhood.*

Faced with the intransigence of the Cathars, Dominic and Diego resort to an extreme procedure, which was not able to be disapproved by the Church: they warn, to whoever wants to listen to them, about the certain destruction to which the declared support of the heresy will lead them. But they are not listened to. To the believers, who constitute the majority of the Occitan population and who, like any religious mass, do not master philosophical subtleties, it is impossible for them to believe that Evil can triumph over Good, that is to say, that the Church of Rome can effectively destroy the Cathar Church. And the Cathars, who know that ***Evil can triumph over Good on Earth****, do not care, since these are in any case only variations of the Illusion: for the Pure Men, the only reality is the Spirit; and that Truth signifies the definitive and absolute triumph of Good over Evil, that is to say, the Eternal Permanence of the Reality of the Spirit and the Final Dissolution of*

the Illusion of the Material World. The year is 1208 and, while the peoples are affirmed in these positions, Pope Innocent III announces the Crusade in retaliation for the death of his legate Pierre de Castelnau. It is already too late for the preaching of Saint Dominic to have any effect. However, the principal objective of the mission, which was to impose the saintly figure of Dominic and to make known his aptitudes as an organizer and founder of religious communities, was being achieved. In that year, while the massacre of Béziers and other Golen atrocities were taking place, Saint Dominic was realizing his first foundation in Fanjeaux, near Carcassonne. He had understood from the start that the Occitan Dames were presenting a special predisposition for the spiritual A-mort and that is why he establishes there the Monastery of Prouilhe, the nuns of which will be dedicated to the care of children and to the Cult of the Virgin of the Rosary: the first Abbess was Maiella of Tharsis, great initiate in the Cult of the Cold Fire, sent from Spain for that function. And she then applies one of the strategic principles indicated by Petreño: to escape the control of the Golen, to some extent, it was indispensable to discard the ***Regula monachorum*** *of Saint Benedict. From there Saint Dominic has given to the nuns of Prouilhe the Rule of Saint Augustine.*

Of course, Saint Dominic and Diego de Osma were not acting alone: some Nobles and clerics were supporting them, who were secretly professing the Cult of the Cold Fire and were receiving spiritual assistance from the Seigniors of Tharsis. Among them were the Archbishop of Narbonne and the Bishop of Tolosa, who were contributing to that work with important sums of money. The latter was a Genoese Initiate named Folquet, infiltrated into the Cister by the Seigniors of Tharsis and who would not be discovered until the end: in those days Bishop Folquet was passing for a sworn enemy of the Cathars, defender of Catholic orthodoxy, and he was taking advantage of that prestige to promote the monastic work of Dominic and his personal sanctity before the papal legates and his superiors from Cister.

In the years following, Saint Dominic attempts to carry out the plan of Petreño and founds a semi-lay brotherhood, to the

*type of the Orders of chivalry, called "**Militia Christi**," from which would arise the **Tertii Ordinis de Paenitentia Sancti Dominici**, of which members were known as "Tertiary monks"; but soon this organization was shown inefficient for the objectives sought and something more perfect and of greater reach had to be thought of. For several years the new Order was planned, taking into consideration the experience gathered and the formidable task that it was proposing to carry out, that is, to fight against the strategy of the Golen: a group of sixteen Initiates were collaborating with Saint Dominic in such projects, coming from different parts of the Languedoc who were periodically meeting in Tolosa, among whom was Bishop Folquet. As a result of those speculations, it was decided that the most convenient thing was to create a "Hyperborean Circle" concealed by a Catholic Order: the "Circle" would be a super-Secret Society directed by the Seigniors of Tharsis, which would function within the new monastic Order. Only in this way, they were concluding, would the sought-after objective with the principle of security be conciliated.*

*That secret group, integrated at the beginning by only the sixteen Initiates that I have mentioned, was called **Circulus Domini Canis**, that is to say, Circle of the Seigniors of the Dog. Such a name is explained by recalling the premonitory dream of the mother of Dominic de Guzmán, in which her future son was appearing as a dog that was carrying a flaming ax, and considering that for the Initiates in the Cold Fire the "Dog" was a representation of the Soul and the "Seignior," par excellence, was the Spirit: the Spirit **should** dominate the Soul and assume the function of "Seignior of the Dog" in every Hyperborean Initiate; hence the denomination adopted for the Circle of Initiates, which also had the advantage of being confused with the name of **Dominicani**, that is to say, Dominicans, which the people were giving to the monks of Dominic de Guzmán. It should be added that being a "Seignior of the Dog" in the Mysticism of the Cold Fire is analogous to being a Seignior of the Horse, or "Knight," in the Mysticism of Chivalry, where the Soul is symbolized by "the Horse."*

One of the Initiates, Pedro Cellari, had donated various houses in Tolosa: a few were destined for secret meeting places of the Circle and others were adopted for the use of the future Order. When everything was ready, it was procured to obtain the authorization of Innocent III for the foundation of an Order of mendicant preachers, similar to the one formed by Saint Francis of Assisi in 1210: Innocent III had immediately approved this Order, but the new request was now coming from Tolosa, a land at Holy War in which everyone was suspected of heresy; and one had to proceed with caution; the plan was ambitious but only the unquestionable personality of Saint Dominic would smooth out all the difficulties, just as Saint Francis himself had done; one must not forget that the Golen were controlling all of Western monasticism from the Benedictine Order and were hostile to the creation of new independent Orders. The opportunity presented itself only in 1215, when Bishop Folquet was convoked to the Fourth General Council of the Lateran and brought Saint Dominic with him.

There they ran up against the closed-minded refusal of Innocent III who, as is well known, only ceded after dreaming that the Lateran Basilica, showing signs of collapse, was sustained on the shoulders of Dominic de Guzmán. However, his authorization was merely verbal, although perfectly legal, and he limited himself to accept the reformed Rule of Saint Augustine proposed by Dominic and to recommend the mission of fighting against the heresy. After the death of Innocent III, in 1216, Honorius III gives the definitive approval of the "Order of Preachers" or ***Ordo Praedicatorum*** *and permits its expansion, since by then he was only possessing the monasteries of Prouilhe and Tolosa. From the beginning, all the clerics from the House of Tharsis enter into the Order who, as I said, were in their vast majority, university professors, dragging with them many other sages and scholars of the Epoch. In a short time, then, the Order was transformed into an organization apt for high-level teaching, even though the first general Chapter gathered in Bologna, in 1220, declared that it was a "mendicant Order," with less rigor in poverty than that of Saint Francis. Saint Dominic passed away in 1221, leaving the*

control of the Order in the hands of an Initiate of Pure Blood, the Blessed Master General Jordan of Saxony.

Now, at that time, the Golen were striving to achieve the institutionalization of a systematic inquisition of heresy that permitted them to interrogate any suspect and obtain information leading to the site of the Gral; if such an institution was entrusted to the Benedictines, as was being intended, the end of the Cathar strategy would be more rapid than anticipated, not giving Frederick II time to realize his plans of ruining the Golen papacy. Hence the insistence and eloquence displayed by the Dominicans to present themselves as the Order most apt to carry out that sinister function; but the Dominicans were having some real advantages over the Benedictines: they were constituting not only a local Order, autochthonous to the Languedoc where the Benedictines had long since lost influence, but they were also having monks with great theological instruction, adequate to analyze the declarations that the inquisition of the faith was requiring. The Dominicans had undoubtable capacity for mobilization in the Languedoc and when the Golen were convinced that the new Order would come to their control and permit the ingress of their own inquisitors, they also approved the concession. In 1224 Emperor Frederick II, who despite already being confronted with the papacy, was clear on the situation of the Languedoc and the necessity of supporting the Order of Preachers, renews, by means of an imperial law, the old Roman legislation that was considering the unofficial Cults "crime of lèse majesté," that is to say, liable to the death penalty: in this case the law would be applied to the repression of heresy. In 1231, even though in fact they were already functioning, Pope Gregory IX institutes the "special tribunals of the Inquisition" and entrusts their office to the Orders of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, the latter at the instance of Friar Elias, a secret agent of Frederick II in the Franciscan Order, who would be Minister General from 1232 to 1239, and who in the end, discovered by the Golen, would openly pass to the Ghibelline side. However, in a short time only the Dominicans would be left in charge of the Inquisition.

Two facts must be clear upon evaluating the step taken by the Order of Saint Dominic when accepting the responsibility of the Inquisition. One is that it was representing the lesser evil for the Cathars, since the repression directly executed by the Golen would have been terribly more effective, as was proved in Béziers, and they would thus manage, at least, to sabotage the search for the Gral and delay the fall of Montsegur, an objective that was achieved to a large extent. And the other fact is that the Seigniors of Tharsis were perfectly aware that the Order would be infiltrated by the Golen and that these would open the doors to the most cruel and fanatical personages of Catholic orthodoxy, who would destroy the Cathars and their Work without mercy or remorse: and yet still the balance was indicating that it would be preferable to run that risk than to permit the Golen to operate on their own.

The most fanatical inquisitors, who would soon act within the Order, were not able to be openly obstructed as this would alert the Golen. The tactic consisted, then, in subtly diverting their attention toward false leads or other forms of heresy. In the first case, in effect, the Seigniors of the Dog were able, under the charge of "heresy," to have all the criminals, thieves, degenerates, and prostitutes of the Languedoc liquidated at the stake: these, naturally, never provided any data that served the Golen, although they were made to confess heresy through torture. In the second case, the Dominican Inquisition produced an undesired effect for the Golen Benedictines, which the latter were not capable of counteracting: justly, for the same reasons that the Seigniors of the Dog were not able to prevent the Golen from exterminating the Cathars, that is to say, in order to not be left in contradiction with the laws in effect, the Golen were not able to prevent the members of the Chosen People from being repressed, easily falling under the classification of heresy. And the Seigniors of Tharsis, who had not forgotten the accounts that they had pending with them since the Epoch of the Visigothic Kingdom of Spain and their participation in the Arab invasion, as well as the subsequent intrigues to destroy the House of Tharsis, they now had in their hands, with the Inquisition, a formidable weapon to return blow for blow. It was thus how the Golen found with un-

pleasant surprise that the repression of heresy was resulting, on many occasions, in systematic persecutions of Jews, who were being sent to the stake with equal or greater viciousness than the Cathars. This was, naturally, the effect of the hidden work of the Seigniors of the Dog, which lamentably was not as effective as they were desiring, because, like the Cathars, to the Jewish heretics the possibility of conversion to Catholicism had to be offered, whereupon they were saving their life, something to whom these were using to accede without problems, transforming themselves into Marranos, that is to say, conserving their religion in secret and simulating being Christians, contrarily to the Pure Men, who were preferring to die rather than break Honor and lie about their religious beliefs.

In summary, time was passing, the Cathar heresy was giving way to the more reassuring Catholic religion, the initial furors of the Inquisition were subsiding, and the Order of Preachers was complementing its unjustified celebrity as a repressive organization with another fame more in accordance with the spirit of its founders: that of an Order dedicated to the study, teaching, and preaching of the Catholic faith. The great Scholastic theological system owes a high degree to the work of notable Dominican thinkers and writers, who in almost all cases were not Initiates but were secretly guided by them. To develop this activity, the Order concentrated on two prestigious universities, that of Oxford and that of Paris: it will be enough to remember that professors like the German Saint Albertus Magnus or Saint Thomas Aquinas were Dominicans, to understand that the fame acquired by the Order was here, yes, fully justified. But Dominicans were also Roland of Cremona, who taught in Paris between 1229 and 1231; Pierre de Tarentaise, who did so from 1258 to 1265 and came to be Pope with the name of Innocent V in 1276; Roger Bacon, Richard Fishacre, and Vincent of Beauvais, at Oxford, etc.

One must keep in mind, Dr. Siegnagel, that the Seigniors of Tharsis were possessing the Hyperborean Wisdom and, in consequence, were working according to a millenary historical perspective; they were considering, for example, that those decades of Golen influence were inevitable but that they, finally, would pass: ***the time would then come to expurgate the***

***Order**. Because that was the strategically important thing: to preserve control of the Order and the institution of the Inquisition for a future **opportunity**; when it presented itself, all the force of the horror and repression unleashed by the Cistercian Golen, **as in a strike of** jiu-jitsu, would be able to be turned against its own generators; and no one would feel themselves offended by it, especially in the Languedoc. The weight of the Strategy, as it is noticed, was resting on the capacity of the Circle of the Seigniors of the Dog to maintain its existence in secret and to preserve the control of the Order; this would not be easy as the Golen ended up suspecting that a strange will was frustrating their plans from within the very Inquisitorial Organization, but, each time someone was getting closer to the truth, the Domini Canis were executing him secretly and attributing the death to predictable vengeance from the Occitan heretics.*

*To these purely strategic motivations that were encouraging the Seigniors of Tharsis to work secretly in the **Circulus Domini Canis**, the pure necessity of survival would soon be added, because of the events that occurred in Spain, and that I will begin to expose from tomorrow. As will be seen, the destruction of the Templar Order, and with it the effective failure of the synarchic plans of the White Brotherhood, would become a question of life or death for the House of Tharsis. The last Strategy of the **Circulus** will lead us to that exoteric cause of the failure of the enemy plans, who was Philip IV, and to whom I referred four days ago.*

Twenty-fourth Day

While the Order of Preachers was being developed according to the plans of the Seigniors of Tharsis, something terrible was going to occur in Spain: the return of Bera and Birsha. And it was not long, Dr. Siegnagel, before that event signified the end of the House of Tharsis. Next, I will show how the events took place.

Remember, Dr., that ancient Onuba, major city of the Turdetania, was under Arab domination since the eighth century, who were calling it "Uelva." In the year 1011 it was head of one of the Taifa Kingdoms, its first sovereign being Abu-Zayd Muhammad bin Ayyub, followed by Abul Mozab Abd al-Aziz al-Bakri; but in 1051 it was promptly annexed to the Kingdom of Seville and remained so until 1248. As I already explained, during those centuries of Arab occupation the House of Tharsis survived without problems and reached an enviable economic power; the Villa of Turdes, the existence of which was depending essentially on the properties that the Seigniors of Tharsis were exploiting in the region, had considerably grown and prospered, then counting about three thousand five hundred inhabitants; apart from the direct nucleus of the Tharsis-Valter family, who were living in the seigniorial residence and were comprised of about fifty members, various families from the lineage of the House of Tharsis were living in the Villa de Turdes but from collateral bloodlines. Thus, then, in the year 1128, when Bera and Birsha were holding the Golen Council of Monzón, the Kingdom of Huelva was subordinated to the Taifa of Seville.

The King of Castile and Leon, Ferdinand III the Saint, reconquered Seville in 1248 but dies there in 1252; his son, Alfonso X the Wise, completes the campaign conquering the Algarve and the towns of Niebla and Huelva in 1258. The King gave this region as a dowry for his natural daughter Beatrice, who joined it to the crown of Portugal when marrying Afonso III. As such annexation was damaging the ancient rights that the House of Tharsis had over the region, the Crown of Portugal compensated the Odielón Knight of Tharsis Valter with the

*title of "Count of Tarseval." In truth, on the Coat of Arms that Portugal gave to the House of Tharsis, was inscribed, in chief, the legend: "**Con. Tars. et Val.**," with which the title "Count of Tharsis and Valter" was being abbreviated; the subsequent direct reading of the legend ended up agglutinating the syllables of the abbreviation and forming that word "Tarseval" that identified the House of Tharsis in the following centuries. The design of that blazon was the product of an arduous negotiation between Odielón and the Portuguese Heralds, in which the new Count imposed his point of view, appealing to the difference in language and to a capricious explanation of the requested emblems. Supposing that they were no longer remembering anything about the House of Tharsis in ancient Lusitania, they requested the engraving of many of the familial Symbols on the Coat of Arms: and they were accepting, thus, the presence of roosters as a "representation of the Holy Spirit on the right and left of the Arms of Tharsis"; the unicorn barbel, a chimerical animal, as "the symbol of the Demon who surrounds the navel of the House of Tharsis"; the fortress around the umbilicus as "equivalent to the ancient Property of the House of Tharsis"; to the Odiel and Tinto rivers as "proper to the country and necessary to define the scene"; etc.; and, finally, they included the image of the Wise Sword "as the expression of the Dame, then the Virgin of the Grotto, to whom the Knights of Tharsis were consecrated"; on the blade, the Heralds engraved the War Cry of the Seigniors of Tharsis: "**Honor et Mortis.**" The next King of Castile and Leon, Sancho IV, reintegrated the region of Huelva to the Crown of Castile and installed Don Juan Mate de Luna as Seignior, but he assimilated the title and the Arms of the House of Tharsis to that Kingdom. As we will see shortly, the County of Tarseval, victim of a great loss of life years before, was then enfeoffed by a Catalan Knight, who had ceded the rights of his flourishing Mediterranean County in exchange for those distant Andalusian comarcas.*

More than a century had passed since Bera and Birsha ordered the Golen to execute two missions: fulfill the sentence of extermination that was weighing on the Cathars and build a Templar Castle in Aracena. The first "mission," as was seen,

was carried out with great care by the Golen Cistercians; as for the second, however, still nothing had been advanced. While Ferdinand III the Saint reconquered Seville in 1248, and his son Alfonso X the Wise took control of the Algarve and Huelva in 1258, King Sancho II of Portugal, shortly before his death in 1248, conquers Aracena, a plaza that becomes part of the Crown of Castile in 1252. The haste with which the Templars acted from the very moment the plaza of Huelva was reconquered is then to be supposed. Already in 1259 they had obtained a writ from Alfonso X that was authorizing them "to occupy a plot of land in the Sierra de Aracena and conveniently fortify it, to the effect of lodging and defending a garrison of two hundred Knights." However, years before such a writ was issued, the Templars had located the Odiel Cave, drawn the plans, and excavated the foundations of the Castle. The whole of the Aracena Chain was left for several years under Templar control, including the people of Aracena and various smaller villages. But the members of the Chosen People who were accompanying the Templars in the endeavor, were not coming to an unknown place: the name Aracena, in effect, comes from the Hebrew root ***Arai*** *that means mountains, being Arunda, the mountainous, a synonym of Aracena. This curious etymology is not at all mysterious if one thinks that the village was founded by Jewish merchants who were traveling with the Phoenicians during the occupation of Tarshish, a thousand years before the present Era; then it was called Arcilacis by Ptolemy; Arcena by the Greeks; and Viriathus, who resisted the Roman legions in it, were calling it Erisana. For the Arabs it was Dar Hazen and, because of the horrible meal that the Saracens made when the Christians took the villa by surprise, the Moorish Caracena.*

From 1259, troops were dispatched toward Aracena from many places of Spain and even France, so that during the construction of the Castle 2,000 Knights remained encamped, assisted by three thousand servant brothers. Those forces were distributed around the Hills and exercised a rigorous surveillance in order to prevent the nearby inhabitants, from Cortegana, Almonaster la Real, Zalamea la Real, or other cities, from approaching and observing the works. The Com-

panions of Solomon, the Masonic guild controlled by Cister, attended at the request of the Grand Master since, although the Knights Templar had its own division specialized in military constructions, "this" fortress would have something different. Firstly, it had to possess a grand church; and secondly, this church would have to have a secret entrance that communicated its naves with the subterranean Cave: the cooperation of the College of Temple Constructors was thus indispensable.

The College entrusted the building of the church to Maestro Pedro Millán. He was authorized by the fierce Golen Pope Alexander IV, the same who at that time was excommunicating Manfred of Swabia and procuring the extermination of the Hohenstaufen and the ruin of the Ghibelline party, to consecrate the church to the cult of the Virgen Dolorosa. Such advocation, of course, was not casual but was obeying the Golen plan of substituting the Virgin of Agartha, the Divine Atlantean Mother of Navutan, for a Jewish Virgin Mary, who was weeping, her Heart of Fire trembling from the pain of the crucifixion of her son Jesus: ***the Virgin of Agartha, on the contrary, had not wept or experienced any pain in her Heart of Ice when her Son of Stone crucified Himself on the Tree of Terror and expired, but rejoiced and poured out Her Grace upon the enchained Spirits, because her son had died as the most valiant White Warrior to confront the Illusion of the Potencies of Matter****. The celebration of the Cult to the Virgin of Sorrow was instituted, as it was not able to be otherwise, by the ineffable Golen Pope Innocent III when introducing the* ***Stabat Mater*** *sequence in the Mass of the Sorrows, on the Friday of the Passion of Jesus Christ. Maestro Pedro Millán built, then, for the Templars, the church of Our Lady of Sorrow, patron of Aracena since then, an advocation that was openly contrasting with the Virgin of Grace and Joy, Our Lady of the Grotto, who was being venerated in the neighboring Seigniory of Tharsis, or Turdes. When the Temple was finished, the image of Our Lady of the Greatest Sorrow was deposited on its altar, which is still preserved, and received the Priory hierarchy of the Knights Templar from Urban IV.*

Parallelly, they were working feverishly on the construction of the Castle, raised next to the Church, 700 meters high, enclosing with walls and moat, a plaza adjacent to a Mudéjar tower. Five years later, the church and the Castle were finished and the remaining troops, as well as the brothers of the Constructors of Solomon, were quietly withdrawing from the area; however, many years would pass before the locals dared to approach the Hill of the Castle of Aracena.

But this task was not all that the Templars undertook against the House of Tharsis in those years: the Castle of Aracena was an obligation imposed by the Immortals, to which they had given faithful fulfillment; now they would patiently await the return of Bera and Birsha so that They used it in their plans. But that patience was not signifying immobility; on the contrary, as soon as the regions in power of the Arabs were reconquered, the Order was launched into a campaign of occupations throughout the land of Huelva, or setting up garrisons in fortresses and rescued cities, or constructing new churches and fortifying plazas. The distribution of such occupations was far from occurring at random, but obeying a rigorous planning, the objectives of which were never losing sight of the necessity of surrounding the House of Tharsis and conspiring against the Blood Pact. To remember only the most important sites of those deployments it is worth to mention the cession obtained over the Convent of Santa María de la Rábida, in Palos de la Frontera, across from Huelva, of which I will speak again. Or the complete possession of Lepe, the ancient Leptia of the Romans, situated 6 kilometers from Cartaya, with the manifest purpose of controlling the mouth of the Río Piedra, where they were supposing that the Seigniors of Tharsis would be able to secretly navigate. Or the suspicious interest in residing in the insignificant Trigueros, 25 kilometers from Valverde del Camino, very close to Turdes, where they constructed the parochial church that still exists: it is that Trigueros, the ancient Roman settlement, found enclaved in the middle of a fertile and extensive countryside that was constituting the heart of the Iberian Tartéside in remote times; in its fields were dozens of wisely disseminated dolmens and menhirs, inheritance of the Blood Pact, which the Templars

were dedicated to prolixly destroy in those days: only one dolmen was saved in Villa de Soto, which can be visited today, since the Moyano Seigniors de la Cera, of the Blood of Tharsis and traditional manufacturers of sweets and honeys, prevented the Knights of Satan to concretize their infamous mission: Villa de Soto is found 5 kilometers from Trigueros and the dolmen is located in the "Cueva del Zancarrón de Soto."

In the House of Tharsis, as is logical, those movements had not passed unnoticed and forced the Seigniors of Tharsis to take some precautions: they also fortified the Villa de Turdes and the Seigniorial Residence, as they were believing that the Golen were preparing to launch a Crusade against them pretexting some heresy, perhaps denouncing the Cult to the Virgin of the Grotto; and they stationed in the plaza a force of five hundred Almogavars and fifty Knights, which was the most that the Count of Tarseval was permitted to be armed for purposes other than those of Reconquest. Lamentably, none of that would be necessary, but the Seigniors of Tharsis failed, once again, to prevent the diabolical plans of Bera and Birsha.

To all this, you may ask, Dr. Siegnagel, what became of the Wise Sword, since the day on which Tartessos fell and the Vrayas hid it in the Secret Cavern. The answer is simple: it remained in the Cavern the whole time, that is to say, for about one thousand seven hundred years until that moment. The oath that the Men of Stone then took, thus, was carried out: the Wise Sword would not be exposed again to the light of day until the opportunity to depart had arrived, until the future Men of Stone saw the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar reflected in the Stone of Venus. For it, the Seigniors of Tharsis established that a Guard was to remain perpetually beside the Wise Sword, which was not always possible because only a few Initiates were capable of ingressing into the Secret Cavern. As you will remember Dr., the secret entrance was sealed by the Vrunes of Navutan since the Epoch of the White Atlanteans and was impossible for anyone who was not a Hyperborean Initiate to locate it: the Vrunes were Uncreated Signs and were only able to be perceived and comprehended by those who had the Wisdom of the Uncreated Spirit, that is to say, by the Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood, by the Men of Stone,

by the Wise Warriors. However, except for some short and obscure periods, the House of Tharsis never ceased producing Initiates apt to exercise the Guard of the Wise Sword.

But they were no longer as numerous as in the times of Tartessos, when the Cult of the Cold Fire was being practiced by the Light of the Moon and a College of Hierophants was existing; in the following centuries, the Romans, Visigoths, Arabs, and Catholics had to hide the Truth of the Cold Fire, reducing the celebration of the Cult to the strictly familial ambit: including, within that reserved family ambit, only those who were demonstrating a convenient ***gnostic predisposition*** *to face the Test of the Cold Fire, which in nothing had changed and being still as terrifying and deadly as before, were to be convoked. Except for those periods I mentioned, during which there was no member of the House of Tharsis capable of ingressing into the Secret Cavern, the norm was the minimum formation of two Initiates per century, in the worst Epochs, and of five or six in the most prolific.*

If the Initiate was a Dame of Tharsis, she was given the title of "Vraya," in memory of the Iberian Guardians. If it was a Knight, he was called ***Noyo****, which had been the name, according to the White Atlanteans, of the Hyperborean Pontiffs who in Atlantis were guarding the* ***Ark****, that is to say, the Basal Stone, of the Infinite Stairway that They knew how to construct and that was leading toward the Origin. It is obvious that, to comply with the oath of the Men of Stone, the Noyos and the Vrayas had to convert themselves into hermits, that is to say, they had to be lodged in the Secret Cavern and remain as long as possible beside the Wise Sword: and no one would be able to serve them because no one, other than them, was able to enter their abode. But that solitude was lacking importance for the Initiates: the renunciation and the sacrifice that the function of Guardian of the Wise Sword was demanding was considered a High Honor by the Seigniors of Tharsis.*

According to what was reported by those who had entered and exited the Secret Cavern, the work realized during so many centuries by the Initiates who were remaining there had endowed the site with some commodities. In effect, al-

though from the beginning it was agreed not to introduce cultural objects, what is certain is that the Noyos and Vrayas were patiently carving the stone of the Cavern and modeled chairs, table, beds, altar, and a representation of the Goddess of the Cold Fire. And in front of the Face of Pyrena, was once again burning the Flame of the Perennial Lamp.

But now the Face of the Goddess was not emerging from a menhir but was sculpted on a gigantic green stalagmite. Neither was a mechanism existing that made the Eyes open, since these had been profoundly excavated and were always open, ready to reveal to the Initiates the Infinite Blackness of Herself. In front of the Face, was laying the altar, which consisted of a cubic column ended by two steps: the surface of the upper step was reaching the level of the chin of the Goddess and, over it, had a vertical hole in which the hilt of the Wise Sword was introduced up to the quillon, in such a way that it was standing and aligned with the Nose of the Goddess, as if it were an axis of symmetry of the Face; in that way, the Stone of Venus, which was mounted on the cross of the hilt, was appearing at the center of the scene, ready for contemplation. On the surface of the lower step, below the level of the hilt, the Perennial Lamp was deposited. That sector of the Secret Cavern was having the form of a semispherical nave, with the Face of Pyrena being the stalagmite at one end near the stone wall; this was appearing dripped with lava and salts, while the ceiling was presented bristling with greenish stalactites; the floor on the other hand, had been carefully cleaned of protuberances and leveled, in such a way that it was possible to sit comfortably in front of the Face of the Goddess and contemplate, as well, the Perennial Lamp and the Wise Sword with the Stone of Venus.

The Seigniors of Tharsis were providing them the necessary aliments to subsist, always keeping full the larder[29] *of a Chapel that was existing at the foot of the Candelaria Hill. Such a Chapel, which had been constructed for the indicated purposes, was remaining closed the better part of the year and was only visited by the Seigniors of Tharsis who were going there to pray in the greatest solitude: they were then taking advan-*

29. A cool room where food is stored.

tage to deposit the provisions in a small back room, the only door of which was overlooking the slope of the Hill. Several times a year, preferably at night, the Initiates were furtively going down there to provide themselves with aliments. Normally they were finding a beast of burden in a contiguous corral, on which they were loading the bags up to the secret entrance and to which they were later letting go, given that the animal was tamely returning to its fence. But on other occasions the Seigniors of Tharsis were waiting entire weeks in the Chapel until any of those nocturnal visits was coinciding: then, in the midst of the joy of the reunion, the Noyos or the Vrayas were receiving news from the House of Tharsis; they were especially inquiring about the young members of the family, if any of them were seriously preparing for the Test of the Cold Fire and if possibilities that they could pass it were being noticed. Nothing was worrying the Men of Stone and the Kālibur Dames more than not being replaced by other Initiates, that the Wise Sword be left without Guardianship. The Seigniors of Tharsis, for their part, were inquiring to the Noyos or Vrayas about their mystical visions: had the Lithic Mark of K'Taagar not yet manifested? Had they received any message from the Liberating Gods? When? O Gods! When would the day of the Final Battle arrive? When, the Total War against the Potencies of Matter? When would they abandon the infernal Universe? When, the Origin?

It had always occurred in a similar manner. Until then. Because since the Castle of Aracena was finished, a few tens of kilometers from Candelaria Hill, a halo of menace seemed to extend throughout the region. It was, then, that the measures of precaution to supply the Secret Cavern and the encounters with the hermit Initiates were reduced to a minimum. At that time, three Initiates were inhabiting the Secret Cavern: an elderly Vraya, a woman of more than seventy years, who for fifty years never abandoned the Guard; a Noyo of fifty years, Noso of Tharsis, who until thirty was a Presbyter in the church of Our Lady of the Grotto and was now officially dead; and a young Noyo of thirty-two years, Godo of Tharsis, who was fulfilling the function of provisioning the Secret Cavern. But Godo, son of the Odielón Count of Tarseval, was not an

improviser in terms of risks: taken as a child to Sicily by one of the Aragonese Knights who was serving at the court of Frederick II, he was a page in the palace of Palermo and then squire of a Teuton Knight in the Holy Land; in turn appointed Knight, at the age of twenty, he ingressed into the Order of Teuton Knights and fought five years in the conquest of Prussia; for seven years he was remaining on Guard in the Secret Cavern, even though he was passing for still fighting in Northern Germany. He was, then, an expert warrior, who knew how to move with precision on the battlefield: his incursions to the Chapel were careful and studied, procuring to avoid the possibility of being surprised by the Enemy. I clarify this to discard the case that an oversight was responsible for what later came to pass.

The truth is that the Enemy knew that site and the members of the House of Tharsis were not ignoring this: according to the familial saga, in effect, in the place where the Chapel of Candelaria Hill was built, the Immortals Bera and Birsha had assassinated the Vrayas one thousand seven hundred years before. From there the Seigniors of Tharsis thought of changing the point of provisionment; but the intense vigilance that they were maintaining over Aracena was not revealing any movement in the direction of the Chapel, and things continued like that during the following four years. Every three or four months Noyo Godo would descend from the sierra in a surprising and imprevisible way and was proceeding to transport the provisions to the Secret Cavern; and only once a year was he establishing contact with any of the Seigniors of Tharsis. But the news was invariably the same: the Templars were not effectuating any movement in that direction. But, although they had not acted, now they were there, much too close, and their presence was constituting a threat that was being perceived in the environment.

Naturally, the Templars were not acting because they were waiting for the Immortals. And Those, finally arrived, one hundred forty years after the assassination of Lupo of Tharsis in the Fortress of Monzón. A ship of the Templar armada, coming from Normandy, disembarked them in Lisbon in 1268 along with the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Grand Master of the

Temple, and a guard of fifteen Knights. The Grand Master explained to Queen Beatrice that the expedition was destined for the Castle of Aracena, where a Provincial was going to be appointed, obtaining all her support and the consequent authorization from King Afonso III; the presence of Bera and Birsha was not noticed there because they were simulating to be servant brothers and were dressing as such. Days later the travelers were taking the ancient Roman road that was going from Olisipo (Lisbon) to Hispalis (Seville) and was passing through Corticata (Cortegana), a few kilometers from Aracena.

Already in Aracena, the Immortals were approving everything done by the Templars with regard to the construction of the castle. In the interior of the church, in the floor of the apse, was the trap door that was leading to the Odiel Cave: in truth, the Cave was not found exactly below the church but one had to reach it through a ramped tunnel, which was accessed by a wooden staircase from the apse. But Bera and Birsha overlooked the details of the construction, since their greatest interest was in the Cave. They explored it inch by inch, for hours, speaking between them in a strange language that their four escorts were not daring to interrupt; these were the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Grand Master of the Temple, both Golen, and two Templar Preceptors "experts in the Hebrew language," that is to say, two Rabbis, representatives of the Chosen Peoples. Apparently, the inspection had yielded positive results; they were guessing that by the expressions of the Immortals, since these ones were extremely sparing in all that was being referred to the Cave and to their presence there. In every case, they made only one request: that the mirror reflection of a small subterranean lake, which was nourished by a trickle of water of negligible flow was adapted to a certain symbolic form, which they described with precision. They had to momentarily interrupt that tributary, diverting the eroded feeder channel. And it was necessary to distribute seven Menorah candelabra in determinate places around the lake.

Twenty-fifth Day

*The Immortals exposed the current situation to the Cistercian, the Templar, and the Rabbis: the Supreme Lord of the White Brotherhood, "**Ruge Guiepo**," and the Supreme Priest, Melchizedek, had received with disgust the treason of Frederick II and his pretension to set himself up as Universal Emperor. Those acts weakened the power of the papacy and impeded to concretize the plans drawn up by the Golen for centuries until the present: the triumph was still possible but it was necessary to act with an iron hand, to eliminate every possibility of opposition at the root. The Crusade against the Cathars had been a success but arrived too late to prevent the nefarious influence of the Gral. For these reasons, Ruge Guiepo was ordering, firstly, to exterminate the accursed lineage of the Hohenstaufen and to remove the House of Swabia from the Sicilian Kingdoms: such directives had already been communicated to them by Pope Clement IV. Secondly, the Blessed Lord was mandating to immediately execute the ancient sentence that was hanging over the House of Tharsis: in the White Brotherhood it was not being forgotten that the Tartessian's Stone of Venus could not be found until then; and now it was not possible to risk the sudden appearance of a new Gral. The solution consisted in eliminating, **ipso facto**, its possessors and possible operators.*

The Beloved of The One was desiring that the mission of the Immortals this time approach perfection, and for that he entrusted to them, in an extraordinary gesture, the Dorché, His Divine Scepter: with it, as the Immortals were explaining with excitation, all was possible. That Scepter, of metal and stone, was forming part of a set of instruments that the Traitorous Gods fabricated for the High Priests, when they founded the White Brotherhood millions of years before and committed themselves to work to maintain the Uncreated Spirit enchained in the animal-man and favor the evolution of the Created Soul. With the Dorché, the word would acquire the Power of the Word, and the voice would be converted into the

Verb; all things created and named by The One were sensitive to the Logos of the possessor of the Dorché; only the non-created, or that which was transmuted by the Spirit, was not affected by the Power of the Scepter. Of course, the name that the Immortals were giving to the instrument was another, but the French were translating it as best they could into the word "Dorché."

In summary, The Ancient of Days was wanting that they had no failures in the new attempt of the Immortals to destroy the Seigniors of Tharsis and He had endowed them with a terrible weapon: He had transferred His Power to them.

What would the Immortals do with the Dorché? They would procure to disintegrate the fundaments of the Stirp by acting on the blood, on the message contained in the blood. And for that they were needing a sample of that blood, a representative of the lineage cursed by The One: to get that sample, the Immortals would go in person since, they clarified, the Seigniors of Tharsis were terrible beings, whom the Templars were not even able to dream of stopping. To the surprise of the Golen, as Candelaria Hill was distancing several kilometers from Aracena, they manifested their intention of traveling on foot; but the astonishment was tremendous when they observed the following acts of Bera and Birsha: they stood facing each other, separated by the distance of five or six paces, and stared into each other's eyes without blinking; then they began to pronounce, in counterpoint, a series of words in an unknown language, to which they were imprinting a particular rhythmic cadence; a moment later, both were taking a prodigious leap that was elevating them above the walls of the Castle. They were then found in the bailey[30] *and, when shooting up, they gained a height greater than the walls and were lost into the night. The Golen ran up the stairs to the battlements and sharpened their gaze in the direction of the horizon; and they observed under the light of the moon, at an enormous distance, two small dots that were moving away in great leaps: they were Bera and Birsha advancing toward the Chapel of Candelaria Hill.*

30. The enclosed courtyard within the outer wall of a castle or fortress.

From the arrival of Bera and Birsha, the events happened in a vertiginous manner, practically leaving the Seigniors of Tharsis without capacity of reaction. The Immortals had to wait only fifteen days in the vicinity of the Chapel of Candelaria Hill: at the end of that time, Godo of Tharsis, who inexplicably had not noticed the presence of his enemies, found himself in front of them. When he realized that a few steps away from him were those two personages vested with Cistercian monk habits, an instinctive impulse led him to grip his sword, but nothing more than that gesture could he make: with great rapidity Bera raised the Dorché, pronounced a word, and orange lightning struck the chest of the young Noyo, hurling him several meters of distance. The Immortals then took the unconscious body of Godo of Tharsis by the elbows and, after repeating the series of words, in counterpoint, while staring into each other's eyes, they abandoned the place, performing those great leaps, which allowed them to traverse kilometers in a question of minutes.

Bera and Birsha were going to lose some time trying to obtain the confession from Godo about the Key to the secret entrance. With that purpose in mind, they did not immediately kill him and dedicated themselves to attempt what they had already rehearsed other times without success: but this time, they concentrated on his psychic structure with more calm, trying to read into some memory, the record on the way of entering and exiting the Secret Cavern. However, all was useless once again; neither the key was seeming to be recorded in his mind, nor was the most refined torture getting the Noyo to loosen his tongue. To all that, the Seigniors of Tharsis were receiving the sad announcement of the disappearance of Godo.

Twelve hours barely passed since he left the cavern, the Noyo, Noso, understood that Godo was no longer returning and decided to give notice to the Count of Tarseval; he then said goodbye to the Vraya, descended from Candelaria Hill, and headed toward the banks of the Odiel, where the Seigniors of Tharsis were maintaining a small boat for such cases: an hour later he was jumping ashore 2 kilometers from the Seigniorial Residence. Thus the Count of Tarseval was informed that his son Godo had been kidnapped by the Golen.

If someday you decide to visit Huelva, dear Dr. Siegnagel, you will surely want to visit the Cave of Wonders and the Ruins of the Templar Castle, in Aracena. For this you will take the road that passes through Valverde del Camino, very near to the ancient emplacement of the House of Tharsis, and arrive to Zalamea la Real; there it is necessary to bifurcate by a secondary road that goes up to the Minas de Río Tinto, which were exploited in remote times by the Iberians, and 20 kilometers later you arrive at Aracena. Of course, there is no touristic reason that justifies taking another road, unless one desires to travel by better roads and continue in Zalamea la Real toward Jabugo, where it connects with the wide route that goes from Lisbon to Seville and follows the old Roman route by which Bera and Birsha arrived. But if that is not the motive and you desire to get into unnecessary complications, then you can go by this latter road and prepare to take a small dirt road, the turn-off of which is about 2 kilometers after the bridge over the Odiel River. There it is necessary to drive with caution because the path is usually neglected, if not completely intransitable; a pair of small hamlets of uncertain name and some not very prosperous granges follow one after another, inhabited by people hostile to foreigners: if it occurs to anyone to enter into those places, he will have to go willing to do anything, for no help would he be able to expect from its inhabitants; it seems unbelievable, but seven hundred years later the fear of what happened at the time that I am referring still lives on! It is no exaggeration, a lugubrious, threatening climate is perceived throughout the region, which is accentuated as one advances toward the north; and the villagers, increasingly hostile or frankly aggressive, preserve numerous familial legends about what occurred in the days of the House of Tharsis, although they are very careful of making them known to strangers. The fear lies in the possibility that history repeats itself, in which the terrible punishment of those days returns to fall on the land. That is why there is no need to engage in conversation with them, and much less make any concrete question about the past: that would be a suicide; after shuddering from terror, the interrogated, without a doubt, would go into a rage and attract other villagers with his screams; and

then, if he does not manage to escape in time, he would be attacked by all and lucky if he managed to save his life.

*After about 18 kilometers, already very near to Aracena, a diminutive elevated valley is reached, situated in the heart of the Aracena Chain. There exists a small village to which one must traverse very rapidly to avoid the stone-throwing of children or something worse; they are a people from the fifteenth century and seem not to have evolved much since then: the majority of the houses are of stone, with the openings masked in wood worked by ax, and roofs of uneven slate; and many of such dwellings are uninhabited, some totally destroyed, showing that a growing decadence and depopulation affects the small village, and that only the tenacity of the most ancient families has prevented its extinction. Its name, "Alquitrán," was imposed on it in that Epoch and constitutes a kind of malediction for the inhabitants, who had never managed to substitute it for another due to the persistence that it has among the inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets. The origin of the name is 2 kilometers further on, almost at the end of the valley, where a faded sign expresses in Latin and Castilian "**Campus pix picis**," "Campo de la pez."*

Logically, it is useless to search for pitch there because such denomination comes from the thirteenth century, when there was much pitch in that field, or at least something that was resembling it: thence the name of the nearby village of miners, who upon founding it in the fifteenth century had to endure the tenebrous name that their neighbors imposed on it and ended up accepting it with resignation. But from where had the pitch that characterized that lost valley between deserted mountains come from? That pitch, that tar, Dr. Siegnagel, is all that remains of the army that the Count of Tarseval raised to attack the Castle of Aracena and rescue his son Godo.

In that valley, in effect, the Odielón Count camped with his troops who were amounting to more than a thousand forces; fifty knights, five hundred battle-hardened Almogavars, and five hundred men from the Villa. More than sufficient to attack and raze the Templar Castle that was only relying on a garrison of two hundred Knights; although the Templars were famous for fighting three to one, they were able to do nothing

with forces that were quintuplicating them. All that would be required to put an end to the Templar threat, and rescue Godo, if he was still alive, was to prevent the Castle from receiving reinforcements, and for that it would be essential to master the factor of surprise. That is why the Odielón Count decided to march toward Aracena along a cornice path that only the Seigniors of Tharsis knew, and that was passing through that small valley where they were going to camp the night hours to take them by surprise at dawn. But dawn would never arrive for those Seigniors of Tharsis.

It was about eleven at night when Bera and Birsha were ready to consummate the satanic Ritual. The Noyo was lying next to the shore of the subterranean lake, still alive but fainted because of the torture he received and from the multiple mutilations suffered: at that point he had lost the nails of his hands and feet, his eyes, ears, and nose; and, as the last act of sadism and cruelty, they were about to cut out his tongue "in reward for his fidelity to the House of Tharsis and to the White Atlanteans." Curiously, they did not apply torment to his genital organs, perhaps due to the devotion that those sodomite Priests were professing for the phallus.

Although the forty-nine candles, from the seven candelabra, were considerably illuminating the Odiel Cave, the appearance of the six personages who were present was somber and sinister: the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Grand Master of the Temple, and the two Templar Preceptors, were enveloped in a taciturn and funereal air; their immobility was so absolute that they would have passed for statues of stone, if it were not for the malicious gleam of their eyes conveying latent life. But those who would really instill terror in any unwarned person, who had the opportunity of witnessing the scene, were the Immortals Bera and Birsha: they were vested with some tunics of linen, now frighteningly stained by the blood of the Noyo, and they had golden breastplates studded with twelve rows of stones of different kinds; but what would impress the witness would not be the vestment but the fierceness of their faces, the hatred that was arising from them and diffusing into their surroundings like a deadly radiation; but do not go believing that the hatred was twitching or contracting the face of

the Immortals: on the contrary, ***the hatred was natural in them****; not even a gesture would be distinguished on the faces of Bera and Birsha that indicated by itself the atrocious and inextinguishable hatred that they were experiencing toward the Uncreated Spirit, and toward all that which opposed the plans of The One, for theirs were, integral, complete in their expression,* ***the Faces of Hatred****. A hatred that would now claim its sacrificial victims, the offering that Jehovah Satan was requiring.*

The Ritual, if judged by the acts of Bera and Birsha, was rather simple; but if the catastrophic effects produced in the House of Tharsis are considered, one will have to agree that those acts were the terminus of profound and complex causes, the unknown manifestation of the Power of "Ruge Guiepo." The Ritual unfolded like this: while Bera was holding the Dorché with his left hand, and his arm stretched out at eye level, Birsha was raising the head of the Noyo by taking a fistful of hair with the right hand and placing a silver knife over his ear with the left hand; in that way the ritual scene was arranged, the head of Godo of Tharsis was suspended barely a few centimeters from the mirror of water; then, in a simultaneous action, evidently agreed upon beforehand, Bera pronounced a word and Birsha slit the Noyo's throat with a skillful slash to the neck; in truth, the point of the knife had been rested on the left ear of the Noyo and, at the sound of Bera's word, described a perfect curve that sectioned the throat and concluded at the right ear: literally, the Noyo's throat was slit ***"from ear to ear"****; the blood began to spurt and was mixing with the water while Bera was continuing reciting other words without moving the Dorché; little by little the first miracle occurred: the water, which was just becoming tinged with blood, began to redden and thicken until the whole lake seemed to be an immense coagulum; by then, a reddish luminosity was discharged through the water in the form of vapor, an intense splendor, similar to that which an immense incandescent furnace would emit; when all the water had been converted into blood, that is, when not even one drop from the exsanguious body of Godo of Tharsis was falling, Bera lowered the Dorché and pointed toward the lake while uttering a*

blood-curdling cry: then the color of the lake turned from red to black and its substance was transformed into a kind of pitch or dark tar; and there concluded the Ritual. It should be added that such a substance, similar to pitch, was nothing more than an organic synthesis of a human cadaver, as would be obtained after a period of geological evolution of millions of years, but accelerated in an instant with the marvelous Power of the Dorché. That black pitch was, then, the essence of physical death, the final end of what life has been and what is potentially written in the message of the blood.

But the blood is unique to each Stirp. That is why the consequence sought by the black magic of the Immortals consisted in the propagation of that transmutation to the remaining members of the Stirp, to those who were participating in that accursed blood, that is to say, to the Seigniors of Tharsis. Repeating what was said before, if the Ritual of the Immortal Golen is to be judged by the catastrophic effects produced on the House of Tharsis, one will have to agree that it was hiding a great secret related to the power of sound, to the significance of the words, and to the function of the Dorché. Because, at the same moment in which the lake of blood turned color and was transmuted into black tar, ninety-nine percent of the members of the House of Tharsis exhaled their last breath: only the Men of Stone survived, that is to say, those who had transmuted their human nature with the Power of the Spirit. Of course, among them were the Noyo and the Vraya, but both too old to procreate new members of the Stirp. However, hundreds of kilometers away, other Men of Stone were still living and would be in charge of enforcing the familial mission. Of the rest of the House of Tharsis, no one was left alive to tell the tale.

The Almogavar sentinels who were guarding the bivouac of the Count of Tarseval began to worry as soon as they perceived the buzzing; they were not able to say when it was initiated, but the certain thing is that it had been growing and was now filling the whole valley; however, when it became audible, the rough warriors were believing to recognize, unusually, that sound: it was the exact tone, the oscillating sound ***of a swarm of bees****, but tremendously amplified by*

some frightful and unknown cause. But the buzzing sound, despite being surprisingly abnormal and having acquired the intensity capable of producing a daze, was soon forgotten. The sentinels, in effect, warned that something grave was occurring, since a terrifying shriek broke the continuity of that impressive vibration; but such a scream was not coming from outside but from inside the bivouac and was not consisting of one but of a multitude of laments that had coincided in an instant: the instant in which the water of the subterranean lake was transmuted into the blood of the Seigniors of Tharsis. Then all the members of the Stirp experienced a scorching heat a thousand times more potent than the Hot Fire of Animal Passion: and they cried out in unison. But no one would come to help them, for minutes later they would die "at the same moment in which the water of the lake was transformed into black tar."

In a question of minutes the buzzing completely ceased and a sepulchral silence took possession of the valley. And then the madness began for the mere two hundred survivors of the army of Count Tarseval: all of them were Almogavars from the region of Braga, that is to say, of Celtic Race. At first the fright had paralyzed them, but those fearsome warriors were not prone to flee under any circumstance; the dawn, instead, surprised them, grouped deliberating in the center of the encampment: according to the customs, in the absence of the Seigniors or Knights, they would choose an Adalid[31] *among their own. That charge fell to a subject who was as valiant in war as he was dim-witted outside of it, known as Lugo de Braga. That chief was as perplexed as the rest by the sudden mortality and, after a prolix inspection through all the tents and places where the warriors had died, he deduced that the cause of the evil was* ***an unknown pestilence****: the cadavers, in effect, were so far not presenting any sign that would give away what type of pestilence had caused their death, but what doubts were there room for that it was pestilence? According to the criteria of the Epoch, only a plague was capable of killing in that manner! Naturally, in the Middle Ages a plague was feared like the worst enemy, outside of those*

31. Castilian military rank equivalent to captain; meaning "champion."

whom the Seigniors were pointing out as such and had to confront.

*The soldiers would have escaped then, except for the compromising presence of so many dead Nobles; they were not able to impunibly abandon the Count of Tarseval because they would be persecuted throughout Spain; but neither were they able to transport a cadaver contaminated with pestilence; the correct thing, Lugo explained, was to overcome fear and give Christian burial to the dead. Thus, dominating the fear of contagion that was overwhelming them, the brave Almogavars were lining up the eight hundred and fifty cadavers that were going to descend to the sepulcher; they were planning to excavate three types of tombs: a common grave for the Almogavars, another one for the villeins, and individual tombs for the Knights. They were delivering themselves to this task, and to confect the crosses, and to pack what was convenient to return to the quarters, when someone discovered the liquefaction of the cadavers and let out the first cry of terror: "**pix picis! pix picis!**" that is to say, "pitch! pitch!" In a few seconds they all ran to the cadavers and verified that an incredible process of organic disintegration was reducing them to a black and viscous liquid, similar to bitumen, but from which was giving off a thinner juice undoubtedly similar to black lye: thence the slight identification with the pitch, made by a clouded Almogavar. But so brusque of a corpse decomposition process was much more than what those superstitious minds were able to bear without relating it to witchcraft and black magic. That is why by all running, this time very quickly, toward the mounts, many who had fallen prey to panic were exclaiming: "**bruttia! bruttia!**" that is to say, "tar! tar!" and others: "**lixivium! lixivium!**" or in other words, "lye! lye!" and, the least, "**pix picis! pix picis!**" "pitch! pitch!"*

Upon arriving to Villa de Turdes, Lugo de Braga was found with the astonishing spectacle that the ***pestilence*** *had overtaken it. But there the ravages of the plague were tremendous: of the three thousand five hundred inhabitants of the Villa, five hundred died in the valley, next to the Count of Tarseval, and of the three thousand remaining, only five hundred were still alive, all coming from regions and Races different from the*

Tartessian Iberians. What occurred had been analogous to what happened in the encampment of the Count: first the buzzing, then the scream, given in unison by all the victims, and finally the simultaneous horrible death. Apparently, there the transformation into bitumen was more slow, but the symptoms were already being noticed in the exposed cadavers. And no one knew if that plague was contagious or of its previous symptoms. Lugo de Braga then decided to flee from the region for good; but first, he did the most reasonable thing, a reaction typical of the Epoch: he surrendered himself to pillaging with his two hundred comrades.

No Seigniors of Tharsis were now existing, neither Knights nor Nobles, who defended that patrimony. Lugo de Braga headed to the Seigniorial Residence and thoroughly sacked it, but he did not dare to set it on fire as his men were demanding. He then retired to his land, taking with him an immense drove of horses laden with spoils. Of course, all of them would be persecuted years later for that crime and many would end up on the gallows. Although no one could imagine it then, when the plague was taking over the House of Tharsis, some of them were still alive and would later claim what was theirs. With this exception, the majority of the members of the House of Tharsis had died of the same cause and on the same ill-fated night, at sites as distant as Seville, Córdoba, Toledo, or Zaragoza.

Twenty-sixth Day

Dr. Siegnagel, you will have to agree with me in that the Immortals had almost successfully executed the sentence of extermination against the House of Tharsis. At least Bera and Birsha were believing so, who were boasting of it in front of the Golen and Rabbis.

They were still in the Odiel Cave. The lake brimming with bitumen was still bubbling, giving off nauseating odors. In first place, the fierce figure of Bera was standing out, the Immortal whom the Golen were naming ***Baphoel*** *and the Templars* ***Baphomet****, and were idealizing as an expression of the perfect* ***androgyne****. Without letting go of the Dorché, he said in excellent Latin:*

"At last, the accursed lineage of Tharsis has been extinguished. This will please the High Priest."

"You have beheld a great wonder, you have seen the Power of ***YHVH Sabaoth*** *in action," affirmed Birsha in the same language.*

"Is that, perchance, the Death of the Body?" the Abbot of Clairvaux dared to question.

"The asphalt, the bitumen, Death, and the Plague, are the same thing, they are Us," responded Bera with certainty.

"Do you recognize this substance?" Birsha questioned in turn, directing himself to Rabbi Nasi.

"Yes," he affirmed. "It is ***'bitumen of Judea****,' the same bitumen that contaminates* ***Lake Asphaltites****, which we refer to as the Dead Sea."*

The Golen and the Rabbis knew that Bera and Birsha had been the last Kings of Sodom and Gomorrah. And they also knew how they had reached such a high hierarchy in the White Brotherhood: during their reign, in a moment of marvelous illumination, They discovered the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust[32] *of Fire. Afterward fell the Fire from*

32. Burnt offering; a sacrificial offering to a deity that is entirely consumed by fire until only ashes remain.

Heaven that calcined those peoples and Bera and Birsha departed toward Chang Shambhala, one of the Mansions of Jehovah Satan and his Ministers, the Seraphim Nephilim. Thus, then, long before Israel existed, when their seed was still in Abram and no one was sacrificing to the One God, They were able to offer their respective peoples in a holocaust for the Glory of Jehovah Satan. The bitumen of Judea, evident residue of the annihilation of their peoples, came to the region of the Dead Sea through Them. But such a Sacrifice earned them to be received by Melchizedek, the High Priest of the White Brotherhood, who consecrated them in the Highest Degree of his Order. What Priest of the Cultural Pact would not want to imitate Bera and Birsha?

"Oh," the four present were thinking, "what a Priest would not give to some day have an entire people to sacrifice, as Bera and Birsha had done without hesitation? That would be a Holocaust worthy of Jehovah Satan!"

"What is the Malediction of Jehovah Satan for whoever does not fulfill the Law?" now asked Bera to Rabbi Benjamin.

"I will also let loose among you the animals of the field. I will punish you seven times for your sins. I will bring upon you a sword; when you gather together into your cities, I will send a ***Plague*** *among you. And I will remove your supply of bread." Benjamin synthesized, repeating Isaiah.*

"So it is written!" confirmed Birsha with ferocity. "That would be the punishment for our weakness but it can also be our Strength! You ought to reflect on it as Bera and I did millennia ago, when the Law was not yet Written in the form that you have expressed it. Then we were capable of comprehending the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust and of carrying it out in Sodom and Gomorrah: for that, and by the Will of Jehovah God, now We are the Plague. You ought to reflect on the Malediction with serenity, we advise you. Because only those who have the calm to contemplate the Beginning and the End of Time will be able to comprehend the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust of Fire, the End of Humanity. But the reward of that knowledge signifies the immortality of the Soul, the High Priesthood, and the Powers that you have seen us apply. Reflect on this, Priests: We six are the Manifestation of

Jehovah, and we must not break the Law. But we may induce the Gentiles to do it so that the Malediction reaches them, so that the ***Plague*** *settles among them: then the Supreme Holocaust of Fire will be possible!"*

"In what does it consist?!" bellowed the Abbot of Clairvaux, unable to restrain himself.

"There is the answer," said Bera, signaling the lake of bitumen with the Dorché. "But he will only comprehend this who understands that ***ours is a war between the Stone and the Lye****. The Stone, placed at the Beginning of Time, is the Enemy; and Humanity, placed at the End of Time, is the Lye, the Supreme Holocaust, the Purification by the Hot Fire that the Priesthood of Melchizedek demands."*

Despite the insistence from the Immortals, none of the four comprehended the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust that they were just revealing. The war between the Stone and the Lye was seeming extremely mysterious to them. Only Nasi managed to ask:

"Do you refer to the Death of the Last Judgment, the Fiery Death of the Damned?"

"No! It is Written that the flesh will not really die, even though the body disintegrates in the tomb, for all men will resurrect to be judged according to their sins. It will be possible because man exists in many worlds at once, worlds that have been and worlds that have not been: in some of such worlds he is still alive and in others he may have perished; but from these worlds will be taken the body that will live again, perhaps for a thousand years, perhaps for much more; some will be condemned, yes, and will definitively die; but others will live anew upon the Earth. It is not, then, that Death to which we refer. In truth we speak of something much later and conclusive: of the ***extinction of human consciousness****. The End of Humanity will arrive when the Hot Fire burns all the worlds where man exists, and the Soul of man, and only the Lye is left for a witness. At that time we, the Manifestation of Jehovah Satan, will have reached the Perfection of the Soul, the Divine Finality projected from the Beginning. But not so the Gentiles, who will no longer have reason to exist in the worlds, for the object of their creation was to favor our perfection:* ***it***

will be the Will of the Most High that their ashes cover the Earth so that the Salt Water of Heaven converts them into rivers of Lye. *Listen well, Priests of the Most High! The sooner Humanity is calcined, the sooner the Perfection will draw near to you! Convert man into Lye and you will consummate the Supreme Holocaust that the Creator expects at the End of Time!" explained Bera, displaying notable patience.*

And he continued speaking, as the four Priests had silenced.

"It is the Faith in the Final Perfection that the believers in Jehovah Satan will attain through the Priesthood of His Cult, which will work the greatest miracles. If you are capable of seeing the End, you will have brought forward the End, the Perfection will be in you and the moment of the Supreme Holocaust will have arrived: your unshakable Faith in the Final Perfection, and the Comprehension of the End, will bring the Hot Fire of the End to the Present, which will calcine the imperfect man; and on his ashes will then rain the Water and Salt of the Creator; ***and the Abominable Sign that is on the Stone of Fire will be washed off with Lye.*** *Thus it occurred in Sodom, in Gomorrah, and in ten other cities of the Valley of Siddim, when Birsha and I achieved the Final Perfection* ***and established the difference with the imperfection of their peoples, achieving that they publicly exhibited their own degradation:*** *then descended the* ***Shekhinah*** *of God, and the* ***Angels of God****, and fell the Fire from Heaven that reduced those foolish peoples to ashes; and afterward fell the Water and the Salt of God; and the Lake Asphaltites emerged, the Sea of the Bitumen of Judea, the Dead Sea; in truth, the* ***Sea of Lye****. That was, Priests, our Holocaust to Jehovah God. But that Sea of Lye was not enough to wash off the Sign of the Stone: that mission is reserved for the Chosen People of Jehovah Satan, for the Sacred Race of Him; when They are enthroned over all the Gentile peoples of Earth, when the whole of Humanity is subject to their World Government, then the moment of the Supreme Holocaust will have arrived. For that you must tirelessly work, with your Faith set on the Final Perfection, and the effort applied to achieve the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People! Only the Supreme Holocaust of all Humanity*

by the Priests of the Chosen People will produce the lye that will wash off the Abominable Sign on the Stone of Fire!

"All our partisans, the Great Priests, know this Secret and have consecrated their peoples with the Sign of Ash! Even the Brahmin Priests have anointed the Aryans with the Sign of Ash, procuring to cover the Abominable Sign and awaiting that the Grace of Heaven grant them the water that forms the lye and washes the Stone of Fire! That is why ash has always been a mark of pain and affliction, a ***sign of repentance and penitence: the man anointed with ash is whoever begs for Divine mercy, whoever kneels before the Creator and requests Forgiveness for his sins, especially the greatest sin, that of Being Me in front of The One who is all, a sin that only can be washed away with lye!*** *The members of the Chosen People anoint their heads with ash as a mark of penitence, but the Priests of the Lamb add holy water to the ash to create the lye of Jehovah's forgiveness. But nothing will save man from the Holocaust of Fire and from the Ash and Lye of the Last Judgment! Jehovah warned millennia ago against the false Priests who use the ash of incense to grant a false forgiveness:* ***only human ash constitutes the lye that washes off the Abominable Mark. And Jehovah promised to convert the false Priests who do not respect the necessary Holocaust of Fire into ash!*** *Repeat, Cohens of Israel, the words of Jehovah!"*

Rabbi Benjamin instantly repeated.

"A man of God came from Judah to Bethel by the word of Jehovah, while Jeroboam was standing at the altar to burn incense. And he cried out against the altar by the word of Jehovah and said, 'Altar, altar, this is what Jehovah says: "Behold, a son shall be born to the house of David, Josiah by name; and on you he shall sacrifice the priests of the high places who burn incense on you, and human bones shall burn on you."' Then he gave a sign on the same day, saying, 'This is the sign which Jehovah has spoken: "Behold, the altar shall be torn to pieces and the ashes which are on it shall be poured out"'" ***[I Kings 13:1–3]****.*

"So it is written! The Justice of Jehovah requires that the lye is comprised only of human ash! And that is the ash of true

penance, that which Job uses when ***he confesses*** *his sins before Jehovah!"*

Benjamin needed no more than a gesture to clarify the citation:

"Then Job answered Jehovah and said, 'I know that You can do all things, and that no plan is impossible for You. You asked, ***"Who is this who*** *conceals advice without knowledge?" Therefore I have declared that which I did not understand, things too wonderful for me, which I do not know. Please listen, and I will speak; I will ask You, and You instruct me. I have heard of You by the hearing of the ear;* ***But now my eye sees You; Therefore I retract, and I repent, sitting on dust and ashes'" [Job 42:1–6].***

"The Red Heifer is the Symbol of Humanity ***consecrated*** *to Jehovah for the Ritual Sacrifice of the ash and the lye, for the elaboration of the lustral water! Jehovah spoke to Moses and the High Priest Aaron and imposed on them the duty of sacrificing the Red Heifer of Humanity to purify the Chosen People, a duty that would be the perpetual law of Israel! Remember it, Cohen!"*

"Jehovah spoke to Moses and Aaron, saying, 'The one who ***burns*** *the heifer shall also wash his clothes in water and bathe his body in water, and will be unclean until evening. Now a man who is clean shall gather up the* ***ashes*** *of the heifer and put them outside the camp in a clean place, and the congregation of the sons of Israel shall keep them for water to remove impurity;* ***it is purification from sin****. And the one who gathers the ashes of the heifer shall wash his clothes and will be unclean until evening; and it shall be a permanent statute for the sons of Israel and for the stranger who resides among them'"* ***[Numbers 19:1, 8–10]****, Benjamin remembered without error.*

"And with that lustral water, sacred lye emerged from the ash of the Red Heifer of Humanity, Jehovah instituted the Ritual of the Purification of the Chosen People! Reproduce the Ritual, Cohen!"

"Then Jehovah spoke to Moses and Aaron, saying, 'Then ***for the unclean person they shall take some of the ashes of the burnt purification from sin*** *and running water shall be added to them in a container. And a clean person shall take hyssop*

*and dip it in the lustral water, and sprinkle it on the tent, on all the furnishings, on the persons who were there'" **[Numbers 19:1, 17–18]**, Benjamin declaimed without hesitation.*

"And how then is Tamar purified, whom her brother Amnon had raped?"

*"Tamar **took ashes and put them on her head**" **[II Samuel 13:19]**, Benjamin hastened to replicate.*

"Only lye will wash off the Abominable Sign! There is no forgiveness or redemption possible for that sin apart from lye: repentance and penance or the mortification of the garment of sackcloth are not enough! Only after the sprinkling with lustral water, over the ash, will the penitent put on the garment of sackcloth! Just as the Chosen People did when being attacked by the Assyrian Holofernes, whose head was cut off by the Divine Judith!"

Benjamin referred to the citation:

*"And every man of Israel cried out to Jehovah with great fervor, and they humbled themselves with much fasting. [...] And all the Israelite men, women, and children living at Jerusalem prostrated themselves before the temple and **put ashes on their heads and spread out their sackcloth before the Lord**. They even draped the altar with sackcloth and cried out in unison, praying fervently to Jehovah" **[Judith 4:12, 13, 15]**.*

*"Now you will comprehend the significance of this ancient law! The **Elders of Zion**, Jeremiah said, have covered their heads with ash as a sign of penance! And then, the Prophet, with words from Jehovah, speaks to his Spouse, Israel Shekhinah, and warns Her that it will not be easy to remove the stain of Infidelity!"*

Very promptly, Benjamin recited the metaphor of Jeremiah:

*"Now the word of Jehovah came to me, saying, 'Go and proclaim in the ears of Jerusalem, saying, "This is what Jehovah says: 'For long ago I broke your yoke and tore off your restraints; but you said, "I will not serve!" For on every high hill and under every leafy tree you have lain down as a prostitute. Yet I planted you as a choice vine, a completely faithful seed. How then have you turned yourself before Me into the degenerate shoots of a foreign vine? **Although you wash yourself***

with lye and use much soap, the stain of your guilt is before Me,'** declares Jehovah Sabaoth"'" **[Jeremiah 2:1–2, 20–22].

"The Lamb also ordered the Chosen People to repent in the ash and sackcloth, but the Gentiles took the prevention to the letter and have supposed that it is extremely simple to take off the Abominable Mark; but, for their impurity, there will be no other purification than to convert these peoples into lye, like we did to wash away the stain of Sodom and Gomorrah! The Lamb also foretold that! Repeat, Priest of the Lamb!"

"Woe to you, Chorazin! Woe to you, Bethsaida! For if the miracles that occurred in you had occurred in Tyre and Sidon, ***they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.*** *Nevertheless I say to you, [...] that on the day of judgment* ***it will be more tolerable for the land of Sodom, than for you" [Matthew 11:21–22].***

"But once the Lamb is sacrificed, His same disciples repent in the lustral water!"

"Yes," affirmed the Abbot of Clairvaux. "During Lent, before the Resurrection, penitents receive ash, and holy water, and repent of their sins, confess, and hope for salvation at the Last Judgment, but they do not understand that the Abominable Sign cannot be washed off in that way, even though the Priest tells them ***'remember that you are dust, and to dust you shall return.'"***

Here Bera fell silent, but Birsha added: "The moment of triumph of the Created over the Uncreated, of Being over Nothingness, of Light over the Darkness of the Soul, is near! Soon the Synarchy will be a reality and Humanity will be brought to its knees before the Power of the Chosen People! The time will have then arrived of softening man to force him to exhibit his imperfection and his bestiality, that primordial wickedness that he treasures in the depths of his Soul. It will be the time ***of replacing the Serpent of Paradise for*** *the Dragon of Sodom.* ***Remember Priests that the Temptation of the Serpent plunges man into sin but leaves his virile function intact; and that the virile man can always elevate himself from moral misery by means of war and heroism, and fall into the power of the Enemies of Creation!*** *The virile man, the Warrior, the Hero, will delay the realization of the Final Holocaust: and the*

massification and equalization of Humanity to which the Synarchy of the Chosen People will subject it, and the vices and perversions that will prosper in it because of the Temptation of the Serpent, will not be enough to prevent it, if man preserves his virility and is able to convert himself into a Warrior and a Hero, if he has the will to rebel against the plans of the White Brotherhood, which is the Hierarchy of Jehovah Elohim.

"The Temptation of the Serpent of Paradise can do nothing against that luciferic determination to Be and Exist beyond the Beings Created by The One God: ***only the*** *Dragon of Sodom* ***has the Power of removing man's virility; and only We, the Plague, know how to convoke it!*** *Respond, Cohens: what is the Emblem of Israel?!"*

Facing the unexpected question, Benjamin hastened to respond:

"It is written, by the Prophets, that the Emblem of Israel is ***the Dove****. 'The Sons of Israel will walk after Jehovah, [...] He will roar like a lion; [...] and they will come trembling like* ***doves' [Hosea 7, 11]****, said Hosea as Jehovah had ordered, by the mouth of Jeremiah: 'Israel, be like a* ***dove*** *that nests beyond the mouth of the chasm'"* ***[Jeremiah 48:28]****.*

Birsha continued, satisfied with the response from Benjamin:

"Never forget, Priests, that the Emblem of Israel is the Dove, because that symbol will mark the End of Time! I said before that the moment of triumph is near, that the Synarchy of the Chosen People will soon be established: then the Emblem of Israel will be imposed on men and the opportunity for Our intervention will have arrived. Thus will it be done, for the White Brotherhood has decided it so, and Melchizedek, the High Priest, has approved it: throughout the world, thousands and thousands of Priests, and partisans of the Cause of Israel, will be decked with its Emblem; only the virile men will resist and will seek to escape the social massification by means of rebellion and war: they will try to found a New Moral Order based on the Aristocracy of Blood, but they will be drowned in their own blood; and We will respond to the clamor of those who bear the Emblem of Israel by mark; and we will release

*the **Dragon of Sodom** among men; and man will lose his virility and be softened, will become **like a woman**; even when he can procreate, his will to fight will be weakened by a growing effeminacy that will be extended to all Humanity; perplexed, many will mistake sodomitic morality for a product of high civilization, but in truth it will happen that the Heart will dominate the Mind and enervate the Will; in the End, everyone will end up accepting the synarchic way of life; and man will substitute the Eagle for the Dove, War for Peace, heroic Risk for passive Comfort. But that Peace of the Dove, which they will enjoy with the Synarchy of the Chosen People, will be the shortest way toward the Final Holocaust in which they will be sacrificed to Jehovah Satan, toward the Ocean of Lye in which they will be converted to wash off the Abominable Mark on the Stone of Fire! This is the 'Plague' that the Malediction of the Most High spreads to those who remain outside the Law!"*

Immediately, as if their minds were strangely synchronized, Bera retook the floor:

*"Yes, Priests! May the Synarchy of the Chosen People come forth, may the flags of Humanity be decked with the Emblem of the Dove, and We will return to bring the Plague of the Final Death, the Hot Fire and the Water and the Salt of Heaven! But We will be preceded by **the Dragon of Sodom**, the Herald that will announce our arrival! You have seen the extremes of the process in this Cave: the blood, degraded with the water, and the water, transformed into blood; and after the lake of blood, **the Plague** of the Final Death, the bitumen of Judea, the black Lye.*

*"Speak, Priests of Israel! What was the **first** plague that Jehovah sent upon Egypt to impose the Cause of Israel?"*

"The water was transformed into blood!" affirmed Benjamin.

*"And what was the **last** plague, with which the triumph of the Chosen People was ensured?"*

*"The **Plague** in the midst of the Gentiles! The Plague offered the life of the Gentiles to Jehovah as a holocaust for the coming Glory of Israel! Only those who were stained with the Blood of the Lamb were not touched by the Plague!"*

"And now respond, Priests of the Lamb! What will be the plague that will bring the Third Horseman, at the End of Times?"

"The water will be transformed into Blood!" the Abbot of Clairvaux responded instantly.

"And what will be the plague of the Fourth Horseman?"

*"The **Plague** in the midst of the Gentiles! The Hot Fire will burn them and the Plague will offer their lives as a holocaust to Jehovah for the coming Glory of the New Israel and the advent of the New Jerusalem! Only those who have the blood of the Lamb and bear the symbol of the Dove will not be touched by the Plague!"*

*"And what will come after the Plague, what will be the **last** plague?"*

"The complete and total destruction of Humanity in a Sea of Sulfur and Fire! Only the New Israel and the Heavenly Jerusalem will survive the Supreme Final Holocaust!" the Abbot of Clairvaux categorically maintained, undoubtedly inspired by the discourse of the Immortals."

Bera clarified the significance that was to be attributed to those responses extracted from the Apocalypse of Saint John.

*"Reflect, Priests, on those Prophecies and what you have seen us do in this Cave: from there will emerge the Secret of the Supreme Holocaust. The Water, the Blood, the Hot Fire, the Death, the Lye, **the Plague**, Us: I have here the Mystery. Of how the Malediction of Jehovah God, which is our weakness, can be our Strength. So it was and so it shall be. If you have comprehended us, you will make Yours the words with which Jeremiah condemns those who depart from the Law: they represent **our Strength** over the Gentiles!*

*"Jehovah said: 'to those who are outside of the Law will come: captivity, famine, the sword, **the Plague**'" **[Jeremiah 15]**. The Face of Rabbi Benjamin was shining when repeating the four forms of the Malediction of Jehovah, for now he was finding the words of the Prophet full of new meaning.*

*"And then you will know," continued Bera imperturbable, "what, in truth, **our weakness is**, a Mystery that the Gentiles must never comprehend."*

And Benjamin added the following words of Jeremiah:

"And I will appoint over them four kinds of doom," declares Jehovah: "the sword to kill, the dogs to drag away, and the birds of the sky and the animals of the earth to devour and destroy" ***[Jeremiah 15:3]****.*

"So it is written!" approved Bera.

"And against that weakness we possess four remedies, which the Gentiles must never know," completed Birsha:

Against the Sword, the Peace of Gold
Against the Dogs, the Illusion of Rage
Against the Birds, the Illusion of Earth
Against the Beasts, the Illusion of Heaven.

This was more than mysterious, and the Priests were momentarily left immersed in profound reflections. The Grand Master of the Temple, however, who until then had remained silent, was thinking of something else:

"O ***Tzadikim!****" he said. "Your explanations constitute the Brightest Light for our understanding and we are very grateful for the privilege of hearing them. I would not like to abuse of the favor that you have dispensed to us, requesting clarifications that perhaps you ought not to give; but I cannot fail to manifest that our heart would be filled with joy if you could tell us something more about the Stone of Fire."*

"You speak well, Priest; the Stone of Fire contains a very great Mystery. We will tell you of it, but we will be brief, ***for it is already time to return to the Orient****." It was evident that Birsha was expressing himself in an allegorical code, since the Immortals would not depart until the following day. "But before we go, we will also speak to you of your coming mission, now that the Accursed Seed of Tharsis has died, and it will be beneficial to do so in the framework of that Mystery. Have you brought the book that we requested you?"*

"Just as you asked, the book has been transferred here," affirmed the Abbot of Clairvaux. "It is in the library of the Castle, under the permanent custody of three Knights, who will kill anyone who attempts to approach it. We also brought a clairvoyant master sculptor from Clairvaux, who awaits our call in his cell."

"Let us go up, then, to the library!" Bera ordered, while hiding the fearsome Dorché under his tunic.

They ascended through the trap door that was leading to the Church of Our Lady of the Greatest Sorrow and moments later the six found themselves in a room, the furniture of which consisted of shelves and tables covered with books and scrolls; various stands were exhibiting, open, some enormous books, of pages exquisitely illustrated by the Benedictine monks and constructed with covers encrusted with gold and silver. From a large chest reinforced with riveted fittings and a voluminous lock, the Abbot of Clairvaux extracted the ***Sepher Icheh*** *and deposited it onto a larger table, with a double inclined level but well illuminated by a central candelabrum. At a signal from Birsha, the four Priests sat in front of the book, while the Immortals were remaining standing, one at each end of the group.*

"Open it to page 12, ***Lamedh!****" demanded Birsha.*

The book was only containing pictures, that is to say, it was lacking any text, except for the words distributed in the drawings. On the requested page was left exposed the representation of the ten Sephiroth of the One Creator in the form of the ***Philosophical Tree****. All were attentive to Bera, who immediately took the floor.*

Ein Sof
כתר
KETHER
Corona
בינה
BINAH
חכמה
HOKHMAH
Forma
דין
DIN
חסד
HOESED
תפארת
TIPHERETH
Fundamentum
הוד
HOD
יסוד
YESOD
נצח
NETSAH
Regalis
מלכות
MALKHOVTH
ISRAEL SHEKHINAH
PARDES RIMMONIM SEPHIROTH
Sepher Iehoh

Twenty-seventh Day

As it is known, Dr. Siegnagel, the "sacred book" par excellence, for the Jews, is the ***Torah****, which is essentially comprised of the five books of the Pentateuch just as the Scribe Ezra presented them in the fifth century BC. But this is the written Torah,* ***Torah Shebikhtav****, which ought to be considered as a profane Doctrine, exoteric, since its true "Divine Wisdom,"* ***Chokmah****, is ciphered into the Scripture and cannot be interpreted without knowing the cryptographic keys of the Kabbalah. There exists then, also, an oral Torah,* ***Torah Shebalpeh****, which deals with these keys and constitutes the esoteric Doctrine that the members of the "kabbalistic chain,"* ***Shalshelet ha-Kabbalah****, know. The principal theme of the Torah is the Sinaitic revelation, that is to say, the* ***Chokmah*** *that Jehovah,* ***YHVH****, reveals to Moses on Mount Sinai and that is synthesized in the Decalogue of the Tablets of the Law. Now, Moses* ***received*** *the Tablets,* ***Moshe Kibel Torah Mi-Sinai****, on Mount Sinai, and from this fact the kabbalistic chain must necessarily start, since* ***Kabbalah*** *comes from the verb kibél that means* ***"to receive."*** *However, if the* ***Shalshelet ha-Kabbalah*** *begins with Moses, one must remember that he received two Tablets of the Law: only the first was containing the revelation of the "Divine Wisdom," Chokmah, the object of the esoteric Doctrine of the Kabbalah; the second was an exoteric synthesis of those and were ciphered, like all the written Torah. According to Kabbalah,* ***the first Tablets were coming from the Tree of Life, that is to say, from the Intelligence of The One****, Binah,* ***whereas the second were taken from the side of the Tree of Good and Evil.***

The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the fruit of which he had eaten, was the cause of the expulsion of Adam from Paradise: ***"Then Jehovah Elohim said, 'Behold, the man has become like one of Us, knowing good and evil; and now, he might reach out with his hand, and take fruit also from the tree of life, and eat, and live forever,'—therefore Jehovah Elohim sent him out of the Garden of Eden, to cultivate the***

ground from which he was taken. So He drove the man out; and at the east of the Garden of Eden He stationed the cherubim and the flaming sword which turned every direction to guard the way to the Tree of Life" [Genesis 3:22–24]. *Therefore, the second tablets are destined to those who desire to redeem themselves from the sin of Adam but who still remain subject to it; the first, on the other hand, reveal the* ***Chokmah*** *to those who have elevated themselves above the human condition, to the "Adamic state," and who deserve to gain the immortality that proceeds from* ***Binah****, the Intelligence of the Tree of Life: these can only be, of course, the Highest Priests of the Chosen People. That is why Moses veiled the* ***Chokmah*** *from the people and communicated it only to Joshua; Joshua transmitted it to the Elders of Israel and these to the Prophets. Solomon hid the first Tablets in the Temple and magically sealed the hiding place, in such a way that they could only be found in the twelfth century BC by the Templars, who transported it to Clairvaux. Other prophets, however, verbally communicated the* ***Chokmah*** *to the Priests of the Great Synagogue, who continued the kabbalistic chain. After the captivity of Babylon there were no longer Prophets in Israel and Ezra, the Scribe, presented to the Jewish people the exoteric Doctrine of the written Torah, based on the second Tablets of the Law. That doctrine was sustained by the Priests of the Great Synagogue, who were then called Scribes, Sopherim, until reaching the* ***Tannaim****, from the first to the third century AD. The great Kabbalists of that period, among whom stands out Shimon bar Yochai, called "The Holy Lamp," managed to transcend the written Kabbalah and obtain the* ***Chokmah*** *again. Subsequently, the oral Torah was transmitted by the* ***Amoraim*** *and* ***Rabbis*** *until the Middle Ages.*

Apart from the written Torah, three books can be considered as the most important for Jewish Kabbalists: the ***Sepher ha-Zohar****, the* ***Sepher Yetzirah****, and the* ***Sepher Icheh****. The* ***Sepher ha-Zohar*** *or Book of Splendor, was written by Shimon bar Yochai in the second century AD, but the only existing version since the thirteenth century is the translation to Aramaic effectuated by the Spanish Kabbalist Moses de León. The*

***Sepher Yetzirah**, or Book of Formation, is more ancient, and the traditional kabbalistic chain traces its origin to Abraham. But, by far, the most secret and mysterious book, as well as the most coveted by Kabbalists, is the **Sepher Icheh**, or Book of the Holocaust of Fire, which is supposed to be contemporaneous with Adam and comes, like the first man, from the Garden of Eden. In truth, the original book would have been written in Paradise by the Angel Raziel for the instruction of Adam, and its content would be the **Chokmah** itself; one must not confuse that mystical book with the "Book of Raziel," written in the twelfth century by the Kabbalist Eleazar ben Judah, of Worms, and based on second-hand news about the Sapphire Tablets.*

*According to rabbinic tradition, the true Book of Raziel, **engraved Sapphire Tablets**, would have been stolen from Paradise by **Rahab**, King of the Sea, and thrown into the Ocean; then, it would be found by the Egyptians and would remain for millennia in the possession of the Pharaohs. Moses would take it with him on the Exodus and bequeath it to Joshua, from whom, following the kabbalistic chain, it would reach King Solomon. He would obtain his famous Wisdom, **Chokmah**, through the interpretation of the Sapphire Tablets of the Book of Raziel, but, noticing its enormous power, he would hide it in the Temple so that only the Golen Templars would find it among its ruins, twenty-one centuries later. It is clear, Dr. Siegnagel, in light of everything already exposed in this letter, that the **Sapphire Tablets** and the **Tablets of the Law** are one and the same thing; that is to say, that the first Tablets, with the **Chokmah** proceeding from the Tree of Life, are none other than the Book of Raziel given to Moses in Egypt by the Priests of the Cultural Pact. The explanation is the following: If we strip the Hebrew myth of its cultural disguise, it turns out that **Rahab** is none other than **Poseidon**, "King of the Sea," and legendary Ruler of Atlantis. Thus we arrive to Atlantis, the "Garden of Eden," fatherland of the "first man": the Dark Atlanteans, founders of the Egyptian priestly hierarchy, were coming from that "lost Paradise." After the cataclysm, They would have transported to Egypt one of the "Crystal Books" that existed in the Library of Atlantis, which*

was containing the record of the Construction of the Universe by the One God, ***YHVH Elohim****. That Book of Crystal would be the Book of Raziel, in which were engraved the thirty-two operations executed by the Creator in order to construct the Universe:* ***ten Sephiroth and twenty-two Letters****. In other words, the Tablets were teaching, by means of signs, the twenty-two sounds and measurements of the sacred alphabet "used by the One Creator,* ***YHVH Elohim****," from which derives the Hebrew alphabet, and the Cosmic Form adopted by Him to create and sustain the Universe, that is to say, the ten* ***Sephiroth:*** *it is what is known as "the Secret of the Serpent."*

In the Epoch of Moses, the Egyptian Priests were ignorant of the way to interpret the Tablets, but they were remembering that the Dark Atlanteans had left them there to be delivered to the "People Chosen by The One" as the fundament of a Divine Covenant. Moses then secretly receives the Tablets of Stone and departs with his people toward Mount Zion, where Jehovah celebrates with his Stirp the Covenant of Fire, ***Berith Esh****, and reveals the* ***Chokmah*** *of the Tablets of the Law: the retribution demanded by Jehovah to the Chosen People would consist, as can be concluded from the declarations of Bera and Birsha, in the Supreme Holocaust of Fire,* ***Icheh****, from where the book that the Immortals requested to the four Priests in the Castle of Aracena takes its name.*

In summary, the Templars found the first Tablets of the Law, the Book of Raziel, which enabled the Golen Church to obtain the ***Chokmah*** *for the College of Temple Constructors and to launch the Gothic or* ***Gaulic*** *architectural revolution. But, although the mathematical kabbalistic, that is to say,* ***gematric****, decipherment of the Book of Raziel allowed to know the secrets of the Construction of the Cosmos, certain images that* ***were seen in it*** *remained incomprehensible to the Cistercian Golen: they were these visions, symbolically represented by the Golen Rabbis and Priests, that constituted the* ***Sepher Icheh*** *Book. The figures referred in great measure to the Supreme Holocaust of Fire, and titled in Hebrew and Latin, were only just beginning to be comprehended by the Golen from the explanations of Bera and Birsha.*

Today, Dr. Siegnagel, it is believed that only one copy of the Sepher Icheh exists, which is guarded in a secret Synagogue of Israel, to which only the Elders of Zion have access: They do not permit that copies of it be produced and only authorize a visual contact to the most elevated Rabbis and Initiates of the Kabbalah, any subsequent representation or reproduction of what is observed being condemned by ritual death. However, apart from this Israeli copy, there is another copy of the Sepher Icheh: it is the one sequestered in the Great Synagogue of Granada by the Inquisitor Ricardo "The Cruel," Ricardo de Tarseval, that is to say, the father of Lito of Tharsis, and that he brought to America in 1534. It is a fairly reliable replica of the Templar book, dated at Granada in 1333, that is to say, after the dissolution of the Order, and surely copied from the original book that the Golen and Rabbis took with them when they fled from France. From that Granada edition, which for centuries has been in a trunk at our Tucumán house, is the facsimile of page twelve that I enclose to you for a better comprehension of the descriptions from Bera and Birsha.

"Very good, Priests!" exclaimed Bera, while attentively examining the figure that had been exposed on page 12 of the ***Sepher Icheh****. "Your Order has realized a Great Work by representing the Wisdom of the Book of Raziel in images, but the danger that such* ***Chokmah*** *fall into the hands of the Gentiles is enormous: you must then avoid unnecessary copies of this book and submit it to the most rigorous control. What would become of our plans, which are the Plans of* ***YHVH****, if the Gentiles* ***remembered*** *the Secret of the Pomegranate Tree, of the* ***Rimmon Tree****, practically revealed by this drawing? What would we respond if they once again knew that* ***a Pomegranate Tree was the Tree of Life****, the Tree of Paradise to which Adam was not permitted to touch, in order to prevent him from knowing the Secret of Life and Death? The Gentiles already know that the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil was an Apple Tree and have related it to the Rose, comprehending that it is from a family of plants* ***among which the Almond Tree is also counted****; they know, thus, that there are distinct parts of a* ***unique Message*** *in all of them, of an idea plasmated by the One Creator. However, never will they*

achieve to relate the Pomegranate Tree with any other Tree to form a family since ***Rimmon*** *is the Archetype of Creation: in it will be discovered elements similar to all the other species, but it itself cannot be derived from any other; like* ***YHVH****, it encompasses them all with its Form, but is not encompassed by any. The mission that we will entrust to you has to do with the Pomegranate Tree of Life, but it especially refers to one of its Fruits, the* ***Sephirah Binah****, which will inspire you to combat the atrocious heresy of the House of Tharsis.*

"Yes, Priests! Even though the Stirp of Tharsis has died, the effect of their luciferic acts still subsists, of which the Cult to the Virgin of the Grotto is not the least. Against that imposture you will begin to immediately fight, developing the attack according to the instructions that we will now give you! At this moment, History, which the Most Holy has designed for the Chosen People, smiles upon us: soon the Universal Synarchy will be established in Europe; then the World Government of the Chosen People will arise, during which the irresistible Power of the ***Messiah****, for whom the Holocaust of Fire will be offered, will manifest itself upon the Gentile humanity. But long before that marvelous act is concretized, I would say to you that in the present day, if possible,* ***the Order of Melchizedek will raise a male of the House of Israel in the Sepharad of Spain endowed with the Verb of Metatron; he will possess the Chokmah necessary to close the Gates that the Hyperborean Demons have opened and to open the Gates of the Celestial Palaces, Hekhaloth, of Eden; the kabbalistic name of this High Priest is 'Quiblon.' Quiblon will be endowed with great Power: he will rise up from nothingness and will drag the whole of Spain after the Gold that he will offer them in abundance. Blind, like Perseus, Spain will raise its Sword and cut off Three Heads of Medusa in a lair, beyond the Sea of Darkness, in a new Tartarus, the path of which he will teach them.***

"Pay attention, Priests, for we are prophesying to you! It is the Word of ***YHVH*** *that flows from our lips! We repeat it to you:* ***Quiblon will be an envoy from Heaven, an ambassador of YHVH. And you must know that this region of Huelva has been designated by Melchizedek as the seat of the Embassy***

of Quiblon, as the port and breakwater of his magical journeys. Yes, the land where the greatest sacrifice after Atlantis was committed, the land where the White Atlanteans gave start to their luciferic plan destined to predispose the Uncreated Spirit to wage a Final Battle against the Goodness of The One Creator, this land, Priests, will be redeemed from its sin, blessed and sanctified, by the Triple Holocaust of Quiblon. *That is why we let you know, in due time, that you must occupy Saturn's Rock: have you done so?"*

"In effect, O Divine ***Aralim!"*** *confirmed the Grand Master of the Temple, who was still awaiting the explanation on the Mystery of the Stone of Fire. "As soon as we received Your message, we requested papal authorization and took possession of the Convent of La Rábida, with the aim of establishing ourselves on the very site of Saturn's Rock."*

"Well, ***you ought to know, also, that*** *Rus Baal,* ***or Saturn's Rock, is a place consecrated to Binah, the Aspect with which YHVH manifests Himself as the Great Mother: when Quiblon arrives to that sacred place, YHVH will reflect in him the Shekhinah and will endow him with the Verb of Metatron.*** *How many times has the Shekhinah descended to Earth?"*

"Ten times ***in front of Israel!"*** *Rabbi Nasi hastened to respond:*

> *"First:* ***in the Garden of Eden:*** *'Now they heard the sound of YHVH Elohim walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of* ***YHVH Elohim*** *among the trees of the garden'* ***[Genesis 3:8].***
>
> *"Second:* ***to observe the Tower of Babel:*** *'Now* ***YHVH*** *came down to see the city and the tower which the men had built'* ***[Genesis 11:5].***
>
> *"Third:* ***in Sodom:*** *'And* ***YHVH*** *said, I will go down now and see whether they have done entirely as the outcry, which has come to Me indicates; and if not, I will know'* ***[Genesis 18:21].***

"Fourth: ***in the Burning Bush****: 'Then* ***YHVH*** *appeared to him in a blazing fire from the midst of a bush; and he looked, and behold, the bush was burning with fire, yet the bush was not being consumed'* ***[Exodus 3:2]****.*

"Fifth: ***in Egypt****: 'So I have come down to rescue them from the power of the Egyptians, and to bring them up from that land to a good and spacious land, to a land flowing with milk and honey, to the place of the Canaanite, the Hittite, the Amorite, the Perizzite, the Hivite, and the Jebusite'* ***[Exodus 3:8]****.*

"Sixth: ***atop Mount Sinai****: 'Then* ***YHVH*** *came down on Mount Sinai, to the top of the mountain; and* ***YHVH*** *called Moses to the top of the mountain'* ***[Exodus 19:20]****.*

"Seventh: ***above the Elders****: 'Then* ***YHVH*** *came down in the cloud and spoke to him; and He took away some of the Spirit who was upon him and placed Him upon the seventy elders. And when the Spirit rested upon them, they prophesied. Yet they did not do it again'* ***[Numbers 11:25]****.*

"Eighth: ***over the Red Sea****: 'He also bowed the heavens down low, and came down with thick darkness under His feet'* ***[II Samuel 22:10]****.*

"Ninth: ***in the sanctuary of the Temple****: 'And* ***YHVH*** *said to me, "This gate shall be shut; it shall not be opened, and no one shall enter by it, for* ***YHVH*** *Elohim of Israel has entered by it; therefore it shall be shut"'* ***[Ezekiel 44:2]****.*

"Tenth: ***He will come in the Epoch of Gog and Magog****: 'Then* ***YHVH*** *will go forth and fight against those nations, as when He fights on a day of battle (of Atlantis). On that day His feet will stand on the Mount of Olives, which is in front of Jerusalem on the east; and the Mount of Olives will be split in its middle from east to west forming a very large valley. Half of the mountain will move toward the north, and the other half toward the south. And* ***YHVH*** *will be King over all the earth; on that day* ***YHVH*** *will be the only one, and His name the only one. All the land will change into a plain from Geba to Rim-*

mon,' that is to say, Grenada, into the Negeb. 'But Jerusalem will rise and remain'" ***[Zechariah 14:3–4, 9–10].***

"And ***once among the Chosen People!****" added the Abbot of Clairvaux:*

"Eleventh: ***on the Messiah****: 'And when Jesus had been baptized, just as he came up from the water, suddenly the heavens were opened to him and he saw the Spirit of* ***YHVH*** *descending* ***like a dove*** *and alighting on him. And a voice from heaven said,* ***"This is my Son, the Beloved, with whom I am well pleased"'"*** ***[Matthew 3:16].***

"Take note, then, of ***two more times when the Shekhinah will descend to Earth!****" advised Bera. "The Eleventh, which the Abbot has mentioned, is marked by the letter* ***Aleph (1)****, which governs the essence of Air: it was a* ***pneumatic*** *descent, symbolized by the bird of the Standard of Israel. This signifies that Christianity constitutes a* ***Holocaust of Air*** *for* ***YHVH Shaddai:***

"The Twelfth, which we now announce to you, will occur at Saturn's Rock, on Rus Baal, in front of Quiblon, when Quiblon searches there for the Intelligence of the Great Mother Binah: that will be a descent marked by the letter Mem (13), which expresses the essence of Water. This signifies that the Discovery of Quiblon will constitute a Holocaust of Water for YHVH Shaddai.

"And the Thirteenth, will happen during the World Government of the Chosen People, then the Shekhinah will descend upon the Messiah, in front of Israel; and the Messiah will be One with Israel; and Israel will be One with the Shekhinah; and Israel will be One with YHVH; and Israel will be YHVH: Blessed be the Mystery of Israel! And Israel Shekhinah will forever do away with all the Gentiles*, and with two-thirds of its own blood,* ***bringing about the Din Judgment of Elohim Gibor, the rigorous Judgment of Geburah; and Israel Shekhinah will fulfill the Sentence of YHVH Sabaoth,*** *which has already been pronounced in the Heavens:* ***that will be a descent characterized by the letter Shin (21),***

which defines the essence of Fire. This signifies that the Sentence of the Din Judgment, of the Last Judgment, will constitute a Holocaust of Fire for YHVH Shaddai."

The four Priests were paying attention to the words of the Immortals with inordinate interest, but the most impressed was the Grand Master of the Temple, directly responsible for the occupation of Rus Baal from the Convent of Our Lady of La Rábida.

Twenty-eighth Day

*us Baal, Saturn's Rock, is located 5 kilometers from Onuba, the present city of Huelva, at an elevation of 37 meters of height that dominates the region of Palos, that is to say, on the left Bank of the confluence of the Tinto and Odiel rivers. In the Epoch in which the Phoenicians conquered Onuba, they built the Temple of Rus Baal especially to satisfy the request of the Hebrew merchants, who were the ones chartering the ships toward those distant ports. Those were the days of Solomon, when the wealth of Israel was able to rent the Phoenician fleet: "**Now all King Solomon's drinking utensils were of gold, and all the utensils of the house of the timber of Lebanon were of pure gold. None was of silver; it was not considered as amounting to anything in the days of Solomon.** For the king had the ships of Tarshish[33] at sea **with Hiram's ships; once every three years the ships of Tarshish would come carrying gold and silver, ivory, monkeys, and peacocks" [I Kings 10:21–22].** As read in other chapters of the Book of Kings, Solomon, who was effectively possessing the **Chokmah**, discovered that **YHVH** was also manifesting Himself under other **Aspects**, generally identifiable with foreign Gods, and he rendered Cult to them, or permitted that the Priests did so, erecting for them altars and Temples. With "the fleets of Tharsis" were traveling, then, the Priests who had the Temple of **Rus Baal** constructed in the distant Tartéside. Two hundred years after Solomon, and five hundred before the fall of Tharsis at the hands of Carthage, colony of Tyre, Isaiah, who was also possessing the **Chokmah**, and then knew the plan of the Golen, could "prophesy" its coming end with mathematical precision: "**Wail**, you ships of Tharsis, **for Tyre is destroyed, without house or harbor. Who has planned this? YHVH Sabaoth has planned it, to defile the pride of all beauty, to despise all the honored of the earth" [Isaiah 23:1, 8–9].** But in the days of Solomon the most important Phoenician colony, besides Tyre, was Sidon, to the port of*

33. Tharsis, historically known as Cádiz in Andalusia, Spain.

*which "the fleets of Tharsis" were arriving and departing: now, "**Sidon**" is not a Phoenician name but Greek, a country with which the Punic men were allied against the Medes or Persians; what does this name signify, what is its origin? Well, nothing more or less than "**Great Pomegranate Tree**," since **Pomegranate Tree**, in Greek, is **Side**, Σίδη; as for its origin, the Greeks gave it to them due to a Hebrew cult that was being practiced there under the auspices of King Solomon, that is, the Cult **to the Divine Mother of Egypt**, **Side**, **the Great Wise Pomegranate Tree; Rimmon Binah**, in Hebrew. Side, like Achiroe, was the wife of Belus in the Greek Myths.*

*The Hebrew Priests also transported this Cult of the Great Mother Rimmon Binah to the Phoenician Colonies and gave name, among others, to the present Andalusian City of Granada. The Phoenicians, in effect, founded a fortified trading post to which they called Rimmon, in honor to the Cult practiced by their principal clients, however the native Iberian peoples, who were Pelasgians like the Etruscans, were naming the fruit, with their voice, **grana**, which has the same root as the Etrusco-Roman **malum granatum**, that is to say, "fruit of many grains." That citadel of Semitic merchants, Rimmon, was locally called **Granata**, **Granad**, **and Granada**. In truth, the site chosen by the Phoenicians to establish their trading post was an intersection of Iberian roads already occupied by the Iberians themselves and by the Greeks, as it would be subsequently by the Turduli, the Tartessians, and the Celts; but, commerce being the principal objective, it is understood that each peoples fortified their particular urban base and thus, several extremely close citadels arose, in such a way that their subsequent unity constitutes the modern city of Granada. There was existing, for example, opposite Granada, a very ancient city, contemporaneous with Tharsis, called Vira or Virya, in the Indo-European language, as pronounced in Sanskrit or Iranian, and that means **Semi-divine Man**, **Hero**, **Man that takes part in Divinity**, **Wise Warrior**, etc. Both cities, one populated by partisans of the Blood Pact, that is to say, Vira, and the other by staunch defenders and propagators of the Cultural Pact, Granada, were only able to live in permanent conflict. However, time would show that, at least in*

this case, the God of Granada was stronger than the God of Vira, and Granada ended up dominating Vira, and the other Cities, and absorbing them within its walls. The Hebrews took this as an unmistakable sign of their messianic destiny and would not ever forget it.

Vira should not be confused with ***Iliberi, Iliberri, or Eliberi, the Elibyrge*** *that the Greek Hecato was mentioning, since they were distinct cities. The cities were still separate during the Roman domination, and such situation was maintained even with the Visigoths. The Arabs, in compensation for the favors rendered for their invasion, give the Hebrews control of the city of Granada, or* ***Garnatha*** *according to the new denomination; from then on they would refer to it as "the Castle of the Jews." But they do even more: after destroying Iliberri, they establish their farmstead in the Cora*[34] *de* ***Castala, Cazalla,*** *or* ***Gacela****, more commonly known as* ***Casthilla****, another contiguous city, and favor the economic expansion of Madinat Garnata, the "Mansion of the Jews." It is the end of* ***El-Vira****, or* ***Elvira****, whose inhabitants must capitulate to thousands of years of resistance, abandon the hill of the same name, and move to Garnata. The same will occur with Madinat Alhambra and Madinat Casthilla: all will end up falling under the control of "the Jews of Granada." In the thirteenth century, when the narrated events occur, only the Arab Kingdom of Granada subsists, the City being comprised of the influential "Jewish quarter" situated in the primitive location of the Castle of Granada, the Arab quarter of the Alhambra, the Mozarabic quarter of Casthilla, of primitive Gallo-Roman roots, and the depopulated Elvira. Lastly, I will add that if the Hebrews call "rimmon" to the pomegranate, the Arabs know it as "rummān," which explains why, for some time, the City was called* ***Hisn al-Rummān****, which means "Castle of Granada." But, in one language or another, it is clear that the meaning of the name has not changed in thousands of years.*

It is in light of that missionary activity of the Hebrew Priests, who were traveling on the "fleets of Tharsis," that the foundation of the Temple of Rus Baal, or of the Rock of Baal,

34. Coras were the names of the territorial demarcations in al-Andalus during the Emirate and Caliphate of Córdoba.

ought to be observed. The Phoenicians were consecrating each city to Baal and designating This One with a particular Name: thus, the Baal of the Sidonians was called Baal-Sidon, that of Tyre, Baal-Tsur, and that of the inhabitants of Tharshish, Baal-Tars. Of the three principal Aspects of Baal, this is, Baal Chon, the Producer, Baal Tammuz, the Preserver, and Baal Moloch, the Destroyer, the Hebrews were accepting the last one as a personification of ***YHVH Sabaoth****, the* ***Netzach*** *Aspect of "****YHVH*** *of Hosts," which leads to* ***Victory*** *through the destruction of the enemies of the Chosen People or* ***Shekhinah****. The Temple of Rus Baal was dedicated, however, to the Cult of Baal Tammuz or Jehovah Adonai. When the House of Tharsis took charge of that Iberian Seigniory, already free of the Phoenicians after a bloody war, it prevented that the Cult of Baal Tammuz-Jehovah be continued with and dedicated the place, at first, to the Cult of Fire, and in a second cultural instance, to the Cult of the Cold Fire.*

After the invasion of Hamilcar Barca and the destruction of the Tartessian Empire, the Golen established the cult to Baal Moloch at Rus Baal, until the Roman reconquest. It was these, who were recognizing, in Baal Moloch and Jehovah, the God Saturn, who called "Saturn's Rock," Rus Baal. But Saturn was none other than the Greek God Kronos or Xronos, who was then active in the Roman pantheon; the Priests of Saturn, as will be seen, only replaced the Cult of Saturn, by that of his granddaughter, Proserpine or Persephone. It is easy to demonstrate, comparing the Hebrew Myth with the Greek, that Jehovah is equivalent to Kronos, and, of course, to Tammuz, to Moloch, and to Saturn. To begin, Kronos is the son of Uranus, the Supreme Heaven, as ***YHVH Elohim*** *is of* ***Ehyeh:*** *and both Kronos and* ***YHVH Elohim*** *are Gods of the immanent Time of the World, Xronos or* ***Bereshit****. And, most importantly: both are* ***enemies*** *of the Cyclops, that is, of the White Atlanteans. About that, it is convenient to remember what the Greek Myths tell about Uranus, Kronos, Zeus, Demeter, and Persephone, and to clarify such legends by means of the Hyperborean Wisdom.*

Uranus is the Supreme Heaven, Father of the Titans, the Titanides, the Cyclops, and the Hecatoncheires, generations of

Gods from which descend all the other Greek divinities and the human genus. That is to say that Uranus is another representation of the Origin, from which have come to the Universe its own Creator, Jehovah Satan, and the successive Hyperborean Spirits, the first "Gods," both the "Traitors" who enchained their Comrades to the animal-man, and the "Loyalists" or "Liberators," who procure their orientation and Return to the Origin. But one of the sons of Uranus, Kronos-Jehovah, ***castrates*** *his Father and declares war on the Cyclops, whom he prevents from inhabiting their usual abode, and precipitates into the Infernal Tartarus. This means to say that Kronos-Jehovah* ***closes off the access to the Origin****, the point of provenance and return of all the Uncreated Spirits like Himself,* ***"castrating" the Generating Principle of the Gods****, preventing their Divine* ***birth****. He becomes involved, then, in a war with the Cyclops. But, who were the Cyclops? Well, the White Atlanteans, the Weapon Constructors of Atlantis: according to the Greek legends, the Cyclops made the bow and arrows of Apollo, the Hyperborean, and those of his sister Artemis, the Bear Goddess; earlier, during the Kronos-Jehovah War, they had provided to Zeus the Weapons of Thunder, Lightning Flash, and Lightning Bolt; to Poseidon, King of Atlantis, the Weapon of the Trident; and to Hades, or Vides, the famous Helmet of Invisibility. After the Battle of Atlantis, and the Cataclysm that submerged their Continent, the White Atlanteans had to march toward the infernal lands, where only the animal-man and the most degraded hybrid Races of the Earth were inhabiting: it is then when the legend represents the Cyclops, Divine Constructors, wandering through the infernal regions. And during their transit through those lands of madness, as we have already seen, they were closely pursued by the Dark Atlanteans, the minions of Kronos-Jehovah.*

But Kronos, despite all his efforts, cannot prevent Zeus from ***being born****, another Son of the Origin. The image of Zeus has been atrociously degraded by the Priests of the Cultural Pact, but, going back to the most ancient versions of the Myth, it is possible to recognize Khristos Lúcifer in Him, the Lord of Venus who descended to Atlantis to* ***bring the Gral*** *that would make possible the orientation and liberation of the Spirit en-*

*chained to Matter, **the awakening of the Spirit of Man**. That is why Zeus is a natural ally of the Cyclops, who provide him the Weapons with which he defeats Kronos-Jehovah and consolidates his power in the Olympian region of Earth, that is to say, in K'Taagar, where the Path toward Venus is initiated. Zeus-Lúcifer fights against Kronos-Jehovah in company of Poseidon and of Hades, and with the technical support of the Cyclops. Once victorious, in a primitive version of the Battle of Atlantis, the Gods settle in determinate parts of the Universe: Zeus-Lúcifer goes to Olympus, that is to say, to K'Taagar, but, through his Gate, his true domicile constitutes him "in Heaven," that is to say, on Venus; Poseidon in Atlantis, as King, and also as God of the Sea; and Hades goes likewise to K'Taagar, but without returning to Venus, as Zeus-Lúcifer did, but remaining as Lord of the terrestrial Abode of the Liberating Gods of the Spirit of Man, a place that the Priests of the Cultural Pact, as I explained the Tenth Day, would identify with the infernal Tartarus: Hades is, then, Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar.*

*With Demeter, an Origin **Daughter**, Zeus procreates Persephone, that is to say, Proserpina, the Goddess whom the Roman Priests of Saturn-Kronos-Jehovah, evoked in Rus Baal, for their Cult and to whom they dedicated the Carthaginian Temple of Baal Moloch-Jehovah. She was a Cruel Goddess, who was inhabiting the infernal Tartarus beside Hades and was perfectly conciliating with that remote region of the Tartéside, celebrated by the ancient legends that were indicating it as the residence of Medusa. Demeter was the Goddess of Wheat, the one who gave that cereal to men for the first time, and living next to Zeus on Olympus. She had no other children except Persephone, who was raptured*[35] *by Hades and led to Tartarus to a Mansion that would require crossing the Land of the Dead to reach her. The Greek Myth tells that then, saddened by her absence, Demeter abandons Olympus and descends to Earth to search for her, because she was unaware of her infernal whereabouts. She thus comes to learn that Zeus has been an accomplice of Hades in the Rapture. For **nine nights**, Demeter searches in vain for Persephone, carry-*

35. Kidnapped or abducted.

ing a torch in each hand; at last, guided by Hecate, the Goddess of Sorcery, whom she encounters ***at the intersection of some roads****, she finds out that Persephone is in the Land of the Dead. She goes down there alone, to discover that the definitive return of her daughter is impossible: Persephone* ***has eaten*** *a pomegranate seed and can no longer return to the world of the living, for* ***anyone who tries an aliment in the Land of the Dead, remains a prisoner there forever: it is necessary in the infernos to fast to avoid Death****. Finally, Demeter returns to Olympus with Persephone, who nevertheless must return periodically to Hell* ***to realize Death****. The Myth of Persephone was forming part of the Mysteries of Eleusis, where it was esoterically explained to the Initiates. The attributes of Demeter, on the other hand, were the* ***Spica of Wheat*** *and the* ***Crane****.*

Hitherto the Greek Myth; but what is hidden behind the legend of Demeter and Persephone or Proserpine? I already explained that Hades is the degraded name of Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, to whom the conspiracy of the Cultural Pact equated a God who is Lord of Hell or Tartarus. In the same way, the Priests threw Persephone there, a very ancient White Atlantean Goddess. To whom do I refer? Well, to Frya, the Wife of Navutan. To discover the true facts behind the story of Persephone and to interpret the motive of the calumny, one must bear in mind that for the White Atlanteans, as for every member of the Hyperborean Race, the "Wife" is also the "Sister," an identity that goes further than a simple symbolic association, and refers to the Mystery of the Original Partner of the Uncreated Spirits. Frya, in addition to Wife, is thus the "Sister" of Navutan and, therefore, the Daughter, ***like Navutan is the Son of Ama****, the Virgin of Agartha or of K'Taagar, to whom the Greek Priests of the Cultural Pact were equating Demeter,* ***the Goddess who gave to men, for the first time, the Plant of Wheat****, the Bearer of the Seed. Thence* ***a Son*** *of Demeter is never mentioned, whom she would have conceived as a Virgin on Venus, that is to say, on Olympus, as I have already related on the Twelfth Day. Her spiritual Son, Navutan, crucified himself on the Tree of Terror, the Pomegranate Tree of Life, to discover the Secret of Death, and it would be*

his Wife Frya who would resurrect him by revealing to him the Secret of Life and Death with her dance. That is why the legends only mention Frya-Persephone, whose memory was deeply rooted in the peoples of the Blood Pact, and cast the mantle of Taboo over the Feat of Navutan: the Dark Atlanteans, and the Priests of the Cultural Pact, were desiring to hide by any means, the subsequent legacy that the resurrected Great White Chief made to men, that is to say, ***the Mystery of the Labyrinth****.*

It was Navutan, in effect, the true inspirer of the Mystery of the Labyrinth, in whose trajectory was being administered to the Hyperborean Initiate, a sign called ***Tirodinguiburr****, formed with Uncreated Vrunes. Such a sign was enabling the enchained Spirit to awaken and orient Itself toward the Origin, finding the exit of the* ***Labyrinth of Illusion*** *in which it was lost. However, as in the case of the Feat of Navutan, the exit will never be able to be found if the Hero does not rely on the cooperation of his Original Partner: otherwise he may die, spiritually, after nine nights of hanging from the Tree of Terror. This is why the cultural hoax of the Priests wants that Ama-Demeter search for Frya-Persephone for* ***nine nights****. Who guides her, finally, is Hecate, with whom she meets at an* ***intersection*** *of roads, that is to say, in the interior of a Labyrinth: Hecate is, then, a* ***general*** *representation of what Frya would* ***individually*** *be for Navutan: the Original Partner. For the ancient Greeks, Hecate was to be found at all crossroads, ready to orient the lost traveler toward his ultimate destination, a symbol that, as can be seen, was coming from very far away. However, this Marvelous Goddess, to whom tricephalous statues were erected that were indicating the triple nature of the White man, physical Body, Soul, and Uncreated Spirit, eventually ended up being converted into the Goddess of Sorcery and Witchcraft, a consequence, of course, of the Cultural Pact.*

Naturally, the "rapture" of Frya-Persephone is a spiritual rapture realized by Herself to resurrect her Husband, that is to say, it is the impulse of a sacred ecstasy. Zeus-Lucifer, presumably the Father of Navutan himself, and Hades-Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, are the "Sages of Hyperborea" with whom

She consults about the way to save Navutan. And the counsel that she receives from Them is what decides her to go down to the Hell of Illusion, to the Land of the "spiritually" Dead, that is to say, to Earth, to the World of Sleeping Men. And, it is known, that whosoever "aliments" the Illusion, whosoever lets the Great Delusion of The One enter within Himself, remains forever enchained in Matter, can no longer return to the Origin, loses himself in the Enchanted Labyrinth of the Warm Life. However, Frya had not tried the Forbidden Fruit, she was free to return, if she was so desiring, to the Origin, bearer of the Secret of Death: it was her decision to resurrect Navutan, revealing to him, through dance, the knowledge of the Kalachakra Key. But, for it, ***she had to believe in Death, she had to eat*** *a Pomegranate seed* ***and transform herself into a Partridge, she had to transcend the Mask of Death and reach the depths of Navutan's Self****. And Navutan, when seeing Death head-on, awoke and comprehended Death, later resurrecting and discovering the Secret of the Labyrinth to Sleeping Men. But in this legacy, Navutan committed to his Divine Wife, who acceded to periodically remain in the infernal Tartarus, that is to say, in the World of the Sleeping Men and to show Herself before them with the Image of Death: so that they transcend Her in the Mystery of the Cold Fire and resurrect, also, as Men of Stone, as Hyperborean Initiates, as Wise Warriors.*

A pale reflection of this part of the story is preserved in the legend of the Young Perdix, "Sister," and therefore Wife, of Daedalus, the "inventor" of the Labyrinth, that is, of Navutan: when Perdix was falling toward an Abyss, the Goddess of Wisdom, Athena, took pity on Her and converted her into a Partridge, from whence arose the Greek belief that the dance of the partridge was solving the enigma of the Labyrinth, and that gave rise to a College of Priestesses bent on reproducing said dance.

I have already explained that Kronos-Saturn-Jehovah ***"closes off the access to the Origin, the point of provenance and return of all Uncreated Spirits,"*** *that is to say,* ***he cuts off the Path toward the Exit of the Labyrinth****. In the Cretan Myth, the inventor of the Mystery of the Labyrinth is*

Daedalus-Navutan, and who cuts off the passage toward the Exit, is the Minotaur, a being half-man, half-bull. But the God who also had the feet of a bull was Dionysus, a defect that was forcing him to wear laced boots or buskins; and Dionysus, the God of Wine, was classically assimilated to Jehovah by the ancient Hebrews, who were seeing the God of Barley in both. Thus closes a circle traced by the Priests of the Cultural Pact in which are linked, in different Epochs and places, the representations of Kronos, Saturn, Jehovah, Dionysus Sabazios, and the Minotaur or Guardian of the Exit.

*Lastly, I will say that already in the times of the Prophet Amos, eighth century BC, the identity of Jehovah and Saturn was established, and accepted by the Priests: "**'You also carried along Sakkuth your king and Saturn, your images, the star of your gods which you made for yourselves. Therefore I will make you go into exile beyond Damascus,' says YHVH, whose name is Adonai Sabaoth" [Amos 5:26–27].** But the situation had not changed after the Captivity, since in the Epoch of the Prophet Ezekiel, sixth century BC, Jehovah or Tammuz Adonis, that is to say, Adonai, was indistinctly being worshiped: **"Then He brought me to the entrance of the gate of YHVH's house which was toward the north; and behold, women were sitting there weeping for Adonis (Rimmon) Tammuz" [Ezekiel 8:14].***

Twenty-ninth Day

To now understand the reason for the Cult of Proserpina in Rus Baal, one must go forward enough in historical time, and arrive to an Epoch in which the Priests of the Cultural Pact had managed to profoundly confuse the individual characteristics of Demeter-Ama and Persephone-Frya, who were simply being named as "the Goddesses." The intention of the Priests was to substitute the Atlantean Hyperborean Goddesses for the image of the Great Mother Binah, one of the Aspects of ***YHVH****, the One Creator. It is here where the origin of the Myth of Adonis, Greek Name of the Lord* ***YHVH*** *Adonai, must be situated. According to the Greek Myth, the mother was Myrrh, who the Gods converted into a Tree when she was pregnant with Adonis; Myrrh, the same vegetable that one of the Magi Kings of the Orient, envoys of the White Brotherhood, offers to the child Jesus. At ten months, the Tree of Myrrh gives birth and Adonis is born, a child who represents beauty, which is no more than a symbolic way of saying that* ***Tiphereth****, the Beauty in the Heart of* ***YHVH****, one of his Ten Aspects, is born from the Pomegranate Tree. The Myth goes on affirming that Aphrodite, the Goddess of the Fire of Love, that is to say, the Archetype of the Hot Fire in the Heart, falls in love with the child and entrusts him to the care of* ***Persephone-Proserpina****. We already have present, then, the Great Mother Binah, the "Intelligence" Aspect of* ***YHVH****. The two Goddesses, Aphrodite and Persephone, end up rivaling to conquer the love of Adonis-Adonai, which means that in the animal-man or common-man, the image of Adam, it is normal that the Hot Fire in the Heart, Tiphereth, and the Intelligence that infuses Binah in the Brain, enter into conflict. This ambivalence is seen in the irresolution of the Myth: Adonis-Adonai must be content with alternatively remaining with each one of the Goddesses, even though the preeminence that the Priests grant to the Heart as the seat of the Soul, wanted that the Beautiful God "spent more time with Aphrodite than with Persephone." To the heart is linked the symbol of the rose, and it is this way that the death of Adonis-Adonai brings red*

roses to the world, born of the drops of blood from his wound: it is Artemis, the Goddess Ursa, who causes a wild boar to mortally wound the God. The opposition between the Boar, one of the Manifestations of Vishnu, and the Bear, is a classic theme of the Hyperborean Wisdom. I will only say here that the Wild Boar is related to the Mystery of the Golen, as was seen during the assassination of the Vrayas of Tharsis, and that the Myth allegorically indicates a ***Degree*** *reached by Them, a hierarchical level that will allow them to carry forward the standard of Israel when it will be impossible for the Chosen People to do so themselves, when Adonis-Adonai momentarily bleeds on the Pardes Rimonim to create the roses that will flower during the Universal Synarchy.*

In Phrygia, the Golen officiated as Priests of Cybele and adopted the practice of ritual Sodomy, a vice that still subsists in the higher degrees of Masonry created by Them. The Phrygian Myth of Adonis-Adonai was that of Attis, in whose Cult the Golen would develop a fundamental protagonist role. There, the Great Mother Binah was being called Cybele, Goddess who was propitiating scandalous orgies and demanding that her "Priests of the Dog" were eunuchs: in the course of the Cult it was common that, carried away by the orgiastic frenzy, many participants voluntarily castrated themselves, like the Attis Archetype, later integrating into, if they were surviving the mutilation, the court of sodomites who were worshiping and serving the Goddess.

According to the Phrygian legend, Cybele was worshiped as the Stone of Fire; desirous of copulating with her, Zeus-Chokmah deposits his semen on the Stone, an act that leaves the Goddess pregnant. Thus Agdistis is born, a hermaphrodite being whom Dionysus-Jehovah inebriates and castrates, with the aim of individualizing its sex. From the wound of Agdistis flows abundant blood, which is transformed into the ***Pomegranate Tree****, which is why Attis, as well as Adonis, was being called Rimmon, Pomegranate Tree. However, the mutilated phallus of Agdistis, thrown onto the Earth, is in turn transformed into* ***the Almond Tree****, a member of the family of the roses. A pomegranate, fruit from the Pomegranate Tree of Agdistis, leaves Nana, daughter of the River God Sangarius,*

pregnant. From this pregnancy is born Attis, a Beautiful God similar to Adonis; and like Adonis, the Great Mother Binah and the Goddess of the Hot Fire in the Heart, Tiphereth, will also fight for Attis: Agdistis, now converted into a woman, falls in love with Attis as well as Cybele, with whom she must compete for the favors of the Beautiful God. Evidently, Attis is a Phrygian Adonis, a representative of the Beauty of ***YHVH*** *in the Heart, courted at the same time by the Great Mother Binah-Cybele and by Tiphereth Agdistis-Aphrodite.*

But the Phrygian Myth contains more details. Attis, driven mad by Agdistis, castrates himself and dies, following the mutilation, during the Cult of Cybele. The Goddess buries him and plants an Almond Tree over his tomb. Attis was, then, a eunuch and a sodomite, marked by the symbols of the ***Pomegranate*** *and the* ***Almond Tree****, which clearly proves that the origin of the Myth is Hebrew. Remember, Dr. Siegnagel, furthermore, that the* ***Jacobins*** *who produced the French Revolution, the Chiefs of which were Jews and Golen, were identifying themselves with the* ***Phrygian cap****, that is to say, with the cap of the* ***Priests of Phrygia****, which has the shape of a* ***severed foreskin*** *to indicate the sodomite character of the Priests of the Great Mother Cybele-Binah, the "Reason Goddess" of the Encyclopedists.*

It is not surprising, at this point, that it was Dionysius Sabazios, a God of Barley like Jehovah, who has castrated Agdistis after intoxicating him with barley wine. Jehovah had sanctified the Sabbath, the day that throughout the Mediterranean was being dedicated to the Cult of Saturn and to which the ***Pomegranate Tree*** *was dedicated. Saul,* ***the first King of Israel****, consecrated the Kingdom, Malkuth, to the Pomegranate Tree that was representing* ***YHVH****. Dionysus, the one with the feet of the bull and laced boots, was a lame God, in the same way that limping was the Dance of the Labyrinth that the male partridges were dancing, and still dance. This Dance was executed by the Hebrew Priests of Baal Tammuz Adonis in the time of Elijah, ninth century BC:* ***"Then they took the ox which was given them and they prepared it, and they called on the name of Baal from morning until noon, saying, 'O Baal, answer us!' But there was no***

***voice and no one answered. And they limped about the altar which they had made" [I Kings 18:26]**. The Hebrew word **Pesach**, which designates the Passover, precisely means "limping dance," because that feast was one and the same as that of Baal Adonis, the Rimmon God who had been killed by a Wild Boar: this identity is the origin of the Hebrew prohibition of eating pork on the Sabbath days. Moreover, the Levitical tradition was decreeing that the Paschal lamb, the victim of the burnt offering of the Passover, was served on a platter of Pomegranate wood.*

*The pomegranate was the only fruit that was able to be introduced into the Holy of Holies and the High Priest, when making the annual entrance into the Temple, was wearing small pomegranate-shaped tassels sewn onto his ephod. The Torah scroll was wrapped around a pole called **Etz Chaim**, that is to say **the Tree of Life**, which was topped at each end by two sculpted pomegranates. And the **octuple** candelabrum, Chanukah, has a pomegranate crowning each arm, in which shines Yod, the Eye of **YHVH**. The **septuple** candelabrum, Menorah, has seven calyxes of Almond Blossoms, which recall the institution of the Priesthood of Aaron, when the **rod of Almond** that Moses subministered to him, blossomed: "**Now on the next day Moses went into the tent of the testimony; and behold, Aaron's staff for the house of Levi** had sprouted and produced buds and bloomed with blossoms, and it yielded ripe almonds" **[Numbers 17:8]**. To perpetuate the memory of this miracle, **YHVH** says: "**Then you shall make a lampstand of pure gold. The lampstand, its base and its shaft, are to be made of hammered work; its cups, its bulbs, and its flowers shall be of one piece with it. Six branches shall go out from its sides; three branches of the lampstand from its one side and three branches of the lampstand from its other side.** Three cups shall be shaped like almond blossoms **on the one branch, a bulb and a flower, and three cups shaped like almond blossoms on the other branch" [Exodus 25:31–33]**, etc. And, according to the vision of the Prophet Zechariah, "**These seven lamps are the eyes of YHVH roaming throughout the earth" [Zechariah 4:10]**, that is, a representation of the Shekhinah.*

The Cults of Rus Baal, the most ancient of Baal Tammuz Adonis, practiced by the Hebrew Priests, and that of Baal Moloch, officiated by the Golen, were interpreted by the Romans as forms of worship to Kronos-Saturn, a God equivalent to Jehovah-Adonai or Rimmon-Attis-Adonis-Dionysus. From the third century BC, the Priests of the Cultural Pact, which were proliferating in Rome, dedicate Rus Baal to the Cult of Proserpina or Persephone, the infernal lover of Adonis; in the same Epoch, and at a short distance, the Seigniors of Tharsis devote themselves to the Cult of Vesta, the Goddess of the Fire of the Hearth, behind which they hide their conception of the Cult of the Cold Fire. The two opposing Cults, that of the Cold Fire of Vesta of Tharsis, and that of the Hot Fire of Proserpina of Palos, simultaneously develop without either attempting to surpass the other. And it is worth to repeat that that version of Proserpina was equivalent to a late Persephone, closer to the Great Mother Cybele Binah than to the ancient Persephone, or Frya, the Wife of Navutan.

*In the second century AD, always furtively, Bera and Birsha arrive to Huelva; but this time they do not attack the House of Tharsis but direct themselves to Rus Baal, "**to supervise the Cult of Proserpina by order of Melchizedek," a High Priest of the White Brotherhood**. After the departure of the Immortals, the Temple of the region of Palos began to gain fame for the miracles that the Goddess protagonizes, the principal of which consists in **the cure for hydrophobia**: from all regions of the peninsula, and even from overseas, those bitten or infected by the bites of dogs were then coming to recover their lost health. Only now, when they heard Birsha say "**against the dogs, the illusion of rabies**," the four priests comprehended that those ancient miracles were related to the powers of Bera and Birsha.*

A century later in the year 159, the missionary Siriaco converts the Cult of Rus Baal to Christian by the simple step of identifying Proserpina with the Virgin Mary, since then called "Our Lady of La Rábida," given that the Goddess continued curing hydrophobia. But then, as Mary "Mother of God," Proserpina-Persephone was already the finished image of the Hebrew Great Mother Binah. The name "of La Rábida" was,

then, five hundred years anterior to the denomination, ***Rapta or Ribat*** *with which the Arabs were marking the hermitage built on Rus Baal, on the foundations of the old Chapel of Our Lady of La Rábida. After the Reconquest, the hermitage at first passed into the hands of the solitary monks of Saint Francis, who constructed the Convent with its present dimensions, but was soon conceded by the Pope to the Templars, who occupied it until the dissolution of their Order. The Bishop Saint Macarius, to celebrate the liberation of the Convent, made a donation to the soldier Constantine Daniel for a sculpture that tradition was attributing to the Apostle Saint Luke and that was representing the Virgin Mary.*

At the time that I am evoking, when the Immortals Birsha and Birsha were reunited with the four Priests in the Castle of Aracena, that sculpture was still in the Convent of La Rábida, on Rus Baal, facing the district of Palos.

Thirtieth Day

The four Priests of Jehovah Satan were reflecting on the Announcement of the Immortals: the twelfth manifestation of the Shekhinah would soon occur, very near to there, on Rus Baal; and They would be protagonists of that extraordinary portent: only another Priest of Israel would be able to understand the ecstasy that the four of them were experiencing before such a possibility! For only the Soul of a Jew is capable of comprehending the Shekhinah! The most emotioned was the Grand Master of the Temple: "Oh, what a great honor," he was thinking with trembling, "that the custody of so sacred a place has been entrusted to my Order! God Himself will now descend, in the midst of us!" And so like that, each one was giving free rein to his rabbinic and Golen fantasies.

"In effect, Priests!" approved Birsha, divining the minds of those present, "you will contribute as no one else to execute the Plans of God! Thousands of Golen monks and Hebrew Doctors work to establish the Universal Synarchy: all of them enjoy the favor of the Elohim and will be magnificently recompensed! But only you four know the Announcement of the Shekhinah today: and only you, and whom you call to collaborate, will ***YHVH*** *Sabaoth consider responsible for the Holocaust of Water that Quiblon will offer Him on his day! Rejoice then, Priests, because the Triple Holocaust of Quiblon, one of the bloodiest in History, will be attributed to you* ***if you comply with the Mission that we will entrust to you!*** *On it depends that the design of* ***YHVH*** *be realized; on it rests, Priests, one of the pillars of History!"*

"Now that the Evil has been extirpated in Huelva," continued Bera, "now that the Blood of Tharsis has been converted into lye, ***we will entrust to you a very simple Mission, which is that of*** *affirming the Good on Earth!* ***And the Good is YHVH!*** *And* ***YHVH*** *can only descend on Holy Land! It is up to you, Priests of* ***YHVH, to purify the Earth!*** *" the gaze of Bera was interrogating.*

"Yes," exclaimed Nasi and Benjamin in unison. ***"To purify the earth is the task of Priests! To sanctify it is the faculty of YHVH!"***

"All right, Priests: We, the Representatives of Melchizedek, order you: ***purify this land of Huelva, erase all vestige of the Mystery of the Cold Fire, cleanse the Stain of the Cult to the Virgin of the Grotto! Above all: eliminate the memory of this tenebrous Deity! For there will be no peace, neither on Earth nor in Heaven, and Rus Baal will not be a Holy Land, as long as the perturbing Presence of the Virgin of Agartha bearing her Accursed Seed endures."***

"Naturally," said Bera, "such an ***expiation*** *will only be effective* ***if one Cult is replaced by another.*** *In consequence, we order you, also, to implant* ***the New Cult of the Virgin of Miracles in all the necessary places: She will illuminate the Darkness that the Intruder spreads with Her Hot Fire! When the Gentiles give Her their Heart without reserve, the Intruder will be forgotten, the memory of her abomination will be extinguished, and the Earth will be left purified: then, and only then, will the Shekhinah descend on Rus Baal!"***

"But this Cult already exists!" interrupted the Grand Master of the Temple. "Precisely the Virgin of Miracles, the ancient Proserpina of Palos, Lady of Rabies, is worshiped at La Rábida!"

"You are mistaken, Priest!" assured Bera, horribly smiling. "I am referring to a New Cult ***that will also replace that which you mention: the Cult to the Great Mother Binah, whom you will refer to as the Virgin of Miracles in order to prevent the Gentiles from suspecting the substitution, but who will receive various Sacred Names, known only to the Initiated Priests, Golen, and Rabbis.*** *I am referring, then, to the*

Virgen de la Ciñuela,
or to the ***Virgen de la Cinta,***
or to the ***Virgen de la Barca,***
or to the ***Virgen del Niño de Barro,***
or to the ***Virgen del Fuego Caliente.***

"Search Priests, search now for the sculptor monk whom you have sent for from France!"

The Abbot of Clairvaux hastily left the Library, and an instant later he was entering followed by the humble Cistercian monk, who was carrying a scroll of parchment and a stick of charcoal in his hands. The monk stopped in front of Bera, followed by the Abbot, and contemplated, terrified, the diabolic face of the Immortal.

"Listen well, wretch!" Bera blurted out to him with his eyes blazing with hatred. "I am going to make you a warning: about what you will see in this place, you will never speak to anyone. You will fulfill your work and then you will cloister yourself for life in a closed monastery. And let it not even occur to you to disobey our mandate because the Earth will be too small to hide your treason! Nevertheless, we do not trust you and you will be watched day and night from now on. But you must know, mortal creature, that not even Death will be able to free you from Us, since we will go to the very infernos to punish you! Have you understood the risks that you run?"

The poor monk had thrown himself on the ground, at the feet of Bera, and was trembling like a frightened dog. "I w-w... ould n-n...ot d-d...are betray you," he was stammering, without lifting his gaze from the feet of Bera, without daring to look again at the mortal threat in his eyes.

"It is better that you tell the truth," said the King of Lies, who was Bera, with irony. "Get up, dog!" he harshly ordered, "and observe the page of this open book."

"What do you see in it?"

The four priests gazed at each other, astonished that the Immortals showed the sculptor monk, who was not a Theologian or a Kabbalist, much less an Initiate, a secret drawing of the Sepher Icheh.

Trying to calm himself, the iconographer supported himself with his two hands on the edge of the ramp table and observed the indicated sheet. What he saw soon made him forget the previous bitter minutes and, he would repeat it to himself all his life, recompensed him from the sufferings endured up to then. For the first time he felt himself free of guilt, without sin, pardoned by a Mercy that was coming from within the Soul,

as if the Soul was participating of a Divine Jubilee: and who was inspiring this sensation of animic liberty, that certainty of being approved by God and loved by Christ, was the most beautiful and Majestic image of the Mother of God that the monk ever saw, because, of course, that Lady ***was alive****; while she was holding the child in her arms, the Mother fleetingly looked at him, and it was in that instant that he felt forgiven, at peace, as if She had said to him, "Go, child of God, that I will intercede so that the Rigor of His Law, is not recalcitrant with you. Fulfill your mission and portray me as you see me, in the Plenitude of My Holiness, so that men also see the Miracle that you see; comply with all your talent and the Great Face of God will smile upon you!"*

"It is so beautiful!" cried the sculptor, completely hallucinated. "Only some hands guided by the Grace of God, and a stone blessed by the Most High, would be able to realize the Work that I am asked. But I will put my hands at the Service of God, and You, who are powerful, will provide me with the best alabaster stone in the World!"

And unfolding the parchment next to the book, he started to feverishly draw the portrait of a Virgin with the Child of novel characteristics. The four Priests were looking at him surprised, as it was evident that his vision was not coming from the Sepher Icheh book, at least from the page that was in sight, but from another reality, from a Celestial World that had opened up before his eyes and had revealed to him the Lady of his inspiration.

With unusual patience, the Immortals waited a long hour until the monk seemed to return to reality: on the table, the graphic synthesis of the supernatural vision was found completed.

"Your Eminences: now I understand your reservations," said the carver, still emotioned.

"You, undoubtedly with the authorization of the Lord, have permitted me to look to Heaven and contemplate the Most Holy Mother. Be assured that even if I always remember it, and my Work is left as testimony of this vision, the origin of it will never leave my mouth. As you have warned me at the beginning, I will answer for it with my life!" However, here he

narrowed his eyes and reflected aloud, "what is Death, in the face of the even more terrifying possibility of losing the favor of the Mother of God, of failing Her? I will comply!" he said now shouting. "Oh, yes! I will comply! For Her I will comply!"

"Do you believe you are capable of carving the statue that we need?" Birsha interrogated, without much consideration for the mystical state of the sculptor monk.

"Oh yes! I will put in all my Art, and the Divine Inspiration that now overwhelms me, to give the most perfect finish to this image!" and he was pointing to the drawings sketched in charcoal on the thin skin of the parchment.

In these a Sublime Mother was being exposed, endowed with a beautiful face of Israelite features and vestments of the same nationality, covered head with a long mantilla, down to below the waist, and holding the Child with the left hand, while in the right she was carrying ***a scepter crowned with a Pomegranate****. The body of the Mother was giving the impression of being slightly inclined toward the left, perhaps to let the Divine Child occupy the center of the scene. The Child, for his part, was looking straight and was blessing the observed with a gesture of the right hand, whereas in the left hand he was holding a* ***sphaera orbis terrae****. Both, the Mother and the Child, were crowned: the Mother was wearing a Queen's Crown, which the iconographer was noting to be constructed of pure gold; and the Child had over him a silver ring in a halo,* ***three almond blossoms*** *proportionally separated: from the sixth petal of each flower, were sprouting nine rays, symbol of the Nine Powers of the Messiah. At the feet of the Virgin, diverse symbols, such as seashells and fishes, indicating the marine nature of the dedication: She Herself* ***was found perched on the waves****.*

"Up to a certain point we will trust you, although you will still be watched," threatened Birsha, after examining the sketch. "We are pleased with what you have seen and what you intend to do. You are fortunate, Servant of God! Now retire to your cell, for you have much to pray and meditate upon."

Moments later the six were once again gathered in front of the Sepher Icheh.

"What is it that the monk saw, O Immortals? Verily it has not been this figure on the Lamedh page," asked the Abbot of Clairvaux.

"Verily not," responded Birsha. "Bera has made the sculptor eat a seed of this fruit," and he pointed to the Binah pomegranate.

"In effect," confirmed Bera, "we have permitted the monk to peek into the Seventh Heaven, into the Palace where the Messiah dwells, into the loving arms of his Mother Binah. And he has seen the Mother and the Messiah, the Divine Couple of the Aspects of ***YHVH*** *that rule the Seventh Heaven: Mother Binah, pouring out the creative Intelligence of* ***YHVH Elohim*** *with the Hot Fire of Her Love; and the Breath of* ***YHVH*** *that is the Soul of the Messiah, the Child whose Form is that of* ***Metatron****, whose mount is* ***Araboth****, the clouds, the hovering of which is realized upon the waters of* ***Avir****, the Ether, and whose Manifestation is the* ***Shekhinah****, the Descent of* ***YHVH*** *into the Kingdom. We have done this because we require that that vision be represented on a First Stone, and be exhibited at La Rábida, replacing the statue of Bishop Macarius that the Templars guard. The carving will be realized in secret and, when it is ready, you will substitute it with the utmost discretion. It will then be affirmed, with more emphasis than ever, that it is the work of the Evangelist, that Saint Luke himself sculpted it in the first century. It is important that it be done this way because Quiblon will some day arrive at Rus Baal to confirm his key, which will be* ***S.A.M.****, that is to say,* ***Shekhinah****,* ***Avir****,* ***Metatron****, the universal key of the Messiah: through the new image of the Virgin of Miracles, he will know that the Shekhinah will manifest itself there to endow him with the Verb of Metatron through Avir, the Ether.*

"As you know, this image of the Sephirothic Rimmon Tree symbolizes ***Adam Ila'ah****, the Man from Above, also called* ***Adam Kadmon****, the Primordial Man, that is to say, the Human Form of* ***YHVH****, which is reproduced in* ***Adam HaRishon****, the terrestrial man. In the fruits of the Divine Pomegranate of Life are the Ten archetypal Name-Numbers by which He adopted this Form and gave existence to all created entities. These Name-Numbers called* ***Sephiroth*** *are the nexus between*

*the Unity of **YHVH** and the plurality of the entities: to **YHVH**, the Sephiroth are identical and one with The One; to the World, the Sephiroth are distinct and give existence to the manifold that constitutes reality. Seen from the World, for Us, the Created Beings, the Ten Sephiroth successively emanate from The One without dividing Him, and sprout from the Rimmon Tree.*

*"The first fruit is **Kether**, the Crown of Ehyeh, the essential Aspect of **YHVH**: just below Kether is the Throne of God, the Highest of Creation. Kether is the Holy Ancient One, **Atika Kadisha**, or even more, the Ancient of Ancients, **Atika d'Atikin**. He sits on the Throne and to Him only Metatron arrives, who sometimes descends to men, as He spoke with Moses on Sinai, and leads them before the Ancient of Days. He is the one who said to Moses, **'I AM WHO I AM,' Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh [Exodus 3:14]**. The Power of **Ehyeh** extends directly over the **Seraphim**, **Chayot Hakodesh**, that is to say, Holy Souls, Constructor Angels of the Universe.*

*"From Kether emerges the second of the Sephiroth, the Sephirah **Chokmah**, the Wisdom of Yah, the Father God. The Chokmah is the Divine Thought of all entities: there is nothing that has existed, exists, or will exist, that before was not in potency in the Chokmah; **many are the seeds of this Fruit**, **Father of all the fruits of the Earth**. This same image of the Rimmon Tree is a product of the Sephirah Chokmah, which in this case reveals itself. The one who makes himself present in the Chokmah, and introduces men into the sphere of the Father, is Raziel, the Angel who wrote the First Book of the Law for Adam.*

*"But the Wisdom of the Father crosses the **Da'at** channel and is reflected in **Binah**, the Third Sephirah, the Divine Intelligence of which is necessary for the creation of thought-entities to be concretized. Binah is the Great Universal Mother: through Her the Wisdom of the Father produces the fruits of the Worlds and the content of the Worlds. The Hot Fire of her Universal Love inundates the Avir Ether and transmits to all the Worlds the Intelligence of **YHVH Elohim**, the third Aspect of The One. Under her Power the energetic **Aralim** Angels are found, who act in the sphere of **Saturn**, but the principal An-*

gel, the one who communicates man with the Divine Mother, is ***Zaphkiel****, the one who was the* ***guide of Noah, the great seafarer: Binah then, is, Lady of Mariners****.*

"Kether, Chokmah, and Binah constitute the Great Face of the Ancient One, ***Arikh Anpin****: the seven Sephiroth of Construction that form, in turn, the Small Face of God, reflection of The Great Face and the first access to The One that man can obtain from any created thing.*

"The following Sephiroth are Numerations emanating from the essential Trinity Kether, Chokmah and Binah: ***Chesed and Netzach****, which are found to the right of the Rimmon Tree, are masculine like the Father;* ***Din and Hod****, feminine like the Mother, fructify to the left of the Pomegranate Tree. In the central column of the trunk, grow the neutral fruits, which synthesize the opposites of the two successive trinities:* ***Din****,* ***Tiphereth****,* ***Chesed****, creator and producer, and* ***Hod****,* ***Yesod****,* ***Netzach****, executor and concretizer of the entities. Lastly, at the center is* ***Malkuth****, the Kingdom, which reflects* ***Kether****, the Crown, and is the manifest synthesis of the Form of the Ancient of Days: through the Kingdom descends the Shekhinah to Earth, and the Kingdom of God will be concretized on Earth when the Shekhinah takes the form of the Chosen People, Governed by the Messiah King.*

"The fourth Sephirah is, then, ***Chesed****, the Grace of* ***Elohai****, His Mercy and Pity. It is* ***The Right Hand of YHVH*** *and under Its Power are those creatures of the Heavens called Dominions or* ***Hasmalim****, who act in the sphere of* ***Jupiter****. The principal Angel is* ***Zadkiel****, who was Abraham's guide.*

"The fifth Sephirah is ***Din****, the Rigor of* ***Elohim Gibor****. From this fruit proceeds the Law of God, and its seeds are the Sentences of His Tribunal: every human act, and every entity of Creation, must submit themselves to the Judgment, of* ***Geburah****, of* ***Elohim Gibor****. It is* ***The Left Hand of YHVH*** *and under Its Power are the Potentates called* ***Seraphim****, who influence in the sphere of Mars. Its principal Angel is Kamael, the protector of Samson.*

"The sixth Sephirah is ***Tiphereth****, the Beauty of* ***YHVH****. United with the Sephiroth Chesed and Din, they form the producing triad of the created entities,* ***Din****,* ***Tiphereth****,*

Chesed**, but in reality **Tiphereth is the Heart of YHVH**, the seat of the Hot Fire of the Great Mother Binah. In Tiphereth, the Forms acquire the archetypal perfection of the Supreme Beauty: the acts of men, inspired by Tiphereth, can only be acts of Love; and the created entities are linked to each other by the Universal Love that radiates from the Heart of **YHVH**. In Tiphereth all is Beautiful and Perfect, because the Chokmah Wisdom of perfect thought-things, and the Binah Intelligence of their conception, produced by Chesed Grace and adjusted to the Din Rigor of the Law, shine in their Fruit. **But Tiphereth is not a Pomegranate but a Strawberry, that is to say, a Rose, another part of the One Message of Love from YHVH toward the Animic Man.** The Tiphereth Strawberry is transformed into a Rose when the Heart of the terrestrial Man harbors the Hot Fire of Animal Passion. Under Its Power are the Angels who operate through the sphere of the Sun, the Virtues called Malachim. And there are two powerful Angels here: one, Raphael, who was Isaac's guide; and another, Peliel, who directed the destiny of Jacob. **Some Angels also act here who ought to be higher: they are the Seraphim Nephilim that the White Atlanteans accuse of being 'Traitor Angels,' but who in truth serve YHVH with energetic dedication, carrying forth his Plans of human progress and favoring the creation of the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People. They founded the White Brotherhood and fixed their residence in the Heart of YHVH; and on Them depends the Occult Hierarchy of Priests of Earth.

*"The seventh Sephirah, **Netzach**, reveals the Victory of **YHVH Sabaoth**, the God of the Heavenly Hosts. It is **The Right Pillar of the Temple**, **Jachin**, and under Its Power are the Principalities or Elohim, the Angels who influence from the sphere of Venus. **Cerviel**, the directing Angel of David, presides over it.*

*"The eighth Sephirah is **Hod**, the Glory of **Elohim Sabaoth**, the **Left Column of the Temple**, **Boaz**. It dominates the Archangels **Ben Elohim**, who express themselves from the sphere of Mercury: Michael, the inspirer of Solomon, is the principal Angel here.*

*"The ninth Sephirah is **Yesod**, the Fundament of the Creation of **YHVH Shaddai**, the Almighty. It is **the reproductive organ of YHVH**, and, conjointly with Netzach and Hod, composes the ultimate constructing or executive triad: Hod, Yesod, Netzach. Its Power embraces the Angels known as **Cherubim**, who manifest themselves from the sphere of the Moon, and its principal Angel is Gabriel, protector of Daniel.*

*"And the tenth Sephirah is **Malkuth**, the Realm of Adonai **Melekh**, the Lord King of Creation, the ultimate reflection of the Ancient of Ancients. That is why under Its Power are situated all the members of the Occult Hierarchy and of the White Brotherhood, the **Ishim** of the Chosen People. And that is why its principal Angel is Metatron, the Soul of the Messiah. Malkuth **is the Inferior Mother**, as **Binah is the Superior Mother**, but, if the descent of the Inferior Mother is exteriorized in the Chosen People, She becomes the Shekhinah, the **Mystical Wife of YHVH**."*

Thirty-first Day

All this, you know well," added Bera, who was describing the drawing of the Sepher Icheh, "but I have repeated what is essential to avoid misunderstandings, for we will immediately explain the Mystery of the Stone of Fire. Such explication, which was requested of us by the Grand Master of the Temple, requires the previous and exact comprehension of the Work of The One, of the Creation of ***YHVH****, of His Manifestation in the Created as the Rimmon Tree of the immanent and absolute Principles, of His triple principle of immanent action, Shekhinah, Avir, Metatron."*

The Grand Master sighed, alleviated, who was already fearing that the sought explication would never arrive.

"Observe the roots of the Pomegranate Tree of Life: they arise from the tenth Sephirah, the Kingdom, which bears in its trunk the Sign of the Almond. Like the Menorah candelabrum, the roots are seven and culminate in the calyxes of the Almond blossom, where the Eyes of ***YHVH****, the Eyes that never sleep, the Eyes that see all things, the Eyes that the Prophet Zechariah saw, look out to the terrestrial World.* ***These optical roots of the Tree of YHVH represent Israel Shekhinah, the Chosen People, being One with The One, that is to say, they show the concretion of the Plan, they show the Chosen People exercising the World Government in the Name of The One: in truth, it will be the ineffable One who will show Himself in the Shekhinah of Israel at the End of Time.****"*

*"The Prophet said," continued Birsha, "****This is what YHVH says: 'Heaven is My throne and the earth is the Stone of Fire under my feet.' YHVH*** *rests, then, His feet, the roots of the Rimmon Tree, on a Stone of Fire that is none other than the Soul of the Messiah, manifested in the Shekhinah: that terrestrial Stone, is the replica of Metatron, the Heavenly Man, Archetype of all men of hot mud. Because that Stone of Fire, which was from the Beginning of Creation, but which was not used by the Constructors, will justly fit at the End of Time, when Time is terminated and is constituted into a Corner-*

*stone, the Keystone of the whole edifice: '**A stone which the builders rejected has become the chief cornerstone' [Psalm 118:22]**. And where is that Stone of Fire, the Soul of the Messiah, Metatron, who is the model of all the men of hot mud, set? According to the Prophet: '**Therefore this is what Adonai YHVH says: "Behold, I am laying a stone in Zion, a tested stone, a precious cornerstone for the foundation, firmly placed" ' [Isaiah 28:16]**. The mortal men, **Stones of Mud**, would be at the End like the Stone of Fire, like Metatron, the Heavenly Man; thus they would be when the Temple was ready, and each one occupied his place in the construction, according to the model of the Messiah; thus they would be in the days in which the Kingdom of **YHVH** concretized Himself on the Earth; and the Messiah King reigned; and the Shekhinah manifested Herself as the Chosen People. Because only for Israel has **YHVH** created the Kingdom and the King: no Gentile people has ever been a true Kingdom, although it has seemed so, or has existed a true King, outside of the Chosen People: that is why the Name Melchizedek, of the High Priest of our Order, means in reality '**He who dethrones the Kings**' and not '**The King of Sedek**' as we have made the Gentiles believe. Melchizedek, and those of us who belong to his Order, have to destroy every false Kingdom and every false King before the true Kingdom of **YHVH**, Malkuth, is reproduced on Earth with the World Government of the Chosen People.*

"However, Priests, the Plan of God has been disrupted and it will now be necessary to sacrifice the men of mud in a Holocaust of Fire, at the End of Time, precisely when the Temple is raised and the Kingdom is realized in the Shekhinah of Israel: as we assure you, the Stone of Fire will have to be washed with lye to erase its Abominable Sign. The Stone of Fire, which was a Pure Archetype at the Beginning of Time, multiplied, without losing its singularity in The One that characterizes all the Sephiroth: and each Stone of Fire, identical to that of the Beginning, was a Soul that would reach perfection at the End, by being as all One with The One; the man of mud would thus arrive at being a Stone of Fire, similar to Metatron: for it he would only have to fulfill the Law and move in Time toward the End, where the Perfection was. But behold

that They, the Seraphim Nephilim, creators of the White Brotherhood, ***engraved the Abominable Sign*** *on the Stone of Fire upon which sits every Soul of the men of mud. And the Abominable Sign* ***cooled*** *the Stone of Fire,* ***Eben Esh****, and removed it from the End.* ***Then, Priests, the Stone that must be washed with lye at the End, is the Cold Stone that should not be where it is, because it was not placed at the Beginning by the One Creator****.*

"Accursed Stone, Stone of Scandal, Seed of Stone: They planted it in the Soul of the man of mud after the Beginning, and now is found at the Beginning. ***Time is the constant flow of the Consciousness of The One****: between the Beginning and the End of Time is Creation; and at the End of Time is the Perfection of the Soul as a Stone of Fire. It is the Will of* ***YHVH*** *that the Soul reaches the Final Perfection according to the model of Metatron. But now the Soul* ***cannot see*** *the Cold Stone that it carries sunken in its bosom. It does not perceive it until it crosses its path and becomes a Stone of Stumbling for the Soul, an Insurmountable Obstacle to achieve the Good of the Final Perfection. There would have been no Evil or Hatred toward Creation without the Seed of Stone in the Soul of the man of mud, evolution would have been realized by the Force of Love to the creator, the Final Perfection would have been assured for every Created Soul: now that Plan of* ***YHVH*** *will be impossible to fulfill, and the Din Judgment of the Ancient of Days determines that only those who reach the Good of the Final Perfection, at any Time, arrive alive at the End of Time; whereas those contaminated by the Evil, the men of mud whose souls incubate, even without knowing it, the Seed of Stone, will be dissolved and transformed into lye, to wash off the Abominable Sign on the Stone of Fire with it.*

"Yes, Priests:" Birsha continued, "Ehyeh created all beings, including the Stone. He extracted it from the Hot Fire and that is why He designated it as the 'Stone of Fire.' And He placed all Created Beings at the Becoming of Time, which is the Flow of His Consciousness: because before the Beginning was not existing anything created except the ineffable Supreme Being. The Spirit of The One went out to the Beginning of the ***Ein Sof****, the Actual Infinite, which represents* ***the nothingness*** *for*

all created Souls. Thus The One, who also arose from that nothingness, brought forth from it the Created Beings, the first of which was the Hot Fire, created the first Day: thus gave Beginning to Time. The Soul of the man of mud, created later, began to evolve since then, in the direction of the Final Perfection. But this evolution was very slow. The Seraphim Nephilim came to accelerate it with the consent of The One; they also arose from the Ein Sof: to such Angels, our enemies call 'Traitorous Gods.' The truth is that They extracted the Abominable Uncreated Sign from the nothingness and engraved it on the Hot Stone: ***and that was the Origin of Evil.*** *The Marked Stone was transformed by that Sign into a 'Cold Stone' and instantaneously moved to the Beginning of Time, retroceded to the initial nothingness to sustain an abominable existence outside of Time. From among the created Beings, from among the Created Stones, the Cold Stone rejected the Order of Creation, rebelled against the Will of The One and declared itself the Enemy of Creation. Those who had introduced the Uncreated Sign into the World, planted the Cold Stone in the Soul of Man as a Seed of Stone, so that it grew, matured and fructified, so that the force of its development rapidly elevated the Soul to the Final Perfection. But that Seed, as we said, would produce a Fruit extremely hostile toward the One God and His Creation: a Fruit that would only accept to exist outside of Time, before the Beginning, a Fruit that would only long to abandon the world of Created Beings and lose itself in the original nothingness; a Fruit that would not be able to be foreseen by the Soul because its Seed would remain invisible from the Beginning; a Fruit that they would call 'the Ego.' And the cause of that Fruit would not be the Cold Stone, or the Seed of Stone, but those inhabitants of the Abyss whom you know as* ***Hyperborean Spirits****. They are our true enemies, but, fortunately, they can only manifest themselves in the Soul of man by means of the Cold Stone; you will understand, that that which enchains them to the Soul of man, without Them noticing it, is the Cold Stone at the Beginning. However, if the Hot Stone was extracted from the Hot Fire, the Cold Fire, contrarily, has sprung from the Cold Stone: the Accursed Stirp of Tharsis, which we ended up ex-*

terminating, escaped our control for centuries through that Uncreated Fire and infected the world with Men of Stone who intended to destroy the bases of the Cult.

"Apparently, the Nephilim Seraphim did not expect that the Cold Fire would burst forth from the Cold Stone and reveal to the luciferic men what They call the ***'Infinite Blackness of Oneself'****; that is why it is necessary, since such an odious Mystery was possible, to prevent the Seed of Stone from maturing and fructifying in the Future, the Child of Stone from being born who will receive the revelation of the Cold Fire and extinguish the Hot Fire of the Heart; it is necessary* ***to wash the Cold Stone with Lye so that it recovers the Hot Fire****, the Fire that must never abandon the Heart of man. In truth, Priests, although They blame The One, and His terrestrial representatives, for the disgrace that afflicts them, it was the Hyperborean Seraphim, those who dwell in the heart of* ***YHVH****, Tiphereth, who preserve the spiritual enchainment; it is true that these acted with the consent of The One, and no one knows when and for what He created them, or why He granted them, also, the Power to extract beings from the nothingness. Unless credence be given to what They themselves affirm:* ***that they are not Beings Created by The One but come, like Ehyeh, from a World existing Beyond the Ein Sof, and that their spiritual nature is equal to that of The One****. But to believe Them would be to commit the greatest heresy against the Chokmah of the Master of All, for did not The One Himself declare His Absolute and Exclusive Unity?* ***'To whom then will you compare Me that I would be his equal?' says the Holy One. 'Raise your eyes on high and see who has created these stars' [Isaiah 40:25–26]. 'This is what YHVH says, He who is the King of Israel and his Redeemer, YHVH Sabaoth: "I am the first and I am the last, and there is no God besides Me. And you are My witnesses. Is there any God besides Me,*** *or is there any other Stone?* ***I know of none" [Isaiah 44:6, 8]. 'You are My witnesses,' declares YHVH, 'And My servant whom I have chosen, so that you may know and believe Me and understand that I am Ehyeh. Before Me there was no God formed, and there will be none after Me. I, only I, am YHVH, and there is no savior besides Me. And I am God.***

Even from eternity I am He, and there is no one who can rescue from My hand; I act, and who can reverse it?' [Isaiah 43:10–13]. *Yes, Priests; we must not doubt The One. But neither forget that the Hyperborean Seraphim founded the White Brotherhood to which we all belong and in whose Hierarchy we have reached the Highest Priesthood.*

"In synthesis, according to the plans of the Seraphim Nephilim, as long as the Seed of Stone was developed, the Soul of the man of mud would undoubtedly evolve accelerated in the direction of the Final Perfection. But the reality contradicted these plans: that Germ of Evil, when Fructifying, far from impulsing the Soul to elevate toward the Final Perfection, would sink into the Terror of Nameless Abysses, into the Eternity of an Infinite Blackness. In the end, the Seed of Stone would end up dominating the Soul of the man of mud and converting him into an Enemy of the Creator and of Creation, hardening his Heart and turning him into a being devoid of Love, transforming him into a ***Man of Stone****. That is why We, the Perfect Priests, must propitiate the Holocaust of Fire, which in the End washes off, with lye, the Abominable Mark on* ***the-Stone-that-is-planted-in-the-Soul-of-the-Man-of-Mud****," concluded Birsha.*

Thirty-second Day

mmediately, Bera added the following:
"For millennia, on the sunken Continent of Atlantis, which the Gentiles must never know existed, the Priests of The One fought against the hostile effect that the Cold Stone was causing in the Soul of the men of mud. They were procuring, through diverse means, that the Uncreated Spirit, enchained to the Soul by the Cold Stone, ***forgot its Origin, beyond the Ein Sof****. And the results were encouraging as, finally, the blood of the men of mud had been degraded in such a way, that the Uncreated Spirit was incapable of orienting itself toward the Cold Stone that would reveal to it its Divine Origin. There was then a Cultural Golden Age, in which another Chosen People, similar to Israel, established the Universal Synarchy and were preparing for the Kingdom of the Shekhinah. It was at that time that some Men of Stone, who escaped the extermination to which the Priests and the Nephilim Seraphim subjected them, managed to attract to their aid other Seraphim, called 'Hyperboreans,' who entered the Created Universe through the sphere of Venus. The most terrible of these Seraphim was known as* ***Lúcifer, Phosphorus, or Hesperus****, since, confronting all the Celestial Legions of* ***YHVH Sabaoth****, he precipitated himself to Earth to bequeath his own Crown to the Spirit, enchained in the men of mud. He left here, then, the Accursed Gem of the* ***Gral, which has the Power of preventing that the Spirit forgets its Origin****. This done, he returned the way he had come, but leaving behind him the fertilized germs of the Luciferic Stirps against which we still combat, in every way similar to the House of Tharsis that we finished exterminating.*

"And it would be those Stirps condemned by ***YHVH****, especially those arisen from the White Race, those who would no longer forget the Origin, those who would propose to germinate the Seed of Stone in all the men of mud, those who would unleash the rebellion against the Law of* ***YHVH*** *and the hatred to Creation. And thus was how the Battle of Atlantis inevitably arrived, which ended with a planetary catastrophe.*

However, the greatest Evil had not yet occurred: it came because of Lúcifer and ***that Woman, The Intruder Ama****, who was able to enter into the sphere of Venus and obtain the Secret of the Seeds of Stone. Yes, Priests: the Seraph Lúcifer delivered to The Intruder the Spica of the Seeds of Stone, which until then only the Seraphim Nephilim were possessing. And upon her return the Greatest Evil befell the men of mud, for The Intruder chose the most valiant and began to plant in their hearts the Seed of Stone that extinguishes the Hot Fire of Animal Passion, the Love of the Great Mother Binah: each Seed of Stone would be a Wise Warrior, a Man of Stone situated outside of the Law of* ***YHVH****, in place of the man identical to Metatron that he was destined to be at the End of Time.* ***With her unspeakable act, The Intruder, The Virgin of Agartha, profoundly offended the Great Mother Binah, from whom she snatched the Love of numerous Sons: that is why we must purify this land of Huelva, which for so many centuries has been dedicated to her Impious Cult****. Only in this way will the Shekhinah descend on Rus Baal.*

"She, Priests, is Our Most Powerful Enemy, her Evil is above all evils; her Hostility toward Creation, surpasses that of any Men of Stone; her Valor to confront The One surpasses that of the most valiant Wise Warrior: before Her, and her Infinite Mystery, all tremble of Terror; and after Terror and Death, only the Uncreated Spirits survive, who are of her very Hyperborean essence. She returned from Venus, bearing the Spica of the Seeds of Stone and carrying in her womb the Demon of War, Navutan, her Uncreated Son. It was all a conjuring from the Seraph Lúcifer: He wanted that Ama had a Son of Stone, a Son who placed himself at the head of the White Race and founded a Mystery for its members; and that the Initiates in that Mystery acquired Immortality and received in their Heart the Seed of Stone of the Virgin of Agartha.

"Look at the Sepher Icheh!" ordered Bera, for whom this part of the Story was producing a strange mixture of Hatred and Terror. "Navutan crucified himself here," pointing to the branches that were going from the trunk to the Chesed and Din Pomegranates. "The Ásur was fastened from the Right Arm and Left Arm of the Holy Elder, under his Great Face and

without noticing that the Stone of Fire, Eben Esh, was hanging over his head. Nine nights he agonized on the Rimmon Cross until Frya, a Female Demon as terrible as Ama, came out of his eye and discovered the Secret of Death. But, to be able to reveal it to Navutan, who having just died, ***she had to eat a seed of the Chokmah pomegranate*** *and transform herself into a partridge: then she danced for Navutan the limping dance that allows to leave the Labyrinth of Illusion of Death; however, that aliment enchained her to the Illusion, like Persephone, and she could no longer return to the Origin from where she had come to save her Husband. It is in this way that Frya, a new Enemy of Creation, stayed with Vides, the Lord of Agartha, the lair of the Uncreated Demons, and with Navutan, her Husband, to carry forth the Essential War against The One. Navutan, for his part, resurrected and revealed to the members of his Race the Secret of Death by means of the Mystery of the Labyrinth, in of which course the Initiates receive the Seed of Stone of the Virgin of Agartha into their hearts and can convert themselves into Men of Stone. Disciples of Navutan were the White Atlanteans, who sowed the World of impious Stones, those who* ***opened the gates of the Celestial Mansions to take them by assault****.*

"So, do not forget, Priests, the conditions of the Cultural Pact! The Men of Stone are our most terrible Enemies because they have proposed to prevent the concretion of the Plans that ***YHVH*** *has arranged for Humanity:* ***but the Stones of the Men of Stone are also****. Do not forget that their accursed Stones must be destroyed because in them could be Seeds of Stone, germs of inconceivable beings who could fructify and be born in determinate moments of History. Do not forget that the Cold Stone is always outside of Time, beyond the Beginning of the Created Beings, invisible to Our Souls but ready to manifest its* ***essential hostility*** *when the opportunity, that is to say, the* ***Kairos****,*[36] *permits it: we ignore, then, whether from this or from that Menhir a Man of Stone is to emerge, but in any case we must destroy him. Do not forget that we wage the Essential War against the Enemy of Creation, that ours is the war between the Lye and the Cold Stone, between the Hot Fire and*

36. A time when conditions are right; the opportune and decisive moment.

the Cold Fire, between the Created and the Uncreated, between Being and Nothingness."

Birsha retook the floor to exclusively refer to the mission that the Immortals were leaving to the Priests. The meeting was already coming to its end and many years would pass before They would return: perhaps, then, like before, like always, other Priests would have to receive them. They were not, then, to miss any word of which was being said, since no one would be able to repeat it to them later. And error, in the Order of Melchizedek, was dearly paid for.

"You already know, in part, your mission," Birsha conceded. "You will dedicate all your powers and influences to purify this region of Huelva. The House of Tharsis has been destroyed and, although we have not recovered the Stone of Venus, neither will it be used against us. That was one of the last Stones of Lúcifer, which enabled the Hyperborean Initiates to orient themselves in the Labyrinth of the Illusion of Life; without them at hand, the Guardian of the Labyrinth, ***YHVH Adonai****, will be able to be tranquil: only the Priests of Israel know the limping dance that signals the Exit. Priests: the Enemy is almost defeated! The Synarchy of the Chosen People will soon be a reality, soon the Shekhinah will descend, soon the Messiah King will reign! The Holocaust of Fire is already in sight! Quiblon will come to Rus Baal to seek the Great Mother Binah and will exhibit her Name* ***S.A.M.****, Shekhinah, Avir, Metatron; and She, lovingly,* ***will plant the Seed of Mud of the Pardes Rimonim in his heart, the Germ of Metatron that will be the Final Stone of Fire, Perfect Soul of the Chosen People!***

"Demolish the Altars of the Imposter without regard! Take the abominable Spica of Hatred from her hand! Let no one remember her Essential Sacrilege, her Seeds of Stone condemned by ***YHVH!*** *Destroy her places of Worship and her Images, kill even her memory and, of course, burn to ashes, and make lye with it, all those who believe in the Virgin of Agartha and have the Seed of Stone as their ambition! Be harsh, Priests, for the Enemy deserves it!*

"Raise altars to the sweet Mother Binah instead! Place in her hand the magnificent Pomegranate of Love from ***YHVH!***

Let everyone know her Essential Sacrifice, to be the depositary of the Seeds of Mud blessed by ***YHVH!*** *Construct places for her Cult and invoke her Images, generate a memory of Her in the people and, of course, reward, with the greatest dispensations, all those who believe in the Virgin of Miracles, or of La Rábida, or of La Ciñuela, or of La Cinta, or of La Barca, or of the Niño de Barro, or of the Fuego Caliente! Be effective, Priests, because the Plans of* ***YHVH*** *require it!*

"In summary, you will begin by substituting the statue of Bishop Macarius for the new sculpture of Our Lady of Miracles, which the monk will carve according to the vision of the Sepher Icheh. You will install that sculpture in the Convent of Our Lady of La Rábida, but you will immediately undertake the task of bringing about the nearby construction of a great sanctuary dedicated to the Virgen de la Cinta: it will have to accommodate a Brotherhood of mariners and owners of Vessels, who will request her protection and congregate themselves around her Cult. The ideal site will be a hill near the Sea, from where the Odiel estuary, the City of Huelva, Palos, La Rábida, and Moguer can be seen. And the image that will be worshiped there, will be very similar to the one that the sculptor monk has seen, but endowed with greater sacred attributes: the Great Mother Binah will exhibit in her left hand the ***Ciñuela****, that is to say, the acidic Pomegranate of the Warm Life, parted in the form of a* ***vulva*** *and showing through its opening the grains of the Seeds of Mud; with her right hand she will hold the Messiah, who will appear completely naked except for his feet, which will be covered with bootees to conceal the limp of Dionysus. The left hand of the Divine Child will be directed toward the Pomegranate, while with the right he will hold the* ***sephirothic ribbon****, the cord with the ten measures of the Universe, the symbol of the overseas navigators. But on the vesture of the Mother of God, well-visible and contrasted, must be the Hebrew letters of the Name of Quiblon,* ***S.A.M.****, that is to say,* ***Samekh****,* ***Aleph****, and* ***Mem****. Lastly, above the image of the Virgen de la Cinta, you will depict two of the Seraphim Nephilim, holding with their hands the* ***Celtic Symbol of the Kalachakra Key****.*

"You will also make other images and sculptures inspired by the recent descriptions. But bear in mind that, in every case, the Child Messiah must be stripped of the sacrilegious book that the Child of Stone of the Virgin of Agartha holds, the Book of Hyperborean Wisdom: in its place, you will place a ***Sphaera Orbis Terrae****, as a symbol of the Universal Power that the Messiah King will attain in the Kingdom of Israel Shekhinah. Similar to this, then, will be the images and sculptures that you will distribute in all the necessary sites.*

"And now, attention, Priests, for we will prophesy to you for the last time! Hear this Message, ***which will be fulfilled at any time and place because it is the Word of YHVH:***

"YHVH Sabaoth says: 'Days of Glory will come for the Chosen People. I will descend, Shekhinah, upon them and I Will Reign, in the midst of the Holocaust of Fire in which the impious will be consumed. And in those days, when the Glory and the Victory, of Israel is near, I will send an unmistakable sign that the hour has arrived: That Sign will be the fall of Grenada, the Mansion of the Jews. In truth it will always be Grenada that marks this hour. Grenada, which will then be possessed by a decadent Kingdom, will be conquered by a nascent Empire. Afterward will be offered the Triple Holocaust of Gentile peoples; and then I will come down, and begin the Glory and Victory of Israel. Quiblon, whose Voice closes the Gate of the Infernos and opens the Gate of the Heavens, will offer Me the Triple Holocaust and will Announce Me, and will thus Announce the Hour of Israel.'

"Rejoice, Priests of ***YHVH Sabaoth****, that today the Stirp of Tharsis has been exterminated and We will announce to you the coming Shekhinah! Fulfill, fulfill our orders with firmness and exactitude, and soon Quiblon will come to receive the Verb of Metatron and celebrate the Triple Holocaust awaited by* ***YHVH!*** *May the Netzach Victory of* ***YHVH Sabaoth*** *accompany you!" saluted Birsha.*

"And may the Hod Glory of ***Elohim Sabaoth*** *crown your efforts!" farewelled Bera.*

The following day, the Immortals had departed toward Shambhala, leaving the four Priests immersed in somber ponderings. Of course, the diabolical arrogance of Bera and Birsha

would have been somewhat appeased if they had even suspected that the Seigniors of Tharsis were still existing with life and that the Condemned Stirp, like the Phoenix, would be reborn from its own ashes into the House of Tharsis.

Thirty-third Day

Esteemed Dr. Siegnagel:
I hope you have sufficient patience and time to continue reading. Perhaps this letter has extended too long, but it has not been possible for me to abbreviate it more, since I run the risk of obscuring the message that, exactly, I want to reveal to you with your reading. It is true, that I have limited myself to mention only the most salient facts of the complex history of the House of Tharsis; it would have been impossible to arrive even up to here with another expository criterion. From now on I will try to summarize the missing part even more, not because the message is already revealed, or because what follows lacks importance, but because time for me is running out, because I sense that They are getting closer and closer and I wish that you receive the letter before the Golen execute the Sentence. I only ask you Dr., or rather I supplicate you, to effectuate its complete reading and judge afterward: I know that my "mentally ill" condition detracts no small credit to its content ***if the same was rationally judged;*** *but, I must not deny it, I trust that you will adopt* ***another point of view*** *in the end.*

I must abandon, then, the satanic Immortals, who would not take long in returning to the Temple of Melchizedek, for me to once again refer to the Seigniors of Tharsis. Now it will be understood how the necessity that the House of Tharsis had of surviving influenced and gave definitive orientation to the Strategy of the ***Circulus Domini Canis****; and how this strategy culminated when the inspired administration of Philip IV concretized its objectives.*

Noso of Tharsis was preparing to return to the Secret Cavern when the ***Plague*** *made its presence known in the House of Tharsis. Right away he realized that he was the only survivor there and, dominating the warlike fury that was welling up from his Spirit, he tried to calmly evaluate the situation. Since it was an attack from the Golen, it was not fitting to encourage hopes over the remaining members of the family, except for the Men of Stone who, like him, were evidently invulnerable.*

He prepared himself then, to await the confirmation of what occurred with the expedition of the Count of Tarseval and, during that wait, he verified with horror that the bodies of his relatives were transforming into bitumen of Judea. When Lugo de Braga arrived and began the pillage, Noso needed no more data to know the fate of the Count and his Knights: and at that moment he only thought of the Basilica of the Virgin of the Grotto, and of her image, the most valuable thing that was there for a Man of Stone. Without a second thought, he ran to the Church, sword in hand. A party of fifteen soldiers had already arrived, perhaps with the intention of stealing the Golden Chalice, and had to face the fury of the Wise Warrior: unequal combat for the Almogavars and for any non-Initiated warrior, which costed them their lives.

When approaching the altar, Noso, who was sure of arriving first, found with astonishment a mutilation on the statuette of the Child of Stone: someone had severed the stone hand that was expressing the Bala Vrune. But that was not the moment to solve the enigma. Noyo wrapped the busts of the Virgin and the Child with a cape and rode on horseback to the left bank of the Odiel River, where a little-frequented path would lead him toward the Sierra Candelaria.

The news about the extermination of a great part of the family moved the hardened old woman: seventeen hundred years before, another Vraya had passed through a similar situation. It was not possible, she almost said to herself, that so much effort was in vain. Despite all the attacks suffered until then, the House of Tharsis always managed to overcome difficult moments, although none so critical as the present; but the progress was also great: the familial model was almost fulfilled; for centuries the Cult of the Cold Fire was providing Men of Stone to the Seigniors of Tharsis; and they had preserved the Stone of Venus, the most precious trophy to the Enemy; only a last effort of blood purification was lacking, that the family produced a Man of Stone capable of comprehending the Serpent with the Symbol of the Origin, that is to say, one who was capable of projecting the Sign of the Origin onto the Stone of Venus; that Hyperborean Initiate would thus attain the Highest Wisdom, the location of the Origin, and the Stone

of Venus would show them the Lithic Sign of K'Taagar; then the Seigniors of Tharsis would be able to march toward the destiny that the Liberating Gods had reserved for them; and that moment was not seeming to be far off, the House of Tharsis was aware of the imminence with which a Man of Stone would arrive who would be a Pontiff and would comprehend the greatest secrets. They had been anxiously awaiting him for years but all were in agreement that he would soon arrive, and the signs of the Gods were coincident. How, then, was this disaster now being produced? What had they failed in? Perhaps in an excess of confidence? Had they once again underestimated the Enemy? Undoubtedly that was the answer. A sufficient state of alertness was not maintained and the Enemy was allowed to act, who should have been preventively attacked as soon as the Aracena region was approached. Being so, what occurred was explained, at least strategically, since they had no defense against the knowledge employed by the Immortals outside the Purity of Blood.

It was not possible, the Vraya was repeating, that the Liberating Gods had abandoned them to the mercy of the Golen; that blow could not mean the end of the House of Tharsis, not before having fulfilled the familial mission; surely other Seigniors of Tharsis would still be left alive to save the Stirp and make possible the generation of the awaited Men of Stone. It was necessary to search for them! Noso of Tharsis would have to depart and travel the places where other relatives were inhabiting, even if it was not fitting to harbor hopes for the survival of anyone who was not initiated. And these latter, the Men of Stone, were all incorporated into the Order of Preachers, working in distinct monasteries and universities of France and Italy. The Noyo would immediately travel. She would remain on Guard; she would resist for six months, rationing the available provisions to the maximum, then, naturally, she would die right there, if Noso was not returning in time.

The Vraya was right: Seigniors of Tharsis were still alive and with possibilities of saving the Stirp, but it was no less true that that would be the most critical situation that they had ever faced, including the destruction of Tartessos. Sixteen members of the lineage had managed to survive that time:

now only eight were remaining, counting the elder Vraya and the Noyo. In effect, during his journey to Seville, Córdoba, and Toledo, Noso found only the mourning and fear of non-blood relatives, to whom nothing had happened, and he knew that the Plague knew no distances. It was only in Toledo that he encountered another Man of Stone, who was already aware that something terrible was occurring and was about to travel to Turdes: several relatives had also died there because of the strange Plague. When he heard the grave news, he decided to depart with Noso toward Zaragoza and Tolosa, in the Languedoc, where the Chief of the ***Domini Canis*** *was. In Zaragoza they found that the Final Death had converted the beautiful family of one of their cousins, mother of twelve children, into bitumen: all thirteen died at the same moment, on the same fateful night; her husband, a Byzantine Knight, a talented professor of Greek, had no consolation. As he told the Men of Stone, the deceased had revealed to him years before that an esoteric sect, integrated by terrible beings called "Golen," was pursuing the Seigniors of Tharsis since antiquity; when exhaling that frightful scream, before dying, she had clung to Peter of Crete and he believed to distinguish the word "Golen," modulated with her last breath. That is why he swore then, over the thirteen cadavers, to avenge those deaths if in truth they were the product of the black magic of the Golen, just as the horrible decomposition that was being observed in the bodies was suggesting: his life, Peter explained, was destroyed, and he had accepted to die a thousand times that night before enduring the pain of remembering those whom he was loving so much. He would devote his existence to seek out the Golen, now his own enemies, and try to fulfill his oath; he would avenge himself or die in the attempt: it was evident, he said with innocence, that only the fury that was kindling in his blood was enabling him to sustain himself alive.*

Peter of Crete was not knowing where to begin his search when the monks arrived, relatives of his wife, who would surely know how to orient him. The Men of Stone, whose dead relatives were being counted by the hundreds, were in no mood to be moved by the little drama of the Byzantine Knight;

nevertheless, they admired his noble naivety, the limitless valor he was exhibiting, and the marvelous fidelity of his love. It was obvious that he had no idea of the enemies that he was facing and that he was lacking any chance against them; but it would be almost impossible for him to locate them on his own and that impotence would constitute his best protection. The Seigniors of Tharsis were then withdrawing without having said a word, when Peter of Crete caught up with them: the man had not believed them in the least; on the contrary, he was sure that they were hiding something from him and decided to accompany them; he offered protection with his sword to the monks, but, if they were rejecting him, he would follow them at a distance. There was no way of persuading him to abandon his venture. The Men of Stone had no alternative: either they were permitting that he accompany them or they would have to execute him. They decided the first, for Peter of Crete was, clearly, ***a man of Honor****.*

The chief of the ***Domini Canis*** *was awaiting them. His name was Rudolf and he was born in Seville, but in the Order they were calling him "Rudolf of Spain." His wisdom was legendary, but, for strategic motives, he never wanted to stand out in academic circles and only accepted that priory on the outskirts of Tolosa: from his monastery he was operating the innermost group of the* ***Circulus Domini Canis****. He came from the same family as Petreño, and had a degree of kinship as a second uncle to the recently arrived monks, who were cousins to each other. He placed Peter of Crete in a monastery that was housing lay pilgrims and then spoke with frankness:*

"I know it all! The Voice of the Pure Blood revealed it to me at the moment of occurrence. And the internal gaze enabled me to observe the Ritual of the Demons. Now They have departed to the Temple of Melchizedek with the conviction that they managed to exterminate the House of Tharsis. We possess, then, a small strategic advantage that we must wisely make the most of to save the Stirp of Tharsis. This is the situation: from Spain, only you two and the Vraya have survived; here, there are two nuns, who are my nieces Vrunalda and Valentina; and two Initiates are left, one in Paris and the other in Bologna: to them I have already sent messengers requesting

them that they urgently appear in Tolosa. Gentlemen: we must hold a Family Council!"

Fifteen days later, the seven were gathered in a secret crypt, under the Church of the Monastery of Rudolf of Tharsis. In truth, there was not much to discuss, as the remaining six would accept whatever Rudolf proposed, by far the wisest of the Seigniors of Tharsis. And they were not wrong, for his plan, simple and effective, produced extremely conclusive results against the enemy Strategy, and allowed to save the Stirp of Tharsis. He explained it like this:

"Before anything else, I should confirm to you that the House of Tharsis struggles against the alternative of extinction as never before, and that the possibilities of continuation of the Stirp are minimal: concretely, they are based on the two Dames present here. It is not unknown to you that throughout the history of our lineage the Men of Stone have always proceeded from the matrilineal inheritance: the message of the Pure Blood is transmitted from daughter to daughter, and only from the Dames of Tharsis are born Men of Stone and Kālibur Dames. Hence, the principal priority of the Strategy to follow consists in linking these Dames in convenient matrimonies for our ends. This means that such matrimonies must be rigorously under our control: everything must be sacrificable in favor of the familial mission, even a sterile husband!"

With a gesture, Vrunalda and Valentina nodded.

Rudolf continued speaking:

"The ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *will give you all new identities since, naturally, you will no longer return to where you were up until now. The Golen must never suspect that we are alive or that any of us belong to the lineage of Tharsis. We will only again take up our names the day that we are able to break the power of the Golen, either by destroying their satanic Orders, or by fortifying the* ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *to the maximum. In the meantime, we will secretly work within the Order of Preachers and we will occupy ourselves to ensure that the matrimonies of Vrunalda and Valentina bear their fruits.*

"We will not be able to return to Spain as long as the possibility of being discovered or recognized exists. One must main-

tain the fiction that the House of Tharsis is effectively extinct. I know that means leaving the Vraya abandoned to her fate, but it is preferable before risking a new siege from the Immortals in the Secret Cavern. Remember that many have died to preserve the Wise Sword and that the Vraya will be only one more of those who will give their life for such a noble mission. However, someday we have to return to the Secret Cavern to restitute the Guard. We will have to then foresee the way of recovering the patrimony of the House of Tharsis. For that, nothing seems better than to carry out the following: an Initiate exists in the ***Circulus Domini Canis****, a young Catalan Count, who would be willing to cede the rights of his rich Mediterranean Seigniory, in favor of a son of Afonso III, in exchange for the County of Tarseval. I deduce that the King of Portugal will grant that mercy, given the advantages obtained, in prestige and rents, to the beneficiary of the Catalan County. All will be arranged by the Order, but there is something else: I have thought that this Count is the ideal consort for Vrunalda."*

Here the surprise was painted on all their faces. Vrunalda, a youth of fifteen years who since the age of thirteen was a novice at Fanjeaux, blushed. Rudolf explained his plan:

"Do not be astonished, you will soon find it right. I understand that the idea of sending Vrunalda to Spain must look like madness, after the dangers that I have confirmed and from the Strategy that I have proposed, but I will show you how it can be possible. If we act with caution and take a prudential time to adjust details, for example about four years, nothing permits anticipating more dangers or difficulties, on the contrary, the presence of Vrunalda in the lands of the House of Tharsis is necessary so that the charismatic power of the Stone of Venus acts upon her seed. Of course, we will not send her unprotected, for we have the power of endowing her with a new personality, the change of which will be noticed by the Golen with difficulty. The case is that one of the German members of the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *is a vassal Territorial Seignior of the House of Swabia, widowed for many years and devoted to preaching within the Order. Upon the death of his wife, this Noble entrusted us his little nine-year-old daughter*

as a novice of the monastery of Fanjeaux, who passed away three years later, more or less to the date that Vrunalda entered. I have spoken with him, and he agrees that Vrunalda take the place of his daughter; he is even willing to swear that she is his legitimate descendant and die rather than betray such an oath. He will take Vrunalda to his castle in Austria and present her as his daughter, who has abandoned her religious life for having been promised to a Catalan Count. For four years he will integrate her to the German customs and supply her all the information about her new family. I hope that at the end of that time, Vrunalda is capable of passing for a German Dame and respond to all the interrogations about her lineage. For the time being, here we have already substituted the tombstones and adulterated the death records of the monastery, even though who died, and was buried three years ago, would at this moment be Vrunalda of Palencia. What is your opinion of this plan now?"

The smile illuminated the semblances of the Men of Stone, evidencing that they were fully trusting in the plan of Rudolf. They approved everything he had proposed, and listened respectfully to the end of his exposition:

"With respect to Valentina, I will say to you that I have not yet decided anything and that to find her a husband who meets the conditions will be required by us. But, in any case, she must definitively disappear as a member of the House of Tharsis. Therefore, I also announce to you that Valentina de Palencia, a Dominican nun of the convent of Fanjeaux, for all legal effects passed away that night in which the Plague struck the House of Tharsis: her death is set down in the records and she possesses her own sepulcher in the cemetery of the Order. While we prepare her future, she will remain hidden in a grange we own in Saint-Félix-de-Caraman. Such property was belonging to a Noble of the lineage of the Raymonds, who was burned by Simon de Montfort during one of his advances toward Tolosa: the only living heir, a confessed heretic, was forced to enter, for life, into one of the cloistered monasteries of the Order of Preachers. After his death, the rights passed to the Order, which has now decided to sell them to a Roman Knight eager to live in these regions and possessor

of much gold to pay. That Knight, 'Arnaldo Tiberio,' is none other than our recently arrived relative from Bologna, here present: his mission will be, then, to carry forward the production of the grange and reconstruct the Castle, which today is found in ruins; he will also have to marry a Dame chosen from among the families of the ***Domini Canis****. Valentina will have to pass for his sister, or niece, until her situation is resolved. Momentarily, the Man of Stone who comes from Toledo will stay there, and will second the supposed Roman Knight in everything. Keep in mind that you will be vassals of the Count of Tolosa and, therefore, of the King of France; but, as the Order of Preachers will reserve itself the religious rights of the donation, in reality your sword will be at the service of the Pope and the Church. And I suggest that you accommodate in the castle, as chief of the garrison or majordomo, the widowed Knight who has accompanied you from Spain: I have no doubt that he is a trustworthy person."*

Things happened as Rudolf had planned them, with a single exception that had not altered the objectives, as will soon be seen.

The King of Portugal granted the request of the Catalan Knight, strongly supported by the Order of Preachers, and conceded him the County of Tarseval. This was occurring a year after the Plague caused the extinction of the House of Tharsis and, by then, the Golen had meticulously inspected the Villa de Turdes and the Seigniorial Residence. They would leave convinced that no Seigniors of Tharsis were left alive, however they would extend the search throughout Spain and then to the rest of Europe. But those investigations would give negative results; ***or positive****, according to their point of view, because at all the sites where the members of the condemned Stirp inhabited, they verified that the passage of the Plague had left no survivors.*

The new Count of Tarseval repopulated the Villa de Turdes with five hundred families from Barcelona and established a garrison in the Seigniorial Residence of three hundred Catalan soldiers. Where the Chapel was located, at the foot of the Sierra Candelaria, he mandated to construct a small fortress comprised of a tower and a wall: from now on, that place would

always be under the observation of the sentinels of the County. Having no Noyos or Vrayas to stand guard in the Secret Cavern, the best thing would be to keep watch over the Sierra to keep away the curious or possible suspects. Three years later, the Count of Tarseval traveled to Austria and contracted a bond with Vrunalda, now transformed into a German Dame. The Seigniorial Residence, remodeled and fortified by the Catalans, then received that timid Lady, who was never finishing learning the language of Alfonso X and preferring to pass the hours praying in the church of the Grotto rather than enjoying the courtesan customs.

The family was prolific in sons and daughters with which the continuity of the Stirp of Tharsis was ensured to a certain extent. Apart from that, the County enjoyed relative tranquility during the following years, especially due to the care that the Count put in not to be dragged down by the struggles of interests that the monarchs of Portugal and Castile were sustaining. When King Sancho IV reincorporates the region of Huelva, and grants, for life, his Seigniory to Don Juan Mateo de Luna, the County of Tarseval passes without problems to the crown of Castile, who confirms the rights and the arms of the Catalan Count. Ferdinand IV and the successive proprietors and Seigniors of the land of Huelva would show the same respect. In summary, the family that was being developed in Spain, in the ancient dominions of the House of Tharsis, would more than fulfill the goals proposed by Rudolf and the Seigniors of the Dog, although it would preserve the secret of its lineage until the middle of the fourteenth century.

But not everything occurred as Rudolf was expecting it: there was one exception, but, as I said at the beginning, it had not modified the objectives of the Strategy. The problem was posed by Valentina, who was a youth full of gifts but extremely passionate. Rudolf had concerted with a Seignior of Flanders, a partisan, both he and his family, of the ***Domini Canis****, the engagement of marriage between his son and Valentina: The fiancé, a Captain under the orders of the Duke of Flanders, was certainly in agreement with the wedding. But not so Valentina: why? What no one imagined in that Family Council, had occurred in Saint-Félix-de-Caraman; Valentina had*

become hopelessly enamored with Peter of Crete. Naturally, there was something special about the Byzantine Knight since he had already been loved by another Dame of Tharsis, his deceased wife. But the passion that this time awakened in the Cold Heart of Valentina, surpassed all the arguments of Rudolf and all reasoning or advice from the Men of Stone; the Dame was not responding to reason: either she married Peter of Crete or the survival strategy of the Stirp would not pass through her. And what was Peter of Crete saying to all this? Undoubtedly he was also enamored, but, he was affirming, the oath contracted in front of his murdered family was inhibiting him to formalize another marriage: first he had to take vengeance, to punish the damned Golen in some way. With that purpose he had arrived there and was still awaiting to be oriented toward the lair of the Demons. But his patience was wearing thin and, if he was not soon obtaining the required direction, he would depart alone, placing his course, as an errant Knight, in the hands of God.

As is seen, the situation was tangled but not impossible to solve. The dilemma that Peter of Crete would be able to present, on whether or not he would be worthy of marrying a Dame of Tharsis, was already elucidated from the outset with his previous matrimony. His family was belonging to the Byzantine nobility; in the repartition of an inheritance, he had badly turned out due to the intrigues of certain relatives and, finally, he was forced to flee. One of the Seigniors of Tharsis met him in Constantinople and offered him that position in Spain. He was now thirty-eight years old, and I already explained the circumstances of his widowerhood. In principle, then, no insurmountable impediment was existing to concretize Valentina's longing: everything was being reduced to convince the Knight about the importance of that union. But neither would it be an easy task to achieve, since they would have to give explanations; and many. A new Family Council decided in the end to annul the engagement with the Seignior of Flanders and clearly speak with Peter of Crete.

The truth was told to him. He was made to understand that the terrible power of the Golen was not able to be faced by any man if he was only counting on his blood and his sword: Wis-

dom, also, was necessary; and he would be able to find It among the Domini Canis, with those who were offering him to integrate. But they did not hide from him the mortal danger he would run if his marriage with Valentina of Tharsis was discovered: he would be aware, painfully aware, that in such a case his family would once again able to be exterminated by the Golen. Peter of Crete thus understood that the constitution of a family of the blood of Tharsis that perpetuated the inheritance of the lineage in secret would cause the greatest possible damage to the Enemy. And then he showed himself ready to follow the plan of Rudolf of Spain!

The presence of Peter of Crete was justified by the friendship that he was having with the Baron of Saint Felix, this is, with the "Roman Knight" who was representing the Man of Stone, and then by the matrimony with the "sister" of the former, a young Castilian woman named Valentina. The couple passed a great part of their lives recluded in the Castle, as well as the family of Arnaldo Tiberio, without ever arousing the suspicions of the Enemy about their true origin. For the exploitation of the property, and to cover any possible suspicion among the villagers, the Castilians counted on the inestimable help of a family of villeins to whom the grange had been enfeoffed. The Nogarets, as they were being called, were stemming from an ancient Occitan lineage profoundly committed to the "Cathar heresy," that is to say, to the Hyperborean Wisdom. Several of its members were burned by Simon de Montfort during the siege of Albi; the rest of the family would have run the same fate if the ***Domini Canis*** *had not protected them, accepting in the inquisitorial tribunals, which they were controlling, their conversion to Catholicism and transferring them to Saint-Félix-de-Caraman. These brave Cathars, loyal until death and valiant to temerity, were uniting with the Seigniors of the Dog the same hatred toward the Golen Church and its Creator God Jehovah Satan: they were only awaiting the opportunity to contribute to the fight against the plans of the White Brotherhood. And the Seigniors of the Dog offered that opportunity, thirty years later, to Guillaume de Nogaret.*

Peter of Crete and Valentina of Tharsis procreated four children, who lived all their life in Saint-Félix. His six grandchildren were, together with ten other relatives of Arnaldo Tiberio, those who only just returned to Spain from the year 1315: ***and among them was Enrique Cretez, direct ancestor of Lito of Tharsis****. Thus it is clear, Dr. Siegnagel, why I have delayed myself so much in speaking about them: I directly descend from that couple formed by Peter and Valentina.*

Thirty-fourth Day

t the beginning of the thirteenth century, the plans of the White Brotherhood were seeming to be inexorably fulfilled: ***and yet they failed****. What occurred, then? This was, Dr. Siegnagel, the question posed on the Eighteenth Day. The answer, which you will now be able to comprehend with greater profundity, affirming that two exoteric causes and one esoteric, and fundamental, were explaining the failure; synthetically, the exoteric causes were centering on two men of History, Frederick II of Germany and Philip IV of France; however, they were only expressing the action of certain occult forces, to which I called "opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom." The first exoteric cause and the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom were already exposed. It would now be necessary, in order to complete the explanation, to show how the* ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *applies the Coup de Grâce to the enemy Strategy directing the acts of Philip IV of France against their plans, the second exoteric cause.*

In 1223 Philip II Augustus was dying, a King anesthetized by the Golen, who remained indifferent during the Crusade against the Cathars and allowed the consolidation of the Knights Templar in France. He would succeed Louis VIII the Lion, a physically and spiritually weak monarch, who would participate in the second Crusade against the Cathars in 1226 and die that same year. From then, and until 1279, Louis IX the Saint governs, who leaves the Languedoc question definitively settled by incorporating all the territories to the Crown of France through the marriage, forced, of the only daughter of the Count of Tolosa with his brother Alphonse of Poitiers. Subsequently, the Guelph King of Aragon James I would confirm to Louis IX the Occitan territorial conquests, in the Treaty of Corbeil of 1257, ceding the rights of Aragon over Carcassonne, Rodez, Lussac, Béziers, Albi, Narbonne, Nîmes, Tolosa, etc., betraying with it the Cause for which his father, Peter II, died in the Battle of Muret fighting against Simon de Montfort; he would also cede his daughter Isabella to be wife

of Philip III, son of Louis IX. It is that this James I, was that child whom Peter II had delivered as hostage to Simon de Montfort "for his education": when Peter II died, a delegation of Catalan Nobles negotiated before Innocent III the return of the child, to which the Golen Pope agreed with the condition that he was educated by the Templars of Spain, that is, in the Fortress of Monzón, the same where Bera and Birsha assassinated Lupo of Tharsis, Lamia, and Rabaz. James I was six years old when he was placed in the hands of the Templars, who would devote several years to prolixly brainwash and convert him into an instrument of their synarchic policy: it should come as no surprise, then, that his conduct was hardly solidary with the Cause of death of his father, or the criticism of this one's actions in his memoirs. Very opposite to the Guelph policy of James I would be, in contrast, the conduct of his son Peter III the Great, who would entirely play against the papal theocracy.

Thus, at the death of Louis IX the Saint, in 1270, his son occupies the throne, Philip III, taking Isabella of Aragon, sister of Peter III, as Queen. In that Epoch occur the events that I have yesterday narrated, that is to say, the Catalan Count reconstructs the County of Tarseval and Valentina becomes enamored with Peter of Crete. Philip III would govern until 1285, the date in which Philip IV, the executor arm of the ***Domini Canis****, would succeed him. But what happens in the meantime at the top of the Golen Power, that is to say, in the papacy? To respond, one must go back to the death of Frederick II, when he was engaging in a successful war against Innocent IV, a war that was threatening to end the papal privileges forever: under these circumstances, the Golen had him poisoned in 1250. But the Emperor had already caused irreparable damage to European political unity and was leaving in Italy a strongly consolidated Ghibelline party that would not easily submit themselves to papal authority. It is worth noting that the hatred that the Golen were then experiencing toward the House of Swabia was only surpassed by that which they poured over the House of Tharsis for millennia: to that Stirp, as to this one, they had sworn to mercilessly destroy.*

Innocent III and the following Popes, decide to strip the Hohenstaufen of all their rights over Italy, that is to say, over Rome, Naples, and Sicily, and to prevent any member of that House from acceding to the imperial throne. Frederick II is succeeded by his son Conrad IV, rapidly excommunicated by Innocent IV: he dies in 1253 leaving his only son as heir, Conradin, born in 1252. As regent of the child, Manfred of Sicily, natural son of Frederick II, governs. An excellent general, this King continues the war waged by his father against the Golen papacy: he receives three excommunications from Urban IV, terrible weapon of the epoch but that does not make a dent in the powerful Saracen army that he has formed. Manfred wins everywhere and threatens to conclude the purifying work of Frederick II; and to the misfortune of Urban IV, he marries his daughter Constance to the infante Peter of Aragon, that is to say, to the future King Peter III. It is then when the Golen decided to perform an ambitious maneuver, which would be initially successful but that would finally cause the ruin of their plans: they tried to replace the House of Swabia of Germany with the House of the Capets of France in the role of executor of the plans of the White Hierarchy.

Despite what is said, the plan was not far-fetched since, they were particularly uplifted, but at the same time divided by the feudal character of their States, the German Territorial Seigniors were able to be easily weakened in their imperial aspirations; in fact the Interregnum, the current period in which there was no agreement to elect the King of Germany, was able to be maintained indefinitely. That, then, would be the occasion to support the King of France and assign to him the role that at one time was entrusted to Frederick II. But the Golen were not thinking of the present King Louis IX, a strong and difficult to manage personality, but of his successor Philip III, weaker and influenceable by the clerics of his court. Urban IV offers the throne of Sicily to Louis IX but the King of France does not accept, as he considers the rights of the House of Swabia legitimate: who does accept is his brother Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence. This Knight, hero of the Crusades, wants to be King like his brothers and accepts to convert himself into an executioner of the House of Swabia. With their

intervention in the affairs of Italy, the Golen succeed to compromise France in their theocratic policy and prepare to restore the Power of the Papacy according to the conception of Gregory VII and Innocent III: then will come, they suppose, the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People.

According to the feudal organization of the Provençals, the Seigniors were only ceding troops for forty days, and on the condition of not transporting them too far. Not being able to get anything through that side, the Cistercian Order finances, to Charles of Anjou, a mercenary army of thirty thousand men. That troop of lawless adventurers penetrates into Italy in 1264 and completely defeats Manfred in the Battle of Benevento: then they would give themselves over to unparalleled slaughter and sacking, only comparable to the barbarian invasions. In the mentioned battle, apart from Manfred, many Knights from the Ghibelline side lost their lives, among them the father of Roger of Lauria, a boy who was raised in the chamber of the King of Aragon, Peter III, since his mother was Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Constance; Roger of Lauria was, of course, the brilliant admiral of the Catalan armada, the most powerful of his Epoch, with whom Peter III conquered the kingdom of Sicily years later.

With Manfred dead, and the Ghibelline party scattered, only the boy Conradin remains in Swabia as the last virile offspring of the Hohenstaufen rebels. Charles of Anjou accords, with Urban IV, the usurpation of his rights: he proclaims himself King of Naples and seizes Sicily. Immediately, he establishes a regime of terror, mainly oriented against the Ghibelline side; the expropriations of properties and titles, executions and deportations, follow one after the other; in little time the French are as hated as the Saracens of the Holy Land. One of the most illustrious victims is John of Procida, the Sage of the Courts of Frederick II and Manfred: member of a noble Ghibelline family, Lord of Salerno, the island of Procida, and of various Counties, he would not only be stripped of his titles and properties, but Charles of Anjou would commit a cowardly rape of his wife and daughter; he would only save his life

thanks to the admirable prudence with which he knew how to deal with Golen Pope Urban IV.

A great clamor rises against the French domination in the following years. In 1268 Conradin, who was sixteen years old at the time, comes to Italy at the head of an army of ten thousand men, confident that more troops on the peninsula would join him. Charles annihilates him at Tagliacozzo, making the Knights that he manages to take as prisoners pass through horrible torture. Conradin, the last Hohenstaufen, tries to embark to flee from Italy but is betrayed and taken to Charles of Anjou. A unanimous request is raised so that the grandson of Frederick II be pardoned, but Clement IV shows himself inflexible: "the death of Conradin is the life of Charles of Anjou"; the Golen are not willing to suspend the extermination of the Stirp that caused so much evil to the plans of the White Brotherhood.

After a parody of a trial, Conradin is condemned to death in Naples. Before delivering his head to the executioner, the boy demonstrates his gallantry through a gesture that will signify, in the short term, the virtual defeat of Charles of Anjou: he takes off a glove and throws it into the multitude that has come to observe the execution, while he shouts: "I challenge that a true Knight of Christ avenges my death at the hands of the Antichrist!" An instant later he is decapitated before the presence of Charles of Anjou, the papal legate, numerous Cardinals and Bishops, and dozens of Golen who are not able to hide their joy for the extinction of the Hohenstaufen lineage: at that moment only Enzo, King of Sardinia, son of Frederick II, was remaining alive, but a prisoner for life in a Bolognese Castle from 1249, who would be promptly poisoned for greater security. However, the gesture of Conradin would not be in vain, since Knights were still remaining to fight against the satanic forces: the glove is picked up by John of Procida on behalf of Peter III of Aragon, husband of Constance of Swabia. The daughter of Manfred, and first cousin of Conradin, is now the legitimate heiress of the rights that the House of Swabia has over the throne of the two Sicilies and the only hope of the Ghibelline party.

One must see in the action displayed by John of Procida, since then, another aspect of the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom to the plans of the White Brotherhood, that is to say, of the esoteric cause of the failure of said plans. In effect, that great Hyperborean Initiate took refuge in Aragon, together with other illustrious ones persecuted by Charles of Anjou and the Golen, and was incorporated into the Aragonese nobility. The King granted him several Seigniories in Valencia, from where he made contact with the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *and integrated himself into their Strategy. To him, more than anyone, corresponds the merit of having persuaded Peter III on the justice of the Ghibelline Cause. For years this Seignior of the Dog advises the King of Aragon on the affairs of Italy and plans the way to conquer it; Constance seconds him with enthusiasm, who wishes to avenge her father Manfred and the destruction of her family, Roger of Lauria, Corrado Lancia, and other uninitiated Sicilian Knights. In 1278 Peter III feels sufficiently strong to bring his Sicilian project to practice. He then sends John of Procida on a secret mission to Italy and the Middle East.*

The Sicilian Knight travels vesting the Dominican habit. He interviews with the principal representatives of the Ghibelline party of Italy and Sicily, who promise to help the King of Aragon, and in 1279 he arrives in Constantinople to make a pact with Emperor Michael Palaiologos, who is about to be attacked with a fleet by Charles of Anjou. However, a fact that Charles of Anjou does not suspect, no fleet exists at that time in the world more powerful than the Catalan armada of the King of Aragon. The Byzantine contributes with thirty thousand ounces of gold to sustain the campaign and John undertakes the return, after passing through the island of Sicily; there he picks up the commitment of the Noble Alaimo da Leutini, and others, to prepare an uprising against the French; all these negotiations obey the Strategy of Peter III, who wishes to avoid a direct confrontation between France and Aragon and prefers that the change arises from a local plot against Charles of Anjou.

In 1281 everything is ready for the revolt when a maneuver from the Golen forces to suspend their movements. Charles of

*Anjou forces, in Viterbo, the election of Simon de Brion, a French Cardinal highly enlightened about the plans of the White Brotherhood, who professes a fierce hatred toward the House of Swabia and the Ghibelline Cause. He takes the name Martin IV and immediately unleashes a terrible persecution of Ghibellines throughout Italy: evidently the Golen suspect that something is being plotted against Charles and attempt to stop it. Martin IV is a typical exponent of the Golen mentality, which was then improperly called "Guelph": of the fanatical makings of Gregory VII and Innocent III, he also possesses the cruelty of an Arnaud Amalric; at his behest the massacres, rapes, and sackings go on without ceasing, subjecting the Sicilians to a regime of unbearable terror: in the end Rome itself will end up rebelling against him. But in 1282 that state of things comes to its end in Sicily. During the celebration of Easter, on March 30, a French soldier attempts to molest a young Sicilian girl in Palermo and, to the cry of "**Death to the French**," general insurrection breaks out: the French are exterminated in Palermo, Trapani, Corleone, Syracuse, and Agrigento; eight thousand die in one day and the rest must precipitately flee from the island. Within a month no Frenchman could be found alive in all of Sicily.*

Those popular reactions were the famous "Sicilian Vespers," which had not occurred by chance, since in those days Peter III had set sail from Barcelona with his powerful armada and was in Africa, at a short distance from Sicily. His projects, long elaborated, were carried out with great precision; in June he sights several Sicilian ships: they are ambassadors from Palermo who come to offer the Crown of Sicily to the King of Aragon and Queen Constance. Shortly after, he disembarks on the island amidst the general jubilation of the people, who were seeing themselves forever free from the French and Guelph domination with this act of sovereignty. It was not, then, an invasion, but a legitimate royal election: the Sicilian people, freed through their own means from the French occupation were giving themselves their own kings, thus restoring the ancient rights of the House of Swabia in the person of the granddaughter of Frederick II. But the Golen are not taking the bait.

Observe, Dr. Siegnagel, that the Golen were again seeming to have won the game: the Cathar heretics were no longer existing, nor was the presence of the Gral being felt, nor was there an intended Universal Emperor like Frederick II who disputed Spiritual Power to the Pope, nor was there even a King in Germany, but rather a King in France, Philip III, completely controlled by the Church, and a Templar Financial Synarchy in full swing, and a French King, Charles of Anjou, occupying the two Sicilies and keeping the luciferic Ghibellines in check. But suddenly the Coup of Peter III, which they were not able to foresee because it was a product of the High Strategy of the ***Domini Canis****, was bringing back the danger of Ghibellinism and threatening, with failure, the plans of the White Brotherhood. The Golen were not going to impunibly allow this to happen. In November of that year Martin IV fulminates the excommunication against Peter III and orders him* ***to withdraw from Sicily and to love Charles of Anjou, faithful vassal of the Pope****. Before the indifference of the Aragonese, he repeats the excommunication in January and March of 1283, preparing his hand to deliver a stab in the back to the latter: in the last bull, in effect, it affirms that the Kingdom of Aragon is vassal of the Pope by commitment to Peter II, the grandfather of Peter III who died in the Battle of Muret, and that the Pontiff has the authority of appointing as King to whomever he sees fit; to the excommunicated Aragonese, he takes away the Crown and deprives the peoples and places that obey him of the sacraments of the Church.* ***The Golen plan consisted in waging a fight to the death against Peter III and expanding the Dominion of France at the cost of Aragon: it would be the preliminary step so that a King of the Church was elevated to the throne of a World Government, supported by the Templar Financial Synarchy, and to prepare the means to establish the Universal Synarchy****.*

In that plan, evidently, the Golen underestimate Peter III. In truth, they are all wrong about the Aragonese because they ignore the spiritual strength that he has developed by influence of John of Procida and the ***Domini Canis****. But he soon shows signs of possessing a foolproof valor; a limitless intre-*

pidness; an unshakable loyalty toward the principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom, that is, to the inheritance of the Pure Blood of his Stirp, which grants him the divine right to reign without being accountable to anyone but himself; and a monolithic sense of Honor, that his Spirit dictates to him, and that impulses him to fight to the death for his ideal, without ever giving up. This time a formidable enemy is whom the Golen have challenged.

The stab in the back was signifying engaging the Kingdom of Aragon in a war with France, which Peter III was justly procuring to avoid. The Golen believe that the presence of Peter III in Aragon will leave the plaza of Sicily free to Charles of Anjou to consummate a new occupation. But the island, protected by the Catalan armada, has been converted into an impregnable Fortress: Peter III calmly withdraws to Aragon in 1283, leaving the defense in the hands of the temerarious and fortunate admiral, Roger of Lauria. Charles of Anjou possesses the second largest fleet of the Mediterranean, financed by the Cistercian Order of Provence, by the Kingdom of Naples, and by the Pope, but he does not succeed in proposing a coherent tactic to confront Roger of Lauria, who in successive clashes will inexorably destroy it. After sinking some ships and capturing others, he takes control of the islands of Malta, Gozo, and Lipari; then he heads to Naples and lays a trap for the French, showing only a part of his squadron. Charles of Anjou is absent and his son, Charles the Lame, Prince of Salerno, decides to respond to the challenge thinking it an easy victory: he then launches himself in pursuit of the Catalans with all the available galleys, soon clashing with the rest of the enemy armada. That was the most important naval battle of the Epoch, in which Roger of Lauria sank a large number of French galleys, captured as many others, and only very few managed to escape. The captain ship did not have this luck, which was captured by Roger in person and in which were Charles the Lame, Jacques de Burson, Guillaume l'Estendart, and other valorous Provençal and Italian knights. The son of Charles of Anjou is taken prisoner to Sicily, where everyone demands his execution in revenge for the death of Conradin; however, O mystery of the Hyperborean spiritual nobility, it is

Queen Constance who saves him and mandates that they confine him in Barcelona.

Charles of Anjou arrives to Gaeta days after the defeat of his son but he does not dare to attack the Spaniards; that indecision is taken advantage of by Roger to devastate the garrison of Calabria and take possession of various continental plazas; in a short time Sicily has a Governor in Calabria that threatens, now by land, the French dominion of Naples. But, when Charles decides to send the rest of his armada to the coasts of Provence, to support the advance of the King of France, his ships are taken amidst two fires in front of the Count of Saint-Pol and completely defeated by Roger of Lauria: that disaster, which cost seven thousand French lives, represented the end of the Neapolitan naval power of Charles of Anjou.

To all this, in 1284 Martin IV discharges the blow that, he thinks, will be fatal for the Aragonese: by means of a bull he offers the investitures of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia to the King of France for one of his non-firstborn sons. Philip III accepts in the name of his son Charles of Valois and prepares to invade Aragon. The gigantic warlike enterprise will now be financed by the whole Church of France. And, as in the time of the Cathars, Martin IV publishes a Crusade against the excommunicated King of Aragon: the Benedictine, Cluniac, Cistercian, and Templar orders agitate the whole of Europe, calling to combat for Christ, to crusade against the abominable Ghibelline heresy of Peter III. Soon Philip III, who is also King of Navarre, gathers an army in that country ***integrated*** *by two hundred and fifty thousand infantrymen and fifty thousand cavalrymen,* ***formed*** *principally by French, Picards, Toulousains, Lombards, Bretons, Flemings, Burgundians, Provençals, Germans, English, etc.*

With the aid of four Toulousain monks who reveal to Philip III a secret passage through the Pyrenees, the Crusaders invade Catalonia in 1285. Surrounding the King, and permanently encouraging him, were the principal Cistercian Golen, who consider this war a question of life or death for their plans of world domination: with difficulty that King, who in no way was meriting the nickname of "the Bold," would have hardly launched himself into the adventure of the crusade without

the sustained insistence of Martin IV and the pressure of the French Golen. The Papal legate warns Peter III ***"that he must obey the Pontiff and hand over his kingdoms to the King of France,"*** *to whom the Aragonese responds:* ***"It is easy to take and give kingdoms that have cost nothing. Mine, bought with the blood of my grandparents, must be paid at the same price."*** *In Catalonia the resistance becomes fierce; all the social classes support Peter III in what is sensed as a Total War. The Aragonese Knights, the infallible Catalan crossbowmen, the fierce Almogavar warriors, the servants and combatants of the people, detain, harass, and inflict permanent defeats on the Crusaders. In the end, an epidemic ends up demoralizing them and they opt to retreat to the Pyrenees. But Peter III, who has gone ahead to cut them off, is awaiting them in the Col de Panissars and the great battle is fought for two days. The French army is annihilated: of the three hundred thousand Crusaders only forty thousand return alive; King Philip III dies in the campaign and to France the conquest of Aragon will now be impossible.* ***It is in these circumstances that Philip IV, the Fair, accedes to the throne of France.***

Thirty-fifth Day

harles of Anjou dies January 7 of 1285, ill and desperate. In March of 1285 Golen Pope Martin IV passes away. Philip III, King of France, perishes October 5 of 1285. And at the end of that fateful year, November 11 of 1285, Peter III of Aragon expires, the King who managed to defeat the combined force of the preceding three and frustrate the plans of the White Brotherhood in great measure. At his death, his kingdoms were partitioned amongst his sons, Alfonso donning the triple Crown of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, and James the Crown of Sicily, succeeded by Frederick III. But John of Procida, and the Seigniors of the Dog, continue advising the Kings of Aragon.

Thus, with the death of Philip III, the Golen suppose that their plans are momentarily delayed. But, only ***momentarily delayed****, or are their plans* ***definitively frustrated****, without them able to notice it in time? As will soon be seen, the Golen were realizing only too late that something very strange has occurred to the successor of Philip III. In effect, that King, whose education was entrusted to the most erudite monks of France, that is, to the Dominicans,* ***had been converted into a Hyperborean Initiate****, into a potential enemy of the plans of the White Brotherhood. How had such heresy occurred? Who initiated him into the Hyperborean Wisdom? The answer, the only possible answer, would be the incredible possibility that within the Church, in the Order of Preachers, existed a conspiracy of partisans of the Blood Pact, a group of Initiates in the Wisdom of the White Atlanteans. Of course they do not suspect the Seigniors of Tharsis, whom they consider definitively extinguished, and do not manage to opportunely ascertain the culprits of the disaster: the blow will be too shocking to assimilate with the necessary rapidity. And that inevitable perplexity, that paralyzing surprise caused by the High Strategy of the Seigniors of Tharsis and the* ***Circulus Domini Canis****, would mark the beginning of the end of the enemy Strategy: from then on, after Philip IV brilliantly carried out his mission, the Golen and the White Brotherhood would have to*

wait until the twentieth century before having another historic opportunity to establish the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People.

As I said, the Golen would not manage to counteract the consequences of the new situation. They had maneuvered to fortify the House of France in Europe for several years and from its bosom was arising a King hostile to papal hegemony. They had ceded the field of academic teaching to the Dominican monks and it would result that the enemies of the One God were infiltrated among them. And, what was worse, that Order of Preachers had been entrusted with the Tribunal of the Holy Office, in charge of inquiring about the faith. Until then, the Inquisition was allowing them to eliminate or neutralize opposition under the threat of the accusation of heresy, but, and this they were clearly assuming, they were the greatest heretics: from then on, they must act with caution because otherwise, ***similar to jujutsu****, the very strength of the attacker would be able to be turned against him.*

Impossible to submit him to papal authority, the Golen would fruitlessly attempt to eliminate Philip IV, a failure that was due to the fence of security that the ***Domini Canis*** *had placed around the King; when they finally managed to poison him, in 1314, Philip IV had reigned twenty-nine years and fulfilled the entrusted mission with Honor: and before the grandeur of his work, the calumnies of a defeated Golen Church and of a Chosen People who saw their historical opportunity lost, even if they have been repeated for seven hundred years without fundament, count for nothing.*

But, during the twenty-nine years of his reign, neither would they have any equivalent political personality to replace or oppose him. The King of England, Edward I, while he intervenes in European affairs, only does so indirectly in the time of Philip the Fair, especially through his allies, the Count of Flanders and the Duke of Guyenne: his fierce war against the Scots kept him occupied on the British Isle. And in Germany, the Guelph Rudolf of Habsburg, elected in 1273 to put an end to the Interregnum, dies in 1291 dedicated to war against the Ghibellines and to increase the properties of his House; Adolf of Nassau succeeds him, who only reigns six

years, locked in a struggle with the sons of Rudolf; and then follows Albert I, who would be peaceably understood by Philip IV and would agree with him that the course of the Rhine would be the border between France and Germany. The Golen were able to do nothing with these sovereigns to confront a personality like Philip the Fair; and we already know what they could expect from the Kings of Aragon and Sicily. With this I want to show you, Dr. Siegnagel, that by losing control over the King of France, the Strategy of the Golen was seriously compromised.

For fifty years the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *awaited its opportunity. This presented itself with Philip IV, over whom they exercised great influence since his infancy, given the high number of instructors of the infant who were being counted among their ranks. When Philip III dies, his son was seventeen years old and had been secretly initiated into the Hyperborean Wisdom. It is possible to affirm, then, that when he begins to reign, he already had a clear plan of his historical mission; and he also had at his side the men who would advise and permit him to execute his ideas. Because it is important to clearly differentiate between two complementary objectives, which are set as a goal at that time: one is that proposed by the* ***Circulus Domini Canis****, and already explained, that was procuring, simply, to stop the enemy Strategy and to prevent the Golen from concretizing the Synarchy of the Chosen People; the other is an objective that, then, was flowing from the Pure Blood of Philip IV, and that consisted, as in the case of Frederick II, in expressing the Regal Function in its highest degree. With respect to the second, one must not forget that throughout the lineage of the Capets, just as in all the Hyperborean Stirps, was existing a familial mission plasmated by their remote ancestors at the time of the fall into the Cultural Pact; and the Stirp of Philip IV was of very Pure Blood, even if its latest generations had been dominated by the Priests of the Cultural Pact, that is to say, by the Golen monks and Bishops: that dynasty, in effect, was being initiated in 987 with the first King of France, Hugh Capet, son of Hugh the Great and grandson of the Count of Paris and Duke of France, Robert; this one was, in turn, son of Robert the Strong,* ***member of the***

***Saxon royal house**, invested by Charles the Bald, grandson of Charlemagne, with the title of Count of Anjou, to stop the Norman attacks with his Germanic troops. In Philip IV was thus being reborn, as had happened with Frederick II, a fruit that was coming from the same Saxon racial root and that had developed hiddenly in the fertile field of the Pure Blood.*

*It will be seen how both objectives are jointly achieved; how the Regal Function, entirely assumed by Philip IV, deposits in society the seed of **nationality**; and how the measures taken in his government, measures based on the Hyperborean Wisdom, were going to cause the failure of the plans of the White Brotherhood. Lamentably, Philip IV would not arrive to see his longings totally realized for the same reason that Frederick II had not completely achieved them either: the Epoch was not propitious for the integral application of a Strategy that could only culminate with the Final Battle against the Potencies of Matter; such an Epoch is still pending in History and perhaps we are already entering into it, but Philip IV came quite close, the most that he could, to his objective, and his Glory is rooted in that undeniable fact.*

*In the first place of importance, the **Domini Canis** instructors revealed to the infante in what the Regal Function of the Blood Pact was consisting, a concept that Frederick II, seventy years before, had clearly comprehended: **if a racial people exists, a community of blood, an Aristocracy of the Spirit will always, always, be formed in its bosom, from where the Sovereign King will emerge: the King will be whoever holds the highest degree of the Aristocracy, the Purest Blood; whoever possesses such a valor, will be charismatically recognized by the people and will rule by Divine Right of the Spirit. His Sovereignty will not be able to be questioned or disputed and therefore, his Power shall be** Absolute. **There is nothing Higher than the Spirit and the King of the Blood expresses the Spirit; and in the Pure Blood of the people, underlies the Spirit; and that is why the King of the Pure Blood, who expresses the Spirit, is also the Voice of the People, their individualized Will tending toward the Spirit. So nothing material can interpose itself between the King of the Blood and the People: on the contrary, the Pure Blood charismatically***

unites them, in a contact that takes place outside Time and Space, in that absolute instance beyond created matter that is called *the common Origin of the Race of the Spirit.* ***And hence all that materially conforms in relation to the peoples must be subordinated to the King of the Blood: all wills must join or bow before his Will; all powers must be subordinated before his Power. Even the religious power, which only reaches the limits of the Cult, must be inclined under the Will of the Spirit that the King of the Blood manifests.***

Secondly, it is explained to Philip IV, the fall that the peoples of the Blood Pact suffer because of the "war fatigue" and the ways used by the Priests of the Cultural Pact to distort, deform, and corrupt, the Regal Function. In the case of the Roman Empire, the previous concepts, inherited from the Etruscans, were contemplated in the ancient Roman Law and in many aspects would remain present until the Epoch of the Christian Emperors. Concretely, it would be Constantine who would open the door to the staunchest partisans of the Cultural Pact, when he authorizes the practice of the Judeo-Christian Cult with the Edict of Milan; but Theodosius I would cause the greatest damage to the Regal Function seventy years later, when he officializes Judeo-Christianity as the ***only state religion****. Then would begin the long but fecund process in which the Roman Law would be converted into Canonical Law; that is to say, that of the Roman Law that was convenient to fundament the supremacy of the papacy would be preserved in the Canonical Law, and the rest, wisely expurgated or ignored. That process would provide the juridical justification for* ***Caesaropapism****, the papal pretension of imposing a religious absolutism over the Kings of the Blood, whose most fervent exponents were Gregory VII, Innocent III, and Boniface VIII.*

Before the decadence of the Empire, the Roman Kings and Emperors were attributing to themselves a Divine origin and it was also being recorded into the Roman Law. The task of the Catholic canonists was, if you will, quite simple: it consisted in substituting the "Pagan Gods," the source of regal sovereignty, for the "True God"; and in replacing the maximum representative of Power, King or Emperor, by the figure of "Peter,"

the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Although it is obvious, it is necessary to clarify that after these substitutions, all Divine origin was banished from the Canonical Law, which thenceforth would be the official Law of the Christian world: Jesus Christ had presented himself only once and had said: "You are Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church." The Divine right of ruling the Church, and all its parishioners, rich or poor, noble or plebeian, was then ***uniquely*** *corresponding to Peter; and, of course, to his successors, the High Priests of the Lord. Peter had been elected by Jesus Christ to be his representative and to express his Power; and Jesus Christ was the Son of God; and the One God in the Mystery of the Trinity, the Creator God of All That Exists: nothing then, in all the world, could be considered more elevated than the representative of the Creator God. In consequence, if anyone dared to oppose Peter, if he intended to exert a Power or a Will counterposed to that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, if he arrogates to himself a Divine Right, for it, he would clearly be a heretic, a man accursed by God, a being who by his own insolence has situated himself outside the Church and whom it is fitting, with all justice, to also cut out from the world.*

Canonical Law was not leaving, thus, any possibility for the Kings of the Blood to exercise the Regal Function: royal Sovereignty was now coming from the Christian Cult, and the Kings had to be ***invested*** *by the successors of Peter, the Priests* ***maximorum****. And if royalty was having to be* ***confirmed****, as it was convenient to the Cultural Pact, the principle of the Aristocracy of the Pure Blood was thereby annulled. Naturally, as so many times before, the peoples will submit themselves to the enchantment of the Priests and the tenebrous times of the absence of a King will ensue, in which the Regal Function has been usurped by the Potencies of Matter. The Kings of Canonical Law are not Kings of the Blood but mere governors, agents of the State Power, in accordance to the definition of Pope Gelasius I: "the State Power exists apart from the Authority of the Church, from where the sovereignty of the former proceeds." From this Gelasian idea derives the theory of the Two Swords, formulated by Golen Saint Bernard: the State Power is analogous to the "****temporal Sword****," whereas the Authority*

*of the Church is equivalent to the "**spiritual Sword**,"; Peter and his successors, therefore, would wield the "spiritual Sword," before which the "temporal Sword" of the Kings and Emperors must bow.*

*But none of this is true, even if it is codified in the Canonical Law. The alleged "Spiritual Sword" of the Golen Church is only a **priestly Sword**. And the Power that a King of the Blood is authorized to exert by the Divine Right of the Eternal Spirit, is not precisely analogous to a "temporal Sword" but to a **Sword of Absolute Will**, to a Sword of which its hilt is in the Origin, beyond Time and Space, but **of which its blade can pierce Time and Space and manifest itself to the people**. In any case, the King of the Blood, whose action is called **Honor**, wields the **Volitive Sword**, and plasmates the forms of the Kingdom with his touch: from those blows of royal Will, from those acts of Honor, will spring forth Legislation, Justice, and the wise Administration of the Charismatic State.*

*If Philip IV wishes to present himself as King of the Blood, the **Domini Canis** clarify, he must first restore the Regal Function, he must abandon the illusory "temporal Sword," which was imposed on his ancestors by the Priests of the Cultural Pact, and wield the true Volitive Sword of the Seigniors of the Blood Pact, the Sword that manifests the Absolute Power of the Spirit. However, the Canonical Law, in force at that time, legalizes the hierarchization of the Swords according to the Cultural Pact: first the priestly, pontifical Sword; second the "temporal," regal Sword. It is necessary, then, to modify the existing juridical order, to exclusively circumscribe Canonical Law to the religious sphere and establish a separate civil Law: the Regal Function inevitably demands the separation of Church and State.*

*Now, faced with this demand, Philip IV was not in the situation to initiate something totally new, a sort of "juridical revolution"; on the contrary, the **Circulus Domini Canis** was preparing the ground for it since the times of Louis IX, grandfather of Philip IV. From those days on, in effect, the Seigniors of the Dog were subtly influencing the French Court to favor the formation of a whole class of **secular legists**, whose secret mission would consist in revising, and updating, the Roman Law.*

Philip III, the son of Louis IX, was a King completely dominated by the Cistercian Golen, who kept him in such an ignorance that, as an example, he was never taught to read and write; his mental structure, ably modeled by the Golen instructors, was corresponding more to that of the monk than to that of the warrior. The Seigniors of the Dog never attempted to alter this control since their Strategy was not passing through him but through his son Philip IV; however, in due course they managed to influence so that Philip III passed a Law, apparently advantageous for the Crown, in which he was reserving himself the right to grant titles of nobility to the secular legists; that juridical instrument was later used to promote numerous and important ***Domini Canis*** *to the highest positions and magistracies of the Court, until then prohibited to all the plebeian classes. Those secular legists, belonging to the* ***Circulus Domini Canis****, were greatly dedicated to their specific mission and, by 1285, had already developed the fundaments that would permit* ***to constitute*** *a State in which the Regal Function was above any other Power. From the outset Philip IV would count on a team of advisors and functionaries highly specialized in Roman Law, who would faithfully second him in his confrontation with the Golen papacy. From the most prestigious French universities, especially Paris, Tolosa, and Montpellier, but also from the Order of Preachers, and even from the new educated bourgeoisie, will arise legists who will give intellectual support to Philip IV: among the principal ones it is worth remembering the Knights Pierre Flotte, Robert of Artois, and the Count of Saint Pol; Enguerrand de Marigny, coming from the Norman bourgeoisie, as well as his brother, Bishop Philip de Marigny; Guillaume de Plasian, Knight of Tolosa and fervent Cathar; and Guillaume de Nogaret, member of the family of villeins who were inhabiting the lands of Peter of Crete and Valentina, in Saint-Félix-de-Caraman: his grandparents had been burned in Albi by Simon de Montfort, but he was secretly professing Catharism and integrating in the* ***Circulus Domini Canis****; he was a professor of law at Montpellier and in Nîmes, before being convoked to the Court of Philip the Fair.*

Thirty-sixth Day

rom the preceding concepts, inculcated to Philip IV by the ***Domini Canis*** *instructors, his future Strategy is delineated: above all, it will have to restore the Regal Function; for it, he will procure to separate the Church from the State; and such separation will be fundamented by precise juridical arguments of Roman Law. But, the participation of the Church was manifesting itself in the three principal powers of the State: in the* ***legislative****, by the supremacy of the Canonical Law over the civil code of law; in the* ***judicial****, by the supremacy of the Ecclesiastical Tribunals to judge every case, independently and above the civil justice; and in the* ***administrative****, by the absorption of great incomes coming from the Kingdom, without the State being able to exert any control over them. The measures that Philip IV will adopt to change this last point, will be those that will provoke the most violent reaction from the Golen Church.*

When Philip IV accedes to the Throne, the Church was politically and economically powerful, and was imbricated into the State. His father, Philip III, had engaged the Kingdom in a Crusade against Aragon that had already cost a terrible defeat to the French arms. The monarchy was weak against the landed nobility: the feudal Seigniors, by falling into the Cultural Pact, were granting a superlative value to the ***ownership*** *of the land, abandoning or forgetting the ancient strategic concept of* ***occupation*** *that was sustaining the peoples of the Blood Pact; therefore, in the times of Philip IV, it was being accepted that an absurd relationship was existing between the nobility of a lineage and the area of land of their property, in such a way that the Seignior who had more land, was pretending to be the most Noble and powerful, coming to dispute the sovereignty of the King himself. Before Philip Augustus (1180–1223), for example, the Duke of Guyenne, the Count of Tolosa, or the Duke of Normandy, were individually possessing more lands than the reigning House of Capets. The King of England, theoretically, was vassal of the King of France, but on more than one occasion his territorial dominion was converting him into*

a dangerous rival; that was clearly seen during the reign of Henry II Plantagenet, who, in addition to King of England, was also sovereign of a large part of France: Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, Aquitaine, Auvergne, Aunis, Saintonge, Angoumois, La Marche, and Périgord. Only when John Lackland committed the errors that are known, King Philip Augustus recovered Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitou for his House. However, Louis IX, crusade companion of Edward I, would return the French fiefs to this English King.

Since the dismemberment of Charlemagne's Empire, and until Philip III, then, nothing was existing similar to ***national consciousness*** *in the Kings of France but an ambition for territorial dominion that was aiming to support feudal power: nobility was then purely* ***cultural****, being founded on* ***property titles*** *and not on* ***blood****, as would correspond to an authentic* ***Aristocracy of the Spirit****. So, the territorial expansions of Philip IV's predecessors had no other objective than the obtention of power and prestige in feudal society: by no means had these possessions led to the political unity of France, to absolute monarchy, to centralized and rational administration, and to national consciousness. Such results were the exclusive work of the Strategy of Philip IV.*

But a "Hyperborean Strategy" is not a mere set of measures but the dynamic structure of an ultimately efficacious action. The Strategy of Philip IV was being based on the following concept of the Hyperborean Wisdom: ***if a people organize themselves according to the Blood Pact, then the Regal Function demands the strategic way of life****. In other words, the King of the Blood Pact shall lead his people by applying the strategic principles of the* ***Occupation****, of the* ***Fence****, and of the* ***Strategic Wall****; complemented with the principle of* ***Magic Cultivation****, or, in other words, with the White Atlantean heritage of Agriculture and Stockbreeding. To structurally comprehend the change in French politics after the advent of Philip the Fair, one must refer back to this concept, of which I already spoke on Day Three.*

In practical terms, the Strategy that Philip IV was proposing to implement consisted in the execution of the three princi-

ples mentioned by means of three corresponding political acts. I will now explain, in order, the way Philip IV was understanding such principles, linked to the Regal Function, and then I will show how his political acts were faithfully responding to the Hyperborean strategy of the ***Domini Canis****.*

First: ***Occupation of a royal space****. This principle accepts several degrees of comprehension; obviously, in the case of the Regal Function, the* ***occupation*** *has to essentially include the territory of the Kingdom. But who should occupy the lands of the Kingdom? The King of the Blood and the reigning House,* ***in the name of the racial community, that is to say, of the Spirit****, which is a people of the Blood Pact. Because the King is, as was said, "the Voice of the people," "their individualized Will"; the King* ***must*** *occupy the territory of the Kingdom so that popular sovereignty is concretized. The patrimonial feudal system, product of the Cultural Pact, was seeking to infringe on the Regal Function, since it was keeping the King separated from the people: the medieval people, in effect, were owing direct obedience to the Territorial Seigniors, and these to the King; and the King was only able to address himself to the people through the feudal Seigniors. That is why Philip IV would sanction a law that was obliging, to all the people of France, to swear fidelity directly to the King, without intermediaries of any kind:* ***"nothing material can interpose itself between the King of the Blood and the People."*** *In synthesis,* ***the Occupation of the Kingdom, by the King, "is" Sovereignty****.*

Second: ***to apply the principle of the Fence in the occupied royal space****. In the most superficial degree of significance, it also refers to the territorial area: one's own area must be strategically isolated from the enemy dominion by means of the principle of the Fence; this supposes, in every case, the definition of a state border. But this second strategic step is the one that grants reality to the concept of "Nation": according to the Blood Pact,* ***a people, of common Origin, Blood, and Race, organized as a Sovereign State, and occupying and fencing the lands of their Kingdom, constitute a*** *Nation. Within the fence is the Nation; outside, the Enemy. However, such an ideal separation can be altered by diverse factors and it is not without struggle that it comes to concretize the application of*

the principle of the Fence and to give birth to nationality: it can occur, as will be immediately seen, that the area of the Fence exceeds, in certain strata of the royal space, the territorial area, and invades the space of other nations; but it can happen, also, that the exterior Enemy penetrates into the state-owned area and interiorly threatens the Nation. This is not difficult due to the ***cultural*** *nature of the Enemy, that is, coming from the Cultural Pact:* ***the "Exterior Enemy" is also the "Interior Enemy" because the Enemy is One, is The One and his representatives, that is to say, the Enemy lacks nationality or, rather, is "international"; the Enemy does not know the principle of the fence and does not respect borders of any kind, since for him the whole world is his*** *campus belli:* ***and on this universal*** *field of war,* ***where he attempts to impose his will, are included the Nations and the peoples, the cities, and the cloisters, the Cultures that give meaning to man, and the fertile field of his Soul.*** *It is understood, then, that the principle of the Fence is a concept more extensive than what is suggested at first sight and that only its exact definition and application allow to discover the Enemy.*

The principle refers, in truth, to a strategic Fence, the existence of which depends solely on the Will of those who apply and sustain it. That is why the Fence encompasses multiple fields, apart from the merely territorial: ***an occupied area can be effectively fenced, but such a geographic area is nothing more than the*** *"application"* ***of the principle of the Fence; it is not the strategic Fence itself. The strategic Fence never describes a geographic area, not even geometric, but*** *charismatic. This is clearly proven in the case of the Nation. The members of a Nation, admit many national borders in addition to the geographic ones: the territorial limits of Babylon were perhaps marked by the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, but the borders of the* ***fear*** *inspired by its national army extended throughout the Ancient World; and the same principle can be used to point out any other aspect of the Culture of a Nation, which will always present an area of national influence different from the geographic space of the State. But, and this is what is important:* ***only the members of a Nation know where its limits begin and end; those who are alien to it may***

intuit the regions in which the national manifests itself, but those who belong to the Nation uniquely know the precise definition. And this perception, which is not rational or irrational, is said to be charismatic.

The Hyperborean Wisdom affirms that the principle of the Fence determines form and content: ***to the form, it calls "Mystique"; and to the content, "Charisma."*** *The members of a Nation, on the other hand, are* ***strategic subjects.*** *A Nation, as a product of a strategic Fence, determines its own Mystical form, which is charismatically perceived by the strategic subjects that belong to it. Every Mystique, national or otherwise, is independent of time and physical space: its manifestation is purely charismatic. Hence, all those who perceive the Mystique, that is to say, those who are under the same strategic Fence, acquire* ***identical knowledge about its form, without difference of perspective:*** *such unity is possible because all strategic subjects possess an a priori connection, which is the Common Origin of the Pure Blood;* ***under the form of a Mystique, the strategic subjects experience a Charismatic Bonding, which unites them in the Origin, and reveals to them identical Truth.*** *The concept of* ***centrality*** *of the Mystique is understood like this:* ***every strategic subject is the Center of the Mystique; but, as the perception is charismatic, not temporal or spatial, it is clear that the same center is simultaneously in all strategic subjects.*** *With respect to the Mystical Nation, for example, there is a Center that is simultaneously rooted in all the members of its people, the strategic subjects: each of them projects the principle of the Fence in any field, be it geographic or cultural, and charismatically receives the national Mystique;* ***and the Nation is one and the same for all.***

And now it will be better comprehended, Dr. Siegnagel, the charismatic character of the Regal Function: according to the Hyperborean Wisdom, ***if the Center of a national Mystique is embodied in a man, this one, without any doubt, is the King of the Pure Blood, racial Leader, charismatic Chief, etc., of that people.*** *The King of the Blood constitutes, then, the* ***fundamental Center*** *of the Mystique of the Kingdom, which is the same center that simultaneously takes root in all his subjects:* ***"so that nothing material can interpose itself between the***

King of the Blood and the people," since between them exists the Charismatic Bond in the common Origin of the Pure Blood.

When applying the principle of the Fence to his Kingdom, Philip IV perceives the Mystique of the French Nation and also observes, as through contrast, the Enemy, external and internal. Who is the Enemy? One must consider various degrees. Firstly, the Enemy is all that which is opposed to the establishment of the strategic Fence: who recognizes a national border but does not accept it; who presses against any of the national borders. In this case it is, for example, another Nation, neighboring or not, but that exerts the unquestionable power to expand its national fence, based on the Divine Right of the Spirit to Reign over racially inferior peoples and to occupy their territory: the polemic will decide the war, the means by which it is unequivocally determined what Nation possesses the best Hyperborean Strategy and, in consequence, which are the people of the Purest Blood and who is King of the most spiritual Blood. But this is a worthy Enemy, since he recognizes the existence of the adversary Nation even though he does not respect the limits of its Fence: with such an Enemy, it is always possible to reach an agreement of national coexistence, which does not signify, of course, definitive peace, since it is not possible to suspend the charismatic effect of the Aristocracy of the Pure Blood: both in one as in the other Nation, will emerge leaders who will attempt to resolve the question. Permanent peace is not conceived in the national Strategy of the peoples of the Blood Pact but a wholly different concept, known as ***national Mystique****, and that will be achieved by both peoples at the end of the War: the first objective of national war is not, thus, the mere occupation of the enemy territory, or the imposition of an alien Culture, or the annihilation of the confronted people; all these objects, put in first term, obey the strategic deviations introduced by the Priests of the Cultural Pact; the principal objective is the incorporation of the enemy Nation to its own national Mystique, the Charismatic Bonding between both peoples and the coincidence with the King of the Blood, whatever this may be; and if it supposes the destruction of a royal House, the extinction of a Voice of*

the people, the triumphant Mystique will manifest itself, to all the strategic subjects in conflict, in another Voice of the People of a superior charismatic character, who will equally express them all.

But, in the second degree, one must consider the Enemy who does not even admit the right of the Mystical Nations to exist. With this Enemy, no reconciliations of any kind are possible. It is clear that he neither asks for them, since he never openly declares war, to which he claims to repudiate, and prefers to secretly operate, ***from within the strategic Fence****. He is thus proposed to corrupt and destroy the charismatic bases of the mystical State and to cause the weakening and eventual suppression of the limits of the national Fence, that is to say, to cause the deformation and disintegration of the mystical form. That Enemy, which one must qualify as* ***synarchic****, account in all Nations, and on all strata of state structures, with organizations of agents indoctrinated into the objectives of the Cultural Pact: such* ***satanic internationals*** *conspire against the very existence of the mystical Nation; and, therefore against the application of the principle of the Fence and the Charismatic Bonding between the King and the people, which puts the Nation out of their Control, that is to say, out of the Control of the White Brotherhood, which is who encourages, nourishes, and vivifies, the synarchic internationalisms. The plans of the White Brotherhood, as I already explained all too well, aim to establish the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People.*

That is why those internationals, were all coinciding to sustain the principles of the Cultural Pact, artfully aimed at weakening the Hyperborean strategic fundaments of the Peoples of the Blood Pact: to remove the ethical basis of the reality of the Aristocracy of the Spirit, founded on the racial inheritance of the Symbol of the Origin in the peoples of Pure Blood, ***they were affirming the equality of all men before the Creator Jehovah Satan****. To demonstrate that the strategic Fence, and the Nation defined by it, was only a petty idea, elaborated by mediocre, narrow, and egoistic men, who would never accept the "High Ideal of Universalism," they were using Christianity as an instrument to culturally equalize the peoples and were conditioning them to identify the Universal Principle of*

Power with the Pope of Rome, who was undoubtedly wielding the priestly Sword that was dominating the temporal Swords of the Kings: the Pope was a true Universal Sovereign, who was reigning over peoples and Nations; in the face of his "Grandeur and Power," the work of the Kings of the Blood would have to appear to sleeping men evidently devoid of mystical character; and the Aristocracy of the Spirit and the Blood, would be, for those fanatical egalitarianists, an artificial creation of the Nobility, a product of the privileges of feudal society.

And to disparage war as a means of affirming the national Mystique, they were proposing the utopia of peace: a perpetual peace that would be obtained in every case if humanity was entering into the stage of religious universalism, if all the secular powers, the temporal Swords, were bowing themselves before the priestly Sword of the Catholic Supreme Pontiff; then wars would end and Christians would always live in peace, far from weapons and battlefields, and from the caprice of the Seigniors, devoted to work and prayer, protected by the absolute justice of the Representatives of God and His Law; a single World Government would retain the Power, and it would even be possible for the Two Swords to be in the hands of an imperial Pope; and peace would equally bring wealth to all; but that wealth would be administered justly and equitably by a single Bank, the product of a banking concentration, or ***financial Synarchy****, exclusively dependent on the High Priest who would hold the Universal Power. The Christian people, then, were not having to doubt about who was really representing their interests and to whom Universal Sovereignty was to be granted without a murmur: the occupant of the Throne of Saint Peter, the propulsor of* ***Pax Universalis****, the regent of the Dove of Israel.*

Against that Christian civilization of Love and Peace, of egalitarian culture, National borders and the Kings of Blood were being opposed; and the pagan civilization of Hatred and War, which was invariably being produced within the mystical fences; and the Aristocracy of the Spirit; and the strategic subjects who were charismatically perceiving and knowing the limits of the national borders: against them, without de-

claring war, the internal and external Enemy of the Nation would subversively fight, supported by its fifth column forces, by its international organizations, all of which were aiming for the establishment of the World Government and the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People.

And who was, then, the Enemy of the French Nation? With advice from the ***Domini Canis****, Philip IV rigorously determines the identity of the Enemy, who is deployed in various tactical lines. In order of dangerousness, the distinct courses of action were carried forward by the following organizations: I) the Golen Church. For centuries, now, the Golen were controlling the papal election and, from Rome, they were directing the Christian world. Although the principal enemy, per se, were the Golen, they would oppose Philip IV as an external Enemy through the Pope, and as an internal Enemy by means of their monastic, warlike and financial Orders. II) The Benedictine Golen Orders: the Congregation of Cluny, the Cistercian Order, and the Templar Order, which were using the Kingdom of France as a base of operations. III) The Chosen People, with their permanent corrupting and destabilizing task. IV) The Lombard Bank, property of the Guelph Houses of Italy. V) The English Royal House, controlled by the Anglo-Saxon Golen and proprietor of large fiefs in the Kingdom of France. VI) Certain vassal feudal Seigniors of the King of France, such as the Count of Flanders, who were betraying the King in favor of the English Royal House, motivated by commercial and financial interests, to which were not alien the numerous and wealthy members of the Chosen People who were infesting the Flemish and English cities, and by the anti-French influence of the Anglo-Saxon Golen.*

Third: ***to construct the Strategic Wall****. It is needless to clarify that Philip IV had not arrived to fulfill the third objective of the strategic way of life since, if such a thing had occurred, the history of Humanity would have taken a totally opposite course and would not be today, once again, in the moments preceding the establishment of the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People. The application of the Principle of the Fence, brilliantly fulfilled by Philip the Fair, cost him his life at the hands of the internal Enemy, but served to signal*

the total failure of the plans of the White Brotherhood for that Epoch. And the Men of Stone and Hyperborean Pontiffs, who within the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *were awaiting the occasion to apply the Lithic Wisdom to construct the Strategic Walls, had to suspend the project due to the lack of initiatic aptitudes of the subsequent Kings, who plunged the Kingdom, already converted into a Sovereign Nation, into multiple difficulties, of which only one was the Hundred Years' War.*

Thirty-seventh Day

We approach, Dear Dr. Siegnagel, the dénouement of the history of Philip IV, that is to say, the moment when the plans of the White Brotherhood fail, unfolded over the previous seven hundred years by the Golen.

I already indicated where the Strategy of the initiated King would have to begin: ***Occupation*** *of the royal space and* ***Fencing****. Next, he had to eliminate the internal enemy in order to safeguard the national Mystique, which is the effective field of action of the Regal Function. The concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom that I have exposed in the recent Days, and that were assimilated by Philip IV in the thirteenth century in an analogous manner, were allowing access to a different strategic point of view, from which the acts of his reign were acquiring their true meaning. Philip IV receives the Crown of France in 1285: he inherits from Philip III, at that time, the military disaster of the Crusade against Aragon and the obligation contracted by the Kingdom to invest his brother Charles with the Crowns of Peter III. But Philip IV has no interest to continue the conflict and only limits himself to stop the audacious blows of the Aragonese, who, emboldened by their triumphs, carry out periodic incursions and disembarkations on French territory. The peace of Tarascon, concerted in 1291, and the treaty of Anagni of 1295, terminates the unfortunate campaign and eclipse the Golen papal hope of ending the influence of the Houses of Swabia and Aragon over the affairs of Italy.*

To what was owed that political change of the House of France? The application of the principle of the Fence and the comprehension of the true nature of the Enemy: Philip IV, even though the Aragonese, like everyone in his time, took too long to notice it, was more Ghibelline than Peter III; Aragon would never be able to be the essential enemy of a King of the Pure Blood like Philip the Fair: at most he would be a chivalrous adversary, another Nation fighting to impose its Mystique. That is why Aragon was not appearing on the list of the six principal enemies of the Kingdom of France.

By applying the principle of the Fence, Philip IV immediately determines the strategic borders of France: toward the east, the country ends on the banks of the Rhine; toward the north, on the Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel; and toward the west, the Pyrenees were marking the limit of the Kingdom of Aragon. To Philip IV, and to his ***Domini Canis*** *instructors, it was strategically erroneous to try to expand at the cost of Aragon, a Nation endowed with powerful Mystique, without having previously applied the principle of Occupation in one's own territory: hence the failure of the Crusade. In consequence, he would dedicate a great diplomatic effort to make peace with Aragon, which he would effectively achieve, as was anticipated, at a Congress held in Anagni in 1295. With his hands free, the King would take on the endeavor of expelling the English from the French territory.*

Guyenne was the most extensive province of France after the Languedoc; from its capital, Bordeaux, was coming Bertrand de Got, a Seignior of the Dog who was Pope under the name of Clement V and of whom more will be said further ahead. But that enormous Duchy was in the power of Edward I Plantagenet since 1252, although surrounded by the French Counties of Poitou, Guyenne, and Gascony, and the Kingdom of Navarre, the King of which was also Philip IV. The opportunity of occupying the English plazas of Guyenne would provide a conflict between English mariners and Normans in the port of Bayonne in 1292. The English Corsairs seized a French squadron and sacked La Rochelle: the French were needing nothing more to take numerous fort and castle plazas and attempt to close the fence. Two years later, England and France were locked in a bloody naval war.

The war against the exterior English Enemy was not only signifying a direct change of French policy but was also providing a good pretext to initiate the administrative reform of the Kingdom. This reform, long planned by the ***Domini Canis*** *legists, was to necessarily begin with the* ***financial separation*** *of the Church and the State: essentially, it would have to control the ecclesiastical incomes, which were usually being sent to Rome without any fiscalization. Parallelly, a tax system would be sanctioned that ensured the continuity of the royal*

incomes. The pretext consisted in the authorization that the Popes had conceded to Philip III and Philip IV to levy a tithe on the income of the Church of France in order to finance the Crusade against Aragon: although peace with Aragon was concerted in 1295, war with England was breaking out a year before, giving occasion to Philip to proceed with the exactions. That was not legal; however, it would soon be legal thanks to a royal law at the end of 1295 that was imposing on the clergy of France the forced contribution of a "war tax" on their incomes.

Before seeing the reaction of the Golen Church, the attitude that the Golen Pope Martin IV had assumed when he put the Kingdoms of Peter III under interdict deserves an aside comment: the great hatred that he was alimenting toward the House of Swabia is clearly appreciated in it. The case is that that imposing army, which Philip III took to Catalonia, was not only financed by the tithe from the Church of France: Martin IV suspended the Crusade that by then Edward I of England was planning to the Holy Land, to derive the tithe from the English clergy against Aragon. But he also spent all the sums with which Sardinia, Hungary, Sweden, Denmark, Slavonia, and Poland had contributed to give aid to the Christians of Palestine. Vainly awaiting the succor[37] *from Europe, the plazas of the East would not take long to fall into the possession of the Saracens: in 1291, Saint Jean d'Acre, the last Christian bastion, was ceding before the Emir of Egypt, Malik al-Ashraf. In this way, two centuries after the first Crusade, and leaving rivers of blood behind, the existence of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem was concluding. The Knights Templar, no longer with the necessity of simulating the sustainment of the "army of the East," was free to devote itself to its true mission: affirm itself as the main financial potency of Europe, maintain a militia of Knights as a basis for a future single European army, and propitiate the destruction of the monarchies in favor of the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People.*

After the deaths of Martin IV and Philip III, Pope Honorius IV continued granting tithes to Philip the Fair in hope that

37. military reinforcements

would give fulfillment to the Crusade against Aragon. Nicholas IV would adopt the same criterion, from 1288 to 1292, who was a partisan of the Angevins despite belonging to a Ghibelline family; nevertheless, he favored the Colonna family, naming Peter Colonna as Cardinal; he founded the University of Montpellier, where Guillaume de Nogaret would teach law; and he placed the Order of Franciscans Minor under the direct jurisdiction of the Throne of Saint Peter; the fall of Saint Jean d'Acre produced in him great consternation and he publicized a Crusade to send succor to the Christians and to attempt the reconquest; he was drawing up these plans when he passed away because of an epidemic that decimated the city of Rome. When that Pope dies, who was representing an encouraging promise in the projects of the King of France, the majority of the Cardinals fled toward Rieti, into Perugia, leaving the Holy See abandoned for more than two years: during that interval the papal throne would remain vacant. Apparently, the twelve Cardinals, six Roman, four Italian, and two French, were unable to reach an agreement to elect a new Pope, but, in reality, the delay was due to a skillful maneuver from Philip IV and the Seigniors of the Dog.

The Golen had favored the French presence in Italy because they were considering the House of France as unconditionally Guelph: they never foresaw that from its bosom would emerge a Ghibelline King. Such confidence was recompensed, at first, by the terrible repression that Charles of Anjou unloaded upon the Ghibelline party and the members of the House of Swabia. And these "services" had the effect of increasing French influence on the affairs of Rome. Philip IV would know how to take advantage of this situation to secretly prepare the resurrection of the Ghibelline party. His principal allies would be the members of the Colonna family, and Cardinal Hugh Aycelin, who was communicating with him through Pierre de Paroi, Prior of la Chaise, who was a Seignior of the Dog and a French secret agent: to them had all been offered wealthy French Counties in exchange for support in the Sacred College. The support consisted, of course, in preventing that a Golen pope was elected or, in the best of cases, appointing a Dominican.

The Colonnas were a family of Roman nobles who for several centuries had much weight in the Government of Rome and in the Catholic Church. They were possessing a series of Seigniories in the mountainous region that goes from Rome to Naples, so that almost all the roads toward the South of Italy were passing through their lands. In those days, there were two Colonna Cardinals: the elder Jacopo Colonna, patron of the Order of the Spiritual Franciscans, and his nephew, Pietro Colonna. The elder brother of Pietro, Giovanni Colonna, in the same period, was Senator and Governor of Rome. Needless to say that this family was constituting a powerful Clan, which was forming a party with other Seigniors, Knights, and Bishops; such a party was opposing, with much force, against the second important Clan, that of the Orsini or Ursins, who were decidedly Guelph and controlled by the Golen. Both groups were dominating the remaining Cardinals who were to decide on the papal election; until then, the positions were tied, opting for the Colonnas to block all attempts by the Golen and to propose, in turn, members of their own clan.

But the Catholic Church was, in that Epoch, an organization extended throughout the world, possessor of thousands of vassal Churches and Seigniories that were channeling large sums of money and valuable merchandise toward Rome; its administration was not able to remain adrift for long. Thus, after two years and three months of discussions, the situation became sufficiently unsustainable as to demand the election without further delays. Then, seeing that an agreement was not going to come about to name any of the present Cardinals as Pope, it is agreed to designate a non-cardinal. The two groups thought of a figurehead, a weak pope whose will could be directed in secret. And then, on July 5 of 1294, unanimity of votes was reached, all opting for Peter of Morrone, a hermit Saint of eighty-five years who was living retired in a cavern in Abruzzo.

The Spiritual Franciscans, directed by Jacopo Colonna, had retaken up the ancient monastic tradition, inspired by the Rule of Saint Francis and by the apocalyptic vision of Joachim of Fiore. Thirty years before, Peter was guide of several communities of Spiritual Franciscans, but, still not satisfied with

the extreme rigor of the Order, he founded his own, which would later be remembered as the "Celestine Order." However, even though Celestine monasteries were continuously extending through the region of Abruzzo and meridional Italy, Peter had retired to a cave on Monte Morrone to devote himself to the contemplative life; it was in that retreat where he got news of his appointment to the position of Pope: he was doubting over the convenience of accepting but was convinced by Charles II the Lame, son of Charles of Anjou, who, liberated from the Catalan prison, was then reigning in Naples. Finally, Peter accepted the papal investiture and took the name of Celestine V: all of Christianity greeted the enthronement of the Saint with joy, from whom they were expecting that he put a stop to the materialism and immorality prevailing in the ecclesiastical hierarchy and open the Church to a spiritual reform. It is then understood, that for the Colonnas, and for Philip IV, that election had the taste of triumph.

But Peter of Morrone was lacking any instruction and the necessary knowledge to administer an institution of the dimensions of the Catholic Church; his only experience of governing was coming from the running of small communities of Friars. Moreover, the Saint was not interested in these worldly matters but questions relative to practical religion: evangelization, prayer, the salvation of the soul. He delegated, thus, to the Cardinals, and to a group of legist Bishops, the temporal questions, forming a corrupt and self-interested environment that in four months plunged the Church into a great economic disorder.

The Golen, as is logical, were also hoping to control Peter of Morrone; above all they were trusting in the King of Naples, for whom Peter was professing a special affection: they were supposing that Charles II would not back the intrigues of his cousin Philip the Fair and would continue the Guelph policy of Charles of Anjou; with the help of the King it would be easy to get that the Pope sanctioned, as his own, the measures proposed by Them. And they were counting on, also, a surprising secret: a Cardinal, Benedetto Gaetani, coming from a Ghibelline family and openly enlisted in the cause of France, was one of their own. This Golen, Doctor of Canonical Law, The-

ologian, and expert in Diplomacy, would situate himself close to the Saint without arousing the suspicions of the Colonnas, against whom he was alimenting mortal desires in his interior.

It is now worth noting two of the changes introduced by Celestine V at the behest of Charles II. He increased the number of Cardinals by appointing another twelve, the majority Italian and French, and reestablished the law of the Conclave, which was forcing to replace the vacant members of the Sacred College. And he conferred to the Spiritual Franciscans the authorization to function independently of the Order of Friars Minor. Such dispositions favored the French influence on the Church and the party of the Colonnas.

The Golen would not come to control Celestine V. And they realized with the passing of the months that the war between France and England was not only reinforcing Philip IV but threatening to paralyze the plans of the White Brotherhood. There was no longer time for subtleties: it was urgent to finish off the Saint and put in his place a Golen Pope, a man capable of imposing himself on that beardless King who was daring to defy the Potencies of Matter: from the Throne of Saint Peter, the dominion of which They had uninterruptedly exercised for almost seven hundred years, they would present Philip IV with an opposition as not seen since the days of Henry IV, Frederick I, and Frederick II. However, they dared not assassinate Celestine because of the repercussions that that act could have on the people of Italy, who were impressed with the spiritual virtues of the Pope. Thus arose the idea of convincing the Saint that his Pontificate was not convenient to the Church, in need of a Pope who would be occupied with carrying out other important matters apart from the religious, like the administrative, legislative, juridical, and diplomatic. The spokesman for this idea, and the one who was offering legal counsel to concretize the resignation, was Cardinal Benedetto Gaetani.

Those pressures were making Celestino doubt, but the counsel of those who were requesting that he remained at his post were stronger, for the Church was requiring the Holiness of his presence. Upon approaching the five months of his reign, Benedetto Gaetani goes so far as to resort to the crude scheme

of buying off his valet and having a voice tube installed from the upper floor behind the Altar Christ, in a Chapel to which Celestino would daily attend to pray: the voice that emerged from "Jesus," said: "Celestine, unload the fief of the papacy from your back, for it is a weight beyond your strength." At first, the Saint took it as a warning from Heaven, but then he was alerted about the hoax. However, the Christmas holiday was approaching and Celestine was preparing to retire to a solitary monastery in Abruzzo to pray in solitude, as was his lifelong custom. On the advice of the King of Naples, he decides to designate three Cardinals authorized with ample powers in order to act in his name during his four weeks of absence: it was then that a Golen Cardinal accused the Pope of performing an illegal action. The Church, he said to him, could not have four husbands; the papal dignity was not delegable to that extent. This decided the Saint to resign, more disgusted by the intrigues that were unfolding around him than by the weight of the arguments put forward.

But to renounce the papal investiture is not the same as to abdicate a royal investiture. In the Canonical Law in force up to then, the possibility was not considered and a case had never been presented since Saint Peter named Saint Linus his successor, in the first century. On the contrary, Canonical Law was affirming that the investiture was for life, since its acceptance had the character of a matrimonial bond between the Pope and the Church, which was dogmatically indissoluble. To overcome this insurmountable difficulty, the canonist Cardinals Bianchi and Gaetani resorted to a puerile logical reasoning: Canonical Law rules and formalizes the conduct of the Popes, but, above Canonical Law, is the Pope himself, the Vicar of Jesus Christ; to him belongs the evident right to modify every law and every dogma with his infallible word, including the matter of resigning the papal investiture. December 13, 1294, five months and nine days after having been enthroned, Celestine V was signing the Bull drawn up by the canonists of Benedetto Gaetani, in which the right of the Pope to resign was confirmed if profound and founded charges of conscience, as for example, the belief that his way of conducting the Church could result in grave damages to it or, simply, the con-

viction of not being apt for the position, was justifying it. Thereupon, he took off the tiara, the sandals of Saint Peter and the ring, and stepped down from his high office.

*On December 29, 1294, the Conclave elected Cardinal Benedetto Gaetani, a native of Anagni and member of the noble families who had given to the Church the Popes Alexander IV, Innocent IV, and Gregory IX: he took the name of Boniface VIII. Peter of Morrone, who in addition to being a saint had the fame of possessing the gift of prophecy, before departing made to him the following warning: "**You have climbed up like a fox, you will reign like a lion, and you will die like a dog**."*

Over the legality of his attitude arose the most bitter polemics among canonists, which lasted centuries, as a generalized opinion since ancient times was sustaining that the papal investiture was not able to be renounced by any decretal. This opinion, which many theologians and canonists of Italy and France were sharing, was also held by the people, who were still considering Celestine V as the legitimate Pope. Fearing a schism, the Golen decide to eliminate Peter of Morrone: Boniface VIII arrests him in a cave in the mountains of Sant'Angelo, in Apulia, where he had retired, and confines him in the Fortress of Fumone, in Campania; in May of 1296 he would be assassinated and his body buried at five meters of depth.

Thirty-eighth Day

*The **well-known quarrel of investitures**, started between Gregory VII and Henry IV, between the priestly Sword and the volitive Sword, would now be renewed by Boniface VIII and Philip IV: but where before the former had triumphed, now the latter would impose itself, with all the weight that the Absolute Truth can unload onto the essential lie. The times had changed and it was no longer a confrontation between the Priest of the Cult and the King of the Blood, in which the former was winning because it was dominating the Culture through Religion and the organized Church whereas the latter was lacking the necessary **strategic orientation** to assert the **charismatic power of the Pure Blood**. With Philip IV, the Golen were facing an Initiate King who was opposed on the plane of Strategies, that is to say, in the context of the Essential War: the Priest of the Cult and the Cultural Pact, against the King of the Blood and the Blood Pact; the synarchic Culture against the strategic way of life; the Golen Pope Boniface VIII and the theocratic concept of the World Government, against the King of the Pure Blood Philip IV and the concept of the Mystical Nation; the plans of the White Brotherhood against the Hyperborean Wisdom. Yes, Dr. Siegnagel, this time the quarrel was posed on the plane of two Total Strategies, and its resolution would imply the total defeat of one of the adversaries, that is to say, the impossibility of complying with their strategic objectives. But, as it was the Strategy of the Potencies of Matter against the Strategy of the Eternal Spirit, represented by Boniface VIII and Philip IV, it would not be difficult to predict who would come out the victor. This was best synthesized by Pierre Flotte, a Seignior of the Dog who was a minister of Philip the Fair: when Boniface VIII affirmed, "I, because I am Pope, wield the two Swords," he responded to him, "It is true, Holy Father; but where your Swords are only a theory, those of my King are a reality."*

As early as October 1294, numerous French provincial synods gather to address the aid that the King was demanding in

order to resolve the war against England. Many were approving the transfer, over two years, of an extraordinary tithe, but the majority of the Orders make their protest arrive to the Vatican. And here it can be said that one of the most fecund divisions in the bosom of the Church begins: the French Bishops, in great number, are being won over by the national Mystique, and feel charismatically inclined to support Philip the Fair; on the other hand, the Golen Church, represented in France by the Benedictine Orders, that is, the Congregation of Cluny, the Cistercian Order, and the Templar Order, are furiously opposed to the pretensions of Philip IV: it is the Abbot of Cîteaux who raises the most virulent claims to Boniface VIII, after the general assembly of 1296 in which he compares the "servile Bishops," who accept to pay taxes, with the "mute dogs" of the Holy Scripture, while the King is equated to the Pharaoh. That difference, which by then was quite accentuated, was dividing the Church of France into two sides. On the side of the King, the nationalist Bishops were aligning themselves, some of whom were Seigniors of the Dog, although the majority was comprised of simple patriots who were deep down fearing a confrontation with the Holy See: Philip IV would not neglect them, assuring them in all cases of royal protection against any reprisal that their conduct might cause them; also the University of Paris, the most prestigious school of Canonical Law in Europe, was divided: there, apart from the question of tax reform, the legality of the election of Boniface VIII was still being debated, being many the canonists who were considering Celestine V as the true Pope. The following measures of Philip IV, and the strategic movements of the ***Domini Canis****, would tend to consolidate the unity of this side, to agglutinate them around the King of the Blood, and to oppose them to Boniface VIII.*

On the other side, that of the actual Golen Church, headed by Boniface VIII, the enemies of the Mystical Nation grouped themselves, that is to say, the partisans of the "Exterior and Interior Enemy," the Golen Orders and their secret nucleus: the College of Temple Constructors. For Philip IV, and thus would be exposed in the trial of the Templars, from such Secret Societies, a plot was being elaborated to weaken the

monarchies in favor of a World Government. Against this satanic side, still sufficiently powerful as to attempt the latest defense of the plans of the White Brotherhood, Philip IV had to strike with all the force of his Volitive Sword, at the same time attempting that the blow responded to the Highest Hyperborean Strategy.

Boniface VIII wastes no more time. He decides to apply over the King of France, and extensively to all who dared imitate him, the universal prestige of the Catholic Church. From this prestige arises the principle of obedience to papal authority, which until then no one dared disobey without suffering grave penalties in their religious condition, if not punishments of a more concrete order. The call to a Crusade to safeguard the Catholic Religion was convoking the most fervent adherences, putting thousands of faithful into movement; and it was only a papal mandate, an order obeyed out of respect for the Holy Investiture of his emissary. Would it not, perhaps, be the right moment to apply that prestige over that rebellious kinglet, who was daring to interfere in the centenary plans of the Golen Church? But Boniface VIII was not taking into account, when evaluating the strength of that prestige, the recent loss of the Holy Land, or the frustrated Crusade against Aragon, or the Aragonese presence in Sicily, or the extreme weakness that the war against the House of Swabia had produced in the German Kingdom, or the almost non-existence of the Empire, except for the title that was still being granted to the German Kings, etc. He took none of this into account and decided to take aim at Philip IV by means of the ***Clericis laicos*** *bull of February 24, 1296.*

In it was prohibiting, under ***penalty of excommunication****, all secular rulers to demand or receive extraordinary subsidies from the clergy; clerics, for their part, were forbidden to pay them, unless otherwise authorized by the Holy See,* ***under the same penalty of excommunication****. It was thus arriving to the absurdity that a Bishop was running the risk of being excommunicated, not only for falling into heresy, but for also paying a tax. It will not escape you, Dr. Siegnagel, the Judaic connotations behind such a greedy and avaricious mentality.*

Consequent was the reaction of Philip IV. In France he gathered an assembly of Bishops to debate the ***Clericis laicos*** *bull, in which he accused those who obeyed it of not contributing to the defense of the Kingdom and of being, therefore, liable to the charge of treason: Roman Law was opposed, already, to Canonical Law. He sent some loyal bishops and ministers to Rome to address the issue with the Pope, while secretly encouraging the Colonnas so that they strengthened the Ghibelline party. But, besides taking these measures, he did something much more effective: on August 17 he promulgated an edict by which he was prohibiting the exportation of gold and silver from the Kingdom of France; another royal edict was prohibiting the Italian bankers who were operating in France to accept funds destined to the Pope.*

In this way the Pope was left deprived of receiving the ecclesiastical incomes from the Church of France, including his own fiefs.

Boniface VIII, of course, was not expecting such a blow by the French King. Philip IV had exposed the new situation to the people by means of banns, libels, and assemblies convoked to that effect; and he had skillfully exposed it, in a way that the Church of Rome was appearing as indifferent in the face of the necessity of the French Nation, as only egoistically interested in its incomes: while the Nation was having to mobilize all its resources to confront an exterior war, it was intended that it be passively accepted, "under penalty of excommunication," that the clergy derive significant income to Rome. These arguments were justifying the royal edict before the people and the estates, and were predisposing all against the papal bull: Philip IV was unanimously being requested to disobey the ***Clericis laicos****, the content of which, according to the secular legists, was manifestly perverse since it was forcing the King to break the laws of his Kingdom. For Boniface VIII, whose love for gold was matched by his fanaticism for the Golen cause, the privation of those incomes was signifying little less than a physical mutilation, especially when there was news that the English King Edward I was imitating the measures of Philip with regard to the exaction of ecclesiastical tithes, and he was now preparing to also disobey the* ***Clericis***

laicos *and to confiscate the totality of the incomes of the Church. The pain of Boniface VIII will be better comprehended if we observe the amounts of the incomes in question: Italy was contributing 500,000 gold florins in papal tithes; England 600,000; and France, which was retaining a part destined to the Crusade against Aragon, 200,000. It was a gold mine that could not be renounced for anything in the world.*

What was Boniface VIII needing such amounts for? In part to finance the war with which he was intending to break the Ghibelline fence that was developing in Italy, where the Sicilian question was still pending; and in part to enrich himself and his family, since Benedetto Gaetani was endowed with the traits, with perfection, of limitless ambition, of the unscrupulous social climber, of the corrupt tyrant; these examples are worth mentioning: when he acceded to the papacy, he immediately annulled the laws and decrees of Nicholas IV and Celestine V that were benefiting the Colonnas, transferring the titles in favor of his own relatives; from King Charles II he obtained for his nephew the title of Count of Caserta and various fiefs; for his sons, those of Count of Palazzo and Count of Fondi; for himself, he appropriated the old palace of Emperor Octaviano, then converted into the military Fortress of Rome, to which he magnificently restored and rebuilt, using money from the Church for it; the same procedure followed with other castles and fortresses of Campania and Maremma, all of which became part of his personal patrimony; he was possessing palaces, each one more beautiful than the next, in Rome, Rieti, and Orvieto, his usual residences, although the most beautiful and luxurious was undoubtedly that of his native city of Anagni, where he was spending the better part of the year; he was then living in an atmosphere of luxury and splendor that in no way was in accord with his condition of head of a Church that exalts the salvation of the Soul through the practice of humility and poverty; he was lacking scruples to grant offices and favors in exchange for money, that is to say, he was a simoniac; he was placing money, his own or of the Church, indistinctly, in the hands of the Lombard or Templar bankers to be loaned at usurious interest; he was lacking any mercy when it was coming to achieving his aims, a quali-

ty that he demonstrated at the outset by having Celestine V assassinated, and then confirmed with the bloody persecutions of Ghibellines that he sparked off in Italy; and to complete this picture of his sinister personality, perhaps one last example will suffice: like all Golen, Boniface VIII was fond of ritual sodomy.

Of course, just as the Golen were not having a King of the stature of Philip IV to oppose him, neither were they having a Saint Bernard at their disposal to sit on the papal throne: Benedetto Gaetani was the best that they had and to him they were entrusting the execution of their Strategy. And the best strategy was seeming to be, in the face of the harshness and valiance of Philip IV, to back up a step and prepare to advance two. In other words, he would procure to calm the King by tempering the meaning of the ***Clericis laicos*** *bull, something that he would attempt with another bull,* ***Ineffabilis amor****, of September 21, 1296, and all the available means would be dedicated by the Church to end the Ghibelline threat in Italy and Sicily; and as for the pretext of war with England, put forward by the King of France to justify his exactions, it would be neutralized by forcing the parties to make peace; pure logic: without war, the King would have no motive to require taxes or contributions from the clergy.*

Ineffabilis amor *was followed by the bulls* ***Romana mater ecclesia*** *and* ***Noveritus****, in which he either threatens the King with excommunication, or manifests to him his total approval of the tithes, provided that the Kingdom was really in danger; but what stands out in all of them is the arrogance with which he addresses the King, whom he considers a mere subject. These bulls would raise a wave of indignation in France, since they were publicly read by order of the King, and would even more predispose the French Bishops against the papal intransigence. It is they who gather in an assembly in Paris and request to the Pope, on February 1, 1297, the authorization to subsidize Philip IV, who faces at that moment the treason of the Count of Flanders. The latter, in effect, had allied himself with the King of England, who was attempting to regain Guyenne, and was threatening Northern France. Boniface*

VIII had to cede before the facts and authorize the contributions, leaving the ***Clericis laicos*** *a dead letter.*

In April of 1297, Boniface sends the Cardinals of Albano and Praeneste to Paris carrying a new bull: in it ***he orders*** *to the monarchs in conflict to establish a truce of one year while the definitive peace treaty is agreed upon; the Pope would be in charge of the negotiation. Philip receives them, but before permitting that they read the rescript he makes the following warning: "Tell the Pope that it is our conviction that to command in the Kingdom corresponds only to the King. That We are the King of France and We do not recognize the competence of anyone above us to intervene in the affairs of the Kingdom. That the King of England and the Count of Flanders are vassals of the King of France and that We accept no counsel other than the Voice of Honor to treat our subjects."*

The bull was read, but Philip had not responded until June of 1298, when the luck of the armies was adverse to him before the united forces of England and Flanders. Then he accepted the arbitration of Boniface VIII but not as Pope, but only as "Benedetto Gaetani": in this way he was avoiding to admit the papal jurisdiction in matters of the Kingdom.

To all this, the polemic on the legitimacy of Boniface VIII was continuing more lively than ever. In France, the Seigniors of the Dog were in charge of actualizing the debate, while in Italy the agitation was being run by the Colonnas: the preference for Boniface VIII or Celestine V had been transformed there into a synonym for Guelph or Ghibelline. The Colonnas, receiving secret help from Philip IV, and now allied to King Frederick III of Sicily, son of Peter III of Aragon and Constance of Swabia, were presenting themselves in the optics of the Pope as the strongest candidates for a Golen ***vendetta****. They were only needing an opportunity, and it presented itself when the rancor of Stefano Colonna led him to assault a papal caravan that was transporting the papal treasure from Anagni to Rome. Stefano* ***Sciarra*** *Colonna had not acted with the intention of robbery but with the certainty of rescuing the belongings of the Church that were in the possession of a usurper; that is why he carried the treasure in the light of day to his Palestrina Castle.*

The punishment that Boniface VIII would apply to the Colonnas, and to the Ghibellines, would be exemplary, although characteristic of the Golen mentality. First he presented to the people of Rome the act of Sciarra Colonna as an unspeakable crime, for which he held his entire Stirp responsible: "Cardinal Pietro is the Chief of the Ghibellines and both he as well as Cardinal Jacopo were those to blame for the papal election being delayed for two years in Perugia. Now, another member of that family dares to rise against the authority of the Pope, the most elevated in the Universe, and dares to rob his treasure: that accursed lineage must be proscribed from the Church." It was in vain that the Colonna Cardinals proclaimed the illegality of Boniface VIII, who contributed the doubts that the University of Paris was sustaining about the resignation of Celestine V in favor of their accusations, or that they requested the formation of a General Council of the Church to express its opinion on the case: in less than a month, and with the approval of the Sacred College, Cardinals Jacopo and Pietro were excommunicated and deposed, as well as Giovanni Colonna and his sons, Agapito, Jacopo, and Stefano Sciarra. In addition to removing them from the Church and Christianity, the bull orders to confiscate their assets, property, and titles. Naturally, the Colonnas resist and Boniface responds to them by publicizing a Crusade: those who participate in it will obtain the same dispensations as if they had gone to the Holy Land.

With the passage of the Crusaders, the Ghibelline massacres are renewed throughout Italy. The Castle of Sciarra, in Palestrina, is taken and, by order of Boniface, reduced to rubble, the land plowed and covered with salt. Sciarra and the rest of the Colonnas must flee to France, completely ruined. Shortly after, it is the turn of the Spiritual Franciscans: according to another bull, the Holy Office was finding their doctrines heretical and was ordering the dissolution of the Order.

Thirty-ninth Day

nly in 1299 would Philip the Fair manage to end the war with England. The truce agreed upon by Benedetto Gaetani was morosely unraveling without the warring Nations giving up their intentions to resume the conflict. Finally, through the Treaty of Montreuil, it was put to an end thanks to conditions typical of the Epoch: Edward I, King of England, would marry Margaret, sister of Philip IV, while Edward II, son of the Englishman, was engaged to Isabella, a four-year-old girl who was the only daughter of the Frenchman; Isabella would take the Duchy of Guyenne as a dowry but the English would not set foot on French territory for the time being. The following year, Philip occupies the County of Flanders with his troops and closes the strategic Fence.

It is the year 1300, then, when Philip the Fair completes the first two steps of the strategic way of life from the Regal Function: he has realized the ***principle of Occupation*** *of the territory of the Kingdom and has applied the* ***principle of the Fence;*** *and the fields are being prepared for the rational exploitation of Agriculture and Stockbreeding. The Hyperborean Strategy then reaches its highest degree of development and almost no power exists on Earth capable of opposing the King of the Blood and the Mystical Nation. The hour of the charismatic State has sounded, in which King and people are one single Voice and one single Will. The detention of the Bishop of Pamiers, which will trigger the latest reaction of Boniface VIII, will clearly show the real existence of the charismatic State.*

Bernard Saisset, Bishop of Pamiers, was in reality a Golen spy. To him had been entrusted the mission of investigating, in the Languedoc, the existence of a secret society to which the advisors of Philip the Fair were presumably belonging. After patient work, he arrived at an astonishing conclusion: "effectively, an impious conspiracy was existing against the Golen Church; in it were converging the Cathars, who were reappearing surprisingly organized, the Spiritual Franciscans, recently excommunicated, and some members of the Order of

Preachers, especially Spaniards; the disputes between inquisitors and heretics were clearly simulated and it was easy to notice that behind the plot was the hand of Philip the Fair, who was personally protecting all those imputed." Before being discovered by the Seigniors of the Dog, and being arrested and accused of High Treason, the Bishop of Pamiers managed to send his report to Boniface VIII who demanded his immediate freedom to the King of France. It was not possible without running the risk that more details about the ***Domini Canis*** *became known, so he was formally accused of being involved in a seditious plan at the service of the Crown of Aragon. He was going to be tried by a civil tribunal, which was in total contradiction with Canonical Law, which was prohibiting Bishops to appear before secular tribunals.*

The necessity of counting on the Bishop of Pamiers to obtain testimony against Philip the Fair, and the defiance that was signifying the civil indictment of a Bishop in that Epoch, caused the wrath of Boniface VIII. His response would be the ***Ausculta Fili*** *bull, dispatched to France in December of 1301, along with others of lesser importance. In it, Boniface was violently criticizing, to the King, the juridical and administrative reform: "****Return, my beloved son, to the path that leads to God, and from which you have departed, either by your own sin or by the instigation of malevolent advisors. Above all, do not be persuaded that you have no superior and that you are not subject to the Pope, who is the head of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Such an opinion is foolish, and whoever encourages it is an infidel already segregated from the flock of the Good Shepherd.****" Those "malevolent advisors," of course, would be none other than the* ***Domini Canis****. Next, Boniface expresses that, with the purpose of considering the disorders caused by the misconduct of Philip, and to find them justly remedied,* ***he convokes all the Bishops to a Council in Rome for November of 1302****: during it, the King, who is invited to appear, will be judged for his "crimes" and called to correction. Philip IV, of course, would not only not present himself, but would prohibit the Bishops to abandon France without his consent.*

The "crimes" that they were imputing to the King in ***Ausculta Fili*** *would seem perfectly sovereign to us today: they were accusing him of "having changed the monetary system"; of "creating taxes hitherto unknown"; of "taxing the income that the Church of France was remitting to Rome"; of "imposing national borders on his subjects"; etc. Copies of this bull were read and publicly burned throughout France, generating a popular movement of indignation against the theocratic despotism of the Pope.*

As I have already mentioned, Dr. Siegnagel, with ***Ausculta Fili*** *the opportunity was presented to exhibit the Mystical Nation, with that new structure of the State that the* ***Domini Canis*** *legists had patiently created. That demonstration was performed on exactly April 10, 1302, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, and it can be considered as the first* ***Constitution*** *of the modern French State. Representatives of* ***all*** *the French provinces gathered there, the reason for which that congress was called "the Estates General." But what was really new was the* ***Three Orders*** *that were composing the Assembly; that is to say, the representatives of the Nobility, of the Clergy,* ***and of the Cities****. These latter were present for the first time at a Council presided over by the King. One must situate oneself at that moment of the fourteenth century to appreciate the innovation that including representatives of the plebeian class along with Nobles and Ecclesiastics was signifying in its true dimension; and not as a "democratic right," wrested by force from bloody Tyrants or weak Kings, but by the real recognition that* ***the people participate in the sovereignty****, such as the Hyperborean Wisdom affirms. Naturally, in the third Order, the different strata that were integrating the people of the Mystical Nation were represented: principally the new and booming bourgeoisie, formed by traders, merchants, and small proprietors; the guilds of artisans and constructors; the free peasants, etc.*

Prominent intervention in the organization of that first Assembly of the Three Orders fell to the Seigniors of the Dog, especially to the three named, Pierre Flotte, Robert of Artois, and the Count of Saint-Pol. Pierre Flotte spoke to the parliament on behalf of the King, and his words are still remem-

*bered: "**The Pope has sent us letters in which he declares that we must submit to him as far as the temporal government of our Kingdom is concerned, and that we must abide not only by the crown of God, as has always been believed, but also by that of the Apostolic See. Pursuant to this declaration, the Pontiff convokes the prelates of this Kingdom to a Council in Rome, to reform the abuses that he says have been committed by us and our functionaries in the administration of our States. You know, on the other hand, in what way the Pope impoverishes the Church of France by granting arbitrary benefices, the revenues of which pass into foreign hands. You are not unaware that the churches are overwhelmed by demands for tithes; that the metropolitans no longer have authority over their suffragans, nor the Bishops over their clergy; that, in a word, the court of Rome, reducing the episcopate to nothing, draws everything toward itself; power and money. These excesses must be put a stop to. We beg you, therefore, as Seigniors and as Friends, that you help us to defend the liberties of the Kingdom and those of the Church. As for us, we will not hesitate, if necessary, to sacrifice, for this double motive our properties, our lives and, if circumstances demand it, those of our children.**" The position of Philip the Fair was collectively supported by the Estates General.*

The Nobles and the Cities signed letters in which they were rejecting the accusations against the King in harsh terms and were denouncing, in turn, the intention of the Pope to convert the Kingdom into an ecclesiastical fiefdom; the letters were sent, not to the Pope, but to the Sacred College. Moreover, they swore to defend the independence of France with their blood and declared that, in relation to the affairs of the Kingdom, no one was Higher than the King, neither the Emperor nor the Pope. The Cardinals, of course, refused to consider the charges "because of the discourteous way of referring to the Pope"; but relations were becoming more and more poisoned. During the Assembly, the most atrocious crimes attributed to Boniface VIII had been made public: usurpation of papal investiture, assassination, simony, heresy, sodomy, etc; and that lack of moral authority, of one who was pretending to set himself up

as Supreme Sovereign, was divulged in all corners of the Kingdom by the publicists of Philip the Fair. The people were then with their King and would not adversely react to any initiative that had as its finality to limit the ambitions of Boniface VIII.

As for the Bishops, they were finding themselves in the following dilemma: if they were attending the Council, they would be considered "personal enemies" of the King; they could be accused of treason and, such as occurred to the Bishop of Pamiers, judged by civil tribunals; but, if they were not attending, they would be excommunicated by Boniface VIII. Nevertheless, in spite of the terrible reprisals that the Pope had promised for those who had not gone to Rome, the majority of the Bishops were on the side of the King, whom they were considering as a more worthy representative of the Catholic Religion: only the Golen and the spies of Philip IV would go to the Council in November; that is to say, only thirty-six out of a total of seventy-eight French Bishops would go. But before the Council, on July 11, 1302, an unfortunate event came to plunge the Mystical Court of Philip the Fair into mourning: to quell the general uprising that had broken out in Flanders, Philip sends a powerful army of Knights, which is annihilated that day in the Battle of Courtrai; and on the battlefield forever remain the invaluable Pierre Flotte, Robert of Artois, and the Count of Saint-Pol, three Seigniors of the Dog whose intervention was the principal factor of the success of the Strategy of Philip IV. Other Domini Canis even more fearsome than the three deceased are immediately promoted: Guillaume de Nogaret, Enguerrand de Marigny, and Guillaume de Plasian.

During the Council no resolution is taken against Philip IV since, as in the fable, there would be no mouse willing to bell the cat. However, the fury of Boniface has no limits when they inform him that in France the properties of the present bishops have been confiscated and a trial has been brought against them for high treason. Thus, on November 18 he publishes the ***Unam sanctam*** *bull, which would be considered the most complete juridical exposition ever realized in favor of papal and priestly absolutism. Impossible to take other more effective measures against Philip the Fair, the Golen attempt to*

strike up a juridical polemic on the theme of the "spiritual power" and the "temporal power"; that is why Boniface returns to once again insist with the analogy of the Two Swords: the tactic consists in getting that the truth be accepted, as a syllogism, of the spiritual Sword above the temporal Sword; this admitted, it is followed by the identification of the Pope with the spiritual Sword and of the King with the temporal Sword: the conclusion, evident and logical, is that the King must submit himself to the Pope because with it "the Will of God" is fulfilled. The idea was not new, but now it was being elevated to official Dogma of the Church and its explicit rejection would imply the sin of heresy.

Let us remember, Dr. Siegnagel, the principal conclusions of the bull. To begin, it affirms the existence of ***a single Church****, denying the recent accusation of the* ***Domini Canis*** *that, within the Catholic Church, a Golen Church exists, heretical and satanic, of which Boniface VIII would be one of its heads; hence the name of the bull:* ***Unam sanctam ecclesiam****... In this one Church* ***"we are obliged to believe because outside of it there is no salvation or forgiveness of sins."*** *And this one Church is analogous to an organic body, in which the head represents Jesus Christ and, also, the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ:* ***"Therefore, in this one and only Church there is one body, one head, and not two heads like those that a monster has; namely: Jesus Christ and the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Peter and the successors of Peter, are the head of the Church." "For this, the spiritual and temporal Swords are subject to the power of the Church; the second is to be used*** *for the Church,* ***and the first*** *by the Church;* ***the first****, by the Priest;* ***the second, by the hand of Kings and Knights, but at the will and conformity of the Priest." "One sword, however, must be subordinated to the other, and the temporal authority to the spiritual power."*** *The King must not meddle in the affairs of the Church, even in regard to its incomes, for if he does, he commits a grave error, he interferes with the "spiritual power," and the Pope is obliged to judge him and call him to order, without, on the contrary, anyone existing on earth who can judge the Pope:* ***"We see this clearly in the contribution of tithes, both in glorification as in sanctification, in the recep-***

tion of that power, and in the governing of things. For, as the truth testifies, the spiritual power must institute and judge the earthly power, if the latter not be correctly exercised." "Therefore, if the earthly power errs, it can be judged by the superior power; but if in truth the supreme power errs, this can only be judged by God, not by any man."

*In other words, all the accusations against Boniface VIII exposed during the Assembly of the Estates General, and transcribed in the letters to the Cardinals, lack value by coming from those who have no spiritual capacity to judge the acts of the Pope: only God can do it. And to believe the contrary is manifest heresy: "**Therefore, whoever resists this power thus ordered by God, resists the law of God, unless he claims the existence of two principles, like the Manichaeans... Which is why we declare, say, and define that it is entirely necessary for salvation, that all human creatures be subject to the Supreme Roman Pontiff." ("Porro Subesse Romano Pontifici, omni humanae creaturae declaramus, decimus et diffinimus omnino esse, de necessitate salutis.")** The gauntlet was thrown in the face of the King of France; and the intention to excommunicate him, in the words of the bull, is clearly forewarned.*

*In the following four months, Philip the Fair and the **Domini Canis** held several secret gatherings. The prestige of Boniface VIII has fallen lower than ever in France, after the **Unam sanctam** bull: it is time, the Seigniors of the Dog propose, to depose the Pope; the Dragon Golen once decapitated, it will be easier to slaughter its corpse. However, the argument of the illegitimacy of his investiture does not have the unanimous backing of the University of Paris, a necessary requisite to fundament the claim or the imposition of a new papal election. Instead, the idea of presenting an accusation of heresy gains strength: heresy, according to Canonical Law, is cause for dismissal of the Pope and has historical antecedents. It is clear that to prove such an accusation, and derive from it the substitution of the Pope, the setting of a general Council would be required. Philip IV then sets out to force the convocation of a Council that judges the "heretical" conduct of the Pope: he is confident to assert, there, the number of his national bishops.*

The Seigniors of the Dog will accompany him implementing a campaign of denunciations of heresy against Boniface VIII, as a way to morally influence the Bishops and, also, the Nobles and the Cities. Guillaume de Nogaret and Guillaume de Plasian, offer themselves to officiate as prosecutors, the former being elected to carry out a secret mission in Italy, which would not prevent him from initiating the campaign of accusations "publicly begging the King to defend the Christians from the wickedness of Boniface VIII," and the latter to publicly accuse the Pope.

*On March 12, 1303, Guillaume de Nogaret, before the Council of Ministers of the King, reads and signs a manifesto, which is immediately copied and published throughout the Kingdom. Thus it read: "**The glorious prince of the apostles, the blessed Peter, speaking in the name of the Spirit, told us that, just like in times past, so in those to come, false prophets will arise who will mar the path of truth, and who, in their covetousness, and by their misleading words, will traffic with us, following the example of that Balaam who was satisfied with the reward of iniquity. To impose his punishments and make his threats heard, Balaam was relying on a bestial creature who, endowed with human speech, was proclaiming the nonsense of the false prophet... These things, which were announced by the Father and patriarch of the Church, we now see realized letter by letter with our own eyes. In all truth, there is seated in the chair of the Blessed Peter that master of deception, who, despite being Maleficent (Malfaisant) in every possible form, is still called Beneficent (Boniface). He had not entered through the gate, into the sheepfold of Our Lord as a shepherd and husbandman, but rather as an assailant and thief... Despite the true husband of the Church being alive, Celestine V, he dared to offend his spouse by means of illegitimate embraces. The true husband had no participation in this divorce. In fact, according to human law, Nothing is more oppossed to consent than error... One cannot be married who, while the worthy spouse lives, has sullied the matrimony with adultery. Now then, as all that is perpetuated against God is a grievance and an injury that is committed against all, and in which concerns so great***

a crime, the testimony of the first that arrives has to be received**, even if it be that of the wife, even if it be that of an infamous woman. **I, consequently, like the beast that, through the power of God was endowed with the Voice of a true man so that the nonsense of the false prophet, who even went so far as to curse the blessed people, be reproved, I address my supplication to you, the most excellent of rulers, our Lord Philip, by the grace of God, King of France, that after the example of the angel who showed the naked sword to that curser of the Chosen People, you, who have been anointed to fulfill justice, will have to oppose the sword to this other and more fatal Balaam, and prevent him from consummating the damage that he is preparing against the people."

*The damage consisted in the excommunication of the King and the liberation of all the French Christians from complying with the oath of fidelity, with which the Kingdom would be under interdict and would be able to be legitimately conquered by that which the Pope authorized: such were the plans that Boniface VIII was preparing and that the spies of Philip IV were periodically informing him of. On the other hand, as an effect of the manifesto of Nogaret, no official measure was taken, but soon the people began to refer to the Pope as "**Maléfice VIII**," which explains why the Gascons enjoy, in France, the same fame that the Andalusians have in Spain.*

Fortieth Day

*n June 13, 1303, an Estates General Assembly is held in the Louvre, presided over by the King. In it, the denunciations against Boniface VIII are renewed and the necessity of convoking a Council that condemns him and appoints a new Pope is formally proposed. The Nobles, the Cities, and the nationalist Bishops accept. Guillaume de Plasian requests to be the accuser of Boniface on the future Council; he too is accepted, and reads a declaration where he expounds his arguments: "**I, Guillaume de Plasian, Chevalier, say, anticipate, and affirm that Boniface, who now occupies the Holy See, will be found a perfect heretic, according to the heresies, prodigious facts, and perverse doctrines mentioned below: 1º) he does not believe in the immortality of the Soul; 2º) he does not believe in eternal life, for he affirms that he would rather wish to be a dog, an ass, or any other brute rather than French; something he would not say if he believed that a Frenchman has an eternal Soul. He does not believe in the true Presence, for he adorns his throne with greater magnificence than the altar. He has said that he would disrupt the entire Universe to humiliate his Majesty and the French. He gave his approval to the book of Arnaud de Villeneuve, the protected sorcerer of the Cistercians, who had been condemned by the Bishop and the University of Paris. He erected statues of himself in the churches with the purpose of rendering cult to him alongside the Crucified One. He has a familiar Demon, whom he calls 'Baphoel,' who reveals to him all that he desires to know: that is why he said that even if all humanity were located on one side, and he alone on the other, he cannot be mistaken, whether it be an aspect of fact or of law. He expressed in his public preaching that the Supreme Pontiff, even if he puts a price on all the sacraments and ecclesiastical offices, cannot commit simony, which is a heresy to affirm. Just as a confirmed heretic, who sustains that only his is the true faith, he qualified the French—notoriously one of the most Christian peoples—as Cathars. He is a repugnant sodomite, as numerous testi-**

monies prove. He is also an assassin: in his presence he did put many clerics to death saying to his guards, when they were not able to kill them with the first blow: 'Strike, strike, There, There.' He forced priests to violate the secrets of the confessional. He does not observe vigils or fasts. He launches philippics[38] *against the College of Cardinals, against the Order of Teutonic Knights, against the Order of Dominican Preachers, against the Friars Minor and the Spiritual Franciscans, often repeating that they ruin the world, that they are hypocrites and false, and that nothing good will happen to whoever confesses to them. Trying to destroy the faith, he has conceived an old aversion against the King of France, in his hatred toward the faith of the true Christ, because in France is where the splendor of the faith is and was, the great support and example of Christianity. He raised all against the House of France, to England, to Germania, confirming the title of Emperor to the King of Germania, and proclaiming that he was doing so to destroy the pride of the French, those who were vainglorying of not being subject to anyone with regard to temporal things, that no one on earth was above their King, adding that they lied through their gullet, and declaring that even if an Angel descended from heaven and said that the French were subject neither to Boniface nor to the Emperor, it would be an anathema. He permitted that the Holy Land be lost... using, for his personal wars and luxuries, the money destined for the defense of that site. He has been publicly recognized as a simoniac, and even much more, as the source and base of simony, selling benefices to the highest bidder, imposing serfdom and vassalage on the Church and on the Bishop, with the object of enriching his family and his friends with the patrimony of the crucified one, and to convert them into Marquises, Counts, Barons. He dissolves matrimonies for Money... he annuls the vows of the nuns... in synthesis, Chevaliers, he said that, in brief, he would make martyrs or apostates of all the French."*

38. A condemnatory or denunciative speech, similar to a tirade; most often aimed at a political opponent.

Impressed by the accusations of Plasian, all accompanied by abundant proofs, the parliamentarians agree to invite Boniface VIII to attend to the Council so that he exercises his defense. However, Philip IV is not satisfied with the collective approval and writes personal letters to the numerous dioceses of France; while Nogaret departs to Rome to notify the Pope, Guillaume de Plasian, escorted by dissuasive royal troops, personally visits each city, town, or village, and collects the signatures from the estates. As expected, almost all sign upon reading the letter from the King and hearing the exposition of the official accuser; only the Cistercians and the other Benedictine Orders resist, the principal refuges of the Golen: Cîteaux, Cluny, and the Temple, angrily disapprove the conduct of Philip the Fair and manifest that there is nothing reproachable in Boniface VIII. Whereas the University of Paris, the Dominicans of Paris and the Franciscans of Touraine declare themselves in favor of the King.

In the middle of August, Boniface VIII publishes a bull in which he affirms that only the Pope is authorized to convoke a Council and he attempts to defend himself against the accusations of Plasian and Nogaret. In the end he asks himself: how has it arrived at the absurdity that the Cathars accuse the Pope of being a heretic? But the spies of Philip IV inform him that the decree of excommunication of the King and interdict of the Kingdom of France is being written: the bull has been given the date of its issuance in advance: September 7, 1303.

Philip IV decides to make a coup de main[39] *and capture Boniface before he makes his infamous resolution known. Back in France, he would be judged by the Council and formally deposed, appointing a trustworthy French bishop in his place. To fulfill this plan, he concedes* ***carte blanche*** *to Guillaume de Nogaret, to whom he hands over his own sword and says these historic words:*

"The honor of France is in your hands, Sir Knight."

Guillaume de Nogaret heads to Italy accompanied only by Sciarra Colonna, the most fearsome personal enemy of Boniface, and by Charles de Saint-Félix, a ***Domini Canis*** *who was the grandson of Peter of Crete and Valentina of Tharsis: Noga-*

39. A surprise attack; French for *blow from the hand.*

ret knew Charles as a child, for he was the son of whom was the Seignior of the family of Saint-Félix-de-Caraman. In Florence, the banker of the King of France delivers to Nogaret a considerable sum, since he had the order to provide to the Gascon all that was necessary for his mission. From there depart several men supportive to the Ghibelline party to give warning to the allied Seigniors of the Colonnas, in the proximity of Anagni, Alatri, and Ferentino. The Pope is in his Anagni palace, his native city in the ancient Papal State of Frosinone; the neighboring city of Ferentino, Ghibelline rival of the Guelph Anagni, is the rendezvous point of the conspirators; the day chosen: September 6, that is to say, one day before the issuance of the bull that would excommunicate Philip IV.

On the appointed day, in the utmost secrecy, a dozen Seigniors arrive, sworn enemies of Boniface VIII, who were for years awaiting such an opportunity to take vengeance: all were intimately craving an occasion to execute Boniface, since they considered his transfer to France useless; ironically, Guillaume de Nogaret will have to appeal to all his authority to protect him and comply, thus, with the Strategy of Philip the Fair. Each Knight had traveled separately, accompanied by a small escort that would not arouse any suspicion; to these troops were added the mercenary forces contributed by Captain Rinaldo da Supino, the guard of Ferentino who sold himself to Nogaret for one thousand florins. In total they gathered three hundred cavalrymen and one thousand infantrymen: those companies would really be exiguous for the undertaking that they were proposing to realize, were it not that they were counting on the principle of surprise in their favor, since neither Boniface VIII, nor his Golen minions, were remotely imagining that they could be attacked at Anagni. Formed a few kilometers of distance away, the battalion of Nogaret was seeming to appear out of nowhere; and no one in Italy could know of its existence in advance as to warn the Golen.

One of the Ghibelline Knights was Nicholas, of the powerful Conti family, whose brother Adenulf, resident at Anagni, would lend vital collaboration to the invaders. Through his intermediary, he managed to buy off the commander of the papal guard, Giffrid Bussa, for a good bag of gold, while Ade-

nulf himself would be occupied in deceiving the Anagnese during the attack.

At midnight the warriors of Khristos Lúcifer arrive in front of the ancient capital of the Hernici; two Knights carry the banners of France and of the Church. Nicholas Conti guides them to a gate in the wall that has been opened from the inside and they all precipitate to the cry of: "Death to Pope Boniface! Long live the King of France!" The cavalrymen, followed by the infantry, spread out in various groups on the narrow and steep roads. They go straight where the sumptuous palaces stand, belonging to the Cardinals and the Pope, and various churches of splendid ornamentation. The commander of the papal guard joins, along with part of his own, the intruding forces and begins the siege on the palace of Boniface VIII, who only has a few men at his disposal to resist. For once, the story is inverted: the plot is the same, the personages similar; it is the struggle of the Spirit against the Potencies of Matter, of the King of the Blood against the Golen Priests, of the representatives of the Blood Pact against those of the Cultural Pact; but this time it is the King of the Blood who triumphs over the Golen Priest, over the exterminators of the Pure Blood, over the proclaimers of Crusades against the Hyperborean Wisdom. Inside the sumptuous residence, the pride of Boniface collapses. See him there, trembling and weeping like a woman, the Demon Golen who was intending to rule over the charism of the King of Blood! Perhaps he weeps not for the tragedy of the moment but for the future punishment that his Lord, the High Priest Melchizedek, and the Masters of the White Brotherhood will impose on him.

The inhabitants of Anagni, to all this, wake up with the surprise that their city is occupied by troops of the King of France. Someone rings the bells calling for a meeting and all the families run toward the market square; the news is overwhelming: Sciarra Colonna has come with a battalion provided by the King of France and is surely going to kill the Pope. Giffrid Bussa has passed over to the enemy and the City has been left unguarded. Rapidly, in the midst of a great confusion, they appoint Adenulf Conti as chief. This one, accompanied by some neighbors, previously elected among the parti-

sans of the Colonnas and the Contis, marches off to parley with the assailants. He speaks with Rinaldo da Supino and immediately returns; he vehemently assures that it will be impossible to resist the "French," who are already sacking the palaces of the Cardinals: only the possibility of joining them and sharing the spoils remains. Desperate, the Guelphs give themselves over to pillage, robbing the cardinal and papal palaces elbow to elbow with the Ghibellines. Thus disappear works of art of incalculable value, treasures of antiquity, and very rich gold and silver tableware; each one takes as much as he pleases and can carry. Some discover the wine cellars, responsible for satisfying the exquisite palates of the cardinals and quenching their inextinguishable thirst, and soon the bottles circulate from hand to hand. Over the day, few will be the Anagnese who have not robbed something or intoxicated themselves; no one ventures into the streets and the city remains under the total control of the few men of Nogaret.

While the nocturnal sack is effectuated, and the population is entertained in that barbaric task, a febrile warlike activity unfolds around the palace of Boniface, who, conscious that with his reduced guard he will not be able to resist for long, tries to arrive at an agreement with the besiegers; his legate receives the conditions: to unconditionally surrender, to lift the excommunication of Philip the Fair, to reinstate the Colonnas, and to go as prisoner to France to be judged at the Council. Upon meeting them, Boniface resists in accepting them and is plunged into desperation: he only manages to vest the priestly Golen indument[40] *and await his enemies seated on the Throne. Between sobs of sorrow, he fervently prays to the Creator God to perform the miracle of saving him and saving the plans of the White Brotherhood. Will it be possible, he asks himself out loud, that the Lords of War triumph over him, who is a representative of the Creator of the Universe? If he, in whom had been entrusted to restrain the temporal Kings, was failing, what new misfortunes would next befall the Golen Orders, who for so many centuries developed the plans of the White Brotherhood? After each of these questions he was convulsing*

40. robe or garment

and it was evident that he would not take long in losing his mind.

With the exception of two bishops, one Spanish and the other Italian, all flee from his side as best they can; some are captured and killed by the men of Sciarra Colonna, while others are kept as hostages because they voluntarily give themselves up, among them his own nephew. That news ends up depressing Boniface. Finally, a window gives way and Guillaume de Nogaret and Charles de Saint-Félix penetrate through it, followed by half a dozen soldiers of Ferentino who maintain a prudent distance, so as not to be recognized by the Pope. Nogaret and Charles approach the Throne: donning the Papal Tiara, replica of the Egyptian crown of the Dark Atlantean Priests; vesting the white tunic of the Levite Priests of Israel, on which is embroidered the Four-Leaf Clover of the Golen Priests, stylized as a Celtic cross; in his right hand holding the Cross, symbol of the Spiritual Enchainment, and in his left the Keys of Saint Peter, symbol of the Kalachakra Key with which the Gods Traitorous to the Spirit of Man consummated their Original Betrayal; there was seated, with his eyes blazing of hatred and terror, one of the most perverse men on Earth.

"Cathar, son of a Cathar!" he defiantly exclaimed when recognizing Nogaret. "Your master, the King of France, will not be able to go against the Law of Jehovah God!"

"Chevalier, I am of the King of France," responded the Gascon, "and I can assure you, detestable Priest, that my Lord only knows and respects the Law of Honor, which is the Law of the Holy Spirit, of the Will of the True God; only your God Jehovah, who is a Demon called Satan, whom you servilely obey, can be opposed to that Law."

"Damn Golen!" Now it was Charles de Saint-Félix, or Charles of Tharsis Valter, or Charles of Tarseval, who was speaking. "Rest assured that the King of France will put an end to you and the diabolical Orders that second you! You will never be able to rule the World while Initiates like him or Frederick II exist! But rest still more assured that We, the Eternal Warriors of Khristos Lúcifer, will some day put an end to the Chiefs of your Chiefs, to the Occult Hierarchy of High

Priests who keep the Uncreated Spirit in the slavery of created matter!"

Boniface paled and shuddered from terror upon hearing the Man of Stone. One like a halo of essential hostility was emitting from that Knight with an impressive intensity: what was the death of the Warm Life as opposed to that other Death that was intuited through his presence? What was the loss of Life, of ephemeral joys and riches, of Power in this World or the punishment from the High Priest in the other World, that was frightening him so much up until then, as opposed to the abyss of eternal Death into which the Icy Eyes of the French knight were plunging him?

"Heretics!" he shouted beside himself, at a moment in which a door was bursting into pieces and a multitude preceded by Sciarra Colonna was rushing in. "Respect who, by arrangement of the One God, must rule over the whole World!"

Sciarra, that mortal enemy of Boniface, heard his latest words and gave him a violent slap in the face with his iron gauntlet, causing blood to flow from his cheek. Nogaret had to restrain him so that he would not run him through with his sword right there and then. The people and the soldiers, in the meantime, were taking hold of every valuable object they had within their reach.

With the palace taken, Boniface imprisoned, and the City under control, the situation was not presenting itself as promising, however. It was one thing to enter into Italy in secret, and prepare an attack by surprise, and another to leave taking the Pope prisoner. Not even in Anagni would they be able to maintain themselves long if the inhabitants were discovering how small was the number of the occupying troops. In the port of Ostia, a ship of the Annibaldi family, allies of the Colonnas, was awaiting them, but, to arrive there, they would need an important reinforcement. The Sciarra brothers were in charge of arriving with 5,000 men, but they were delayed and September 7 passed in tense calm, while the Anagnese were waking up from the surprise. On the eighth, everything was still the same but rumors began to circulate among the inhabitants that they had been victims of treason and of a coup de main from a few attackers. Hostility began to make

itself felt in the form of multiple provocations to the soldiers of Nogaret and it immediately became clear that it would be necessary to leave Anagni as soon as possible. Guillaume de Nogaret, Charles de Saint-Félix and Sciarra Colonna were deliberating over the convenience of killing Boniface or to risk taking him with them, when they learn that Giffrid Bussa has once again passed over to the side of the Pope and has cut off their entrance to the Palace. Immediately the battle reinitiates, now bloody, and the three envoys of Philip IV are forced to flee, leaving Boniface VIII in the hands of the Guelphs. Days later they find themselves in France, all actions at Anagni being approved by the Great King.

The life of Boniface would no longer serve the Golen interests, since he had irremediably lost his mind: a month after the events of Anagni, on October 11, 1303, he would die in Rome, the Era of the medieval Golen domination in the Holy See concluding with him, and the imminent concretion of the plans of the White Brotherhood, that is to say, the World Government and the Synarchy of the Chosen People, failing. The High Strategy of the Seigniors of Tharsis and of the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *were triumphing over the Potencies of Matter: Philip IV, who was appearing as the exoteric cause of the Golen failure, was a Hyperborean Initiate who was fulfilling the esoteric models of the Hyperborean Wisdom to the letter. But the death of Boniface, Dr. Siegnagel, was marking only the beginning of the end. It was still necessary to dismantle the financial infrastructure of the Templars, the germ of the Synarchy of the Chosen People.*

The crisis that broke the Soul of Boniface was produced when his diabolical pride was terribly humiliated by the acts of his enemies: first, the Cathar Nogaret, treating him as a subject of the King of France and making him a prisoner in his name. Then the mysterious Charles de Saint-Félix, conveying to him his terrifying power and preaching the failure of the most secret plans of the Golen Orders: that was confirming the suspicions of Bernard Saisset, the Bishop of Pamiers, that around Philip the Fair was existing a conspiracy of the Sons of Darkness; surrounded by enemies, captured in his own Anagni palace, bathed in cold sweats, Boniface was now tardily

comprehending that he had underestimated Philip the Fair and that he had not sufficiently taken serious the frequent warnings of alarm that the monks of the Cister and the Templars were sending. Gripped by a mixture of hatred and terror, he was feeling that his Soul was irremediably depressed. Then the ***Banditti*** *Sciarra, daring to beat him and even threatening him with death, while his men were showering him with insults. And finally, the treason from his native people, shamelessly sacking his palace, allying themselves with his enemies who were the enemies of the Golen Church, the Church of the One Creator God of the Universe, of the God of which he, the* ***Highest*** *Priest, was a living manifestation: O One God, what ingratitude from his people! Perhaps that aggression of theirs, by being less important but more affective, was hurting more than the previous offenses. And, naturally, within that pain, the anguish of having been stripped of his gold and silver, of his art treasures of unparalleled beauty gathered over a lifetime of acquisitions, many of them inherited or belonging to the Gaetani family, was standing out to a greater degree. The weight of failure was being unloaded without extenuating circumstances, crushing Boniface VIII in a few hours. Too many emotions together, even to a Golen of legendary cruelty, were afflicting the sixty-nine-year-old Pope.*

When he was ransomed by the people of Anagni, his conscience had been situated outside of reality and, although many were promising to return what was stolen, Boniface was not in conditions to comprehend it. He mechanically requested to be taken to the palace of the Lateran. There the Orsini Cardinals, upon verifying his demented state, kept him apart from the Romans. With exorbitant eyes he was exclaiming: "Baphoel! Baphoel! ***Aliquem ad astra fero!****" In some moments of lucidity, he was erupting in calls for vengeance against his enemies and auguring the ruin of those who had betrayed him. But then his mind was darkening and he was suffering fits of continuous rage in which he was howling, foaming at the mouth, and attempting to bite those who were caring for him. In the end, on October 13, 1303, he died converted into a raging beast, thus fulfilling the prophecy of Ce-*

*lestine V. The saint had said: "**You have climbed up like a fox, you will reign like a lion, and you will die like a dog.**"*

Forty-first Day

The form in which Boniface VIII died, and the certainty that King Charles II[41] *remained indifferent in the face of his fall, caused great fear among the Guelph Cardinals. As no one was wanting to suffer the same fate, or even worse, nine days later the Sacred College agrees on the identity of the new Pope: on October 22, 1303 they elect Cardinal Nicola Boccasini, who takes the name of Benedict XI and was General of the Dominicans. The new Pontiff, who although was not* ***Domini Canis*** *was strongly influenced by the Initiates of their Order, attempts to carry forward a conciliatory policy with the King of France and initiate the reform of the scandalous Golen customs that were reigning in the high clergy, but he is poisoned with some figs before serving one year. As in the case of Celestine V, the deceased had been a solution of convenience between the irreconcilable ecclesiastical parties: both sides were intimately entrusted to dominate the Pope. His death would plunge the Cardinals into a ten-month-long discussion, under the pressure, now inevitable, of Philip the Fair.*

The King of France offers gold, and protection against the vengeance of the Golen, and is getting many Guelph Cardinals to sell their vow. Finally, an agreement is arrived at: a cleric not belonging to the Sacred College will be invested. Philip the Fair meets with Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, at Saint-Jean-d'Angély. The Archbishop is a Seignior of the Dog and the King of France requests his collaboration: he wants him to accept the papal investiture and take eight measures that will ensure the Strategy of the Kingdom; he does not hide from him that the mission will be extremely dangerous since the Golen will attempt to assassinate him by any means. However, Bertrand de Got accepts. He will also deliver as promised: proof of it are the countless calumnies that the synarchic historians have affirmed about his memory; however, as in the case of Philip the Fair, all the calumnies lose con-

41. Charles the Lame

sistency and disintegrate when the Strategy that was ruling and giving meaning to his actions is known. Be that as it was, the Archbishop agrees to comply with the mission that the King proposes to him: first, to condemn the work of Boniface VIII; second, to lift the excommunication of Philip IV; third, that the Church not receive for five years, of grace, its incomes from France, in order to restructure the economy of the Kingdom; fourth, to reinstate the Colonna Cardinals and their family; fifth, to appoint as Cardinals certain ***Domini Canis*** *that would be opportunely indicated to him; sixth, to approve the determinations that the Kingdom adopts against the Chosen People; seventh, to confiscate the gold clandestinely accumulated by the Benedictine Cluniac and Cistercian Orders; eighth, to effectively contribute to achieve the extinction of the Knights Templar and the dismemberment of its financial infrastructure.*

On June 5, 1305, the Cardinals elect Bertrand de Got, who takes the name of Clement V. He immediately requests to be crowned in Lyon, capital of the County of Provence. Why there? It is another long story, Dr. Siegnagel, which I will not be able to narrate here, but I will give you a synthetic answer. Lyon is a city built on a site known in antiquity as ***Lugdunum****, which in Gallo-Celtic was meaning* ***hill of Lugh****; the name originated because on that hill was existing a Temple dedicated to the Cult of the God Lugh. Now then: such a Cult was, in truth, very ancient, from the time of the Dark Atlanteans, but it remained active even thousands of years after the Atlanteans had abandoned Europe; how? Because their descendants were traveling from Egypt so that they never lacked Priests on the Hill of Lugh or Lyg, that is to say, in Lyon. When the Golen came accompanying the Celtic invasion of the fifth century BC, they decided to make Lyon their principal sanctuary. There they remained from then on, during the Roman, Burgundian, and Frankish domination, until the days of Philip the Fair. Then, the Golen were practically occupying the region from hundreds of Benedictine, Cluniac, and Cistercian monasteries, and extensive Templar commanderies: the Cult, of course, had not disappeared but was forming part of the secret Templar rites, since the Knights were*

those who were guarding the exact site of the ancient Temple. To give just one illuminating example, I will say that it was not by chance that the Golen Pope Innocent IV convened the Thirteenth Ecumenical Council in the City of Lyon, in June of 1245: its objective was to decree the excommunication of Emperor Frederick II, which was concretized after the violent discourse of the Pope that was on "the five wounds of Christendom," of which, the fifth, was the Emperor. That is to say, that, in order to condemn who was representing the Universal Emperor of the Blood Pact, the Golen had situated themselves in the most sacred Temple of the Cultural Pact.

Thus, then, the coronation of Clement V had the character of a defiance posed at the very heart of the Enemy. And the Enemy did not let such an imprudent action pass by: a sabotage on a scaffold loaded with people, at the moments in which the royal retinue was passing, caused a collapse; Philip IV and Clement V saved their lives by the Will of the Gods, but the twelve persons who died on the spot had not the same luck, while many others were left gravely wounded, among them Charles of Valois, brother of the King; Gaillard de Got, brother of the Pope was killed. Philip IV then swore to obtain Lyon for his House, which he effectively achieved in 1307, and to purge it of Golen. Clement V, for his part, announced that he would head for Bordeaux to put into order and deliver the Archbishopric, but he was caught by surprise in Cluny, where he proceeded to confiscate the gold; in order to evaluate the pain, which that fulminant vengeance had caused the Golen, it is enough to think that the collecting of the gold required five days due to its extraordinary quantity. Despite everything, Clement V had not escaped from Lyon but returned and fixed his residence there, where he remained until 1309, the year in which he transferred to the walled palace of Avignon, property of the Church.

In conclusion, Dr. Siegnagel, the Hyperborean Wisdom suggests to pay attention to Lyon, especially in our days, for, just as the Chosen People have proposed ***to make their voice heard from Jerusalem****, when the nefarious work of the Synarchy is consummated, so too have the Golen proposed* ***to make their voice heard from Lyon*** *at that moment.*

Logically, Clement V had to simulate some type of initial independence from the King of France to avoid a desperate reaction on the part of the Golen. To that end, he feigned to be fond of worldly luxuries and pleasures and even became intimate with the Countess of Périgord, daughter of the Count of Foix, who was no more than a Cathar Initiate who liaisoned with the ***Domini Canis*** *of Tolosa. The exhibition of such supposed weaknesses reassured, until it was too late, the Golen. However, the fidelity of Clement V to the* ***Circulus Domini Canis****, and his unwavering Honor, can be ascertained by observing, not his personal conduct, but the form in which he complied with the mission. To mention some of his most notable decrees, let us begin recalling, for example, that in 1306 he confirmed the law of Philip IV by which, in a single day, all the property of the Jews was expropriated and they were ordered, under penalty of execution, to abandon France in a very brief time. According to a bull, the Colonnas were returning to be Catholics and their titles and properties were to be restored to them; according to another, the Church committed itself not to receive a single louis*[42] *from the Kingdom of France during the following years. At the request of Philip the Fair, his legists arrange a* ***post mortem*** *ecclesiastical trial for Boniface VIII, which counted on the approval of Clement V; at its end, the Pope issued the bull* ***Rex gloriae****, in April of 1311, where the conclusions are summarized: in that bull,* ***res visenda****,*[43] *it is ordered that all the bulls of Boniface VIII against Philip IV be publicly burned; Philip IV was innocent and a "most faithful Catholic"; as Nogaret, Sciarra, and Charles would also be innocent of the Anagni attack; Boniface VIII, on the other hand, was not declared a heretic but culpable of* ***obstinatio extrema****. And we add that in the course of his pontificate, he ended up taking possession of most of the gold accumulated by the Benedictine Orders, always feigning an insatiable ambition, and who turned a deaf ear to the complaints of the Lombard bankers, victims of an expropriation law that was confiscating their properties in France.*

42. A historical French form of currency.

43. *"A thing worth seeing."*

It is evident, then, that Clement V carried out all the goals of his mission or arranged the juridical means so that they were concretized. Precisely in a meeting held at Poitiers, in 1306, with Philip the Fair, the two Initiates agreed on the way to dissolve the Knights Templar: for Clement V, Seignior of the Dog, that was representing the eighth objective of the mission and would constitute the most important strategic act of his pontificate; for Philip IV, it was signifying the neutralization of the "II tactical line" of the Enemy, just as I explained the Thirty-sixth Day. Naturally, it will not be understood why a powerful King like Philip IV, and a Pope who was the Superior General of the Order, had to carry out a secret planning in order to extinguish it, if the effort is not made to imagine what the Knights Templar was effectively consisting of in the fourteenth century, the magnitude of its economic, financial, and military potency. But, if this is taken into account, it will be clear that the Order was in conditions to present various types of responses, military or economic, which could put Philip IV in serious difficulties. One must bear in mind that the plans of the White Brotherhood were relying, to a great extent, on this Order, and that the Strategy of the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *was demanding its destruction to ensure the failure of those plans: the blow, then, would have to be forceful and* ***surprising****.*

The Order, in effect, was possessing more than 90,000 commanderies distributed in the countries that are presently named Portugal, Spain, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Italy, and England. In France, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, including Auvergne, Provence, Normandy, Aquitaine, the County of Burgundy, etc., where the most extensive haciendas were, were existing approximately 10,000 Templar properties: of them, 3,000 were commanderies of 1,000 hectares each on average. In total, those properties were adding up to 3,500,000 hectares, which was representing 10% of the surface of France. But this percentage will not reflect the potentiality of the latifundia if it is not noted that that 10% of the ***total*** *surface of France, that is to say, including the rivers, mountains, forests, and all kinds of land unusable for cultivation, was constituting 10% of the best*

land, chosen over two centuries with Benedictine monk-like patience and obtained by means of donations digitized by the Church. And there was more: those commanderies, which comprised of thousands of granges in full agricultural exploitation, ***were exempt from any type of tax*** *since the Order was directly depending on the Pope, a privilege that, until Boniface VIII, was converting them into inviolable properties for any temporal Seignior. To change this situation was, precisely, one of the strategic objectives of Philip the Fair, which had led him to confront Boniface VIII and to oppose the national Civil Law to the Canonical Law.*

But it was not only about taxes: the Templars, since the advent of Philip IV, were developing a plan destined to break the economy of the Kingdom through the impoverishment of the feudal nobility and the depopulation of the country. Their alimentary products, offered in the cities at ***dumping*** *prices or simply given away in the monasteries, were making useless any attempt at state economic planning or rational exploitation of national resources; in consequence, the Feudal Seigniors, who* ***only*** *had the land as a source of income, were impoverishing themselves more and more because of the devaluation of the fruits of the field while they were accepting as a solution that the peasants, burdened with taxes and whom they were no longer able to aliment, emigrated to the cities. Of course, such a subversive task was in accordance with the Golen Strategy: it was requiring the destruction of the nobility and the weakening of the monarchy as a preliminary step to the establishment of the theocratic World Government, which would still be a stage prior to the Synarchy of the Chosen People. Faced with the Ghibelline attitude of Philip IV, the Knights Templar had done nothing but intensify a policy that was at the heart of its raison d'être.*[44] *However, as we can see, this policy was going to have a surprising end.*

It is worth to add that the anti-national economy of the Templars was being complemented in its destructive capacity by the commercial offensive launched on France by the Italian cities. But this has another explanation. When Philip IV received the Kingdom, it was almost a venture to enter onto the

44. Reason for existing.

roads of France to practice commerce; the danger was in that the route, in general, was crossing numerous fiefs, the Seigniors of which, impoverished by the causes pointed out, were tending to tax the merchandise in transit with heavy and arbitrary tributes: that in the best of cases, for most of the time, some Seignior, too zealous of his rights, was proceeding to strip the merchants of the totality of their cargo. But if this was not occurring, the business was equally risky due to the accumulation of taxes that were being added up at the end of the route. Needless to say that the feudal Seigniors, apart from controlling the roads, were in possession of their own armies with which they were warring among each other and imposing their own laws onto each region. Philip IV, when constituting the Mystical Nation, proposed to solve this problem from the outset. In his name, Enguerrand de Marigny gave the solution: the King should never resort, except in case of exterior war, to the troops of the Seigniors. Thus it was emerging, from the ***Domini Canis*** *School of secular legists, the concept of* ***interior security****, practically defined based on the hypothesis of the* ***interior conflict****. The solution of Marigny consisted in creating a sort of royal police force, the militia of the King, in charge of patrolling all the roads and enforcing the laws of the Kingdom: with them would go, then, the tax collectors. The royal troops, usually mercenaries, soon brought the Seigniors to reason and in a short time the roads had not only become safe for commerce, but a single tax was levied in every region of the Kingdom.*

It was this situation of security and order that attracted the greed of foreign merchants. The Italian cities, in particular, had fleets that were traveling the world acquiring the most varied and exotic items, against which there was no possibility of posing any competition. The French cities were thus inundated with imported products that were contributing day by day to destroy the economy of the Kingdom even more: while the foreign merchants and traders were enriching themselves, often selling contraband merchandise, the Kingdom had to face the enormous expense to militarily guarantee that interior security that it was representing. For that, the currency was being debased and inflation was arising; and the guilds of

artisans, unable to compete with the foreign products, were falling into misery and dragging the national industry into the worst depression. Apart from the Templar ***dumping****, a rigorous analysis of the* ***Domini Canis****, demonstrated to Philip IV who the hidden culprits of that situation were: the Lombard bankers and the members of the Chosen People. The Lombard bankers were financing the Italian companies that were operating in France, which the Templar Bank was also doing. And the members of the Chosen People were among the principal interior supporters of foreign companies and capitals: many of them had ties of kinship with the Jewish bankers of Venice or Milan, or with the owners of large companies, while others were betraying the French Nation for the mere love of profit. Philip IV would be inflexible with such vermin: to some, he only expropriated them, since they were rooted in other countries; but to others he expropriated and expelled them from the Kingdom, since they were lacking the necessary ethical virtues to deserve the right of residence.*

Returning to the Templars, I expect that now, in light of their disproportionate territorial and productive patrimony, a more realistic view is taken on why the King of France and Clement V had to agree to deal with the problem of the Knights Templar with much caution. Those 90,000 commanderies, to continue with the example, were attended by 30,000 monks, 3,000 Knights, and 270,000 laymen, which was representing an eventual warrior force far superior to the ***national*** *army of Philip the Fair: a Templar military reaction would hardly be contained in France at a price other than that of heavy casualties in the national army, an incident that could determine the end of the Hyperborean Strategy of the Mystical Nation and the resurgence of the papal theocracy; they would then be able, in spite of everything, to triumph the plans of the White Brotherhood. On the other hand, it is enough to remember what was said on the Eighteenth Day about the financial power of the Order to comprehend that if one could obtain money on loan at each one of the 90,000 commanderies, deposit it, or transfer it to any of the others, one was in the presence of the most formidable banking network in the world, only comparable, but not surpassed in in-*

frastructure volume, to the modern Hebrew financial corporations of Rockefeller, Rothschild, Kuhn-Loeb, or other benefactors of Humanity. It will be easy to deduce that such an organization had to rely on a refined network of spies, dedicated to obtaining the necessary economic and political information to direct the course of business. It will be understood, thus, that the smallest leak of the projects designed by Philip the Fair and Clement V could rapidly arrive at the ears of the Grand Master and the Golen Leadership and cause the consequent alarm. A better Strategy would be to expose other different concerns as topics of the meeting: a discussion on the question of ecclesiastical incomes, for example; or the situation of Christendom in the Orient; or the attitude of the King of England, etc. But the true and secret motive of the Poitiers meeting, as History took care to demonstrate, was to project the Strategy that would make it possible to extinguish the Knights Templar and dismantle its gigantic infrastructure.

Forty-second Day

ll those present in Poitiers, the Seigniors of the Dog Guillaume de Plasian, Guillaume de Nogaret, Guillaume Imbert of Paris, and Clement V, the Man of Stone Charles of Tharsis, and the Hyperborean Initiate and King of France, Philip the Fair, agree that the greatest possibilities of triumphing over the Enemy depend on the use of a secret weapon: ***astuteness****. Astuteness is the evolutive result of an animal instinct and characterizes the conduct of the animal-man or animic-man, that is to say, the man endowed with body and Created Soul. But men who possess Uncreated Spirit also exist, although in the majority of cases this is found subsumed in the Created Soul and that is why it is said that such men are spiritually asleep: they too can manifest animic astuteness because the sleeping or strategically confused Spirit is incapable of preventing it. But something very different occurs when the man is effectively spiritual, which can only be affirmed if he is an Initiate in the Hyperborean Wisdom: in that case his conduct is ruled by Honor and lacks not only astuteness but also any other characteristic of the animal-man, such as cowardice, slander, infidelity, lying, envy, calumny, insidiousness, betrayal, etc. But what is the Honor of the Hyperborean Initiate:* ***the act of his Gracious Will****, that is to say, the act of his Eternal Spirit, which is* ***pure Grace****. None of those present, for example, were possessing astuteness in personality, for Honor had guided them throughout their lives; and now they were demonstrating an act of the Highest Honor by fighting with all their forces for the triumph of the Blood Pact.*

But the Golen knew this and were counting on the naivety of the Hyperborean Initiates to defeat them; They, on the other hand, were of ***pure astuteness*** *and their principal weapon was called* ***deception****, a pale reflection of the Great Deception with which the One God disguised his miserable Creation. Hence, they never expected an astute reaction from the Initiates, whom they were always believing ready to be deceived and betrayed; "They were already betrayed once, in the Be-*

ginning," they were scoffing, twisting their mouths, "and they always will be. They pretend to be Roosters, and they are only stupid farmyard hens! With their otherworldly Honor, sooner or later they will turn their backs to us; and then our daggers of this world will finish them off." Undoubtedly, the Golen were committing an error of appreciation by ***relying*** *on the Honor of the Hyperborean Initiates: according to the principles of war,* ***the beliefs of the Enemy are weaknesses that can be exploited to one's advantage****. The Hyperborean Initiates were lacking astuteness but they knew what astuteness was, and they would be able to use it as a strategic weapon to surprise the Enemy. Herein lies the concept that was defined at Poitiers: if the Golen were believing that their enemies would act with Honor, and the latter were alerted, then they would be the naïve ones; then, they would be able to be deceived by means of astuteness, which They were not expecting, and led to a mortal trap. And the Honor of the Initiates would be safe because nothing in their Spirits would change or affect their strategic orientation toward the Origin: in the midst of an action of war, the Initiates would have played with illusion, appearing to be what they were not; if the Golen, masters in the art of manipulating the illusion of the Created World, were falling for the simple enchantment of the Initiates, it could only be qualified as an exploitation of the error of the Enemy, something perfectly legitimate according to the laws of war.*

If the Templars were attacked from all sides at once, they would surely defend themselves, with unforeseeable results; on the contrary, if the attack was ostensibly coming from the side of the King of France, while on the side of the Pope, ***in whom they should trust****, they were finding protection, they would lower their guard on that side and be fatally defeated: the strategic astuteness would consist in attaining the confidence of the Pope so that he would be able to deliver them,* ***disarmed****, to the King of France. In other words, the Strategy would require staging a scene with sufficient realism as to deceive the Golen: in the beginning, they would not have to suspect the plot of the comedy; after the dénouement, it would no longer matter. The principal actors would be the Pope and the King of France: the Pope would pretend to proceed in good faith, but*

would demonstrate to be fearful of royal reprisals; he would make promises and try to ***gain the confidence*** *of the Enemy, who would* ***believe him to be a friend****; Philip the Fair, for his part, would represent the intolerant and ambitious sovereign, procuring to attract all the attention of the Enemy onto himself: this would help the role of Clement V. When all was ready in Poitiers, the curtain rose and the first act of the drama began: this was initiated with the publication of a Crusade against Andronikos Palaiologos, Emperor of Constantinople, who was accused of maintaining the schism of the Greek Church. Since the fall of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the Knights Templar had withdrawn to Cyprus, where it was sustaining a regular garrison, while the Order of the Hospitallers was doing the same on the island of Rhodes. With the aim of establishing his participation in the Crusade, Clement V summoned the Grand Master of the Temple, Jacques de Molay, to France. Once in his presence, with total ingenuousness, the Pope manifested his intention of concretizing the old idea of Gregory IX of merging all the military Orders: such an idea, of course, was causing horror to the Templars since integration with an exoteric Order would expose their secrets. Without suspecting the trap, the Grand Master would attempt to persuade the Pope of the inconvenience of such a measure: according to his impression, it would not be difficult to deceive a simple mind like that of Clement V.*

After the demented fall of Golen Boniface VIII, the Golen were alerted to the offensive of the ***Domini Canis****, and knew what to watch out for with respect to the election of Clement V. However, they were considering the latter only an instrument of Philip the Fair and his entourage of "sons of darkness": the impression of the Grand Golen Jacques de Molay was confirming it; the Pope was permeable to affective influence. The Grand Master would entertain himself, therefore, in winning the friendship of the Pontiff, without imagining that in Paris, Nogaret and Guillaume Imbert were preparing his ruin. And in a few months, Clement V would get that the Chief Golen did not distrust his good faith.*

Enguerrand de Marigny and Guillaume de Nogaret were elevated to the two most important posts in France: ***Coadjutor***

of the Kingdom and ***Keeper of the Seal*** *of the King, respectively. With this power, they put into practice a secret operation that had as its object the execution of a simultaneous and effective action throughout the Kingdom: such action was concretized on October 13, 1307, when* ***all the Knights Templar of France, including their Grand Master, were arrested under the accusation of heresy****. In truth, the charges accrued by Nogaret were multiple and varied, but emphasis was placed on heresy to obtain the intervention of the Tribunal of the Inquisition, which in France was presided over by Guillaume Imbert of Paris. The strategic success of the* ***Domini Canis*** *was soon seen: while the Grand Master received requests from the Knights to resist the arrest, and was dithering about the attitude to assume, Guillaume de Plasian delivers to him a message where the Pope guarantees his help and advises him to renounce defending the Order and submit to his will. It is in this way that the Grand Master orders all the Knights to surrender, and he himself relies on papal intervention. Moreover, as the Golen were believing, they were still possessing quite a bit of clout within the Dominican Order of Preachers.*

Philip the Fair wastes no time: without resistance, his troops occupy all Templar properties. Terror spreads in the enemy Order; hundreds of Knights and monks are incarcerated. By this firm procedure, no one doubts the seriousness of the accusation and sufficient witnesses and evidence are soon gathered to ensure their liquidation. In addition to the Inquisition, Philip the Fair convokes the Provincial Councils, the University of Paris, and the Estates General to judge the Order. That way, when emerging from the darkness of its diabolical fundament, all the people of France would attend the exhibition of the secret Templar philosophy and learn about its depraved customs. It is what occurs during the three years of public trial, when the astonishment, the repugnance, and the horror of the French know no limits. But perhaps what is most astonishing is that, during that period, the Templars continued believing that a saving act on the part of the Pope would liberate them from condemnation.

In the trial it is proved that the Templars were professing the following ideas and customs: I–the high dignitaries of the

Order were sustaining that Christ, whom they were mysteriously calling ***Navutan****, had been an impostor and not the true God; II–Christ was never crucified for the redemption of humankind; III–the cross would not be, thus, the instrument of his passion, but a creation of Christ Navutan himself, which he would have called* ***Vrune****; IV–all the Knights, whatever their degree or condition was, had to periodically spit on that Symbol of Evil, in order to atone to the Creator God: therefore, it was proved that all the Templars had spat on the crucifix at least once; V–in consequence, they were denying the Holy Virgin; VI–they were officiating the mass according to their own canon and in a foreign language, which was later proved to be Hebrew; VII–they were worshiping a hermaphroditic idol of frightful features to which they were referring under the nickname of* ***Baphomet*** *or* ***Baphoel*** *but whose name, which they were never pronouncing without paling, was* ***Bera****; VIII–they were pretending that that idol was representing a God more powerful than Christ, who, unlike the Messiah, was manifesting himself with greater frequency among men; IX–they were affirming that that abominable Demon imposed on them, since the days of Saint Bernard, the obligation of practicing sodomy, a vice to which they had become habituated and was constituting a natural custom among the superiors of the Order; X–the Grand Master, and the Grand Priors or Preceptors, were performing a secret ceremony in which they were offering human sacrifices to Baphomet, especially children; XI–the Ritual was requiring the* ***incineration*** *of the victim in a furnace provided for such purpose; XII–with the calcined ashes the Templars were elaborating a* ***human lye****, and they were conserving it in secret as the most precious Good; XIII–they were firmly believing that that lye had the power to wash away the unction of the Christian sacraments: as they were confessing, through said lye they would have annulled the effects of baptism and communion, which they were considering "conjurations of the Cross," etc.*

From the beginning, the ***Domini Canis*** *decided to distinguish between "Templar" and "Golen." In the Middle Ages it was normal that, in a heresy trial, the accused who were spontaneously confessing, repenting, and accepting the Christ-*

ian sacraments were absolved; in the trial of the Templars such a possibility was reiteratedly offered and many agreed to confess what they knew. However, the ***Domini Canis*** *were not willing to allow that the Golen be able to escape from the trap: for them, who had never pardoned, there would be no pardon; only "Templars," that is to say, Knights not initiated into the Cult of Baphomet, would be given the opportunity to save their lives in exchange for their testimony. It was in this way that an overwhelming amount of proofs against the Golen of the Order were gathered by its own members, self-confessed and repentant heretics. And then the process became irreversible, for neither the Pope nor anyone else would be able to save the Order once the people and the Church became aware of its heresies and aberrations:* ***the Strategy of Philip the Fair and the*** *Circulus Domini Canis* ***had triumphed, now definitively, over the plans of the White Brotherhood; the Golen had not suspected the comedy represented by Clement V until it was too late; the Knights Templar, charged with founding the Universal Synarchy, would be destroyed.***

In that way, the Golen of the Knights Templar were mercilessly exterminated, receiving into their own flesh the medicine they had on so many occasions administered to the partisans of the Blood Pact: ironically, the Tribunal of the Inquisition, of which they used to do away with the Cathars, was now condemning them to death at the stake without appeal: ***as in the martial art of*** *jujutsu,* ***the Enemy took advantage of their own forces to defeat them.***

The Golen would never forget the trial of the Templars. Especially remembered would be the date of May 10, 1310: on that day, at the Council of Sens, the bishopric of which was holding Philippe de Marigny, brother of Enguerrand, fifty-six Templar Knights, the crème de la crème of the Golen hierarchy, were burned in a slow fire. Not since the Seigniors of Tharsis set fire to the Sacred Forest, and caused the twenty of Carthage to perish, had the Golen had so fateful a day as that of the tenth of May. Each one tied with his back to a robust post, the fifty Golen of Sens were forming a long line of the condemned, a procession of specters marching toward the Inferno; at the base of each post, the stacked firewood was au-

*guring the coming end of the Priests of the One God. Before the Friars Minor threw the burning torch, a Knight of King Philip, a monk warrior of some unknown Order, was approaching the heretics and pronouncing a few words in a low voice, which those present were taking as a pious prayer. However, upon hearing it, the faces of the Golen were breaking down with hatred, and some were bursting into atrocious maledictions: those words were saying, simply: "**For Navutan and the Blood of Tharsis!**"*

At the completion of the line, while the Golen were elevating their Souls to Jehovah Satan and calling for an indescribable punishment for the Man of Stone, that Knight, who was none other than Charles of Tharsis, signaled to the Executioners, and the stakes began to burn. Soon the Golen, and their synarchic dreams, were no more than ashes; a handful of vile ash that would not be enough to wash away the damage caused to the House of Tharsis and so many others who fell annihilated for being opposed to those demented dreams.

To complete the work, it would be required to legalize the result of the Strategy of Philip the Fair. For this purpose the Pope convoked the Ecumenical Council of Vienna, from October 1311 to May 1312. Although defeated on all fronts, the Golen still had forces to pressure and attempt to prevent the extinction of the Order from being agreed upon. There was a secret conference among five Cardinals faithful to Philip the Fair and six delegates of the Council, in which the latter were informed of the terrible consequences that opposing the King of France and absolving the Order, in spite of the irrefutable evidence gathered against it, would bring. But the terror unleashed was very great, and, between the punishment from the King and the vengeance of the Golen, many remained undecided. The representatives of the King before the Council, Guillaume de Nogaret, Guillaume de Plasian, Charles of Tharsis, Enguerrand de Marigny, etc., made show of their eloquence to persuade the Bishops of the necessity that the Church and Christianity had to suppress that focal point of heresy. There was, even, a moment, around the month of March 1312, in which the King threatened to advance with his troops on Vienna and settle the score right there with the par-

tisans of the Golen: then he reached Lyon with his brother Charles, his sons, and a powerful regiment of Knights. Finally, on March 22, 1312, the extinction of the Order and the confiscation of all its properties was voted in favor of the Order of the Hospitallers of Saint John, the Church, and the Kingdom of France. Notwithstanding, so many doubts were existing about the agreement of the Council, especially because those who had voted in secret were denying having done so in public, that the Pope was forced to settle the question by means of a decree: in the ***Considerantes dudum*** *bull, he declares the Knights Templar "provisionally" abolished until definitively issued from the Tribunal of the Holy Office, which the latter had already done: "****non per modum definitivae sententiae, sed per modum provisionis... apostolicae****."*

The bull and the decree from the Council of Vienna are sent to all Christian countries for its execution: the local Order must be extinguished, its members taken prisoner and prosecuted for heresy. In Aragon, the Knights fortified themselves and resisted, having to be subdued by James II in military campaigns. Those of Navarre, where Philip the Fair was reigning, surrendered without a word, as did those of Castile and Portugal. In all cases, those who are absolved, as well as the properties of the Order, which were many, become part of the Order of the Hospital or other Orders created for such purpose. In Huelva, the Castle of Aracena is dislodged and its garrison replaced with Portuguese troops, but later on would be handed over to the Order of Santiago; before departing, the Golen seal the entrance to the Cavern of Daedalus, where for centuries a lake of bitumen would recall the infernal powers of Bera and Birsha.

The Convent of La Rábida then passed to the Order of Saint Francis. It, however, had not prevented that the Golen continued preparing the coming of Quiblon, according to the Orders of Bera and Birsha. On the contrary, the Golen, who were considering Rus Baal as the most sacred Sanctuary in Spain, arranged that the Convent was a place of retreat and cloister for their top brass. The Cult of the Virgin of Miracles had already been imposed on a vast region of Andalusia, but the one arousing more fervor in the parishioners, was the Cult to the

Virgin of the Ribbon, protector of mariners and ship owners, who was being considered the patron of Huelva. This popular affirmation of the Great Mother Binah was due, above all, to the unremitting task of "purification" effectuated by the Templars, but which would now be continued with no less dedication by the friars of Saint Francis. What was to abate, however, would be the open struggle against the Virgin of Agartha, given that the momentary loss of Power of the Golen would prevent them adequately sustaining it.

These changes, as is natural, brought tranquility to the descendants of Vrunalda, for the Secret Cavern was free, for the moment, of lurking Golen. Already in 1312, a Noyo had been permanently installed in front of the Wise Sword.

The principal Templar chiefs, Grand Master Jacques de Molay and three other Golen, were continuing to be prisoners in the Maison du Temple in Paris. For three years torment was systematically applied to them for the purpose of making them confess certain subtle aspects of the Templar organization; two pieces of data were especially interesting to the ***Domini Canis****: they were desiring to know the connections with the Orient, with the White Brotherhood, if a safe route was existing to the Abode of the Immortals; and to know if agents of the Potencies of Matter, Masters of the White Brotherhood, Golen Immortals, etc., those who would be procured to immediately capture, were presently in France, or elsewhere in Europe. However, with all the terrible things that can be considered, those torments were mere caresses against the refined tortures that the Golen applied on more than one occasion to the Seigniors of Tharsis. In any case, a proclamation from Nogaret announced that on March 23, 1314, the heretics would be executed on the Isle of the Jews, an islet in front of the royal palace where the Dominicans used to burn the children of the Chosen People.*

The marked day, Jacques de Molay, Geoffroi de Charney, Hugues de Pairaud, and Geoffroi de Gonneville, Priests who had mastered the most secret knowledge of the Cultural Pact, were tied to stakes and delivered to the purification of the fire. Philip the Fair, the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *in full, and numerous Seigniors of Tharsis coming from the South of France*

for the occasion, contemplated the fiery scene that was closing a historical stage, a period characterized by ignoble attacks against the Pure Blood and the Eternal Spirit: the conspiracy of the Demons was being consumed at those four stakes, on the Isle of the Jews, in the City of Paris, on March 23, 1314.

The triumph of the Hyperborean Strategy was ensured; the plans of the White Brotherhood to establish the Universal Synarchy, unable to be realized for seven centuries; ***and the coming of Quiblon to Spain, would be delayed one hundred and eighty years.***

Forty-third Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

The possibility of establishing the Universal Synarchy in the Middle Ages had been melted away at the Stakes of the Inquisition. The Enemy would take seven hundred years before getting it right, in the present Epoch, with another similar possibility. Here it would be, then, the moment to abandon the theme of the Medieval Synarchy and continue with the history of the House of Tharsis that, as reiterated several times, would move in part to America and found the lineage from which I descend. However, Esteemed and attentive Dr. Siegnagel, it is my wish that you manage to comprehend the Hyperborean Wisdom with the greatest possible profundity, because it is the true cause of the drama of the House of Tharsis. I know that in many parts the narration of the history of the House of Tharsis has been obscured by the absence of details, because of how unknown the Hyperborean Wisdom is to the profane. For that, before continuing with the story, ***I will take a few days to present a "General Synthesis" of what has already been seen of the Hyperborean Wisdom****: fundamentally, I will procure to clarify the principal ideas mentioned or referred to up to now. I believe that the best way to achieve this objective will be to describe four concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom and define them through a language accessible to you. Such concepts are:* ***"Culture is an enemy strategic weapon," "The Ego, in the Created Man, is a product of the Uncreated Spirit," "The Allegory of the imprisoned Ego,"*** *and* ***"The Odal Strategy of the Liberating Gods."*** *While the exposition of these themes lasts, I will subtitle the Days: "General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom."*

Of course, such a synthesis will cause the natural interruption of the account about the history of the House of Tharsis. That is why, if you are very interested in continuing with the basic narration, I suggest you skip to the Forty-ninth Day. On that day the story continues and your expectation will be satisfied, but I warn you that it is indispensable that ***at the end***

you read the passed over days, in order to complete your general knowledge of the Hyperborean Wisdom.

*In the letter I wrote the Third Day, I explained that "**the principle to establish the filiation of a people allied to the Atlanteans consists in** the opposition between Cult and Wisdom: the sustainment of a Cult to the Potencies of Matter, to Gods who are situated above man and were approving his miserable earthly existence, to Creator Gods or Determiners of the Destiny of man, automatically places their worshipers in the framework of the Cultural Pact, whether or not the Priests are in sight." The first concept is easy to comprehend as a consequence of this definition. To the Enemy of the Blood Pact, that is to say, the members of the Cultural Pact, "**Culture is a strategic weapon.**" Throughout my entire letter, I already amply showed that truth in the multiple examples in which the members of the Cultural Pact were seen dominating human societies through the control of principal social variables. However, the Hyperborean Wisdom affirms that the objective of the enemy is more subtle and that their Strategy aims to control the Spirit of Man, in man, that is to say, it proposes to control his Ego.*

*When the critique of the modern urban culture of the "Christian Occident" is carried out, the "evils" that this provokes in some individuals are usually detailed: alienation; dehumanization; slavery to consumption; depressive neurosis and its reaction: dependence on various vices, from narcosis to the perversion of sex; merciless competition, motivated by dark sentiments of greed and ambition of power; etc. The list is endless, but all the charges omit, deliberately, what is essential, emphasizing, evils "external" to the Soul of man, originated in "imperfections of society." As a complement to this fallacy, it is argued that the solution, the remedy to all evils, is "the perfectionment of society," its "evolution" toward more just, more humane forms of organization, etc. The omission lies in that the evil, the only evil, **is not external** to man, comes not from the world, but rather is rooted in his interior, in the structure of a mind conditioned by the preeminence of the cultural premises that sustain reasoning and that deform his vision of reality. Present-day society, on the other hand, has managed*

to Judaize the current man in such a way that has, in turn, transformed him—a miracle that genetic-biology cannot even dream—into a miserable Jew, greedy for profit, content to apply compound interest and happy to inhabit a World that glorifies usury. Needless to say that this society, with its millions of biological and psychological Jews, is for the Hyperborean Wisdom only an evil nightmare, which will be definitively swept away by the ***Wildes Heer*** *at the end of the Kaly Yuga.*

In the Germanic traditions, the "Furious Army" of Wothan is named Wildes Heer. According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Army of Navutan will be present during the Final Battle, alongside the Great Chief of the White Race.

It is convenient to summarize, now, several complementary concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom, some of them already explained. For the Hyperborean Wisdom, the animal-man, created by The One, is a being comprised of physical body and Soul. As a product of an Original Treason, perpetrated by the Traitorous Gods, the Uncreated Spirit, belonging to an extracosmic Race, has been enchained to Matter and led astray about its true Origin. The spiritual enchainment to the animal-man causes the historical appearance of the Ego, a principle of ***intelligent Will****: lacking eternal Spirit, the animal-man was only possessing an* ***animic subject*** *that was allowing him to acquire a certain consciousness and effectuate primitive mechanical psychological acts, due to the purely archetypal content of such mental acts. But suddenly in History, because of the Original Treason, the Ego* ***appears*** *in the midst of the animic subject,* ***immersed*** *in it. Thus, the Ego, the expression of the Spirit, appears sunken into the entrails of the Soul without having any possibility of orienting itself toward the Origin,* ***since it ignores that it finds itself in such a situation, that there is a possible return toward the Fatherland of the Spirit: the Ego is*** *normally* ***astray without knowing that it is; and it seeks the Origin without knowing what it seeks. The Traitorous Gods enchained it to the Soul of the animal-man so that the volitive force of its futile search be harnessed by the Soul to evolve toward the Final Perfection****. Immersed in the animic subject, the Ego is incapable of acquiring control of the microcosm, unless it passes through the Hyperborean Initia-*

tion, which produces ***the effect of isolating the Ego, from the Soul, by means of Uncreated Vrunes, revealed to man by Navutan****. That is why the Hyperborean Wisdom distinguishes between two classes of Ego: the* ***awakened Ego****, proper to the Hyperborean Initiate or Man of Stone, and the* ***sleeping Ego****, characteristic of the sleeping man or "normal" man, common and ordinary, of today.*

Referring to the normal man, it can be said that the animic subject, with its incorporated lost Ego, lords over the psychic sphere, which can be considered, ***in broad terms****, as comprised of two clearly differentiable and distinguishable regions: the* ***shadow sphere*** *and the* ***light sphere****; both regions are separated by a barrier called the* ***threshold of consciousness****. The shadow sphere keeps a close conceptual relationship with the region of the psyche called the* ***Unconscious*** *that defines the* ***Analytical Psychology*** *of Dr.* ***C. G. Jung****. The light sphere is basically the sphere of consciousness, where the activity of the conscious animic subject discourses during wakefulness. The Ego, which is essentially a* ***volitive force****, has nothing to do with the temporal nature of the animic subject, yet it remains immersed in the latter, confused in its history, artificially* ***temporalized****, in a word,* ***asleep****. That is why the Hyperborean Wisdom clearly distinguishes between two forms of Ego: the* ***lost Ego*** *and the* ***awakened Ego****. The lost Ego is characteristic of the* ***sleeping man****, of the man astray in the Labyrinth of Illusion of the Great Deception: the* ***sleeping man*** *is that* ***animal-man*** *in whose Soul is enchained, without knowing it, an* ***Uncreated Spirit****.*

The awakened Ego, is proper to the ***awakened man****, that is to say, to the animal-man whose enchained Spirit has discovered the Deception and procures to find the way toward the Origin, the exit of the Labyrinth. The awakened man, the Hyperborean Initiate, is the one capable of acting according to the "strategic way of life" that the Blood Pact demands. That is to say, the one capable of applying the strategic principles of the* ***Occupation****, the* ***Fence****, and the* ***Strategic Wall****. With respect to the second principle, regarding the Regal Function, I said the Thirty-sixth Day: Philip IV will have to* ***"apply the principle of the Fence in the occupied royal space."*** *According*

*to this, it would seem that the principle of the Fence is exclusively in the awakened man, who would have to "**apply**" or "**project**" such principle into the occupied area; however, according to the Hermetic principle: "**The microcosm reflects the macrocosm**," a principle that, such as was seen in the exposition of Bera and Birsha, is also kabbalistic: **Adam HaRishon is the reflection of Adam Kadmon**; does this mean that the principle of the Fence must also be present in the macrocosm, for example as a **law of nature**? If it occurred this way, perhaps one would be able, at least in theory, to detect a certain **fence function** in certain characteristic phenomenon, which revealed to us through another way, this time external, the mentioned strategic principle. Although I can disclose that the result will be negative, it is convenient to examine such a possibility of external search, since its analysis will allow us to comprehend several gnoseological and cultural aspects that affect man.*

*If we accept the Hermetic principle of equivalence between macrocosm and microcosm, we will find it evident that **all** the laws of the macrocosm are reflected in analogous laws of the microcosm. But such a correspondence is far from being a mere passive reflection between structures. Man, **by discovering and formulating laws**, disequilibrates that relationship and assumes a prominent role. As a consequence of that dominant attitude, now appears, by separating the Ego from the macrocosm, a cultural model elaborated by a **cultural subject** based on principles and concepts of a **cultural structure**. In the Hyperborean Wisdom, Dr. Siegnagel, these three elements are defined and studied; synthetically, I will tell you that the "cultural subject" is only the animic subject when dynamically acting in a "cultural structure" constituted in the "shadow sphere" of the psyche; likewise, when the animic subject acts in the "rational sphere," it is called "rational subject"; and if it manifests in the "conscious sphere," "conscious subject"; but always, the Ego finds itself immersed in the animic subject or Soul, be its field of action rational, cultural, or conscious.*

*Thus, the principal responsible for the deformed vision that man has of himself and of the world is the "**cultural model**," given that it **interposes** itself between the macrocosm and the*

microcosm. The cultural model is a content of the cultural structure of a collective or sociocultural character; therefore, it consists of a systematic group of concepts, proposed by the cultural subject and translated to one or two customary languages, for example, mathematic and linguistic. In summary, the cultural model is comprised, normally, of mathematical principles and cultural premises. The Ego of man, when confused with the conscious subject, solidarily accepts the cultural objects that proceed from the intermediary cultural model as representations of external entities, as its truth, cultural objects of which significance has been proposed by the cultural subject as a premise in customary language.

Let us now examine what man understands by "law of nature." Without entering into complications, it can be affirmed that a law of nature is the mathematical quantification of a significant relationship between aspects or magnitudes of a phenomenon. Let us clarify this definition. Given a phenomenon, it is possible that one arrives to differentiate certain "aspects" of it through observation and empirical experimentation. If from among the various aspects that stand out, some of them turn out as "significantly related to each other," and if that relationship possesses statistical probability, that is to say, repeats itself a large number of times or is constant, then a "law of nature" can be enunciated. For it, it is necessary that the "aspects" of the phenomenon can be reduced to magnitudes in such a way that the "significant relationship" is reduced to a "relationship between magnitudes," that is to say, to a mathematical function. The "Laws" of physics have been deduced in a similar way.

The concept "law of nature" that I have presented is modern and aims at "controlling" the phenomenon rather than explaining it, following the current tendency that subordinates the scientific to the technological. Thus, we have phenomena "ruled" by ***eminent*** *laws to which are not only accepted as determinants but which are indissolubly incorporated into the phenomenon itself, forgetting, or simply ignoring, that they are rational quantifications. This is what happens, for example, when the phenomenon of an object that falls is noted and it is affirmed that such a thing has occurred because "the law*

of gravity acted." Here the "law of gravity" is eminent, and although "it is known that other laws exist" that "also intervene but with lesser intensity," it is blindly believed that the object, in its fall, ***obeys*** *the law of Newton and that this "law of nature" has been the* ***cause*** *of its displacement. However, the concrete fact is that the phenomenon* ***does not obey any eminent law****. The phenomenon simply occurs and there is nothing in it that intentionally points toward a law of nature, let alone an eminent law. The phenomenon is an inseparable part of a totality that is called "reality," or "the world," and that includes, in that characteristic,* ***all*** *phenomena, those that have already occurred and those that will occur. That is why, in reality, phenomena simply* ***occur****, succeeding, perhaps, some that have already occurred, or simultaneously with others similar to it. The phenomenon is only a part of that "phenomenic reality" that never loses its characteristic of totality: of a reality that is* ***not*** *expressed in terms of cause and effect in order to sustain the phenomenon; in short, of a reality in which the phenomenon* ***takes place*** *independently of whether or not its occurrence is significant to an observer and complies or not with eminent laws.*

Before addressing the problem of the "pre-eminence of cultural premises" in the rational evaluation of a phenomenon, it is convenient to strip this of any possibility that sets it apart from purely mechanical or evolutive determination, according to the "natural order." For it, I will establish, after a brief analysis, the difference between phenomena of a "first" or of a "second" degree of determination, an indispensable clarification, given that the eminent laws always correspond to phenomena of the first degree.

For the Gnostic, "the world" that surrounds us is nothing more than the ordination of matter effectuated by the Creator God, The One, in the beginning, and which we perceive in its temporal actuality. The Hyperborean Wisdom, mother of Gnostic thought, goes further by affirming that space, and all that it contains, is constituted by multiple associations of a single element called "archetypal ***quantum*** *energy," which constitutes a* ***physical terminus*** *of the archetypal monad, that*

is to say, of the absolute formative unity of the archetypal plane.

*These **quanta**, which are true archetypal atoms, **not** shapers or structurers of forms, possess, each one, an **indiscernible point** through which the pantheistic diffusion of the Creator is realized. That is to say that, thanks to a punctual system of polydimensional contact, the presence of the Demiurge becomes effectively present in every ponderable portion of matter, whatever its quality. This universal penetration, when being ascertained by persons in varying degrees of confusion, has led to the erroneous belief that "matter" is the very substance of The One. Such are the vulgar conceptions of the pantheistic systems or of those who allude to a "Spirit of the World" or "**Anima Mundi**," etc. In reality, matter has been "ordered" by the Creator and "impulsed" toward a **legal** development **in time**, from which evolutive force not even the smallest particle escapes (and in which the "human body," of course, takes part).*

*I have made this synthetic exposition of the "Hyperborean Physics" because it is necessary to distinguish two degrees of determinism. The world, just as I have recently described it, mechanically develops, oriented toward a finality; this is the **first degree** of determinism. In other words: a Plan exists, the models of which the "order" of the world adjusts to, and the designs of which the "order" of the world tends to; matter left to the mechanics of said order is **determined in the first degree**. But, as said plan is sustained by the Will of the Creator, and His Presence is effective in each portion of matter, as we have seen, it would be able to occur that He, **abnormally**, influenced some portion of reality **in another way**, either to **teleologically modify His Plan** or to **semiotically** express **His intention**, or for **strategic motives;** in that case we are before the **second degree** of determinism.*

*By "strategic motives," the following is meant: when the awakened man undertakes the Return to the Origin within the framework of a Hyperborean Strategy, He uses secret techniques that effectively enable Him to oppose the Plan. In these circumstances the Creator, **abnormally**, intervenes with all His Power in order to punish the intrepid one.*

*We can now distinguish between a **phenomenon of the first degree** and a **phenomenon of the second degree**, according to the degree of determination that its manifestation involves. It should be well understood that in this distinction, the emphasis is placed on **the different** manners with which the Demiurge can act on **the same** phenomenon. For example, in the phenomenon of a flowerpot falling from a balcony to the sidewalk, we cannot see anything other than a determination of the first degree; we say: "the law of gravity acted." But, if said flowerpot fell on the head of the awakened man, we can suppose a second determination or, rigorously, a "second intention"; we say: "the Will of the Creator acted."*

The first and second degree of determination of a phenomenon is also called, from another point of view, the First and Second intention of the Creator.

In general, every phenomenon is susceptible to manifest itself in a first and second degree of determination. Taking this into account, we will agree on the following: unless otherwise indicated, by "phenomenon," that determination of which is purely mechanical, that is to say, of the first degree, will be understood; otherwise it will be clarified, "second degree."

*All that remains, now that we distinguish between "the two degrees of the phenomenon," is to clarify the affirmation that I made at the beginning of this analysis, that every law of nature, including those eminent, describes the causal behavior of phenomena of the first degree of determination. It is easy to understand and accept this since when a determination of second degree intervenes in a phenomenon, the natural sense of mechanical enchainment has been temporarily alienated in favor of an irresistible Will. In that case the phenomenon will no longer be "natural" even if it appears to be, but will be endowed with a superimposed intentionality of clear **malicious character** for man.*

*On the other hand, the phenomenon of the first degree always manifests itself **complete in its functionality**, which is a direct expression of its essence, and to which it will always be possible to mathematically reduce to an infinite number of "laws of nature." When the phenomenon of the first degree is especially detected because of **one** law of nature, which is em-*

inent to one, since ***it highlights a certain*** *interesting* ***aspect****, it is evident that one is not dealing with the* ***complete*** *phenomenon but with said "aspect" of it. In such a case, one must accept the sad fact that only an Illusion will be perceived from the phenomenon. Sensorially mutilated, gnoseologically deformed, epistemologically masked, it should not be surprising that the Indo-Aryans qualified the ordinary perception of a phenomenon of the first degree as* ***Maya****, Illusion.*

I will now pose a question, the answer to which will enable us to face the problem of the "preeminence of cultural premises," based on the most recent conclusions: "if every phenomenon of the first degree necessarily appears complete (for example: at 6 a.m. 'the sun rises')," what is the specific reason that its apprehension through the intermediary of the "scientific or cultural model" prevents dealing with the phenomenon in its entirety, and circumscribes around partial aspects of it? (For example when we say: "the terrestrial rotation is the ***cause*** *that has produced the* ***effect*** *that the sun has become visible at 6 a.m. on the eastern horizon.") In this latest example, it is evident that by explaining the phenomenon through an "eminent law," one does no more than refer to certain partial aspects (the "terrestrial rotation"), leaving aside—not seeing—the phenomenon itself ("the Sun"). The answer to the posed question leads us to touch upon a fundamental principle of structural epistemological theory:* ***the relationship that is noticed between aspects of a phenomenon, mathematically quantifiable as a "law of nature," originates in the preeminence of cultural premises from which reason modifies the perception of the phenomenon itself****.*

Needless to say that this occurs because of the "masking" effect that reason causes in every image reflected by the conscious subject: reason "responds to the questioning," that is to say, to the flexions of the conscious subject, ***in which the lost Ego is immersed****. As if it was a fantasy, reason interprets and shapes a rational schema of the representation of the phenomenical entity, the schema of which the image is superimposed on the representation and masks it, endowing it with the propositional significance that the preeminent cultural premises determine.*

When a "scientific" observation of a phenomenon is made, the rational functions become preeminent to any perception, "highlighting" those interesting or useful aspects with eminence and "tarnishing" the rest (of the phenomenon). In this way, reason operates, as if masking the phenomenon, previously torn from the totality of the real, and presenting it with a "reasonable" and always comprehensible appearance in the ambit of human culture. Of course, no one cares that the phenomena are, from there, hidden behind their reasonable appearance; not if it is possible to make use of them, control them, harness their energy, and direct their forces. After all, a scientific-technological civilization is built ***on*** *phenomena and even* ***against*** *them; what does it matter if a rational vision of the world cuts out the perceived phenomena and confronts us with a* ***cultural reality****, the more artificial, the more blind we are? What does it matter, I repeat, when such gnoseological blindness is the price to be paid to enjoy the infinite variants that, in terms of enjoyment and comfort, scientific civilization offers? Perhaps some danger lurks that we cannot technically avert, we who have eliminated many and ancient illnesses, who have prolonged human life and created an urban habitat with a never-before-seen luxury?*

The danger exists, it is real, and threatens all those members of humanity who possess Hyperborean ancestors; the Hyperborean Wisdom calls it ***psychic phagocytation****. It is a psychic kind of danger and of a transcendent order that consists in the metaphysical annihilation of the consciousness, a possibility that can concretize in this or in another world, and at any time. The destruction of the consciousness happens by* ***satanic phagocytation****, that is to say, by assimilation of the* ***animic subject*** *to the substance of Jehovah Satan. When such catastrophe occurs, all possibility of transmutation and return to the Origin is completely lost.*

However, it is worth repeating that confusion is the principal impediment for the transmutation of the sleeping man into a Man of Stone. And, to the permanent confusion, contributes the gnoseological blindness that I was mentioning before, product of the modern rationalist mentality. One lives according to the standards of Western "Culture," which is materialis-

tic, rationalistic, scientific-technological, and amoral; thinking starts from preeminent cultural premises and conditions the vision of the world, turning it into pure appearance, without being noticed or having any idea of it. Culture, then, maintains confusion and prevents orienting oneself and marching toward the center of psychic reintegration, transmuting the sleeping man into a Man of Stone. Is it by chance that such a thing happens? I have said it many times: Culture is a strategic weapon, skillfully used by those who desire the perdition of the Hyperborean Inheritance.

It is verified, in this way, that the "intermediary cultural model," between the Ego and the macrocosm, makes it enormously difficult to find the principle of the fence in the world, as a law of nature.

Forty-fourth Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

The preceding complementary concepts have made manifest the fact that a "law of nature" originates in certain relationships that rational judgment establishes between significant aspects. My purpose is to make it clear that, although said aspects truly belong to the phenomenon, the relationship that gave rise to the eminent law has been created by reason and can in no way be attributed to the phenomenon itself. Reason, supported on preeminent cultural premises, utilizes the world as a ***projective or representational model*** *in such a way that any phenomenon expresses* ***correspondence*** *with an equivalent intellectual conception. In this way, man makes use of rational concepts of the phenomenon that have a weak connection with the phenomenon itself, with its truth.*

By effectuating reasoning and analysis on the basis of such concepts, error is added and the result cannot be other than the gradual immersion into irreality and confusion. This effect is sought by the Enemy, I have said. It will be seen later what the Hyperborean Wisdom teaches is the way to avoid it.

When mentioning, earlier, the Hermetic Principle, I said that all the laws of the macrocosm are reflected in equivalent laws of the microcosm. But "the laws of nature" of the macrocosm are but representations of a mathematical model originating in the human mind, that is to say, in the microcosm, as I have analyzed. In the process that gives rise to the "scientific idea" of a phenomenon, elements from two principal sources concur: the "mathematical principles" and the "preeminent cultural premises." The "mathematical principles" are archetypal, they come from hereditary psychological structures: when we "learn mathematics," for example, we only consciously actualize a finite number of formal systems that belong to the ambit of Culture, but the "mathematical principles" are not in truth "learned" but "discovered" since they constitute basic matrices of the brain's structure. The "preeminent cultural premises" arise from the ***totality*** *of the cultural elements, learned throughout life, which act as the content of the*

systems of the cultural structure and to which the cultural subject turns to formulate judgments.

The distinction that I have made between "mathematical principles" and "preeminent cultural premises," as two principal sources that intervene in the mental act of formulating a "law of nature," makes it possible to expose one of the most effective tactics that the Creator uses to keep men in confusion and how the Loyal Gods counteract it, charismatically inducing these to discover and apply the "law of the fence." That is why I have insisted so much on analysis: because we are before one of the most important principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom and, also, one of the enemy's best-kept secrets.

When the principle that says "for the Synarchy, Culture is a strategic weapon" is met, usually one thinks that this refers to "Culture" as something "external," proper to the conduct of man in society and the influence that it exerts on him. This error comes from an incorrect comprehension of the Synarchy, to which is supposed to be a mere "political organization," and of the role it plays in the Plan of the terrestrial Demiurge, Jehovah Satan. The truth is that man procures to orient himself toward the Origin and does not achieve it because of the state of confusion in which he finds himself; to keep him in that state, Culture contributes as an enemy strategic weapon, but if this attack came solely from the exterior, that is to say, from society, it would be enough to distance oneself from it, to make oneself a hermit, to neutralize its effects. However, it is sufficiently proven that solitude is not enough to avoid confusion and that, on the contrary, this usually increases in the most hermetic retreat, being very probable that by this way one loses reason long before encountering the Origin. They are the interior cultural elements that confuse, divert, and accompany man at every moment. That is why the awakened Ego must ***previously*** *liberate itself from the obstacle that cultural elements impose if it intends to bridge the distance that separates it from the Origin.*

An Ego stripped of every moral, of every dogma, indifferent to the deceptions of the world but open to the memory of blood, will be able to gallantly march toward the Origin and no force in the universe will be capable of stopping it.

It is a beautiful image, that of the man who intrepidly advances, enveloped in warlike furor, without the Demons able to stop him. We will always present it; but, it will be asked, how is it possible to acquire such a degree of purity? Because the normal state of man, at this stage of the Kaly Yuga, is confusion. I will now explain, in response to so sensible a question, the tactics of the Loyal Gods to ***orient*** *the spiritual men and neutralize the effect of synarchic Culture.*

In the sleeping man, the Ego is subject to reason. It is the rudder that guides the course of his thoughts from which he would not deviate for anything in the world; outside of reason are fear and madness. But reason operates from cultural elements; it has already been seen in what manner the "preeminent cultural premises" participate in the formulation of a "law of nature." So the yoke that the Enemy has tightened around the Ego is formidable. One could say, in a figurative sense, that the Ego is a ***prisoner*** *of reason and its allies, the cultural premises, and all would comprehend the meaning of this figure. This is because a clear analogical correspondence exists between the Ego, in the sleeping man, and the concept of "captivity." For this reason I will next expound an* ***allegory****, in which the highlighted correspondence will become evident, which will later allow to comprehend the secret strategy that the Loyal Gods practice to counteract* ***the cultural weapon*** *of the Synarchy.*

I will begin presenting the allegory by fixing the attention on a man, whom they have taken prisoner and condemned, in an unappealable manner, to perpetual reclusion. He is unaware of this sentence, as well as of any information coming from the exterior world subsequent to his capture, for it has been decided to keep him indefinitely incommunicado. For it, he has been locked away in an inaccessible tower that is surrounded by walls, abysses, and moats, and where any attempt to escape is apparently impossible. A garrison of enemy soldiers, whom it is not possible to address without receiving some punishment, are permanently in charge of keeping watch on the tower; they are merciless and cruel, but terribly efficient and loyal: do not even think of buying off or deceiving them. Under these conditions, much hope that the prisoner

will ever regain his freedom does not seem to exist. And, nevertheless, the real situation is quite another. While ***outward*** *from the Tower the exit is cut off by walls, moats, and soldiers,* ***from within*** *it is possible to go directly to the exterior, without stumbling upon any obstacle. How? By means of* ***a secret exit*** *to which access is cleverly concealed in the floor of the cell. Naturally, the prisoner is unaware of the existence of this passageway, nor do his jailers know of it.*

Let us now suppose that, either because he has been convinced that it is impossible to escape, or because he is unaware of his captive status, or for any other reason, the prisoner shows no predisposition for escape: he manifests neither valor nor daring and, of course, does not seek the secret exit; he has simply resigned himself to his precarious situation. Undoubtedly his worst enemy is his own negative attitude since, keeping the desire to escape alive, or even, if he experienced the ***nostalgia*** *for the lost freedom, he would be looking around in his cell where, at least, a one-in-a-million possibility exists of finding the secret exit by chance. But that is not the way it is and the prisoner, in* ***his confusion****, has adopted a placid conduct that, as the months and years go by, becomes more and more pusillanimous and idiotic.*

Having surrendered to his fate, the captive could only hope for an exterior help, which can only consist in the ***revelation of the secret exit****. But it is not so simple to expose the problem, since the prisoner does not want it or does not know that he can escape, as I have said. Two things must, then, be fulfilled: 1º) Getting him to come to terms with his condition as a prisoner, as a person whose freedom they have* ***taken away****, and, as far as possible,* ***remember the golden days*** *when neither cells nor chains were existing. It is necessary that he become aware of his miserable situation and ardently desires to get out, previously to: 2º) Revealing to him the existence of the* ***only possibility of escape****. Because it would be enough, now that the prisoner desires to escape, just* ***as long as he hears of the existence*** *of the secret exit; he will seek and find it by himself.*

Posed like this, the problem seems very difficult to solve: it is necessary to wake him up, to ***awaken him*** *from his lethargy,*

***orient him**, and then **reveal to him** the secret. That is why it is time to ask ourselves: is there anyone willing to help the miserable prisoner? And if there were, how would he manage to fulfill the two conditions of the problem?*

*I must declare that, fortunately, there are other persons who love and procure to help the prisoner. They are those who share his ethnicity and inhabit a country very, very far away, which is at war with the Nation that imprisoned him. But they cannot attempt any military action to liberate him due to the reprisals that the Enemy would be able to take on the countless captives that they hold in their terrible prisons, in addition to that of the tower. It is then a matter of directing the help in the foreseen way: **to wake him up**, **orient him**, and **reveal to him the secret**.*

*To do so, it is necessary to arrive to him, but how to do so if he has been locked away in the heart of a fortified citadel, saturated with enemies on permanent alert? One must discard the possibility of infiltrating a spy due to the insuperable **ethnic differences**: a German would not be able to infiltrate as a spy in the Chinese army in the same way that a Chinese would not be able to spy on the barracks of the ϟϟ. Unable to enter into the prison and without the possibility of buying off or deceiving the guards, **delivering a message to the prisoner** remains the only recourse left.*

*However, sending a message seems to be as difficult as introducing a spy. In effect, in the improbable case that a diplomatic maneuver would obtain authorization to present the message and the promise that it would be delivered to the prisoner, it would be of no use because the very fact that it would have to go through seven levels of security, where it would be censored and mutilated, makes this possibility completely useless. Moreover, by such a **legal route** (prior authorization), the condition would be imposed that the message be written in a clear language and accessible to the Enemy, who would then censor part of its content and change the terms to avoid a possible second cyphered message. And let us not forget that the secret of the hidden exit interests the prisoner who finds out about it as much as the Enemy who ignores it. And the first thing: what to say in a mere message to get the prisoner to*

***wake up**, to **orient** himself, to understand that **he must** escape? No matter how much we think about it, it will become evident in the end that the message **must be clandestine** and that it **cannot be written**. Neither can it be **optical** due to the fact that the small window in his cell allows him to observe only one of the interior courtyards, to where signals from the exterior of the prison do not usually reach.*

*Under the conditions that I have presented, it is certainly not evident how his **Kameraden** can come up with a solution to the problem and help the prisoner to escape. Perhaps it will come to light if one bears in mind that, in spite of all the precautions taken by the Enemy to keep the captive disconnected from the exterior world, they **were not able to acoustically isolate him**. (For this they would have had to keep him, like **Kaspar Hauser**, in a soundproof cell.)*

*I will now show, as an epilogue, the way chosen by the Kameraden to offer effective help; a help so that 1º) **he wakes up** and 2º) **it reveals the secret**, to the prisoner, **orienting him toward freedom**.*

*When deciding on an acoustic way to get the message across, the Kameraden understood that they were having a great advantage: **the Enemy ignores the original language of the prisoner**. It is then possible to transmit the message simply, without double meaning, taking advantage of the fact that it **will not be understood by the Enemy**. With this conviction, the Kameraden did the following: several of them climbed a nearby mountain and, equipped with an enormous conch, which allows to greatly amplify the sound of the voice, they began to emit the message. They uninterruptedly did it, for years, for they had sworn not to abandon the attempt as long as the prisoner was not once again free. And the message descended from the mountain, crossed the fields and rivers, went through the walls and invaded every corner of the prison. The enemies were at first surprised, but, as that language was not meaning anything to them, they took the musical sound for the song of some fabulous and distant bird, and finally they ended up accustomed to it and forgot it. But what was the message saying?*

It consisted of two parts. First, the Kameraden were singing a ***children's song****. It was a song* ***that the prisoner had heard many times during his childhood****, back, in the* ***golden homeland****, when the black days of war were still far away and perpetual captivity could only be a nightmare impossible to dream. Oh, what sweet memories that melody was evoking! What Spirit, no matter how dormant it was, would not wake up, feeling eternally young, upon hearing again the primordial songs, those that it heard enraptured in the happy days of childhood, and that, without knowing how, were transformed into an ancient and mysterious dream? Yes, the prisoner, no matter how dormant his Spirit was, no matter how much forgetfulness had closed his senses, would end up awakening and remembering! He would feel the nostalgia of his distant homeland, he would ascertain his humiliating situation, and he would understand that only he who has an infinite valor, an intrepidness without limits, would be able to perform the feat of escape.*

If such was the feeling of the prisoner, then the second part of the message will give him ***the key*** *to find the secret exit.*

Observe that I have said ***the key*** *and not* ***the secret exit****. Because it happens that by means of the key the prisoner* ***will have to look for*** *the secret exit, a task that should not be so difficult considering the reduced dimensions of the cell. But, as soon as he finds it, he will have to complete his feat by* ***descending*** *to incredible profundities, crossing corridors plunged into impenetrable darkness and* ***climbing****, finally, to remote summits: such is the complicated trajectory of the enigmatic secret exit. However,* ***he is already saved*** *at the very moment that* ***he initiates the return****, and nothing or no one will be able to stop him.*

We only need, to complete the epilogue of the allegory, to say a word about the second part of the acoustic message, that which held the key to the secret. It was also a song. A curious song that was narrating the story of a forbidden and sublime love between a Knight and a Dame already betrothed. Consumed by a hopeless passion, the Knight had embarked on a long and dangerous journey through distant and unknown lands, during which, he became skillful in the Art of War. At

first, he tried to forget his beloved, but after many years, and having ascertained that the memory was always keeping itself alive in his heart, he understood that he would have to live eternally enslaved to the impossible love. Then he made himself a promise: no matter the adventures that he had to go through on his long path, or the joys and misfortunes that they entailed, interiorly he would stay faithful to his hopeless love with religious devotion, and no circumstance would be able to move him away from his firm determination.

And like this, the song was ending: remembering that in some place on Earth, now converted into a monk warrior, the valorous Knight marches, equipped with a powerful sword and a lively steed, but carrying, hanging from his neck, a bag that contains the proof of his drama, the ***key*** *of his secret of love:* ***the Wedding Ring*** *that will never be worn by his Dame.*

Contrarily to the children's song of the first part of the message, this one was not producing an immediate nostalgia but a sentiment of modest curiosity in the prisoner. By listening, coming from who knows where, in his ancient native tongue, the story of the gallant Knight, so strong and valorous, so ***complete*** *in battle, and yet so sweet and melancholic, so interiorly* ***torn*** *by the Memory of A-mort, the captive was feeling himself prey to that modest curiosity that children experience when they sense the promises of sex or intuit the mysteries of love. We can imagine the prisoner pondering, perplexed by the enigma of the evocative song! And we can suppose, too, that he will finally find a* ***key*** *in that* ***Wedding Ring****... which according to the song would never be used in any wedding. By induction, the idea of the* ***ring*** *will lead him to seek and find the secret exit.*

This is the allegory. We must now emphasize the analogical relationships that link the prisoner with the Ego of the sleeping man.

Forty-fifth Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

o that the analogical relationship may be clearly evidenced, I will proceed according to the following method: first, I will affirm a premise with respect to the allegorical story of the "prisoner"; secondly, I will affirm a premise related to an analogous situation in the sleeping man; thirdly, ***I will compare*** *both premises and extract the* ***conclusion****, that is to say,* ***I will demonstrate*** *the analogy. It is understood that I cannot present* ***the totality*** *of the correspondences without the risk of indefinitely extending myself. Therefore, I will only highlight those relationships that are indispensable for my exposition and I will leave, as an exercise of imagination, Dr. Siegnagel, the possibility of establishing many others.*

Just remember that in the sleeping man, the lost Ego is immersed in the conscious animic subject, that is to say, confused with the evolutive animic subject or Soul. Here I have preferred to consider the lost Ego directly linked to ***reason****, that is to say, to the* ***rational*** *animic subject, by virtue of this being the subject who is closest to the World and who first receives the impressions of external entities. By "reason," in any case, it is to be understood, "the evolutive animic subject" proper to the animal-man, who evolves by the confused action of the Ego, that manifestation of the enchained Spirit.*

I.

a. The prisoner is at the mercy of his guardians, those who keep him in perpetual captivity.

b. The Ego, of the sleeping man, is a perpetual prisoner of "reason," that is to say, of the evolutive animic subject.

c. The "prisoner" and the Ego are analogous.

2.

a. The "guardians" are the dynamic intermediaries, miserly for certain, between the "prisoner" and the "exterior world."

b. "Reason" is the dynamic intermediary, very poor, between the Ego and the "exterior world" (in the sleeping man).

c. The "guardians" and "reason" are analogous (remember that when reason elaborates a "law of nature," "mathematical principles" and "preeminent cultural premises" intervene).

3.

a. The "guardians" use a "language of their own," different from the language of the prisoner, which he has forgotten.

b. "Reason" uses logical modalities, different from the original "Primordial Hyperborean Language" of the sleeping man, which he has forgotten due to his strategic confusion.

c. The guardians' own language is analogous to the logical modalities of the cultural structure.

The "native language" of the prisoner is analogous to the "Hyperborean language" of the sleeping man.

4.

a. The first environment of the "prisoner" is his "cell" of the tower, which almost completely contains him with the exception of the openings (door and window) through where the senses can only very weakly extend.

b. The first environment of the Ego is the "shadow sphere," which almost completely contains it.

c. The "cell" of the tower is analogous to the shadow sphere of the sleeping man.

5.

a. In the "cell" there is a "barred window," by means of which the prisoner obtains a precarious but "direct" image of the exterior world.

b. Establishing a permanent contact with the Ego is the "sensorial sphere," by means of which it obtains a precarious but "direct" image of the exterior world.

c. The "barred window" is analogous to the "sensorial sphere" (or "the senses") in the sleeping man.

6.

a. In the cell there is a "barred door," through which the guards enter, and with them the censored news, that is to say, by where the prisoner obtains an "indirect" image of the external world.

b. The Ego can form an "indirect" image of the exterior world through "reflection," that is to say, the act by which the "reasoned" information is received.

c. The "barred door" is analogous to the act of reflecting or perceiving.

7.

a. The cell of the "prisoner" is in a "tower" and this in a "walled courtyard." Surrounding the walls are "deep moats," and then other walls, and other moats; and so on until completing seven rounds of walls and moats. The seven circuits of security of this formidable "prison" are connected to each other by "drawbridges," "corridors," "gates," "rising grates," etc. Beyond the last wall extends the "exterior world," the country of the Enemy. In synthesis: the "prison" is a static structure that is interposed between the prisoner and the exterior world.

b. Between the Ego and the exterior world is interposed a complex static structure called "cultural." "Reason," to make the information of the exterior world "reasonable," relies on certain elements of said static or "cultural" structure, for example, the "preeminent cultural premises," which signify

concepts about the perceptions of external cultural entities or objects.

c. *The "prison" is analogous to the "cultural structure." Also: certain parts of the "prison," walls, moats, bridges, etc., are analogous to certain parts of the "cultural structure," that is, the "preeminent cultural premises."*

Keep in mind, Dr. Siegnagel, that, in the allegory, both the "guardians" and the "prison" are intermediaries between the prisoner and the exterior world. But the "guardians" are "dynamic" intermediaries (analogous to "reason" in the sleeping man) whereas the "prison" is a "static" intermediary (analogous to the "cultural structure" of the sleeping man).

8.

a. *Beyond the last wall of the prison extends the "exterior world," that reality that can never be seen by the "prisoner" due to the fact that the structure of the "prison" limits his movement and that a permanent "guard" makes sure that such a situation is maintained.*

b. *The Ego, in the sleeping man, is habitually submerged in the profundities of the cultural structure, floating lost among its artificial and static elements and at the mercy of the implacable tyranny that reason exerts. The cultural structure completely surrounds the Ego, except for a few cracks where the "sensorial sphere" dimly peeks through. Beyond the cultural structure, as the object of the instinctive and sensorial spheres, extends the "exterior world," the reality that will never be able to "be seen" (in its truth, "just as it is") by the lost Ego.*

c. *The "exterior world" beyond the prison is analogous to the "exterior world" beyond the "cultural structure" that subdues the Ego in the sleeping man.*

9.

a. On a nearby mountain, the Kameraden try to help the "prisoner" escape from the "prison." For it, they send a message, in their native language, using the acoustic medium. In said message, there is a "children's song," to "awaken" the prisoner, and a "love song," with the "ring key," so that he searches for the secret exit and escapes.

b. In a hidden "center" called Agartha, the Loyal Gods try to help the sleeping men to break the chains that keep them subject to the material world of the Demiurge. For it, they charismatically send a message in the "language of the birds," using the Vrunes of Navutan. In said message there is a "primordial memory," to awaken and orient man, and a "Song of A-mort," with the "ring key," so that he searches for the center, returns to the Origin, and abandons, as a God, the material Hell of Jehovah Satan.

c. Many analogies, between "a" and "b," can be established. I will only highlight the most important: the Kameraden are analogous to the Liberating Gods.

I believe that the nine preceding arguments constitute an efficacious demonstration of the analogical correspondence that exists between the "allegory" and the situation of the sleeping man. But this is not all. I have reserved three components of the allegory, the children's song, the Song of A-mort, the secret exit, to effectuate a last analogical correspondence and extract the final conclusion.

As the validity of the existent analogical relationship has been evidenced in the preceding arguments, it will not be necessary to recur to the same method in the next commentary: I will consider the analogies that I mention as proven.

I will now recall the motives that led me to expound the allegory. I was proposing to show, in an analogical manner, the method used by the Loyal Gods to counteract the action of "Culture," the strategic weapon of the Synarchy. I previously clarified that the true instrument that the Synarchy uses to keep man "asleep," that is to say, in confusion, are the "interior cultural elements." In this state, the Ego is subjected to reason by the cultural structure, the source from which, finally, all

mental activity is nourished. Thus it occurs that the Ego, that is to say, the present consciousness of man, is "directed toward" the world through the cultural structure "by" reason; the result, I said it several times, is a deformed image of the world and a state of psychic confusion that enormously hinders the "strategic reorientation" of man. Against this situation the Loyal Gods, just like the Kameraden of the allegory, are ready to come in aid, "sending a message."

*The principal objective is to "circumvent all the walls" and arrive to the prisoner, the Ego, with a message of double significance: 1º) to awaken; 2º) to orient. For that, the Loyal Gods charismatically "transmit the message," **for many millennia**; some hear it, wake up, and depart; others, most, continue in confusion. Of course, it is not easy to recognize the message because it has been emitted in the language of the birds... and its sounds can only be perceived with the Pure Blood.*

*Is it clear then? The message of the Loyal Gods permanently resounds in the blood of sleeping men. Whoever does not hear it is because he suffers from strategic confusion or is unaware of its existence, which is the same thing. But how **should** the charismatic message fulfill its function? In two steps. Firstly, the Gods **speak**, in the blood of man, of a primordial memory, of something that occurred **at the beginning of Time when the Spirit had not yet been captured by the Gods of Matter**. How the Gods manage to do it is a very great Mystery, to which only They can respond. This "primordial memory," the "children's song" of the allegory, has been induced with the purpose that it "activates" the Blood Memory proper to the sleeping man.*

If such a thing occurs, then the sleeping man will experience a sudden "nostalgia for another world," a desire to "leave it all and depart." Technically it signifies that the Blood Memory has arrived "there where the lost Ego was": over the conscious subject. Such a contact, between the Ego and the Blood Memory, is realized independently of cultural structure and reason; and that is the objective sought by the Loyal Gods. It has then been possible to arrive at the core of the Ego, by way of the blood; it will be then, in that fleeting moment, when the "Song of A-mort" will be heard.

I will now speak of the second part of the message, which I have allegorically called, "Song of A-mort." First of all I will say that such a name is not capricious, since the Hyperborean Wisdom teaches that, ***from its Origin in the physical Universe****, that is to say, from its synchronization with Time,* ***the Spirit remains enchained to Matter by a Mystery of A-mort****. When the Blood Memory, activated by the first part of the message,* ***opens a path*** *(not rational; not cultural)* ***toward the Ego****, then the Loyal Gods* ***sing the Song of A-mort****, they make man participate in the Mystery. If his blood is sufficiently pure enough so that the charismatic message can be conscientialized, then man has the possibility of "orienting" himself toward the Origin and remaining definitively "awakened."*

The Mystery of A-mort can only be revealed by the Pure Blood, interiorly, in a transcendent contact with the Ego that is realized without intervention from cultural or rational categories. It is, therefore, an ***absolutely individual*** *experience, unique to each man. Whoever knows the secrets of the Mystery of A-mort is a* ***transmuted*** *Hyperborean Initiate, that is to say, an Immortal Man of Stone.*

The Mystery of A-mort is a personal discovery, I repeat, unique to each man ***about the Truth of his own Fall****. No one can know this secret and continue the same. And no one, much less, would dare to speak of it once the Supreme Experience has taken place. On the contrary, many times the lips are sealed forever, the eyes shut, and the ears closed. The hairs that turn white are not few, no less the minds that sink into the darkness of madness. Because only an infinite valor can sustain, alive and sane, that one who has seen the Deception of the Origins and has comprehended, at last, the Truth of his Fall. The weight of the secret being so terrible, it is understood why I say that there can never be, in the world, an indication of the Mystery of A-mort, and only someone irresponsible or mad would affirm the contrary. The Hyperborean Wisdom provides* ***techniques of blood purification*** *that aim to* ***bring the Mystery closer****. But the Mystery, in itself, is interiorly discovered, is unique to each man, and* ***it is not advisable to speak of it****. At the most, a few suggestions can be offered, like*

those that I expounded the Eighth and Ninth Days when narrating the Ritual of the Cold Fire.

The allegorical story of the prisoner has allowed me to present, in a simple way, the method used by the Loyal Gods to guide the sleeping men. The charismatic message manages, if it is heard, to "awaken" man, putting him in contact with his Blood Memory. It then makes him participate in the Mystery of A-mort, the Supreme Experience that ***nullifies****, as we said, the cultural Strategy of the Synarchy. But* ***it is not possible*** *to know what the Mystery of A-mort consists in until having individually lived it. There are only the* ***general indications*** *that* ***those who have transmuted and departed*** *have left. Based on such indications, it can be affirmed that the Mystery of A-mort is experienced by man in* ***seven different manners*** *and that that, precisely, is the reason why the Hyperborean Wisdom foresees seven initiatic ways of liberation.*

According to the mode in which the Mystery of A-mort has been gnostically perceived will be the Way of Liberation adopted and that is why a "Way of Mutation" or "of Lightning"; a "Dry Way" or "Right-Hand Path"; a "Wet Way" or "Left-Hand Path"; a "Way of Strategic Opposition" or "Way of Warrior Gnosis for Absolute Orientation"; etc., are usually spoken of.

*I will not speak, of course, of all the ways of liberation but of the one that has a special relationship with this story, that is to say, the "****Way of Strategic Opposition****," which was followed by the House of Tharsis. But the Way of Strategic Opposition is the ultimate interpretation of the ancient Mystery of the Labyrinth, founded by Navutan after the sinking of Atlantis: to the House of Tharsis, the second part of the Song of A-mort,* ***which was "heard" during the Ritual of the Cold Fire****, revealed the Mystery of the Labyrinth as a way of individual liberation. It is worth saying that the Seigniors of Tharsis,* ***always****, understood the Mystery of the Labyrinth when transmuting themselves into Men of Stone. With respect to the allegory of the imprisoned Ego, one must understand that* ***the solution of Navutan to the Mystery of the Labyrinth****, to the Mystery of spiritual enchainment, to the Mystery of Death, is analogous to* ***the solution of the Song of***

***A-mort**: it consists in a way to 1º) to awaken; 2º) to orient. Such a mode is what, as of late, is called "Way of the Strategic Opposition" and that includes, necessarily, the use of the Vrunes and the principle of the fence.*

*In the allegory, the second part of the message was quite extensive because it was also referring to "the other ways" of liberation that can "open" the Mystery of A-mort. But the prisoner has found the key in the **Wedding Ring** and this signifies, analogically, that he has opted for the Way of Strategic Opposition. The message has arrived to him "acoustically," that is to say, gnostically, and, upon becoming aware of its content, by means of the revealed key, he finds, in the cell, **a ring**, which allows him **to open the secret exit**.*

*The "cell," according to argument 4, is analogous to the shadow sphere. But, as a substratum of the shadow sphere, the cultural structure is found: a "concealed" **ring** on the floor of the cell undoubtedly corresponds to a **mathematical principle**, to an archetypal symbol integrated, "concealed," in the schema of a Relationship.*

*The allegory allows us to comprehend, then, that the Liberating Gods, with their charismatic message, reveal a mathematical principle that was remaining unconscious in the cultural structure, to which we call the "**principle of the fence**." Hence:*

10.

*c. The "Ring" in the cell of the prisoner is analogous to the "principle of the fence," a mathematical principle, or Collective Archetype, that was remaining unconscious in the sleeping man and that the message of the Liberating Gods **un-covers**.*

I demonstrated, days ago, that in the mental process that gives rise to the "scientific idea" of a phenomenon, elements from two principal sources concur: the "mathematical principles" and the "preeminent cultural premises." This is principally verified when formulating a "law of nature," which explains the behavior of a phenomenon by establishing causal relationships between aspects of it. I will give a simple example: one wishes to "measure" the side of a regular polyhedron.

Here the phenomenon is a body with the form of a regular polyhedron, that is, a "phenomenic entity." For it, one takes the "graduated ruler," that is to say, a flat surface on which are engraved units of length and of which we are sure that one of its sides is perfectly straight. The zero of the ruler is made to coincide with the "beginning" of the side that we are going to measure. It is now observed that the "end" of the side coincides with the number five on the ruler and it is affirmed without further ado that "on the polyhedron, the side measures five centimeters." A series of subjective operations has been carried out, as will be seen, the conclusions of which, however, can be confirmed by other observers; this possibility of verification is what gives weight of a "law of nature" to the mentioned fact.

But it occurs that on the ruler, which is believed to be numbered, in reality are engraved signs that ***represent*** *numbers, not numbers in themselves. The numbers are mathematical principles proper to the cultural structure, in other words, subjective elements, which intervene in the act of "recognizing that the limit of the side coincides with the sign 5." If one says "it measures five centimeters," the affirmation of an empirical quality is being performed: "a proportion exists (that is, a mathematical relationship) between the length of the side of the polyhedron and the length of the terrestrial meridian." This proportion is fixed or* ***constant*** *(= 5 cm) and constitutes a "relationship between aspects of a phenomenon," in other words, a "law of nature."*

The ***centimeter*** *equals one hundredth of a meter and this to the ten-millionth part of a quarter of the terrestrial meridian.*

The phenomenic entity presented itself ***complete****, integral in its manifestation. However, it is not possible to apprehend it in its totality; as soon as it is observed,* ***a part*** *of it becomes eminent, standing out and emphasizing itself above* ***other aspects****. The* ***unity*** *of the phenomenon has been broken in favor of the* ***plurality*** *of qualities that one is able to attribute to it. Two square faces are distinguished, and on each face,* ***four*** *edges and* ***four*** *angles, etc. Then the* ***measurement*** *of an edge or side is performed and a "law of nature" is established: "the length of the side is proportional to the length of the terrestrial meridian and its ratio is 5 cm."*

In this operation just described, the "mathematical principles" (when ***two*** *faces,* ***four*** *edges, etc., are distinguished) and the "preeminent cultural premises" (when the face, the side, or any other quality became "eminent") have intervened. The two sources concur in the rational act of "relating" (measuring) aspects of the phenomenon and postulating a "law of nature" (it measures 5 cm) that can be universally verified.*

I hope I have made it clear that ***mathematical principles*** *(the* ***one****, the* ***two****, the* ***square****, etc.), by being intrinsic properties of the mental structure,* ***intervene a priori*** *in the formulation of a law of nature. As for the "numbers" of the world, those that appear engraved on the graduated ruler, are only* ***cultural signs of representation*** *to which are distinguished thanks to conventional learning. There were ancient peoples who were representing numbers with nodes or ideograms; it is presumable that an instrument of measurement composed from a stick on which hieroglyphics have been engraved, would not signify, in principle, anything to us if we are unable to "read" the signs, that is to say, to realize the numerical representations.*

The epistemological analysis on the mode in which man establishes a law of nature has to inevitably lead to the conclusion that it would be impossible for the principle of the fence to be located in the world as a property of the entities and to be formulated in a sociocultural language. On the contrary, what can occur, in any case, is that the principle of the fence is projected, consciously or unconsciously, onto a phenomenon and is then discovered, in it, as an eminent relationship between qualities; naturally, the complexity with which the principle of the fence is empirically recognized and introjected into the psychic structure will depend on the type of phenomenon represented.

In summary, the "principle of the fence," uncovered to the consciousness by the message of the Loyal Gods, is also a mathematical principle and will intervene ***"a priori"*** *in every phenomenic perception as such. The natural numbers (which are in the mind) allow to "count" (one, two) the halves of that apple (which is in the world). The principle of the fence (which is in the mind) enables to apply the "law of the fence"*

onto that phenomenon (which is in the world). I have come a long way to arrive at this conclusion. I will express it now in a general manner: ***the principle of the fence will make possible the determination of the law of the fence in every phenomenon and in any relationship between phenomena.***

But the principle of the fence is, generally, unconscious and only those who manage to hear the message of the Loyal Gods can incorporate it into the conscious sphere. And only they, the awakened men, will be able to apply the law of the fence in a warlike Strategy that ensures the Return to the Origin.

Earlier I mentioned the ***solution of Navutan to the Mystery of the Labyrinth*** *and I said that it includes the use of the Vrunes and the principle of the fence. I will now add that said solution, called* ***Tirodinguiburr****, is translated into the* ***Archemonic Technique of the Hyperborean Wisdom****. Such technique, which is indispensable to master in the "strategic way of life," enables to define in the Universe a "strategic Fence," to which I referred the Third and Thirty-sixth Days. Well, according to the Hyperborean Wisdom,* ***every strategic Fence is technically an "Archemon" or "infinite Fence."*** *In other words, the awakened man discovers the principle of the fence and projects it into the World:* ***it is not sufficient to constitute a strategic Fence;*** *the principle of the fence is a mathematical principle and, therefore, is an* ***archetypal*** *element, that is to say,* ***created by The One: an element created by The One to try to isolate itself from the Strategy of The One would be wrongly utilized;*** *one must* ***modify****, then, the law of the fence to obtain the desired isolating effect; in what form?* ***Indeterminating*** *or making the actual fence* ***infinite;*** *it is achieved with the use of the Uncreated Vrunes:* ***the inclusion of the Uncreated Vrune in the law of the fence produces the "strategic Fence," the infinite Fence within which it is possible to practice the strategic way of life and carry out a Strategy to Return to the Origin.***

The Way of Strategic Opposition is applicable for every awakened man who has a strategic Fence and a ***Lapis Oppositionis.*** *This last element is just a* ***Stone of Opposition****, that is to say, a Stone that represents the Strategic Opposition to The One and* ***against whom is carried out the Strategic Opposi-***

***tion that allows to approach, inversely, the Origin**. The **Lapis Oppositionis** is situated **outside of the Archemon**, facing the **infinite point of the strategic Fence**: when the Hyperborean Initiate effectuates the Strategic Opposition, the interior of the Archemon becomes a liberated plaza, with a **Space** and a **Time** of its own, independent of the space-time of the Created Universe; thus **isolated**, without abandoning the Strategic Opposition at any time, the Initiate **advances** without obstacle toward the Origin, **exits** the Labyrinth, **liberates himself** from the material prison.*

*I will clarify the etymological significance of the word Archemon and the philosophical meaning that it denotes in the Hyperborean Wisdom. Archemon, first of all, is a word comprised of two Greek vocables, arkhé, **principle**, and monas, **unity**. Initiation through the Archemonic Technique allows to arrive at a **single principle** of the psyche, that is to say, at the egoic individuation of the Selbst, from where it is feasible to experience the absolute possibility of the Spirit in the Origin: such is the Hyperborean meaning of Archemon.*

*For the Men of Stone, Hyperborean Initiates of the House of Tharsis, the "world" in which daily life occurs is simply a "battlefield," an **Arena** occupied by mortal enemies whom one must combat without truce, since they "cut off the way Back to the Origin," "obstruct the withdrawal," and intend to "reduce man to the most vile slavery," which is "the submission of the Eternal Spirit to matter," its "enchainment to the evolutive Plan of the Universe, created by the Demiurge and His court of Demons." The world is, then, for the Men of Stone, the **Valplads**.*

*In Nordic mythology and in the **Eddas**, the Valplads is the battlefield where Wothan chooses those who die fighting for Honor, Truth, in short, for the Virtues of the Spirit. The House of Tharsis, basing itself on the Hyperborean Wisdom, was extending the Valplads concept to all the "world." But the "world" is the macrocosm, within which subsists the potential microcosm of the awakened man; the reality of that "world," which surrounds the awakened man as the Valplads, is Maya, the Illusion of the Great Deception. When the awakened man has situated himself in his Archemon and liberates his interior*

plaza through Strategic Opposition, indeterminating or turning infinite the actual fence, the ***Lapis Oppositionis*** *that is found in the Valplads, it is said that its place constitutes the* ***Fenestra Infernalis*** *of the Archemon, the infinite point of the Strategic Fence: the Fenestra Infernalis is the point of closest approximation between the liberated plaza and the Valplads, and in front of it the awakened man and the Demiurge confront each other Face to Face, two Total Strategies are confronted, the Hyperborean and the Satanic.*

As a final reflection with respect to the allegory, I will say that when the prisoner "pulls on the ring" and discovers the secret exit, he is effectuating an action analogous to when "the awakened man" applies the law of the fence, according to the Archemonic Technique, and univocally and irreversibly "opens" a way toward the Origin.

The method that the Loyal Gods use to counteract "Culture," the enemy strategic weapon, has been explained. They send Their message that aims to ***awaken*** *in man the Blood Memory and* ***orient him*** *toward the Origin, his "secret exit." For the latter, they induce him to discover the "principle of the fence" and to apply, then, the "Archemonic Technique."*

The principle of the fence ***is infallible*** *for the proposed strategic ends and can be applied individually as well as collectively. History abounds in examples of men who have applied techniques based on the Hyperborean Wisdom to immortalize themselves as Gods or to lead a people of Pure Blood toward collective mutation; as proof of these glorious actions, numerous constructions of stone have remained today that no one understands because for it one would have to possess a vision founded on the principle of the fence. To the awakened man, knower of the Archemonic Technique, a single gaze upon the megalithic constructions, or upon Montsegur, or upon the KZ, is enough for him to correctly interpret the Hyperborean Strategy on which its construction was based.*

The Castle of Montsegur, it is worth clarifying, was constructed by the Cathars according to the Archemonic Technique, as well as the KZ or ***Konzentrationslager****, "Concentration Camps" of the German ϟϟ Black Order, which were not sinister prisons as the synarchic propaganda pretends but*

marvelous "magic machines" to accelerate the collective and racial mutation, based on the Archemonic Technique of the Hyperborean Wisdom: within the isolated area of the KZ, the most nefarious racial elements of society, that is, degenerates, delinquents, the vicious, and even the Jews, could be transmuted and reoriented in favor of the National Strategy.

I will finally say that whoever is conscious of the principle of the fence ***has overcome*** *the enemy cultural Strategy and* ***can carry out the double isolation, of the Ego and of the microcosm.***

The principle of the fence will allow to affix the limits of the conscious subject, isolating the Ego from the preeminent cultural premises, and moving it toward the "center" or Selbst.

The Archemonic Technique will allow, ***then****, to isolate the microcosm from the macrocosm, gaining a time and a space of its own, in other words, immortality: the microcosm or physical body will have been transmuted into* ***Vajra****, the incorruptible matter.*

Forty-sixth Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

*On the previous Day, I mentioned "a Strategy that the Loyal Gods use to counteract 'Culture,' the enemy strategic weapon" and I explained it, by means of an allegory, as consisting in a charismatic message. Said message was pursuing two objectives: 1º) **to awaken**; 2º) **to orient** toward the "secret exit," "center," or "Origin"; and, in that particular example, the "exit" was found after discovering "the ring," that is, after having made conscious the **principle of the fence**. However, the second part of the message, the **Song of A-mort** was offering, to whomever would listen to it, the possibility of "finding the exit," by six other ways different from Strategic Opposition, which is based on the principle of the fence. In any manner, this Strategy, such as I have described it, with its seven possible ways of liberation, responds to purely individual objectives, that is to say, it is exclusively directed toward the sleeping man. That is why it is now my turn to declare that it forms part, the "individual" part, of a larger conception, to which is called Odal Strategy.*

*The Odal Strategy is fundamentally directed to obtain the individual liberation of man, but, in certain favorable historical occasions, the Gods procure to "orient" the Race as a whole to force the collective mutation. In that case the "leaders," many times "sent" by the Loyal Gods and other times "inspired" by Them, are in charge of charismatically projecting the strategic models onto the people, seeking to **reintegrate them into the essential War**. So that such a task can be realized with probabilities of success, it is necessary that the "Leaders" have an external element, situated in the world, which irrefutably represents the Divine origin of the Race. This external element must also give proof of the commitment assumed by the Gods when "inducing" men to resume the war against the Creator and of their resolution to "wait out" the necessary Kalpas while they win freedom. By these conditions, it can be comprehended that said "external element" is a true **Stone of Scandal** for the Creator and His demonic hosts, and that all His Power, that is to say, the Great Deception, is set on*

achieving its destruction or, failing that, preventing it from remaining within man's reach. But, in spite of the contrariety that such an action would cause in the Enemy, the Gods have fulfilled their part of the Primordial Pact and, with an admirable disregard toward the Potencies of Matter, deposited it in the World and guarded it from any attack so that men or their charismatic leaders ***discover it and avail themselves of its significance****.*

*The Odal Strategy of the Gods is, then, directed at the internality of each man through "Charismatic Singing," trying to awaken in them the Blood Memory and induce them to follow any of the seven ways of liberation. But it also procures to impulse the Race as a whole so that it ceases to march in the "evolutive" or "progressive" direction of History and, rebelling against the Plan of The One, in an inverse leap, transmutes the "animal tendencies" of man and recovers his Divine Hyperborean nature. To achieve this second purpose, no longer individual but racial, I have said that there is an "external element." What, concretely, will this "external element" be, this "thing," to which I have attributed such marvelous properties? It is something of which description alone would take several volumes and that, in previous Days, I have called "****Gral****." Being impossible to reveal here a Mystery that has been impenetrable for millions of persons, I will try, as usual, to "approach" it by means of some commentaries.*

You were wondering what, ***concretely****, this marvelous thing called the* ***Gral*** *is. I will begin there. Concretely, the Gral is a Stone, a Crystal, a Gem; of this there is no room for doubt. But* ***it is not a terrestrial Stone****; of this there is no room for doubt either. If it is not a terrestrial Stone there is room to ask what its origin is: the Hyperborean Wisdom affirms* ***that it comes from Venus*** *but does not assure that that is its origin. It can be supposed, then, for lack of another clarification, that the Lords of Venus brought it to Earth, from that green planet. But the "Lords of Venus" are not originally from Venus but from Hyperborea, an "original center" that does not belong to the material Universe and the "Blood Memory" of which has led many sleeping men to erroneously identify it with a "missing Nordic" or "polar continent." According to the Hyperborean*

Wisdom, the Gral was brought to the Solar System by the Gods ***immediately after they burst through the Gate of Venus in order to establish themselves in K'Taagar, that is to say, in Valhalla.*** *Be that as it may, there is another concrete aspect that should be taken into account: the Gral is a Gem that is of the utmost importance to the Gods, to the point that* ***They are not willing to abandon or lose it.*** *Through camaraderie and solidarity toward sleeping men, they have situated it in the World; but at the end of Time, the Gral will be recovered and taken back to its place of origin.*

To what is owed this measureless interest to preserve the mysterious Gem? Because it has been momentarily removed from The Most Beautiful Jewel that has ever been seen in the Universe of The One, from that jewel that no one would be able to imitate in this or in other Worlds: not even the Master Goldsmiths or the Constructor Devas or the Planetary, Solar, or Galactic Angels, etc. Because the Gral is a Gem from the Crown of Khristos Lúcifer, He who is purer than the purest of the Loyal Gods, the only one who can speak Face to Face with the Incognizable. Khristos Lúcifer is who, ***being in Hell, is beyond Hell.*** *Being able to remain in Hyperborea, in the light of the Incognizable, Khristos Lúcifer has wanted to come in rescue of the captive Spirits, protagonizing the incomprehensible sacrifice of His own* ***self-captivity.*** *He has installed himself as the Black Sun of the Spirit, charismatically "illuminating," from "behind" Venus, through the intermediary of the Paraklete, directly into the blood of sleeping men.*

How a Gem of the Gallant Lord has been tarnished falling here, to Earth, one of the most repugnant sewers of the Seven Hells? Because He has willed it so. Khristos Lúcifer has delivered the Gral to men ***as a guarantee*** *of his commitment, of his sacrifice, and* ***as irrefutable material proof of the Divine Origin of the Spirit.***

The Gral is, in this sense, a ***reflection*** *of the Divine Origin, which will guide, like a lighthouse, the vacillating course of the Rebel Spirits who decide to abandon the slavery of Jehovah Satan.*

You have already seen what the Gral is: a Gem from the Crown of Khristos Lúcifer; you will now see what the Gral

represents *for the captive Spirits. Above all, the Gral is linked to the* ***incarnation of the Spirits****, and its significance must first be sought in relation with such a Mystery. It is explained if we take into account that millions of years ago, when the Traitorous Siddhas allied with the Demiurge Jehovah Satan in order to carnalize the Hyperborean Spirits, Khristos Lúcifer delivered his Gem so that* ***the Truth of the Divine Origin could be seen with mortal eyes****. That is why the Gral, placed in the World as proof of the Divine Origin of the Spirit,* ***gives meaning to all the Hyperborean lineages of the Earth****. Because of it, the blood of men, still plunged into the most tremendous confusion, will always re-claim its* ***extraterrestrial inheritance****.*

The presence of the Gral, in principle, ***prevents the Enemy from denying the Hyperborean ancestors****. But just as the Gral gives a cosmic meaning to the History of man, connecting him with the eternal Race of the Origins, and* ***divinizes*** *the Hyperborean lineages of the Earth, so too for the Demiurge, by the presence of the Gral, said lineages become a "cause of scandal" and an object of persecution and scorn, of punishment and pain. The* ***Divine*** *Hyperborean lineages will be, from the Gral on,* ***heretical lineages*** *"condemned forever" (a manvantara) by Jehovah Satan. The Gral has come to awaken undesirable memories, to valorize the past of man; what will then be most attacked will be the memory and the past, and the Synarchic Strategy will aim to erase its influence in great measure. If one is capable of noticing this attack, which is evident to the gnostic gaze, the* ***historical*** *function of the Gral will be comprehended with greater profundity. I will dedicate the following paragraphs to making it evident.*

The principal crime of man has been to deny the supremacy of "God," that is to say, of the terrestrial Demiurge Jehovah Satan, and to rebel against his enslavement. But man is a miserable being, immersed in a Hell of Illusion in which he foolishly feels "at home," without possibilities of breaking the spell by himself. If he has denied the Demiurge and has "rebelled," it has been by virtue of an exterior agent, but: what "thing" in the World can be capable of ***awakening*** *man, of* ***opening his eyes*** *to his forgotten divinity? "If such a thing exists," the*

Demons will say, "it is the most abominable object of material Creation." But that "thing," that "abominable object," is not of this World, and of it the captive Spirit-man has "eaten." This "green fruit," which later they will call Gral, is an aliment that nourishes with the ***Primordial Gnosis****, that is to say, with the knowledge about the Truth of the Origins. Because of the Gral, forbidden fruit par excellence, man will know that he is Eternal, that he possesses a Divine Spirit enchained to matter, that he comes from a World impossible to imagine* ***from his terrestrial Hell*** *but for which* ***he feels nostalgia*** *and to which* ***he desires to return****.*

Because of the Gral, man has remembered!

Here is his first crime. To remember the Divine Origin will be, from now on, a terrible sin and those who have committed it will have to pay for it; that is the Will of the Demiurge, the "Law of Jehovah Satan." They will be his Ministers, the Demons of Chang Shambhala, those who will be in charge of executing the sentence, collecting the punishment in a currency that is called: pain and suffering. The instrument will be, naturally, incarnation, repeated a thousand times in transmigrations "controlled" by the "Law" of Karma, cynically declaring that pain and suffering are "for the good" of the Spirits, "in order to favor their evolution." If "evil" lies in the blood, then favoring racial mixing will weaken it and poisoning it with the ***fear of sin*** *will turn it impure. The result will be the* ***strategic confusion*** *of the Spirit and the complete obscurity about the past of man. "In the past there is nothing worthy of being rescued," sensible people will affirm for millennia, in chorus with the Demons of the Brotherhood. Theology, and even Mythology, will speak about the evil of man with the language of the Demiurge: the "sin," the "fall," and the "punishment." "Science," on the other hand, will show us a more discouraging panorama: it will "prove," using fossil filth, that man descends from a proto-simian called a "hominid," that is, from that wretched and despicable animal-man who was the ancestor of the sleeping man. "Science" has brought the past of man to its most dramatic degradation, "evolutively" linking him with reptiles and worms. For modern man there will no longer be Divine ancestors but simians and trilobites. It really*

takes a superhuman hatred to want man to humiliate himself in so sad a manner.

But let us leave the sad, let us be optimistic. "Why look to the past," the Synarchy will say with the Voice of Science and Theology, "if man is 'something projected toward the future?'" In the past there is nothing worthy of respect: a few primitive marine crustaceans sunken into the mud trying to reach the terrestrial environment, impulsed by "evolution"; millions of years later, a few simians decide to become men: impulsed once again by the miraculous "law of evolution," they turn into bipeds, make tools, communicate by speaking, lose their hair, and enter into History; and then comes the History of man: documents, Civilization, Culture. And in History, implacable evolution continues, now converted into a more inflexible law called dialectics: the mistakes of humanity, wars, intolerance, fascism, are "errors"; the successes, peace, democracy, the UN, the Sabin vaccine, are "successes." From the struggle between successes and errors always emerges a superior stage, a benefit for ***future*** *Humanity, confirming the evolutive or progressive tendency. Is not this progressive tendency of History* ***all the good that can be expected from the past****?*

So let us be optimistic, let us look to the future; all the goodness, all the realizations are there: the theologian assures that after a ***future*** *Judgment, the gates of paradise will be opened to the good; the Rosicrucians, Masons, and other Theosophists, situate in the future the moment in which, the "spiritual evolution" partially concluded, man identifies himself with his monad, that is to say, with his "Divine Archetype" and is incorporated into the Cosmic Hierarchies dependent on the Demiurge; and even the materialists, atheists, or scientificists, present a happy image of the future: they show us a perfect society, without hunger or diseases, where a man, technocratic and dehumanized, reigns happily over legions of androids and robots.*

I will not go into detail about an evident fact: it has been attempted ***to erase*** *the past of man, disconnecting him from his Hyperborean roots;* ***totally erasing*** *said past* ***has not been achieved****, but, in compensation, a metaphysical fracture has been created between man and his Divine ancestors, in such a*

way that, at present, an abyss separates him from his primordial memories; an abyss that has a name: confusion. Parallel to such a sinister purpose, man has been "projected toward the future," a euphemism utilized in order to qualify the ***illusion of progress*** *that the members of modern Civilizations suffer from. Such an "illusion" is culturally generated by powerful "force ideas" skillfully used as a strategic weapon: the "direction of history," "historical acceleration," "scientific progress," "education," "civilization vs. barbarity," etc. Men, conditioned in that way, blindly believe in the future, look only toward it, and even the fatalists, who envision a "black future," admit that if an unforeseeable exception or a miracle offers an "exit" to Civilization, it is, by all means, in the "future"; the past is, in any case, a source of general indifference.*

This "evident fact" undoubtedly represents an important triumph for the Synarchy, but a triumph that is not definitive. In effect, Dr., you have seen that the maximum pressure of the Synarchic Strategy is applied ***to erasing*** *the past, to obscuring the memory of the Divine Origin, and that such an attack is produced as a* ***reaction*** *to the* ***gnostic action*** *of the Gral. But the Gral is not only a forbidden fruit, consumed by man in remote times, immediately after his enslavement.*

The Gral is a reality ***that will remain*** *in the world as long as the last Hyperborean Spirit continues in captivity. Through the Gral, it is always possible for man to* ***awaken and remember.***

But, in order to enjoy of its gnosis, it is indispensable to realize that the Gral, as a ***reflection of the Origin****, shines in the blood* ***from the past****. Its light comes* ***from the reverse direction of time*** *and that is why no one who has succumbed to the Synarchic Strategy will be able to receive its influence. You already saw that a powerful cultural strategy "projects man toward the future" and attempts to erase his past and confuse his memories. But the Gral* ***should not be sought looking to the future****, since it will never be found this way. In rigor of the truth, the Gral* ***should not be sought at all****, if by such a verb,* ***seek****, we understand an action that implies "movement." Only those who seek the Gral have not comprehended its metaphysical significance and believe, in their ignorance, that it is an*

"object" that can be "found." I will recall one of the medieval stories about the Gral that, although deformed by its Judeo-Christian adaptation, preserves enough elements from the Hyperborean Tradition. In it, Parsifal, the pure madman, goes out to "seek" the Gral. In his ignorance, he commits the blunder of undertaking the search, chivalrously "traveling" through different countries. This "displacement" ***essentially*** *points* ***toward the future****, because in every movement there is an immanent and inevitable temporality, and, naturally, Parsifal never "finds" the Gral, "seeking it" in the world. Thus, years pass of useless search until he realizes this simple truth. Then one day, completely naked, he presents himself before an enchanted castle and, once inside,* ***the Gral appears to him*** *(he does not discover it) and his eyes are open; he then notices that the* ***throne is vacant*** *and decides to claim it, finally becoming King.*

The following should be seen in this allegory: Parsifal comprehends that the Gral ***should not be sought in the world*** *(the Valplads), through time (the flowing Consciousness of the Demiurge), and decides to make use of a* ***Hyperborean Strategic Way****. For it,* ***he situates*** *himself "naked" (without preeminent cultural premises) in a castle (a "plaza" fortified by the law of the fence), desynchronizing himself from the "time of the world" and creating a "time of his own," inverse, which "points toward the past." Then the Gral* ***appears*** *and "opens his eyes" (Blood Memory). Parsifal notices that "the throne is vacant" (that the Spirit can be recovered) and decides to claim it (he is submitted to the tests of purity of the Secret Ways of Liberation) and is transformed into a King (he transmutes himself into a Man of Stone).*

I hope to have made it clear that the Gral is not to be sought, since it appears when the consciousness of man has been desynchronized from the time of the world and has been stripped of the cultural mask. I now wish to show another aspect of the enemy reaction that has motivated the presence of the Gral.

Through the Gral, man commits the crime of awakening; he has sinned, and the punishment is collected with the currency of pain and suffering, through incarnation and the law of

Karma. Those in charge of watching over the Law, and those whom the Hyperborean memory of awakened men most offends, are the "guardian angels," that is to say, the Demons of Chang Shambhala and its White Brotherhood. There is, apart from this, a ***direct*** *reaction* ***from the Demiurge*** *that is worth knowing. But, as such a reaction has been repeated many times since the Hyperborean Spirits have been enchained to the yoke of the flesh, a complete exposition would have to cover an enormous span of time, which goes beyond the official History and is lost in the night of Atlantis and Lemuria. Of course, I will not be able to embark on such a story, and that is why I will only refer to the reaction of the Demiurge* ***in historical times****, but it should not be forgotten that all that is said about this event* ***is not exclusive to one Epoch****, but has already been and will surely be again. A brief introduction will allow you to understand such a* ***direct reaction****.*

When the naïve question is posed about what the worlds are like from where the captive Spirit comes from, believing that there might be some image that represents the unimaginable Hyperborea, the Hyperborean Wisdom usually responds with a metaphorical figure; it says thus to the ignorant apprentice: "imagine that a speck of dust receives a dim reflection of the True Worlds, and suppose that, then, said speck is divided and reorganized into infinite particles. Make another effort of imagination and now suppose that the material Universe that you know and inhabit has been constructed with the pieces of that speck of dust. The Hyperborean Wisdom tells you: if you are able to reintegrate, in an act of imagination, the immense multiplicity of the Cosmos into the original speck then, seeing it in its totality, you will perceive only a dim reflection of the True Worlds. ***If you are able to reintegrate the Cosmos into a speck of dust, you will only see a deformed image of the Fatherland of the Spirit. That is all that can be known*** *from here."*

The metaphor becomes transparent if one considers that the Demiurge has constructed the Universe by imitating a clumsy and deformed image of the True Worlds. He has insufflated[45] *His Breath into Matter and has ordered it for the purpose of*

45. To blow or breathe into or on; exhale.

"copying" the dim reflection once received from the Uncreated Spheres. But neither the substance was adequate nor the Architect qualified for it and, added to these evils, the perverse intention of pretending ***to reign as God of the work****, in the likeness (?) of the Incognizable, must be considered. The result is in sight: an evil and demented Hell, in which, long after its creation, through a Mystery of A-mort, countless Eternal Spirits were enslaved, enchained to matter, and subjected to the evolution of life.*

The principal characteristic of the Demiurge is evidently ***imitation****, by means of which He has attempted to reproduce the True Worlds and the result of which has been this vile and mediocre Material Universe. But it is in the different parts of His Work where the hallucinatory persistence in imitating, repeating, and copying is noticed. In the Universe, "the whole" is always a copy of "something": the "atoms," all similar; the "cells," which divide themselves into analogous pairs; the "social animals," whose gregarious instinct is based on "imitation"; the "symmetry," present in an infinity of physical and biological phenomena; etc. Without extending into more examples, it can be affirmed that the overwhelming formal multiplicity of what is real is only an illusion, a product of the crossing, intersection, combination, etc., of a few initial forms. In truth, the Universe has been made from a few different elements, no more than twenty-two, which support, through their infinite combinations, the totality of existent forms.*

Bearing in mind the imitative principle that governs the work of the Demiurge, one can now consider His ***direct reaction*** *when faced with the presence of the Gral.*

I said that the Gral ***divinizes*** *the Hyperborean lineages by irrefutably proving the truth of the Origin and that the reaction of the Demons has been to consider them as* ***heretical lineages****, deserving of the most terrible punishment.*

But while the Demons were occupying themselves with punishing men with the heavy chains of Karma, quite another would be the attitude of the Demiurge. He, according to his characteristic, has wanted to ***imitate****, and even surpass, the Hyperborean lineages by founding a* ***Sacred Race*** *that directly represents Him, that is to say, that* ***channels His will****, and,*

through it, reign over the incarnated Spirits. A "Sacred Race" that rises in the very midst of the peoples condemned to the pain and suffering of life and that, triumphing over them, ends up inflicting on them the final humiliation of submitting them to the Synarchy of the Demons. Then the Hyperborean lineages, sunken into the mud of spiritual degradation, will exhale their last laments, and those cries of pain, those howls of fright, will be the sweet music with which the Sacred Race will give to their "God" Jehovah Satan, the Demiurge of the Earth.

As I have already said, the Demiurge has many times attempted this enterprise; "the Romani," for example, are the ethnic remnant of a "Sacred Race" that prospered in the last Atlantis, when the Traitorous Gods subjected the Hyperborean lineages to the Synarchy of Horror. The incarnated Spirits there were precipitated to the most dreadful practices: the Divine blood was degraded and confused by means of the indiscriminate mixing of Races, and, what is worse, fertile crossings between men and animals were achieved with the aid of black magic; thousands of human victims were immolated in order to satiate the thirst of blood of Jehovah Satan, worshiped there in his Aspect as "God of the infernal hosts." Cruelty, collective orgy, different forms of drug addiction, etc., were all "customs" that the Hyperborean lineages had adopted, while in the eyes of the "Sacred Race," the gaze of the Demiurge was shining with joy and the Synarchy of Horror was exercising its tyranny of orichalcum. In such a state of degradation, no longer was anyone capable of receiving the light of the Gral or of listening to the Singing of the Gods. That is why Khristos Lúcifer decided to manifest Himself ***in the sight of men****. He did so, accompanied by a guard of Liberating Gods, and it brought about the end of Atlantis...*

But this is an ancient history. In recent times, the Demiurge has resolved to once again ***repeat****, in imitation of the Hyperborean lineages, the creation of a "Sacred Race" that represents Him and to which will be reserved the high Destiny of reigning over all the peoples of Earth. With the Blood Pact celebrated between Jehovah Satan and Abraham, the "Sacred Race" is founded, and his descendants, the Hebrews, will con-*

stitute the "Chosen People." Just as the Hyperborean Spirits, divinized by the presence of the Gral, represent the "heretical lineage" par excellence, the Hebrews, against them, will present themselves as the "purest lineage of Earth."

Israel, a people chosen by Jehovah Satan to be his representative on Earth; what titles will He exhibit as ***irrefutable proof*** *that such is His Will? The Demiurge, following his usual system of "imitating," reasons in this way: "If by the Gem of Khristos Lúcifer, the Gral, the Hyperborean lineage has been divinized, also by a 'Stone of Heaven' the Stirp of Abraham will be consecrated. I will place in the world a Stone on which My Law will be written as* ***irrefutable proof*** *that Israel are the Chosen People, before whom the other Nations must humble themselves."*

Such is the direct reaction of the Demiurge. He chooses, from among the dregs of humanity, the most wretched people and after making a covenant with them, He makes them "grow" in the shadows of powerful kingdoms. When He decides that the time has arrived for the "Sacred Race" to fulfill their historical mission, He "renews the covenant," delivering the key of Power to Moses. Then Israel, the purest lineage of the Earth, passes through millennia and marches toward its future of glory, while the Empires and Kingdoms collapse into the dust of History. Undoubtedly, the reaction of the Demiurge has been effective and the effects of His Stone, the force of His Law, have been powerful. That is why it is worth asking: what is it, actually, that Jehovah Satan delivers to the Hebrews as an instrument of power and universal domination? I will repeat it synthetically: the "Tablets of the Law" contain the secret of the twenty-two voices that the Demiurge pronounced when He ordered matter and by which every existing thing has been formed. The group of symbols contained in the Tablets of the Law is what from antiquity is known as ***acoustic Kabbalah****. In Atlantis, this knowledge was at first the patrimony of another "Sacred Race," but, later on, the Guardians of the Lithic Art, ancestors of the Cro-Magnon and fathers of the White Race, arrived to completely master it.*

"The Tablets of the Law" are then "the Stone" that the Demiurge has placed in the World as the metaphysical sup-

port for the "Sacred Race" in imitation of the whole "Hyperborean-Gral lineage." However, as in all the "imitations" of the Demiurge, one should not see here an equivalence too precise. The Gral, from the past, reflects the Divine Origin for each man and constitutes an attempt by Khristos Lúcifer to come to the aid of the captive Spirits, or, in other words, the influence of the Gral points to the individual and the spiritual. The Tablets of the Law, on the contrary, point to the collective, between Jehovah Satan and the Hebrew people, and, in addition, their kabbalistic content reveals the keys that make mastering all the material Sciences possible.

If strategic confusion, incarnation, enchainment to the Law of Karma, etc., are terrible evils that afflict the Hyperborean Spirits, the terrestrial coexistence with a "Sacred Race" of Jehovah Satan is undoubtedly the most frightful nightmare, even worse than any of the mentioned misfortunes. Because, from the "renewed covenant" with Moses, the ***racial enmity*** *between the Hyperborean ("heretical") lineages and the Hebrew ("sacred") lineage will be permanent and eternal, with the irreversible disadvantage, for the first, that the infernal Will of the Demiurge will irresistibly express itself through the second.*

After the "appearance" of Israel, the only dramatic alternative left to man is returning to the Origin or definitively succumbing.

Digging into the Hebrew myth of Abel and Cain, under a veil of calumnies, an accurate description of the racial and theological enmity between Hebrews and Hyperboreans can be appreciated. In said myth, Abel, who is a shepherd of flocks, represents the basic ***type*** *of Hebrew and Cain, the farmer, the figure of the man of Hyperborean lineage. The legend tells that the blood offerings of Abel the shepherd, consisting of the sacrifice of the firstborn lambs "with their fat," were pleasing to Jehovah Satan, and in contrast, He disdained the "fruits of the ground" that Cain was exhibiting. Such an attitude on the part of the God of Matter constituted a revelation for Cain: the discovery of the true intentions of the Creator and the materialistic and servile essence of the shepherds. Then Cain decided to kill Abel, the created Soul, which motivated Jehovah to de-*

nunciate that he was the bearer of a mark that was giving away his murderer status. Said sign would be recognized in all Epochs, in those who demonstrated to be "like Cain," by those who were "like Abel."

That special affective criterion of Jehovah Satan has been perpetuated through the centuries in the hatred that the Hebrews feel toward the Hyperborean lineages, a hatred which, let us not forget, ***comes from the Demiurge****, since* ***"Israel is Jehovah."*** *To mindless men, that is to say, to those who have been brainwashed to subsequently convert into fanatical believers of the Bible, it is always difficult for them to justify the predilection of Jehovah "God" for the bloody sacrifice of Abel and the disdain for the agricultural production of Cain. However, everything becomes clearer if one reads under the ciphered kabbalistic language of Genesis, a very ancient interpretation of the Holocaust of Fire. In effect,* ***"an offering, from the firstborn of his flock and from their fat portions" [Genesis 4:4]****, represents the Holocaust of the Final Death of Humanity and its transformation into the lye that "will wash off the Abominable Sign that is engraved on the Hot Stone": the oblation of Abel would then be burned, just as the Hebrews do to this day with the bodies of the sacrificed animals, and "the fat," mixed with the ash, would form the soap, the lye, which would wash off the symbolic stain of the "sin of Cain"; such "sin" is, naturally, to be a "farmer," sower of cereals, worshiper of the Goddess Ama, or Ceres, or Demeter, or the Virgin of Agartha, the mother of Navutan, that is to say, who delivered the seed of wheat to men, the Seed of the Child of Stone. The "mark of Cain" is, then, the Mark on the Hot Stone, the Symbol of the Origin that causes the enchainment of the eternal Spirit to Matter; that is why Cain, by bearing said mark, can never die: he will be "immortal," as are all men who possess Spirit, even if they ignore it for being "asleep."*

Robert Graves, and Rabbi Raphael Patai, in the book "Hebrew Myths," have extracted and synthesized the Cain Myth from numerous talmudic midrashim. Here is one of the official Hebrew versions, which demonstrates the luciferic spiritual character of Cain and the "created" nature of Abel:

"He [Cain] answered God's rebuke with a cry still echoed by blasphemers: 'There is no law and no judge!'

"Meeting Abel in a field soon afterwards, he told him: 'There is no world to come, no reward for the righteous, no punishment for evildoers. This world was not created in mercy; neither is it ruled by compassion. Why else has your offering been accepted and mine rejected?' Abel answered simply; 'Mine was accepted because I love [Jehovah] God; yours was rejected because you hate Him.' Cain then struck and killed Abel."

It is interesting to delve deeper into the figure of Cain. According to the Bible, he was, in addition to a farmer, the first who ***constructed walled cities*** *and the inventor of weights and measures. His descendant Tubal-Cain (a mythical unfoldment of Cain himself) was a manufacturer of weapons and musical instruments.*

If you now observe this figure of Cain, in light of the Hyperborean Wisdom, it will be seen that he possesses many of the characteristic attributes of the Hyperborean lineages. First of all, the association of Agriculture with the construction of walled cities is a very ancient Hyperborean strategic formula that, for example, the Etruscans and the Romans recently used, and that has been expressed with perfection by the German King Henry I the Fowler. On the other hand, the invention of weights and measures, which the Hebrews attribute to Cain, the Greeks to Hermes, and the Romans to Mercury, allows to identify Cain with these two Hyperborean Gods. And lastly: the accusation of murderer and the status as a weapons manufacturer clearly reveals that the figure of Cain represents some ***fearsome warriors****, the Men of Stone: to delate or point out that quality clearly points to the denunciation of the famous mark.*

In the Bible, the sacred book of the "Chosen People," in the myth of Abel and Cain, the rules of the game are found perfectly revealed. In the "preference" of Jehovah Satan for the Hebrew shepherds, represented by Abel, and in the disdain for and punishment of the Hyperborean lineages, symbolized by Cain, the metaphysical conflict of the origins appears posed, but now actualized as a cultural and biological confrontation.

*The Sacred Hebrew Race has come to bring the Presence of Jehovah Satan (the **conscious** Presence, different from the **pantheistic puff** with which the Demiurge animates matter) to the plane of human life, of incarnation, of pain, and of suffering. That is why the ancient transcendent enmity between captive Spirits and Demons is transformed into an immanent enmity between the Hyperborean lineages and the material Universe, given that the Sacred Race is **Malkuth**, the tenth **Sephirah**, that is to say, an Aspect of the Demiurge. The latter should be understood like this: **Israel is the Demiurge**. It is worth clarifying this. According to the secret teachings of the Kabbalah and as can be read in the Book of Splendor, **Sepher Yetzirah**, or in the Book of the Holocaust of Fire, **Sepher Icheh**, that is to say, turning to the most trustworthy sources of Hebrew Wisdom, for the "creation" of the "Sacred Race," Jehovah Satan manifests one of his ten Aspects or **Sephiroth**. The tenth Sephirah, **Malkuth (Kingdom)**, is the very people of Israel, according to the official Hebrew texts, which keeps a metaphysical nexus with the first Sephirah, **Kether (Crown)**, which is the supreme Head or Consciousness of the Demiurge. In other words: there is a metaphysical identicalness between Israel and Jehovah Satan or, if you will, **"Israel is Jehovah Satan."***

*As I was saying before, the enmity between the Sacred Race and the Hyperborean lineages, an enmity that has been seen declared in the myth of Abel and Cain, signifies a confrontation between the latter and the material Universe, given the character of Malkuth, an unfoldment of the Demiurge, that Israel flaunts. With Malkuth, the Demiurge has wanted to impose **the royalty** of the sacred Hebrew lineage on the remaining peoples of the Earth. If these Gentile peoples **have forgotten the past**, and have submitted themselves to the Plan that the White Brotherhood carries forward, then they will willingly accept the **Hebrew superiority** and the world will march joyfully toward the Synarchy. But, there are those **Goyim** who do not renounce their Hyperborean heritage and persist in remembering the conflict of the origins! There will be no place for them on the Earth because with the Presence of*

Malkuth, the sacred lineage of Israel, the Demiurge ensures their persecution and immediate annihilation.

Dramatic destiny of the captive Spirit! For millennia ***to remember the Origin****, that is to say, to exhibit a heretical lineage, was punished by the Demons with a strong Karma, and the pain, the suffering, were so terrible that one ended up forgetting it. But, while this degradation was occurring, in the depths of his heart, boiling in his blood, the condemned one was able to partake of the Blood Memory and access* ***Gnosis****; it was his right: if he was able to elevate himself from the swamp of spiritual confusion, no one could prevent him from receiving the light of the Gral or listening to the Singing of the Gods. With Israel, not even this miserable opportunity of awakening would any longer be possible, for the conflict was posed in biological, racial, cultural terms... Whoever becomes involved in the conflict must now risk everything, for by confronting Israel, he is confronting the Demiurge Himself. Israel advances in History with an irresistible force. Its grand ideas are little by little dominating the Culture of the West, parallel with the growth of its financial potency. Who will be capable of opposing the joint force of Judeo-Christianity, Judeo-Masonry, Judeo-Marxism, Zionism, Trilateralism? Who would be able to "break" the banks of* ***Rothschild****, of* ***Jacob Schiff****, of* ***Kuhn and Loeb****, of* ***Rockefeller****, etc., and who will compete with the Hebrews in the fields of Science or Art? I already described the fantastic* ***Material Power*** *reached by the Templar Synarchy in the Middle Ages; think, Dr. Siegnagel, what such a Power must represent today; against these organized forces man does not have the slightest chance. That is why, before such a formidable Power, the only valid strategic alternative is racial confrontation: the Hyperborean lineage of the captive Spirits opposing the Sacred Race of Jehovah Satan. And in this clash of lineages, in this war brought to the terrain of the blood, the awakened man, the one who remembers and desires to return, will have to listen to the Singing of the Gods and, by following a secret way of liberation, find "the exit," return to the Origin, and transmute himself into a Man of Stone. He will have thus fulfilled the first part of the Odal Strategy. But if an awakened, and transmuted charismatic Leader puts*

himself at the head of a racial community and decides to guide men, ***as a whole****, Back to the Origin, he will be able to apply the Odal Strategy in its totality, taking advantage of the presence of the Gral. In this case, the Leader will raise a Total War against the demonic forces of the Synarchy, but he will especially exert his maximum pressure* ***on the Sacred Race****, since they* ***directly*** *represent the Enemy, that is, the Captivating Demiurge. However, only in modern Epochs, when the universal presence of the Synarchy and the power of the Sacred Race become evident, will it be possible for some Great Chief to correctly identify the Enemy and declare Total War against them.*

The irreconcilable enmity between the sacred Hebrew lineage and the heretical Hyperborean lineage could be exemplified by considering the infinite number of times that confrontations have been produced and by describing the different results. It can be assured that there would be enough material to fill several tomes, which is the reason why I must be prudent and refer you to what is strictly necessary for the comprehension of the Odal Strategy of the Loyal Gods. It is with this criterion that I will consider only one such example, but an example that will be highly clarifying.

After the sinking of Atlantis, and under the standards of the Cultural Pact, the Hyperborean lineages have always agreed that human society should be organized around three principal functions: Regal, Priestly, and Warrior. The ***harmony*** *and* ***independence*** *of the three functions would guarantee a certain equilibrium appropriate for times of peace and prosperity, that is,* ***when society materially progresses toward the future****. At different Epochs of their history, very many peoples of Hyperborean lineage experienced brief periods in which the balance of the three functions allowed them to enjoy of that mediocre and courtly social tranquility, which in reality was hiding a total absence of charismatic contact between the mass of the people and their Leaders, a typical situation that is characterized by a general indifference. When a society is stabilized in that manner, the White Brotherhood of Chang Shambhala affirms that "it evolves" and that it "progresses." It is then in the interest of the Demons to bring Humanity to a state of*

permanent equilibrium of the three functions; with what object? To prepare the advent of the Synarchy, that is to say, the Concentration of Power in the hands of a Secret Society or occult confraternity. What is the purpose of concentrating power in the hands of beings who act in the shadows? The answer is related to the manifestation by the Demiurge from "Malkuth," the Sacred Race: the power over the nations belongs (at this stage of the Kaly Yuga) to Israel as an inheritance from Jehovah Satan and proof of its theological lineage. While the time of Israel arrives, the Synarchy will be the regent of the power concentrated by the White Brotherhood.

It is understood that the Loyal Gods, faced with such a conspiracy, procure to destabilize the synarchic equilibrium of societies and charismatically influence men with the aim of awakening one of them and transmuting him into a Hyperborean Leader. Such is, fundamentally, the objective of the Odal Strategy. That is why the Singing of the Gods ceaselessly calls in the Pure Blood and the Gral is a permanent presence that shows, to whomever wants to see it, the reflection of the Divine Origin of the Spirit. But it should not be believed that the Odal Strategy is only successful when an authentic transmutation takes place, of the sleeping man into a Man of Stone; that is undoubtedly the most important success, but it is not very frequent, especially in the case of Leaders or Conductors of peoples. There are, on the other hand, other cases, not as spectacular or evident as a transmutation, but whose beneficial influence in the organization of societies has led to them being considered as successes of the Odal Strategy. I specifically refer to those Leaders who, with a certain degree of unconsciousness, listen to the Charismatic Singing and intuit some principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom. As they are not completely awake and ignore the origin of the "message," they proceed to apply the strategic principles in the government of their peoples, taking them as their own invention. I could elaborate on examples, but it will be of particular interest for you, Dr., to consider the case of those who "have discovered," without knowing it, the principle of the fence.

When the principle of the fence has been incorporated into the mental structure of a Leader, his Pure Blood, and with it

the Singing of the Gods, impulses him to apply the "law of the Fence" in all his concrete acts. Thus, from particular societies emerge political, philosophical, moral theories, etc., conceived and executed according to the law of the fence, in the framework of the Odal Strategy. A typical example is the idea of the "Universal Empire." It is worth commenting on it.

When the Odal Strategy manages to awaken the Divine nature in some Leader, it is feasible that his subsequent activity provokes notable social changes. If he is King, that is to say, if he exerts the Regal Function, he will ghibellinely[46] *advance over the Priestly Function and, with the help of the Warrior Function, he will try to expand the limits of his State. If the Leader is a notable warrior, he will not take long in donning the crown and then, crushing the Priestly Function, apply himself to the task of organizing a military State. In the majority of cases, the disequilibrium of the three functions is carried out at the expense of the Priestly Function that tends to be lunar and synarchic. The important thing is that the Leader, King or Warrior, when applying the law of the fence in his vision of society, generally concludes by agreeing on the idea of the Universal Empire as the most appropriate to demonstrate the superiority of his Race and to perpetuate the memory of his Stirp.*

The universal State of Akkad, the Empires of Assyria and Babylon, the Great Persian Empire, destroyed by Alexander the Great, the Roman Empire; etc., have been conceived in the same way: by the application of the law of the Fence, within the framework of the Odal Strategy, which the Hyperborean Leaders have made in the course of the millennia. I cannot fail to mention that many "modern ideas" register the same procedure in their conception: such are the different variants of "nationalism," "fascism," "falangism," "national socialism," "federations," and "confederations," etc. These and many other political theories are the product of the application of the law of the Fence on the part of some modern Leaders. In the case of "fascism," "national socialism," etc., it is evident that they keep quite a close nexus with the very ancient idea of the Universal Empire, which eloquently explains why such ideologies have

46. Ghibelline-like; nationalistic.

been persecuted to annihilation by the Chosen People and the forces of the Synarchy.

It is precisely the idea of the "Universal Empire," which is Hyperborean and arises from the application of the law of the Fence, that is irreducibly opposed to the idea of the "Universal Synarchy" propitiated by the White Brotherhood of Chang Shambhala, and carried forward in favor of the Chosen People.

I had proposed to give an example of the irreconcilable enmity between the heretical Hyperborean lineage and the sacred Hebrew lineage and it has been made manifest in the opposition between the Universal Empire and the Synarchy, that is to say, between their respective ideal conceptions of society. Equipped with these keys, anyone can review history and draw their own conclusions; it is not then necessary to insist on it more.

I previously said that the "Sacred Race" was created by the Demiurge in ***imitation*** *of the Hyperborean lineages and I showed that "The Tablets of the Law," and the terrible knowledge with which they were written, were delivered to the Hebrews in the* ***likeness*** *of the Gral. I may now add that the "imitation" did not conclude there; on the contrary, for centuries an infernal historical falsification was prepared, which in fact was coming to signify a grievance infinitely more offensive than the imitation of the Hyperborean lineages or of the Gral. I am speaking of the usurpation, vulgarization, and degradation perpetrated against the Divine figure of Khristos Lúcifer.*

I already mentioned that, during the days of the greatest spiritual decadence of Atlantis, Khristos Lúcifer ***manifested Himself*** *in the sight of sleeping men. His Presence had the virtue of purifying and orienting many men, who, thanks to this descent into the Infernos performed by the Gallant Lord, were thus able to undertake the path of Return. However, the cowardly reaction of the Traitorous Gods, who resorted to the use of black magic in order to prevent the rescue, finally led to an all-out war that only concluded when the last of Atlantis had disappeared. And although the Atlantean continent disappeared, devoured by the waters and thousands of years of barbarity and strategic confusion erased these facts from his-*

tory, it is no less certain that the drama lived through was so intense that it was never totally obscured in the collective memory of the Hyperborean lineages. That is why when the Demiurge conceived the sinister idea of imitating, crudely, the redeeming image of "Khristos Lúcifer descending among men" it was inexorable that such an infamy would unleash irreversible changes and definitive confrontations.

What was the Demiurge intending this time? Although it seems incredible, he was desiring to produce, in ***imitation*** *of the Hyperborean transmutation, a leap in Humanity. But let us not be too astonished: what was being sought was* ***a leap*** *forward,* ***toward the future****, and above all, he was attempting to* ***bind*** *the members of Humanity, without any distinction for their Race or religion, to a universal* ***psychological "type,"*** *that is to say, to a* ***collective Archetype****. That Archetype, of course, was that of the Hebrew Race, since what was definitively wanted was to* ***Judaize*** *humanity and prepare it for the World Government of the Synarchy.*

To carry forward such an ambitious plan, numerous forces would be set in motion, which would converge toward the figure of the Messiah and would make his terrestrial Ministry possible. For the mission of "preparing the vehicle" through which Jehovah Satan would manifest Himself to men, one of the Masters of Wisdom of the White Brotherhood was commissioned, who would be known, after his incarnation, as Jesus of Nazareth. Neither was the question of lineage neglected, and that is why the Master Jesus incarnated into the bosom of a Hebrew family whose genealogy was traceable back to Abraham. But the physical body of the Messiah would possess a different constitution to that of a simple Hebrew: Mary would be impregnated "with the gaze" by one of the Demons of the Hierarchy, the "Angel Gabriel," who in reality uses the method of "intersection of fields," one of the three forms of parthenogenesis that exist: in this way ***was also imitated the Virgin of Agartha, Ama, the Mother of Navutan, who was impregnated on Venus by another "Angel," the "Seraph Lúcifer."*** *The Master Jesus would animate that superior body for thirty years, but it would be the Essene sect that during all that time would be put in charge of developing his esoteric po-*

tentialities, training him in the secrets of the acoustic Kabbalah. In this task, the Essenes would be assisted by the Masters of the Hierarchy, and these by the Traitorous Gods; all Chang Shambhala had concentrated on sustaining the Messiah, since the future "evolution" of Humanity would, to a great extent, depend on the success of his mission. If the work of the Messiah was triumphing, the whole of Humanity would be "civilized," that is to say, Judaized, and the "barbarity," that is, the mythological memory of the Divine ancestors, would come to an end.

The most horrific thing of this conspiracy was that the Demiurge and His Demons were this time counting ***on the Blood Memory*** *that the Hyperborean lineages were still keeping of the Khristos of Atlantis to "attract them" toward His imitation, Jesus Christ, and by means of a fantastic confusion, definitively subdue them. With what colossal hypocrisy the fraud was planned and executed! After Jesus Christ, who would now be capable of distinguishing between the Khristos of Atlantis and His caricature? Only a few have suspected the deception; the Gnostics, the Manichaeans, and the Cathars, and against them has fallen the anathema of the Dark Forces, persecution and annihilation. It is that this Jesus Christ, as the Judaic Archetype that he is, allows many interpretations, all "legal," according to the convenience of the Synarchy: there is a redeeming Christ; a Christ of mercy; a Christ "to come"; a Christ God; a Christ man; a social-revolutionary Christ; a Cosmic Christ; a Christ Avatar, etc.*

What no one will ever be permitted to conceive (or "remember") is a Khristos of Uncreated Light, that is to say, a Khristos Lúcifer. After Jesus Christ, that will be the greatest sin, the highest heresy, and the deserved punishment will be an exemplary punishment.

"In year 30 of the Christian Era the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us." That One, by whose Word the World was created, vested Himself with the robe of His Hebrew Archetype, Malkuth, and manifested Himself to men in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. Phenomenon of phenomena, Marvel of marvels, what prodigious spectacle it must have been to see the Demiurge made man! It must be recognized that this time

there is an undeniable quality in his infernal idea of imitating the Khristos of Atlantis and taking advantage of the Blood Memory of men. The result is in sight. Little by little the peoples came out of "barbarity" and "Civilization" was extended to the farthest corners of the Earth. And men, slowly but inexorably, have gone on adapting to the Jewish psychological pattern. How was this success achieved? By what collective alchemy did the ephemeral life of Jesus Christ manage to influence the peoples for millennia until it led to their complete Judaization? Was it only the Blood Memory of the Khristos of Atlantis that determined such a result or were there other hidden factors that contributed to the confusion of humanity and to its current Judaization? Without entering into too many details, given that the subject is lengthy, I can say that the Hebrew Archetype of Jesus Christ, which was just like all Archetypes on the Archetypal Plane, was ***precipitated to the physical plane*** *or* ***actualized*** *during the incarnation of the Demiurge in the body of Jesus of Nazareth. Such an actualization of the Malkuth Archetype signifies that* ***a permanent force*** *has been established on the Earth, which acts in a manner equivalent to the gravitational, "pulling" man toward the* ***Judaic form.*** *It is due to a reason* ***that is also a terrible secret: Jesus Christ has not disincarnated!*** *On the contrary, since then, he has situated himself "at the center of the Earth," next to the King of the World, irradiating from there his "archetypal potency" (today we would say "genetic information") in infinite geo-topocentric axes that start from the terrestrial center and pass through the spinal column of men. This is the constant archetypal force of Jesus Christ. But it is not the only one: an* ***emotional*** *Judaic influence also acts on man, irradiated from the "Chosen People" of Israel themselves, since the Sacred Race forms part of the occult anatomy of the Earth, fulfilling the function of* ***Heart chakra*** *or Anahata chakra.*

Regarding the last question, it is worth emphasizing that the "animal-man" created by the Demiurge millions of years ago so that "it evolved" according to the Plan that the seven Kingdoms of Nature follow, was naturally tending to form a ***type*** *that was responding to some basic Archetypes. However, since the year 33 of the Christian Era, it can be assured that*

the Judaic Archetype of Jesus Christ is now the psychological Archetype of man, that is to say, the ***type*** *toward which he tends through evolution. This means that in men, those who possess an animal inheritance through the ancient Mystery of A-mort, his animal tendencies will unconsciously impulse him toward the Judaic Archetype. Only purity of blood will be able to prevent the predominance of the animal tendencies and the consequent danger of psychologically corresponding to the Judaic Archetype.*

I have already shown in what manner the Demiurge brought the original conflict to the terrain of the racial confrontation, after creating the Sacred Race in imitation of the Hyperborean lineages divinized by the Gral. Now it has just been seen how a new imitation, this time of Khristos Lúcifer, has signified another destructive advance against the Hyperborean lineages. The powerful conforming force of the Judaic Archetype of Jesus Christ, acting from the center of the Earth at all times and places, has tremendously increased the dream in which, since long ago, the "Blood Consciousness" of men was found. On the battlefield of blood, two esoteric forces now fight to the finish: the Singing of the Gods and the Judaic archetypal tendency of Jesus Christ. And the "awakening" has become, then, a terrible and desperate struggle waged in the interior and exterior of each one, ***often unconsciously****.*

That is why, after Jesus Christ, it will no longer be possible to rate either peoples or organizations, but one will have to specifically take into account the degree of confusion of the men. It must be so because, in many cases, entire synarchic organizations could fall under the command of a man suddenly conscious of some Hyperborean principle (a product of the esoteric struggle that is being waged in his interior), who could even momentarily "change" the course of the former.

And, vice versa, in other cases it may occur that a group described as "Hyperborean" is led by more or less Judaized personages. In the extreme, we will have Hebrews (Jews of blood) who rebel against Jehovah and dramatically attempt to recover their Hyperborean inheritance, a case that can occur with more frequency than is usually imagined, just as we will many times find persons who "by blood" declare to be perfect

"Aryans" but who psychologically demonstrate to be more Jewish than the Talmud. We will have an eloquent example of this by observing the Catholic Church in which the worshipers of Jesus Christ and the Demiurge coexist alongside nationalist and patriotic priests who serve the cause of Khristos Lúcifer and the Loyal Gods without knowing it.

One then must be prudent when rating human organizations and, even in those clearly synarchic ones, always stop to evaluate the degree of confusion of the men with whom one is dealing. It is considered a show of strategic capacity the ability to locate the "upright man" (even within a synarchic organization such as Masonry), who will then be spoken to by trying to ***isolate him*** *from the organization in which he serves (by appealing to the application of the law of fence) in order to be able* ***to address his Hyperborean part*** *by means of appropriate symbols.*

An example of what I have been saying constitutes the case of the soteriological heresy, of Pelagius, also called "Pelagianism." At the beginning of the fifth century, this British bishop began to defend the theory that man, by himself, is sufficient in order to protagonize his salvation. It is possible, according to Pelagius, because "there is, in man, a principle of spiritual perfection." Thus, it is evident that the Hyperborean lineage was predominating in Pelagius. His Pure Blood soon enabled him to notice that the "salvation" of man (his "orientation") was depending on "a spiritual principle," which should be interiorly "discovered" and "cultivated." But where the "heretical" position of Pelagius was clearest was with regard to Original Sin: man has not sinned at all and "if Adam sinned, his sin died with him; it was not transmitted to human descendants." Definitively, "man is free" and "is born without sin"; from there, to pose the injustice of pain and suffering, or of any other punishment imposed by Jehovah Satan, there was only one step. In consequence, the persecution against Pelagius began right away and did not end until his elimination, in Africa; it was carried forward by the most important ecclesiastical authorities of his Epoch, which proves the fear that his ideas were producing; among those who stood out were Popes Inno-

cent I and Zosimus, Saint Jerome, and the Gnostic apostate Saint Augustine.

At the Synod of Carthage of the year 418, seven propositions were condemned, a synthesis of his doctrine. It is worth remembering them now in order to prove that they are derived from the Hyperborean Wisdom.

Here are the seven condemned propositions:

1. *Adam, mortal because of his creation, would have died with or without sin.*
2. *The sin of Adam harmed him alone, not humankind.*
3. *Newborn children are in that state in which Adam was before his prevarication (that is: before tasting the Forbidden Fruit of the Gral).*
4. *It is false that, neither by death nor by the prevarication of Adam, the whole human race has to die and must be resurrected by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.*
5. *Man can easily live sinless.*
6. *The correct life, of any "freeman," leads to Heaven in the same way as the Gospel.*
7. *Before the coming of Jesus Christ there were men who were "faultless," i.e., who in fact did not sin.*

Forty-seventh Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

While the Golen were marching with the Celts toward Europe, the Kingdom of Judah, in the Middle East, was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar and its population taken, into captivity, to Babylon in 597 BC. They were liberated in 536 and, twenty years later, in 516, they reconstructed Solomon's Temple without finding the Ark with the Tablets of the Law. In the fourth century, they were dominated by the Greeks of Alexander and in the second century, they allied themselves with the Romans against the Greeks (140 BC). After the death of Julius Caesar, the Senate of Rome granted the title of King of Judea to Herod I in the year 37 BC, and in the first year of the Christian Era (or in 4 BC if you will) was born the Savior, Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ.

After Herod I, the Romans took away from the Chosen People the possibility of having a King of their lineage and placed in power a series of procurators who vainly attempted to dominate the growing social agitation. The "crucifixion of Jesus Christ," which did not exist, or the "struggle against the Christians," which is usually given as an explanation for the belligerence and suicidal attitude of the Jews, are not correct, the true cause of the unrest being the fact, foreseen by all the members of the Sacred Race, that the Hebrew Archetype "would be cast onto the Gentiles." By virtue of sharing the substance of the Demiurge, the Judaizing action that would thenceforth be realized over the whole world was palpable for them. What was not appearing so clear to them was: in what way, after the presence of Jesus Christ, could the ancient covenant with Jehovah Satan be fulfilled, the promise that the sacred lineage would inherit the power over other nations? It would take several centuries and the work of eminent kabbalistic Rabbis for the Hebrews to recover their faith about their role in History. But while that time was arriving, the patience of the Romans ran out much earlier: in year 70 AD, General Titus destroyed Jerusalem, Solomon's Temple, and "dispersed" the Jews to all corners of the Roman Empire. With the Diaspora of year 70 begins the modern history of the Chosen People,

whose culmination is about to be produced today, when the Synarchy transfers, into their hands, the totality of world power.

When, in 313, Emperor Constantine the Great recognized Christianity as the official religion of the Roman Empire, a difficult Epoch was initiated for the Sacred Race. The reason was that the Blood Memory of Khristos Lúcifer was predominating more in the recently Christianized peoples than the Judaic Archetype of Jesus Christ, a fact that was almost always resulting in a generalized anti-Jewish sentiment. Although in the long term the constant influence of the "geo-topocentric ray" of Jesus Christ would end up triumphing over the Hyperborean memory, and the masses would end up Judaized, meanwhile, the Sacred Race would be in danger of being exterminated. But the "threat" would soon be warded off.

Whether there was an actual danger against the Hebrews is something to doubt, since in the fifth century Saint Benedict of Nursia founds the Order into which the Golen "Christians" will enter, en masse, who will devote themselves, from then on, to the task of mediating between the Church and the Synagogue.

As I reported in previous days, the Tablets of the Law remained where Solomon had hidden them and were only just found by the Golen Templars in the Middle Ages. Those Tablets have been made by the Demiurge Jehovah Satan to imitate the founding action of the Gral. One must inquire then, what became of the Gral, the metaphysical "model" of the Tablets?

Contrary to the question about the Tablets of the Law, which obliged me to refer to facts of History, the question of the Gral will take me to strictly esoteric terrain. But first of all, it is worth clarifying that the question has been wrongly posed. I have already clarified that the Gral is not to be sought; I will now add that it is an object of which it is not possible to appropriate and that, therefore, must still be where it always was. It is as much an error, then, to "seek" the Gral as it is to question: what has become of it? But, you may ask, how should one approach that Mystery, then, in order to obtain some additional knowledge, free of paradoxes? The only way,

in my judgment, to advance in the knowledge of the Mystery, consists in going deeper into the analogies that link the "orienting function toward the Origin" of the Gral, an external function, with the "secret ways of spiritual liberation" of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which are internal functions, "orienting toward the Origin."

*In that sense, one can establish a very significant analogy between the "Gral Stone" of the Odal Strategy and the "**Lapis Oppositionis**" used in the way of "Strategic Opposition."*

*I already explained, synthetically, that the Way of Strategic Opposition consists in the use of the Archemonic Technique, that is to say, in the placement of an Archemon or Strategic Fence and of a **Lapis Oppositionis** outside of the fence, at the **Fenestra Infernalis** that faces the Valplads. By applying the law of the fence to the Archemon, **isolating** the Plaza from the Valplads is achieved, that is to say, one manages to **liberate an area** in the World of the Demiurge. But it is not enough: it is necessary that the Initiates desynchronize themselves from the Time of the World and generate a time of their own, inverse, which enables them to **direct themselves toward the Origin**. For this purpose, they perform **Strategic Opposition against the Lapis Oppositionis, which are found situated on a Rune in the Valplads, facing the Fenestra Infernalis.***

*It is now my turn to approach the Greatest Secret, that which explains the method used by the Gods in order to **maintain**, permanently, eternally if you will, the Gral in the World. I will begin by inquiring the following: which is the **Residence** of the Loyal Gods? One can start from a known answer, which I have repeated many times: the Gods reside in **K'Taagar**, in the Valhalla of Agartha. Such an answer is correct, but insufficient, for one might ask: what is Valhalla? Where is it located? Facing these questions, two criteria can be adopted: one, to resort to elements of Nordic mythology and say, for example, that "Valhalla, the site where the warriors killed in combat go to reside, ruled by Wothan, etc., is located at the top of the Ash Yggdrasil." And a second criterion, which seems to me more accurate, consisting in stripping the answers of folkloric adornments and expressing them with symbols of the*

Hyperborean Wisdom, which can be easily interpreted by means of analogies.

With this criterion it is possible to immediately affirm that Valhalla ***is the plaza liberated by the Gods*** *(or Æsir)* ***in some place of the Universe of The One****. This plaza, naturally, has the dimensions of a country and is totally fortified. In it inhabit the Lords of Venus and a great many Gods and Valkyries, those who are constantly preparing for the fight while they await the end of the Kaly Yuga and the awakening of the captive Spirits. Its countless warrior Gods, immortalized with their bodies of Vajra, form the ranks of the Wildes Heer, the furious army of Wothan, and guard the walls of Valhalla, even though the Enemy would never dare to face so fearsome a Hyperborean garrison.*

The Gods have liberated the plaza fortress of Valhalla applying, with Their Powerful Wills, the law of the fence to the walls of stone. The conquest of their own time that reigns in Valhalla, and which makes them independent of any "cycle" or "law" of the World of the Demiurge, comes from a marvelous operation of Strategic Opposition. But, what will have been the stone, the ***Lapis Oppositionis****, that the Gods used in their Hyperborean Strategy? Since the Conflict of the Origins that occurred millions of years ago, the Gods perform Strategic Opposition* ***against a precious extraterrestrial Gem provided for this purpose by the Gallant Lord, Khristos Lúcifer. That stone is called Gral: "dieser Stein ist Gral genannt." (Wolfram von Eschenbach).***

*The analogical relationship between the Archemon and Valhalla becomes even more evident if one considers that the latter possesses a "****Porta Infernalis****," equivalent to the "****Fenestra Infernalis****" of the former. The* ***Porta Infernalis*** *is an opening in the wall that is permanently watched over by attentive sentinels. Facing the* ***Porta Infernalis****, but outside of Valhalla, that is to say, in "the world,"* ***is situated the Gral, upon a Vrune****; against it, as has been said, the Gods perform Strategic Opposition.*

It is necessary to go a little deeper into the description of this placement, due to its extraordinary importance, in order to approach the Mystery of the Gral.

Before anything, I will say that the Gral, as a Lapis Oppositionis, ***was deposited in the Origin, upon a Vrune and is still there: upon the Vrune and in the Origin****. It is not a play on words, but a property of the Gral that must be thoroughly examined: the Gral, as a reflection of the Origin, cannot come to be in time like the material "things" created by the Demiurge; in other words, the Gral cannot be in the present. In truth, the Gral is in the remote past, in that time and place in which it was deposited, and that is why* ***it must not be sought*** *by using "movement" (and time) in order to find it, since such an attitude* ***points toward the future****, that is, in the opposite direction, just as I have already explained. But if the Gral is in the past, if time does not drag it toward the present with its unstoppable fluence as occurs with material objects, and* ***has always remained there*** *(in the past), how is it that we have come to know of it? And, most importantly, how can it act in the present, such as the Odal Strategy demands,* ***regardless of time****, that is to say, by virtue of what "element" is the Gral connected, "from the past" to "the present," for example, with a Hyperborean Leader? The solution to these problems has constituted, since antiquity, a dangerous Secret... that I am now going to try to reveal. The enigma is solved by reasoning in this way: while the Gral* ***has always remained in the past****, a property that the Gem of Khristos Lúcifer uniquely possesses in the Universe,* ***the same has not occurred with the Vrune that was sustaining it*** *(and that still sustains it). Here is the Great Secret: while the Gral, a reflection of the Divine Origin, remains as such "situated in the Origin," the Vrune upon which it was seated has traversed millennia and has arrived to the present. Certainly, the Vrune "is always present," which means: "in any historical circumstance." I will speak a little on the Vrune.*

It is known as ***Vrune of the Origin*** *or* ***Vrune of Orichalcum****, but it is worth clarifying that such names not only designate the "symbol" of the Vrune but also the* ***terrestrial Stone*** *that was the primordial seat of the Gral. That is why, when in the Hyperborean Wisdom, an allusion is made to the "Vrune of Orichalcum," what we are actually dealing with is a very ancient stone, violet-blue in color, on which the Gods enchased*

a vrunic sign of orichalcum. It becomes necessary, then, to know the origin of it and the motive for its construction.

I already mentioned on other occasions that in the beginning the Gods entered the Solar System "through the Gate of Venus" and that a group of them, the "Traitorous Gods," "associated themselves to the Plan of the Demiurge, later provoking, in combination with the latter, the catastrophe of the captive Spirits." The Hyperborean Spirits were enchained to Matter for having fallen into a cosmic trap, the Mystery of A-mort, but I will not speak of it for now. The effect that was produced in the evolutive World of the Demiurge upon assimilating the confused Spirits is what we would call today: a collective mutation. To the evil of the imitative ordering of matter, done by the Demiurge, was later added the evil of the mutation of His Work and the enchainment of the Spirits, that is to say, the modification of the Plan carried out by the Traitorous Gods. And in order to "control" such an evil endeavor, the Traitorous Gods decide to found the White Brotherhood, in which the different devic manifestations of the Demiurge are to be organized. The "headquarters" of Power, Chang Shambhala, is also the key to the collective mutation of the seven Kingdoms of nature. In effect: in what manner was the Demiurge maintaining ***the stability of form over the Earth*** *and how was He ensuring, before the mutation, that the seven Kingdoms evolved according to his Plan? There are two principles that intervene in the execution of the Plan, one static and the other dynamic. The Plan* ***statically*** *relies on the Archetypes and* ***dynamically*** *on the Breath of the Solar Logos, that is, it was* ***a force coming from the Sun****, the physical vehicle of the Solar Logos, which was maintaining the evolutive impulse in the seven Kingdoms of terrestrial nature. Well, in order to provoke any permanent alteration in the Plan of the Demiurge,* ***it is indispensable to intercept the energetic current coming from the Sun that, passing through the ocean of prana, converges on Earth****. To comply with this condition, the Traitorous Gods installed themselves, from the beginning,* ***between the Sun and the Earth****, in a* ***fixed*** *position that never lets even a single ray of light pass through, that is to say, not even a photon, without first having been intercepted. This affirmation may*

seem fantastic, and in truth it is, but more fantastic and insensate has been the construction of Chang Shambhala, since what we have described is the "technical" function of the seat of Power of the Traitorous Gods.

Here is another "Secret" that is no longer such; the "location" of Chang Shambhala can now be determined from this datum: it is always located between the Earth and the Sun. In reality, Chang Shambhala is very near to the Earth, which will give an idea of its enormous size. However, this is not a whim but it had to be constructed this way because of the exigencies[47] *of the solar genetic plasma's* ***modulating*** *function.*

*Of course, there will be no shortage of those who will foolishly say that all this is nonsense, given that "the traditions of Tibet and India" affirm that Chang Shambhala "is a Kingdom situated in Asia, between the Altai Mountains, the Gobi Desert, and the Himalayas." Undoubtedly, a comment of this type will constitute a greater nonsense than my affirmations. First, the mentioned "traditions of Tibet and India" are products of the strategic disinformation that for centuries the Brotherhood has deployed so that the truth is ignored. And, in the second place, I will say that the most serious data of the Tradition, since there are some data worthy of credit, always mention the location of "****The Gate of Chang Shambhala****" and never the Kingdom itself. This subtle distinction is highly suggestive, since the fact that a gate exists in a determinate geographic place* ***does not imply that the Kingdom is immediately behind it****. A primitive mind could understand it this way, conditioned by the belief that the straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and in fact such a thing frequently occurs. But here, I am handling the information on another level and that is why I will advance four verses of the Song of Princess Isa, which you will already have the opportunity of learning when I recount the story of Nimrod, "The Defeated."*

47. demands, requirements

"But although Dejung is far away,
its gates are everywhere.
Dejung has seven gates,
and seven walls encircle it."

The Oriental legends refer to these "induced gates," which "are everywhere" and lead to the Kingdom that, evidently, does not occupy a simple geographic location.

A reference to such remote events, as the perverse association between the Traitorous Gods and the Demiurge, was intended to serve as an introduction to a fact that I will now highlight: when the Demiurge agrees with the Traitorous Gods to cede to them the control of the Hierarchy, he delivers to them ***the Tiphereth sign*** *that represents one of the ten Sephiroth and permits a total control over the* ***formal*** *Aspects of Creation. The Tiphereth Sign is the symbolic expression of the "material manifestation of the Divine Archetypes," an Aspect that tends to be synthesized as the "****Beauty of the Demiurge****." In case it has not been well understood, it is worth repeating that the Demons of Chang Shambhala were left in possession of a sign that represents the* ***whole*** *Tiphereth aspect of the Demiurge, permitting them access to it and to share its Power. Naturally, the Tiphereth sign is the key of Maya, the Illusion of the Real, and, therefore, the most terrible tool of sorcery. Whoever observes the Tiphereth sign, which is quite complex, "from the world," that is to say, karmically incarnated, runs the risk of immediately becoming abyssed, losing any point of reference and therefore, reason. That is why the Hyperborean Wisdom recommends applying the law of the fence to the Tiphereth sign in order to be able to observe it without danger. It is not superfluous to point out that in every Hyperborean offensive against the Demons of Chang Shambhala, sooner or later a confrontation with the Tiphereth sign is produced, given that its nefarious influence is relied on for conquering the awakened men.*

After the Traitorous Gods received the Tiphereth sign and constructed Chang Shambhala, it was no longer possible for the Loyal Gods to remain on the Earth's surface. But neither were they wanting to abandon the Solar System, leaving behind billions of captive Spirits, so they then planned the Odal

Strategy. But first, what picture was a captive Spirit presenting? Basically, the loss of the Origin and the consequent unconsciousness, that is to say, the loss of its own time. The enchainment to matter fundamentally starts from the enchainment to the "immanent flow of the Demiurge's Consciousness," that is to say, the synchronization to the Time of the World. The captive Spirits, bound to Time, were going to take millions of years to recover their consciousness, if ever. Under these circumstances, the Gods, in a marvelous exhibition of valor and intrepidness, begin the Odal Strategy.

The first problem that they were to face was maintaining themselves "independent" of Time, but not "outside of it," since they would have to closely follow the misfortunes of the captive Spirits in order to help them to avoid strategic confusion and, eventually, to rescue them. On the other hand, the independence of Time was necessary so that the Gods could preserve their own time, their consciousness of the Origin, otherwise they would run the risk of also falling into the Great Deception. But, as long as the aeons went on, the Gods were to have an agreeable site, fit to be occupied and defended by a garrison of frightful stellar warriors. These were the principal problems; there were others, but I will pass them over in an homage to brevity.

The procedure to follow was the following. The Loyal Gods sought a site on Earth convenient for their purposes. As such a site ***was going to disappear****, after the Strategic Opposition, they did not choose it* ***within a continent****, since it would have perhaps caused a cataclysm, which would delay the destiny of the captive Spirits even more. Instead, they searched among the islands and chose one of them, situated in what today would be the extreme north, but which in those days was a tropical zone, immediately proceeding to* ***fence it****. Being an enormous island, the work to perform in order to construct a cyclopean wall of stone all around its perimeter would today seem an impossible task. But the Hyperborean Wisdom that the Gods were having at their disposal gave them the solutions to quickly finish such a job and in a short time a colossal wall was transforming the paradisiacal island into an impregnable fortress. It is not possible to describe the extraterrestrial archi-*

tecture of the walls, since I would lose myself in explanations and would not make much progress; I will only say that, in some sections, the construction was similar to the pre-Incan fortress of ***Sacsahuamán*** *near Cuzco, in Peru, but such a resemblance, I must also say, was very rough, since Sacsahuamán is still* ***too human****.*

In the wall they made only one opening, something that will surprise those who do not know the strategic principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom. And outside of this opening, which I have already named with a modern denomination: ***Porta Infernalis****, was placed the* ***Vrune of Orichalcum****. The moment has come, then, to return to the Greatest Mystery.*

The Great Chief, Khristos Lúcifer, audaciously established in an unthinkable place (behind Venus, as the Black Sun or an expression of the Origin), decided to respond to the vile conspiracy of the Traitorous Gods with an act of war. To comply with His Will, the Liberating Gods occupied the island and walled it by initiating the Odal Strategy. But the Odal Strategy had the objective to "awaken" and "orient" men, individually or racially, we have already said; then, what was the "act of war" consisting in with which Khristos Lúcifer was responding to the Treason of the Gods of Chang Shambhala? Concretely: the coup de guerre was delivered by the Gral.

The Hyperborean Gem, removed from the Forehead of the Gallant Lord and seated in the World of the Demiurge, would prevent the Demons from denying the Divine Origin of the Spirit, since its untarnishable brilliance, at all times, would give off the reflections of the Primordial Fatherland. The Gral, by Divinizing the Hyperborean lineages, was constituting the greatest defiance, for it was threatening to send the infernal plans to failure. The conflict would be, from then on, eternally posed by anyone who managed to awaken, whatever the Hell in which he found himself, since the Gral would be seated on the physical plane, that is to say, in the lowest of the infernal regions, and ***its brilliance would be seen from all corners of the World****, including the astral plane and all those "purgatories" that the Demons prepare there to deceive the Spirits; even on those very subtle planes of the monads emanated by the Demiurge, where there are also completely idiotized Hyper-*

borean Spirits, who have been made to believe that "they must remain there while their, denser, 'other bodies' evolve." Lastly, the Gral was, if the metaphor is permitted to me, a gauntlet thrown in the face of the Demons, for a challenge that these, because of their cowardice, would not be capable of responding to.

But it was not so easy to ensure that the Gral, once entered into the physical plane, simply stayed located in one place, on an altar for example. Because of its atemporal character, as a reflection of the Origin, the Gral, as a true universal diluent, would pass through everything and would be lost from sight... especially if ***the Time of the World elapsed*** *for whoever looked at it. The Gral cannot be seated upon any substance that flows at the impulse of the Breath of the Logos, that is to say, that temporally flows, for* ***it would be lost in the past, since its essence is always in the Origin****. What to do? It is necessary "to prepare" a material seat in such a manner that it supports the Gral* ***even if it remains in the past and even if the Time of the World effectively elapses for said seat****. Can something like this be constructed? Only if a sign* ***that neutralizes the temporality*** *is intercalated between the substance of the seat and the Gral. This means that the sign must represent* ***the inverse movement*** *to the one used by the Demiurge to construct the Solar System. A sign like that, which is the height of heretical symbols, was used by the Gods in order to construct the seat of the Gral, which I have called the* ***Vrune of Orichalcum****.*

Pay attention to this because I will say it only once: ***from the Vrune of Orichalcum****, which is a very complex sign and of tremendous magical power,* ***is derived, after a mutilation and deformation, the Swastika Rune****, of which so many nonsensical things have been written.*

To construct the seat of the Gral, a violet-blue color crystalline stone is opted for, similar to an agate. On its upper part, in a slightly concave area, a Vrune of Orichalcum, skillfully chiseled by the Loyal Gods, was enchased. And once the seat was completed, it was deposited outside of the walls of the island, in the direction of the ***Porta Infernalis****, but many miles from there, in a continental region.*

It will be difficult for anyone to imagine the marvelous spectacle of the Gral descending into the seven hells. Perhaps if one thinks of a Green Ray, of blinding brilliance and a gnostic influence upon the viewer, before whom the Demons turn their ferocious faces, frozen with fright; a Ray that, like the reaping blade of an invincible Sword, goes tearing through the four hundred thousand worlds of Deception, seeking the Heart of the Enemy; a Flying Green Serpent that bears between its teeth the Fruit of the Truth, denied and hidden until then; if one thinks on the Ray, on the Sword, on the Fruit, on the Serpent, perhaps it is thus possible to intuit what occurred at that crucial moment when the Truth was placed within reach of the captive Spirits. Yes, because since the Gral was seated upon the Vrune of Orichalcum, the Tree of Science was planted within reach of those who, completely confused, were living in Hell believing to inhabit a Paradise. From now on they would be able to eat its fruit and their eyes would be open!

Hallelujah for Khristos Lúcifer, the Serpent of Paradise! Hallelujah for those who ate of the Forbidden Fruit: awakened and transmuted men!

What was the next step of the Gods? Prior to the fall of the Gral, but when this phenomenon was already occurring on other planes, they applied the law of the fence to the walls of the island, ***isolating the interior area from the exterior****. To comprehend the effect that such a strategic action produced, one must bear in mind that* ***this was the first time that a plaza in the Solar System was liberated****. When a ring of fire seemed to burst forth from the imposing walls and the interior of the island, enveloped in a strange vibratory and flaming cloud, was no longer visible, the Demiurge began to feel his substance amputated. The strategy of the Gods was aiming to gain, not only the flat area of the island but also its relief, its mountains and valleys, its lakes and forests, its vegetables and animals; the island, a vast country, was also a gigantic Noah's Ark that for millennia would receive the Viryas who managed to awaken and flee from material chains and also those who had been transmuted by fighting to the death in battles.*

A whole country subtracted from the immanent control of the Demiurge was a new experience, but, however this had

been possible, the truth is that the island was still there: hidden by a barrier of fire but in the same place. That is why the reaction of the Demiurge made the Earth tremble, seeking to somehow affect that incomprehensible phenomenon and recover the dominion of the "plaza." Terrible tidal waves tossed the adjacent seas and never-before-seen winds uselessly blew against the titanic walls; the sky was darkened by clouds of ash from suddenly awakened volcanoes and the ocean floor was threatening to split and attempting to swallow the "liberated" island.

The world was seeming to have gone mad, showing the terrifying spectacle of all the "uncontrolled" forces of nature, when, "as if it were the height of abominations," the Gral descended upon the Earth.

What could I add to give an idea of what happened there? I already said that it is very difficult to describe, or even mention, an event that generated a perpetual irritation in the Demons. Perhaps this comment tells you something, Dr., if you remember the kabbalistic explanations of Bera and Birsha: "as the Gral was falling to Earth, beyond the three hundred and seventy times ten thousand Worlds, the Great Face of the Ancient One let out a howl of horror that ***is still heard reverberating*** *in the confines of the Cosmos."*

As soon as the Gral had been seated upon the Rune of Orichalcum, the Loyal Gods performed the Strategic Opposition, finally making the walled island become invisible, disappearing forever from the Earth's surface. Thenceforth, sleeping men would speak of Valhalla, the abode of the Gods, and also of Hyperborea, the "island swallowed by the sea," since the original Myth, charismatically transmitted by the Gods, has suffered various falls into exotericism due to the blood impurity of sleeping men.

Forty-eighth Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

The question that initiated the preceding esoteric commentary was asking "what has become of the Gral... ?" In response, it was found that it is erroneous to inquire about the Gral since this is virtually ***The Origin****, and has never moved from there. Its seat, on the other hand, the Vrune of Orichalcum, possesses the dimensions of a material object and it is given to suppose that, to a great extent, it is affected by the laws of physics. One can then restate the problem: what has become of the Vrune of Orichalcum? Is it still holding the gem of Khristos Lúcifer? In the last case the answer is affirmative: the Vrune of Orichalcum has since then been the seat of the Gral, a situation that has not altered at all in modern times. With regard to the first question, it should be realized that it would be an impossible task to summarize here, the complete itinerary followed by the Vrune of Orichalcum up until today; it would force me to mention disappeared Civilizations and, many of them, completely unknown to official Culture. I will refer, then, to historical times, starting by establishing some guidelines that will allow us to face the problem in a correct manner, thus avoiding many superstitions or disinformations.*

1º - The Vrune of Orichalcum has been many times confused with the Gral. Indeed, I have already shown why the Gral should not be sought; however, on some occasions there really ***has been a transportment*** *and it has been thought, with reason, that it was the Gral. But the Gral* ***is not an object of which one can appropriate, and still less manipulate or transport****. With all verisimilitude, what has been transported is the Vrune of Orichalcum, within the framework of a racial Strategy. In this case, one cannot attribute the confusion solely to the enemy strategic action because, in the degradation of the ancient Hyperborean Myths, the major responsibility falls on the blood impurity of men.*

2º - The presence of the Vrune of Orichalcum among the members of a community of Hyperborean lineage has the

virtue of favoring charismatic bonding and legalizing the conduct of its Leaders.

3º - The presence of the Vrune of Orichalcum is the presence of the Gral and the people to whom the Gods have entrusted its custody are undoubtedly, at this time, the purest Hyperborean Lineage of the Earth.

4º - To certify if a determinate people have been in possession of the Vrune of Orichalcum, one must study their Hyperborean war architecture:

***The possession of the Vrune of Orichalcum requires the construction of stone structures with peculiar topological properties**. Said constructions **may not seem** made for war, but such an appearance is exclusively due to the ignorance that exists about the Hyperborean Strategy. An example of this is the "castle" of Montsegur, on Mount Pog, in the French Languedoc. This construction, which is not a fortress by any means, was erected in order to enable the Hyperborean sect of the Cathars to **receive and preserve** the Vrune of Orichalcum. The principles that predominate there are those of the "law of the fence" and of "Strategic Opposition," it being a useless task to pretend to make of Montsegur an astronomical observatory or a solar temple. But as the architecture of Montsegur has been designed based on the Vrune of Orichalcum, whoever does not take this key into account will never arrive at any positive result.*

5º - One must distinguish between the seat of the Gral, to which we call the Vrune of Orichalcum, and the Sign of the Origin, which the Vrune of Orichalcum represents. I said that the Gods enchased a figure of Orichalcum on the violet-blue stone and we call the whole, stone and figure, the Vrune of Orichalcum. But the Sign of the Origin, which was chiseled in Orichalcum and enchased, possesses by itself the power to present an "affinity" with the Gral. That is why many Hyperborean lineages, which did not achieve the High Honor of guarding the Vrune of Orichalcum, instead received the Sign of the Origin as a prize for their blood purity and recognition of the effort put into their Strategy. Thus is how the Sign of the Origin had, with the passing of History, a particular pro-

liferation among certain lineages who proudly incorporated it into their banners. Naturally, the Leaders in the beginning tried partially veiling its symbolic content, simplifying the figure, that is to say, removing some suggestive elements, but, after the fall into exotericism and vulgarization, ***the true appearance*** *of the Sign of the Origin was forgotten; I already said, for example, that the Swastika comes from the mutilation and deformation of that Primordial Sign.*

However, in many cases, due to the extraordinary blood purity of some lineage, the Sign of the Origin was exhibited in full, allowing the Leaders to use its enormous power in order to project the light of the Gral onto the mass of people. I could give several examples of Asiatic communities bearing the Sign, but we have at hand the case of the ***Saxons****, who had engraved the Sign of the Origin on a tree trunk that they were considering the column of the world,* ***Universalis Columna****. The purpose of such an audacious determination also deserves a comment. When Charlemagne conquered Teutoburger Wald in 772, he rapidly proceeded to destroy the* ***Irminsul*** *trunk and to execute five thousand members of the Saxon nobility. Not content with this, after three decades of heroic resistance, the Saxon Race, of the purest Hyperborean lineage, was totally "Christianized" (after execution of its purest offspring). I have learned that many cultured Germans consider "fortunate" this dreadful Carolingian campaign. Thus, for example, Professor Haller*[48] *unblushingly opines that "without the subjugation of the Saxons there would not be a German nation today," since "Charlemagne's greatest and most momentous undertaking was the subjugation of the Saxons. It gave the final shape to the Frankish Reich and created essential conditions for the state and cultural development of the Western world up to the present day." This generalized opinion is based on the "a posteriori" analysis of the historical facts, and that is why, considering that the extinction of the Carolingian dynasty made it possible that two hundred years later the Saxon blood arrived with* ***Otto I*** *to take the lead of the Western world, it is taken for granted that the domination and "conversion" of the Saxons was "necessary" and positive. Here is my humble opinion:*

48. *Der Eintritt der Germanen in die Geschichte,* Johannes Haller, 1957

the Judeo-Christianization of the Saxons represents the harshest blow that the Infernal Powers dealt to the Hyperborean lineages in the Christian Era, even greater than the conversion of the Vikings, of the Celts, or the destruction of the Cathars, only comparable to the annihilation of the Gothic Kingdoms. And the destruction of the ***Irminsul*** *tree, with the loss of the Sign of the Origin for the Occident, is a catastrophe very difficult to evaluate.*

6º - It is not indispensable, nor even necessary, that the Vrune of Orichalcum be found in the bosom of a people for the influence of the Gral to act upon them. The Gral acts upon men ***from the Origin****, a property that cannot be affected by any physical variable, wherever the Vrune of Orichalcum is found. That is why it is, to a certain extent, absurd to attribute to such and such a people the achievement of a "high degree of Civilization" because "they were in possession of the Gral," given that the Gral cannot be in the possession of anyone since it is, by arrangement of the Gallant Lord, proof of the Divinity* ***of all*** *the captive Spirits. What a people can have* ***in custody*** *is the Vrune of Orichalcum, but only as a prize and recognition of a* ***previously*** *attained racial purity. That is to say that the fact of having the Vrune of Orichalcum in custody is not the cause of the greatness of a people but, inversely, the purity of its lineage made it worthy of the High Honor of being the depositary of the seat of the Gral.*

But, even though the Vrune of Orichalcum ***is only delivered to those who deserve to have it****, it is true that its close presence affects the environment, creating a mutant microclimate. That is why the Gods usually deposit the Vrunes of Orichalcum, during dark Epochs, in appropriate sites in order to influence the less confused lineages.*

7º - From all that has been exposed up to here, the capital importance that it would have for a community of Hyperborean lineage in order to gain the custody of the Vrune of Orichalcum is clear. It is then necessary to deal with this possibility in detail. The problem can be summarized in the question: why does a King, or whoever exercises the Regal Function, need to find the Gral, that is to say, the Vrune of Orichalcum? Next, Dr. Siegnagel, I will invite you to a brief reflection on the atti-

tude that one ought to adopt when taking knowledge of the events protagonized by the Liberating Gods, and then I will give an answer to the problem, delving a little deeper into the symbolism of the Gral.

A profound meditation on the symbols that I have presented is required in order to capture their ultimate contents, which should always be perceived as dramatic and tragic, brimming with spiritual urgencies. No one who has become aware of the incredible sacrifice made by the Gods in maintaining the Gral in the world for millions of years through Strategic Opposition, that is, by a constant and continuous act of Will, no one who has realized it, we repeat, will be able to remain impassive, in the midst of the confusion, without experiencing an urgency to free himself from the chains of the Demiurge and depart, trying to alleviate, in some way, the task of the Gods. No one who verifies the truth of these symbols with his blood will be able to prevent Honor, the only morality of man, from insistently urging him to "abandon everything" and depart. But that departure will be "with weapons in hand," prepared to fight an all-out battle against the Demons and feeling that the blood has been ignited by the Fury of the Warrior; by the "essential hostility" toward the work of the Demiurge, transmuting the weak organic substance of the physical body into Vajra, the incorruptible matter. It is the least that man can do in order to respond in some measure to the aid that the Gods have lent to the Hyperborean lineages, making it possible, with their Hyperborean Strategy, for the Gral to ***give proof of the Divine Origin****.*

I now go to the pending question.

The Gral-Stone, the Gem of Khristos Lúcifer, ***is sustained in the World by the Opposition of the Gods****, where it fulfills its function of reflecting the Origin and Divinizing the Hyperborean lineages, but, because* ***it is temporally related to Valhalla****, it also points out, to every awakened man, a path toward the abode of the Immortals. That path is that which the fallen Warriors in battle follow, the Heroes, the Champions, guided by the Hyperborean women, those who were promised to them at the beginning of time and whom for thousands of years, because of the* ***fear*** *that was poisoning their blood, they*

had forgotten. If the valor demonstrated in the feat has been a sufficient purge, She will, without fail, be there, next to the fallen Warrior, in order to cure his wounds with the Frozen Amort of Hyperborea and guide him on the inverse path that leads to Valhalla. ***And that path initiates in the Gral****. To the House of Tharsis, for example, the White Atlanteans promised that one day, when the Blood of the Seigniors of Tharsis was sufficiently purified, a Noyo or a Vraya would see the Lithic mark of K'Taagar on the Stone of Venus, which would indicate the time to depart: such a Mark would show, as it is seen, the path toward Valhalla, the Abode of the Loyal Gods.*

But by this it should not be thought that the Light of the Gral aims at the individual salvation of sleeping men, for that purpose the "Singing of the Gods" and the seven secret Ways of spiritual liberation are available. On the contrary, within the Odal Strategy, the Gral must fulfill the fundamental role of ***restoring the Regal Function****, that is to say: it must serve a racial or social purpose. That is why the Gral will be required in all cases in which it is attempted to establish the Universal Empire or any other system of governing based on the social application of the law of the fence: monarchy, fascism, national socialism, aristocracy of the Spirit, etc.*

The historical events that lead to the "search for the Gral," always similar, can be symbolically summarized as follows. In principle, the Kingdom is ***"terra gasta"***[49] *or the "King is ill" or simply the throne has become acephalous,*[50] *etc. There can be many interpretations, but the symbol essentially refers to a depletion or decline in charismatic leadership and a vacuum of power, whether the government is exercised by a King, Caste, or Elite. The best Knights set off to "seek the Gral," in an attempt to put an end to the evils that afflict the Kingdom and ensure that the ancient splendor returns. Only one succeeds in finding the Gral and restoring well-being to the Kingdom, either by "curing the King" or "crowning himself." Curiously, the triumphant Knight is always presented as "foolish," "pure crazy," "naïve," but especially as "plebeian."*

49. A "wasted land."

50. Without a head; headless.

Here, the "best Knights" are equivalent to any of the multiple social forces that are ready to launch themselves upon the Regal Function when an acephaly or vacuum of power exists. Finally "one of them" triumphs and reestablishes order in the Kingdom; "he was the plebeian and now he is King, with the approval and consent of the people." In my interpretation, this means, evidently, that a "social force" has predominated over those remaining (the "other Knights") and ***has replaced the existing order*** *(which was interdicted)* ***by a New Order****, unanimously accepted* ***by the people****. But if the problem is reduced to a mere struggle for power, why does the new King (or new Elite, Aristocracy, Caste, etc.) need to find the Gral?* ***Because the Gral confirms the Regal Function.***

When in times of crisis an Elite or a charismatic Leader accedes to power, with intentions of regal restoration, he must hasten to ***legalize*** *his situation, otherwise another Elite or Leader will come to question his titles and will also attempt to occupy the vacant place, thus an interminable series of battles, political or military, will ensue. But if there is a struggle for power,* ***no one has its control*** *and it may occur that in the end the Kingdom winds up divided among various factions. It is necessary to settle the question, to consult an infallible judge, an undisputed and transcendent authority. Here is where the necessity to appeal to the Gral arises. Why the Gral? Because the Gral is also the* ***Tabula Regia****, the "list of Kings";* ***it states who should govern, to whom it befits to rule, because it reveals who has the Purest Blood****. But this revelation is not simply oracular and arcane but through the mediation of the Gral, the purity of the Leader, his right to Leadership, will be known by all and recognized by all, charismatically. Hence, the pure madman, of Hyperborean lineage but of plebeian Stirp, after "finding the Gral," is "recognized by the people" as the undisputed King.*

When a Hyperborean lineage trusts in the light of the Gral for the election of its Leaders, it can properly be said that a dynasty of "Kings of the Gral" will succeed one another. During the reign of one of these, it may come to pass that the lineage reaches such a high degree of purity that it becomes worthy of obtaining the custody of the Vrune of Orichalcum. This

is what occurred, for example, in the thirteenth century in the French County of Toulouse, when the Vrune of Orichalcum was entrusted to the Perfect Cathars. It will be claimed, against this affirmation, that the Cathars were Manichaeans, that is to say, inheritors of a Gnostic tradition, and that that is why they were annihilated, only a circumstantial relationship existing between them, the Counts of Toulouse, and the Occitan population. Such an argument, of modern Golen origin, attempts to divert attention from the most important fact of the Cathar epic: its relationship with the Gral. The fact that they were Gnostics, which no one disputes, and that they taught one of the seven secret Ways of liberation based on the Song of A-mort of the Loyal Gods, the origin of troubadour Culture, which few know, does not at all explain their relationship with the Gral. The Gral, within the framework of the Odal Strategy, has a purely racial meaning. If the Vrune of Orichalcum was entrusted to the Cathars, it is because they were actively participating in collective techniques of transmutation, ***which cannot exclude the Regal Function****, and not simply "because they were of a Gnostic affiliation."*

A Theme connected with the property that the Gral possesses, of being a Tabula Regia, is that of the Imperial Messiah and its imitation: the Jewish Messiah. In principle, I will say that one is King of the Gral by purity of blood, an absolutely individual attribute that depends neither on Race, nor on Stirp, nor on any other material patrimony. A King of the Gral exhibits purely personal virtues such as Valor, Intrepidness, or Honor and never fundaments his prestige on material possessions or on the value of gold. The authority of a King of the Gral, for these reasons, exclusively comes from his personal charism, which extends itself to the rest of the people thanks to the "bonding" that is established between the King and ***each one of them****, in their blood,* ***through the mediation of the Gral****: this is the principle of the psychosocial Mystique. That is why a King of the Gral,* ***in his community****, is recognized by the people. Naturally,* ***all peoples*** *would have their King of the Gral if the action of the Synarchy and the Hebrew Race, with their "Democracy," "Socialism," "Communism," etc., had not usurped the Regal Function. In any case, it is worth asking:*

would the Hyperborean lineages, at a universal level, have the possibility of a King of the Gral that was recognized by all? This would be a person of undeniable purity, whose majesty would be evident to all the lineages of the earth, those who may or may not accept his power, but whom they would not be able to deny his right to rule. Well, it is easy to respond that the only Lord that accredits, for all the Hyperborean lineages, such a right, is Khristos Lúcifer. If He were to present Himself before the Hyperborean lineages, His right to ***Rule by Blood****, based on His undeniable purity, may be accepted or rejected, but never ignored.*

But the idea of an Imperial Messiah does not come from mere speculation. It was in the black days of Atlantis when, in response to the clamor of the Gods, the possibility arose that the exalted Presence of Khristos Lúcifer be manifested before the sight of men. In those days the confusion of the captive Spirits was so complete that no one was any longer responding to the Singing of the Gods or was capable of perceiving the Light of the Gral. That is why the coming of the Imperial Messiah, the Gral's King of Kings, who was going to restore the Regal Function to re-establish the spiritual Aristocracy of the Hyperborean Leaders and destroy the synarchic Hierarchy that the Demons were imposing, was announced for centuries. The prophecy was finally fulfilled with the arrival of Lúcifer, the Khristos of Atlantis; but his Divine Presence was cowardly resisted by the Demons of Chang Shambhala who resorted to black magic and opened a breach between the infernal regions of the astral plane and the physical plane. From there, a terrible conflict was generalized, which only concluded when the continent of Atlantis "had sunk into the waters of the Ocean." It is pointless to recount events here that today no one remembers and that, perhaps, are not worth remembering. I will only add that when the Demiurge, as I already explained before, conceives the sinister idea of copying the Presence of the Khristos of Atlantis, He also decides to "announce" the arrival of a "Messiah" by imitating, in his own manner, the figure of the Imperial Messiah. But the differences are enormous. Here are some:

1. *The Imperial Messiah comes to restore the Regal Function; the Hebrew Messiah comes to exercise the Priestly Function.*
2. *The Imperial Messiah accredits his right* ***through the Blood****; the Hebrew Messiah accredits his right* ***through the Heart****.*
3. *And that is why the Imperial Messiah will be recognized by the people* ***through the Blood*** *(charismatically); and that is why the Hebrew Messiah will be recognized by the people (Judaized)* ***through the Heart*** *(emotionally).*

Forty-ninth Day

Starting today, Dr. Siegnagel, I will resume the story interrupted the Forty-third Day. I believe that in the last five Days I have clarified enough the fundamental concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom and that it was worth taking a break, for it, in the history of the house of Tharsis. The hinge of History took place when the Hyperborean Strategy of Philip IV triumphed over the synarchic plans of the White Brotherhood and the leadership of the Knights Templar were sent to the stake. And in that feat, the House of Tharsis played no minor role, actively operating in the ***Circulus Domini Canis****, which would attract upon them the Attentive Gaze of the Liberating Gods, of the Lords of Venus, who would set the Stirp on an unexpected course. But I will not get ahead of the facts.*

At the stakes of the ***Domini Canis*** *Inquisition, the plans of the White Brotherhood were transformed into ashes. Two principal events were confirming that end: the dismemberment of the Financial Synarchy effectuated by Philip IV, and the escape to Scotland of the College of Temple Constructors, where centuries later it would birth* ***Freemasonry****. About this last event, it is worth remembering what I said on Day Sixteen, when I explained why the College of Temple Constructors was needing to rediscover the Tablets of the Law: "****with those Tablets in their possession, the Golen would be in conditions to raise Solomon's Temple in Europe, thus complying with the plans of the White Brotherhood and elevate the Chosen People to the Throne of the World.****" Philip IV, warned of these intentions by his* ***Domini Canis*** *instructors, suspends the activity of the three guilds of* ***Masons*** *as soon as the trial of the Templars is initiated, under the accusation of complicity and participation in the crimes of the latter: the blow aims at the guild of the* ***Constructors of Solomon****, who integrate the Knights Templar as Friars Minors after receiving training at the Cister; one must not forget that the true name of the Order, designated by the Golen Saint Bernard, is the "****Order of Solomon's Temple****" or "****Ordo Templi Salomonis.****"*

The Constructors of Solomon immediately go underground and flee from France, but not before losing several members to torture and burning at the stake; what information was expected from them? The identification of Solomon's Temple, if it had already been constructed, or the revelation of the place of its future emplacement and the progress of the work. One must note that the Golen constructed Cathedrals in the thirteenth century such as Chartres, Reims, Amiens, Strasbourg, Metz, Narbonne, etc., and that any of them would be able to hide the sought-after Temple. However, there were two conditions that were taken into account by the ***Domini Canis****: one, the exigency that the Secret of the Serpent Temple be contained in its structure, that it was designed based on the twenty-two letters of the Sacred Alphabet of Jehovah Satan; and the other, that the emplacement of the Temple corresponded to the most sacred place for the Golen. But this was already known: the most sacred site was Lyon. However, even knowing the sacred place, it was not easy to discover the Temple because the constructors of Solomon were preferring to die without speaking, and the City refused to reveal their secret: in fact, neither the Saint Jean or Saint Martin Cathedrals, both constructed with the* ***Gaulic*** *method, had anything to do with Solomon's Temple, since the Secret of the Serpent or the twenty-two signs of the Sacred Alphabet was not appearing in it.*

When finally, in 1310, Philip the Fair acquires the rights to Lyon, he sends a party of ***Domini Canis*** *specialists in Golen Architecture to inspect the region inch by inch. This attempt would have success just one year later, when finding in a Templar commandery on Mount Fourvière, the foundations of a Temple that was being adjusted in all its measures to the archetypal proportions of the Universe: the Golen were planning to finish their building simultaneously with the establishment of the World Government, and everything was ready there to be pieced together like a "puzzle"; in nearby depositories were the cut and marked stones, the beams and furniture, the altar, the stained glass windows, the ritual instruments, etc. And everything was meticulously destroyed by express order of the King, who also authorized the* ***Domini Canis*** *to occupy that*

*site "**as if it was a liberated plaza in the Universe**," and to fortify it "**with a Strategic Wall of stone**." The remains of that construction based on the Hyperborean Wisdom are still preserved.*

*In 1314, then, the Enemy was enduring a generalized disaster and the danger that forced the House of Tharsis to hide forty years was disappearing: the Golen terror would be vanquished by the **Domini Canis Terror**, by reason that the latter was led by Men of Stone, who for that matter were also Men Without Fear. Of course, the danger of the Final Death, represented by Bera and Birsha, had by no means disappeared; but the Immortals were in another sphere of Reality and, for the moment, would not return to occupy themselves with the House of Tharsis. The Golen, on the other hand, were hors de combat*[51] *and would no longer be able to detect the survivors of the House of Tharsis.*

*But something very strange was now occurring in the family. In consequence, perhaps, of the progress realized by the Stirp in the fulfillment of the familial mission; or perhaps, by effect of a kind of "genetic concentration" produced in the survivors after the quasi extermination of the Stirp; or perhaps by another unknown cause, the truth was that the hereditary family characters had notably differentiated from the two matrilineal branches founded by Vrunalda and Valentina. Among the descendants of both Dames came Men of Stone, but only the sons and grandsons of Valentina demonstrated a vocation for the **Noyo-Vraya position**; the Men of Stone who were originating from the blood of Vrunalda, on the contrary, were detesting standing guard in front of the Wise Sword and had only one goal: to attack the Enemy as soon as possible. While the Valentinians were appearing gifted to interpret the Great Plans of the Liberating Gods, and contribute to their orderly execution, the Vrunaldines were intending to immediately take action; within the framework of the Essential War, it could be assured that the former were pure **strategists**, the latter, perfect **tacticians**.*

*All the Men of Stone, without exception, were continuing reviewing in the **Circulus Domini Canis**. However, during the*

51. French for *out of combat*; incapacitated.

reign of Philip IV, the Valentinians had dedicated themselves to projecting the Strategy of the Mystical Nation and were secretly advising the King on how to fight against the Golen, while the Vrunaldines were among the most valiant and audacious Knights who had to face the English and Flemish, and among the most terrible inquisitors that the Templars endured; moreover, the Vrunaldines, because they were Spaniards, participated in numerous episodes of the Reconquest and the repression of Judaism and the religion of the infidels. Around 1310, when the triumph of the Strategy of the Blood Pact was already in sight, one of the Valentinians appeared in person at Candelaria Hill and located the Secret Cavern. After sepulchering the Vraya, whose corpse was still remaining seated in front of the Wise Sword, and restoring the Flame of the Perennial Lamp, he took the post of Noyo and reestablished the millenary guard: the Vrunaldines would supply him from the Catalan fortress that was then existing in place of the Chapel, at the foot of the Hill.

That Noyo was a relatively young but very wise Man of Stone; he remained in the Cavern the following five years, during which the destruction of the Knights Templar was completed and the Golen power collapsed in France. Among the members of the House of Tharsis, as is natural, the defeat of the Golen had caused a climate of general rejoicing; but no one was expecting that anything new occurred, anything relating to the Secret Cavern, to the Wise Sword, to the familial mission, to the Blood Pact. However, in the first days of June 1315, they all received an identical ciphered message: it was a citation from the Noyo to attend an extraordinary familial reunion to be held on June 21 at Saint-Félix-de-Caraman. That day, in the Castle of Valentina, the Seigniors of Tharsis held a Family Council for the first time in forty years.

The reunion was scheduled for 21:00, but at 19:00 almost everyone was already in the main hall of the Castle: only the Noyo was missing who, according to the Lady of the Castle, had locked himself in a tower on arrival, without coming down all day. Many were not knowing each other, and the introductions and greetings created a festive climate. While they were taking a cold and light supper they were not ceasing

to transmit news and comment on the latest events in France: the names of Pierre Flotte, Guillaume de Nogaret, Guillaume de Plasian, Clement V, and other Seigniors of the Dog, were being pronounced with much respect and admiration; but that of Philip the Fair was at the top of the general veneration. And it was no wonder: the Great King, by means of the sanction of more than 350 laws of ***Domini Canis*** *origin, had transformed France into the first Nation of the West. And also, and principally, he had destroyed the Golen infrastructure to a great extent, in addition to eliminating the Templar leadership and forcing the rest to flee. That is why, those who were virtual survivors of the Lye, were joyfully laughing remembering the Templar stakes.*

At the moment that they were raising their cups in the direction of the coat of arms of the House of Tharsis, which was dominating the hall from the upper wall of the hearth, the Noyo made his entrance, who joined himself in the toast.

*"****Honor et Mortis!****" he shouted with a voice of thunder.*

*"****Ad Inimicus!****" those present vehemently responded.*

The bellicose group was comprised of eighteen Seigniors of Tharsis, ten Knights and eight Dames, all Men of Stone. Of them, twelve were Vrunaldines and six Valentinians. The seventeen were left in silence, expectantly gazing at the newcomer. The Noyo immediately began to speak:

"Dames and Knights: you ought to have the assurance that if I summoned you with so much haste, it has not been by whim but because an unpostponable matter was demanding it." As he was speaking, he was imprinting a tone of graveness on his words, something unthinkable in a Man of Stone, that was suggesting the influence of a ***strong impression****. Such effect was not able to be caused by that assembly,* ***it was having to be something else****.*

"In truth," he continued, "He, whom you will meet very soon, requested this meeting. I, for my part, know that prudence was advising to still wait a few years, before holding a Family Council."

Some sound burst from each throat, for a murmur arose and won the room. The revelation that they would receive a visitor was astonishing to all since, in the long history of the

House of Tharsis, the Men of Stone had never congregated in the presence of a stranger. Once the collective exclamation dissipated in the space, the Noyo retook the floor:

"Do not worry, Men of Stone, the Secret of the House of Tharsis will be kept safe: ***our guest is not of this world; he will come here from K'Taagar and then return to the City of the Gods****. But, it is necessary that I relate to you the circumstances of my encounter with Him, one of the Liberating Gods of the Spirit of Man, one of the Lords of Venus. As you know, since five years ago I am keeping guard of the Wise Sword: in that period of time I never ceased contemplating the Stone of Venus, but I was noticing nothing different in it. Day after day, I concentrated on its contemplation, hoping to observe the Sign of the Origin, or the Lithic Mark of K'Taagar, but nothing new was occurring: only the dancing signs of the Illusion, the Archetypes Created by the One God, which are also within us, were vainly passing in front of my sight. However, one day something different happened; it was in May, shortly before I sent for you.*

The account was followed with superlative attention.

Undoubtedly, the Noyo had had a marvelous experience, but certainly extraordinary, out of the ordinary, irregular. The Liberating Gods had not manifested themselves to men for thousands of years: since the Epoch of the White Atlanteans.

*"Well, that day, after several hours of meditation, I fell asleep in front of the Wise Sword. I do not know how long I remained in that state. I only remember that a musical sound was waking me up, until I distinguished with clarity the Word '****Tirodinguiburr****' modulated in the language of the birds; coincidentally, when fixing my eyes on the Wise Sword, I saw the Vrunes that form that word, perfectly shining clear in the center of the Stone of Venus. My astonishment knew no limits, as you can imagine, when I heard, emerging behind my back, a Voice, endowed with the Majesty of the Eternal Spirit, which was pronouncing my name. When turning my face I found myself before a Being, full of Light, who was smilingly observing me by the Right Angle of the Secret Cavern: I then realized that it was He who was projecting the Tirodinguiburr Sign*

onto the Stone of Venus and procuring to call my attention. I rapidly turned around to contemplate the Vrunes but, believe me Men of Stone, that it will be difficult for me to communicate what occurred at that instant."

A prolonged sigh accompanied the last words of the Noyo. After a second of hesitation, during which the sparkle in his eyes faded and his attention seemed to be directed inward, he continued with firmness.

"At that instant, Knights, I comprehended the significance of the Tirodinguiburr Sign. And its comprehension infused me with the Highest Degree of the Hyperborean Wisdom. It was the Eternal Spirit who was liberating and isolating itself, as never before, from the Illusion of Created Forms! Yes, my own Spirit, fixed and planted, like a menhir that remains and cuts into the temporal current of the Soul, was all of a sudden sustaining itself in the Origin, in its eternal and infinite instance! I now knew everything! I had returned to the Origin, I had liberated myself from enchainment in Matter, and I was comprehending the reason for the Fall! If I had wanted it, I would have been able to leave there and then toward Hyperborea! But I was not able to do it; not while the familial mission was not fulfilled, not while you remained here, in the midst of the Demons, not while we still had the Final Battle left to fight against the Potencies of Matter! Honor was preventing me from leaving; and perhaps that decision was what that Being was hoping for, for only then he spoke:

*"**'O Noyo of Tharsis!**' he said. **'Do not be surprised by feeling the Firm Land of the Spirit! The Gods are with you: it is the Will of Navutan who now sustains you in the Universe, the Vrunes of His Name! And the Grace of Frya! And the Kālibur Power of the Vrune of Death! I have come to you** in order in order to confirm your existence and that of your House; **to engrave on the Cold Stone the Sign that will situate it in the Origin and determine that it prevails over the Lye of the Final Death! I will tell you what you must do, O Custodian of the Stone of Venus! It is necessary that the Initiates of your House** coincide **with me at some** site **of the Universe, whichever it may be; once together, I must transmit to them the Message of the Gods! I will leave you this**

Stone: place it in the same way in front of the Right Angle, and I will be there at the precise moment!'

"That said, He vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared, and I found myself absolutely alone in the Secret Cavern. The Stone of Venus was no longer reflecting the Tirodinguiburr Sign, but I could see it if I was proposing to. In brief, after reflecting for five days, I decided to approach Turdes and send messengers in order to convoke you and concretize the reunion requested by the Lord of Venus."

A few minutes passed without anyone managing to say anything; everyone had been left as if enchanted by the account of the Noyo. Finally, one of the Men of Stone questioned:

"The Stone; what did the Lord of Venus mean when he spoke of leaving you a Stone?"

"Well, the case is that when He vanished through the Right Angle," responded the Noyo, "a curious Stone appeared where He was, without Me being able to explain how it arrived to that place in the Cavern."

"And what have you done with it?"

"I have transported it here!" The Noyo untied a leather pouch that he was wearing fastened to his waist and extracted from it a rustic piece of black basalt. The Stone was a small column of 8 or 9 inches high and a rectangular base; without hesitation he handed it to whoever had formulated the questions. It soon circulated from hand to hand until returning again to the Noyo, who then started to speak again.

"Dames and Knights: I propose to attempt contact with the Gods, just as They themselves have suggested it. I have prepared a tower of the Castle for that purpose and I believe that it is time to head there."

"Yes!" approved several voices in unison. "Let us not waste more time!"

Fiftieth Day

The Tower in question consisted of a quadrate enclosure, constructed with solid blocks of granite, the four angles of which were perfectly aligned with the cardinal points. All the furniture had been removed with the exception of three long backless benches, on which the Men of Stone sat. The single candle of a wall sconce[52] *was tenuously illuminating the western angle. In front of that corner, on the floor, the Noyo deposited the diminutive rock column: after properly orienting it, he joined the Men of Stone.*

"I have placed the Stone in a form similar to how I found it in the Secret Cavern," he said. "Now all we have to do is Wait and Observe."

At first, no one noticed anything because the phenomenon was occurring very slowly. However, at a given moment, without the Men of Stone able to determine when, ***the vertex of the corner appeared strangely bright****. Then they all saw a vertical line of white light where the two planes of the walls were meeting at the right angle. That luminosity was completely covering the vertex and causing the sensation of emerging from a thin cleft, as if the walls were separated by an infinitesimal slit, a window to another world. But the vertex of light was what was being seen* ***in relation*** *to the walls of the tower, because if the vertex* ***was aligning with*** *the Stone, the image was suddenly changing and the phenomenon was acquiring its most curious character: observing in that way,* ***the Stone was seeming strangely encrusted in the right angle****; but that vision was lasting only a moment, for right away* ***the angle was advancing forward*** *and the Stone was being lost in the line of light. This was surprising; however, upon examining the vertex of light* ***in relation*** *to the walls, the Stone was reappearing where the Noyo had placed it.*

As all were contemplating the vertex of light, all saw the Lord of Venus arrive. And it escaped no one that ***his entrance***

52. Candle holder attached to a wall.

was the product of a step: *the last step of a march that no one was daring to imagine by what path it had been performed. Yes, the Lord of Venus was* ***arriving on foot***, ***passing through*** *the right angle, and* ***situating himself upon the Stone****; and now he was dominating the tower and gazing at the Men of Stone. The Noyo immediately stood up and announced:*

"Dames and Knights: I present to you ***Capitán Kiev****!"*

*"****Grace and Honor****,* ***Blood of Tharsis!****" saluted the Lord of Venus, expressing the* ***bala mudra*** *with his right hand.*

*"****Hail, Aye!****" the Men of Stone answered in chorus.*

That Being, of clear human appearance, was in truth resplendent: a violaceous[53] *halo was extending several inches around him and was allowing to appreciate the details of his attire. This could not be simpler, since it was made up of only three garments: a kind of fine mesh coat of mail, scaled, which was covering the totality of his body with the exception of the head and hands, a pair of short-legged boots; and a belt with an octagonal buckle, on which were engraved a group of indecipherable signs; all three garments had been fabricated with unimaginable materials. Compared with the Men of Stone, the Lord of Venus was a giant: a cubit*[54] *taller than the Vrunaldines, who were among the tallest Knights of Castile. He had blond hair, quite short, and pleasant facial features, with a very pale complexion. But what was most impressing, since it was giving him the indubitable aspect of a being from another world, or belonging to an unknown Race,* ***were his eyes lacking pupils, only comprised of an emerald green iris:*** *those eyes, devoid of human expression, were testifying the disquieting evidence that the History of man has forgotten something; something that is perhaps inevitable to remember in our Epoch, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel.*

After the salute, Capitán Kiev continued speaking; although he was not moving his lips, everyone was hearing him perfectly, and no one inquired about the marvel. The Men of Stone immediately noticed that there would not be any kind of dia-

53. Of violet color.

54. An ancient unit of measurement equal to the the length of a forearm.

logue with that Being: the Lord of Venus had come to bring a message and after communicating He would go.

"Blood of Tharsis: I bring You the salute of Navutan, the Lord of War! And I also bring You His Word! Pay attention, open Your senses wide, because the present is a unique opportunity, perhaps unrepeatable before the Final Battle! In truth, it has been the feat that You have protagonized by contributing to destroy the plans of the Enemy that has motivated this visit: in the abode of the Gods, the Lord of War and the Lords of Venus have drunk Mead with Your Ancestors! There, in the Abode of the Gods, You have earned a place alongside the Heroes of the Hyperborean Race! And on Earth, You have conquered the right to exist, even in the midst of the greatest Illusion of the Great Deception! It is the Will of Navutan that Your House exists until the day of the Final Battle and that its members accompany the ranks of the Gods carrying the banner of the Eternal Spirit! That is why He has revealed to You, through my intermediary, Tirodinguiburr, His Forgotten Name, the Key of the Mystery of the Labyrinth: so that Your Spirit reorients itself toward the Origin and is never led astray again.

"Comprehend, Seigniors of Tharsis, that the sleeping man is only conscious of one World, of one Earth, of one History, which he considers 'real,' but that the captive Spirit shares in the Illusion, millions of possible Worlds, of similar Earths, of alike Histories. You are awakened men, but the sleeping man lives, without knowing it, in millions of Worlds at once: on occasion his consciousness remains referred to one particular World all his life; or, eventually, he passes from one World to another without noticing it; but the sleeping man is incapable of distinguishing one World from another since the Illusion is very intense, the dream too profound. Different is the point of view of the captive Spirit, which underlies enchained in the Soul of the sleeping man. For the Eternal Spirit, any of those Worlds may be 'real,' may be lived as real, but all are equally illusory. For the Spirit, many of the men who believe they exist, and many of the things that are believed to exist, are not real, that is to say, they are pure illusion. For the Spirit, only the World that It Itself affirms as such is

Real, only the man in whom manifests Himself with the best *strategic orientation exists.*

"So it is, Seigniors of Tharsis: for the Spirit, Reality depends on strategic orientation. And the awakened man *will only exist if he makes use of strategic orientation* ***with respect to the Origin: because it is from the Origin that the Spirit sees the awakened man and says, 'He is there,*** *exsistit.'*[55]

"What, then, is strategic orientation? At a given instant, simultaneously, certain men awaken here and there, in some of the possible Worlds: it is the Spirit of Man who evokes them and toward which they are directed. Each one of these worlds is 'real' for the awakened man who inhabits and perceives it. And from each one of those 'real' Worlds an awakened man marches toward a point that is common to all the Possible Worlds: the Origin of the captive Spirit. At one site is the awakened man and his captive Spirit, at another the Origin and the absolutely free Spirit; what separates the awakened man from the Origin? A distance called 'Labyrinth,' which can only be overcame by means of the Vrunes of Navutan. The Spirit awakens the sleeping man, the awakened man acquires the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Hyperborean Wisdom reveals to him the Vrunes of Navutan, and the Vrunes of Navutan constitute Tirodinguiburr, the Secret of the Labyrinth. With the Key of the Vrunes, the awakened man orients himself in the Labyrinth and finds the Origin, the only thing truly Real for the Spirit. The Immortality of the Seed of Stone, which the Grace of the Virgin of Agartha sows in the Heart of those who seek the Origin, grants him the necessary time to concretize the orientation.

"The orientation must be *strategic* ***because in the Labyrinth the Enemy will attempt to alter his course toward the Origin: he will try to confuse, to divert, to detain, that is, to disorient the awakened man, and the awakened man must use a Strategy; to advance oriented, he will have to develop a mode of behavior that neutralizes the enemy action and enables him to concretely arrive at the Origin.***

"The Labyrinth is made up of the paths of the Illusion, which bifurcate into all the Possible Worlds. If the strategic

55. "he/she/it exists."

orientation is weak, the distance between the awakened man and the Origin can be very extensive; and the Time that it takes to analogously traverse it prolonged. However, if the strategic orientation is strong, the awakened man can find himself very close to the Origin and spiritual liberation may be instantaneous. It occurs this way because strategic orientation and the Labyrinth are opposites: the less the strategic orientation is, the more complex the Labyrinth will be; the greater the strategic orientation is, the more simple the Labyrinth will be; the maximum strategic orientation, the patent Origin, dissolves the Illusion of the Labyrinth. Moreover, if the movement is being guided by strategic orientation, the Time and Space of the Labyrinth become relative; the Origin is situated far or near, according to the strategic attitude of the awakened man. Then, the reality of the awakened man is relative with respect to the absolute Reality of the Origin.

"The reality of the awakened man depends on strategic orientation. We have seen various awakened men, each one in his 'real' World, simultaneously seeking the Origin; each one with a different degree of misdirection in the Labyrinth, each one with a distinct strategic orientation. What, then, is the Real World, if they are all relatively real from the Origin? Of all the possible Worlds, 'real' are the Worlds that the Spirit of awakened men affirms; of all the 'real' Worlds, Real is the World where awakened men possess the best strategic orientation and where they sustain a triumphant Strategy against the Enemy of the Spirit: and Navutan, the Lord of War, affirms the Reality of that World. The Lords of Venus of K'Taagar, from the Origin, detached from the Time and Space of the Labyrinth, constantly scan the millions of Worlds of Illusion while they wait for the last of the sleeping men to retake the Path of the Spirit and declare Essential War on the Potencies of Matter. They discovered Your World, Seigniors of Tharsis, and revealed it to Navutan. And the Lord of War, flattered by Your Exploits, decided to affirm it as Real. From the Origin, the Great Ásur distinguished Your World saying:

"'There it is, exsistit, the real World of the Seigniors of Tharsis, those who never cease fighting for the Liberty of the Eternal Spirit! A World, then, exists where sleeping men are capable of awakening and confronting the Potencies of Matter! Ha-ha-ha! And Good they are: they just won a Battle! I will send to them the Great Chief of the White Race! Relying on the help of these Wise Warriors, and that of those Heroes who join them, they will defeat the Potencies of Matter and put an end, in Principle, to the Essential War!'

"Comprehend this, Seigniors of Tharsis, and You will know why I have come and in what consists the Grace that Navutan has dispensed to You by bestowing Real existence to Your World!

"Because it is so! The World where You live, and where the Enemy has been recently defeated, will be the Real World for the Lords of Venus and for Navutan, the Lord of War! In this World, the Final Battle will begin, when Man will definitively confront the Potencies of Matter! And in this World, the World of the Seigniors of Tharsis, shall be realized all those who seek to liberate their Eternal Spirit and depart toward the Origin, the Warriors, the Heroes, the Hyperborean Initiates, the true Gnostics, the Men of Stone! Hear ye: those who seek and find the Blood of Tharsis in their World will settle the Spirit on the Cold Stone that is in the Origin, on the Stone that is sustained outside the Created Universe and that will still be in the Origin when the Created Universe no longer exists! Contrarily, those who intend to ignore the Blood of Tharsis, or are not capable of finding it, will found their World on Illusion and will be converted into Lye at the End of Time, when Everything Returns to The One at the End of His Day of Manifestation, when the End is equal to the Beginning, and the Illusion dissolves into the nothingness, and only The One exists in His simple eternity.

"Because only the Spirit is Eternal! Whoever does not find his Spirit will die of the Final Death even if he believes himself to be Immortal. And those who are going to die first are the Souls that are closest to the End, where they have approached seeking a chimerical and vain archetypal perfection. Those whose Souls evolve imitating the Final Goal pro-

posed by the One Creator God, those who delude themselves identifying Good with 'Universal Peace' and deprive their Spirit of the opportunity to fight, those who worship the One Creator God and love the Material Universe, those who fear Jehovah Satan and serve the Potencies of Matter, those who persist in affirming that the Spirit is Created and want to put it on its knees in front of the supposed Creator, those who shelter themselves beneath the Dove of Israel, those who integrate the Hierarchy of the White Brotherhood, the Priests of all the Cults and those who believe that one can be a 'Gnostic' and a Priest at the same time: those will die of the Final Death! Those will be reduced to Lye by Will of their Creator!

"In synthesis: those who participate in the Cultural Pact will live in the Illusion of the Soul and will die of the Final Death! *And those who remember the Blood Pact, and find the Blood of Tharsis, will live in the Reality of Spirit and will be eternalized Beyond the Origin!*

"Do You comprehend, Seigniors of Tharsis, what the Reality of Your World means for the other captive Spirits? Your House has made a commitment to man, to whom You have demonstrated that one can triumph over Evil, that it is possible to vanquish the Demons. Henceforth, Your mission will be to accompany History without entering History. Because before the End, You will contribute to breaking History and starting the Final Battle. You will have to be attentive to History, and monitor the movements of the Enemy in History, to act at the opportune moment. A Great White Chief will then come to Your World: He will possess the Power to raise the Final Battle against the Enemy of the Spirit. He will be an Envoy of the Lord of War and will follow the path marked out by You: You will design, construct, and keep that path clear; and for it You will use the Time that was necessary, the Centuries that the Illusion of History demands.

"The Great White Chief, the Lord of Absolute Will and Valor, will come once, twice, three times, to Your World. The first time, he will break History, but he will go away, and cause the insensate laughter of the Demons; the second time he will raise the Final Battle, but he will go away, amidst the

Roar of Terror of the Demons; the third time he will guide the Race of the Spirit toward the Origin, but he will go away forever, leaving behind him the Holocaust of Fire in which the followers of the One God, men, Souls, and Demons will be consumed. But those who follow the Envoy of the War Lord will be Eternal!

"You were trying to fulfill the familial mission and were guarding the Wise Sword. Now I will give You instructions to carry out another mission: to prepare the advent of the Envoy of the Lord of War in the World. It is His Will that it should be so! But you will not be able to realize this mission acting as up to now: the Strategy demands that the efforts be divided and that only one part of You be occupied with each thing. We ask that You separate yourselves once again, for the penultimate time! It is essential that only the Sons of Vrunalda of Tharsis intervene in the preparations for the coming of the Great White Chief: with this objective, they should relocate as of now to their Germania estates, where the Dames will be the head of the Stirp and will sustain the fiction of their Germanic and Catalan lineage. There they will keep themselves alert until the Epoch in which a German Emperor affectionate to the Hyperborean Wisdom arises: He, with the collaboration of other persons who at that moment will join You, will be who will lay the foundations of the future Order in which the Envoy will receive the Highest Initiation. That Stirp of Tharsis, What Honor Theirs Is, will be next to the Great White Chief when he declares Total War on the Potencies of Matter! Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Stirp, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the First Coming of the Envoy of the Lord of War!

"The Sons of Valentina of Tharsis, on the other hand, will have to return to Spain and permanently settle in Turdes. There they will dedicate themselves to guarding the Wise Sword and fulfilling the familial mission, until the Epoch that a Man of Stone will arise who will see the Lithic Mark of K'Taagar on the Stone of Venus. Such an image will indicate to him a path, which he must follow without hesitation. He will then take the Wise Sword and, accompanied by the remaining Men of Stone from the lineage of Valentina, de-

part toward a distant and unknown Country where he will be head of a new Stirp. Yes, Seigniors of Tharsis! That Initiate will be permitted to initiate the Stirp, transmitting the familial inheritance through the masculine line! But, after Him, his descendants will continue the matrilineal initiatic tradition and it will be proven that the Men of Stone still come from that line! And that Stirp of Tharsis, What Glory Yours Is, will actively participate in the Final Battle! Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Stirp, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the Second Coming of the Envoy of the Lord of War!

"Finally, I will give you a warning. When the plans of the White Brotherhood in Europe fail, there is a part of them that has also been neutralized and of which You ignore everything: it is the one that refers to the mission of Quiblon, the Great Sacrificer. He was going to come to Announce the Glory and Victory of Israel with the Synarchy of the Chosen People, and was going to offer three peoples in Holocaust to The One. The Synarchy will not be able to be concretized for now due to Your resolute action, but it is possible that in a not too distant Epoch the Enemy will send Quiblon anyway, to force the march of History: it will then be very difficult to stop him. You will only be able to attempt a generalized attack against the Chosen People, to whose Race He will belong, but the most probable thing is that he manages to fulfill his mission. But it will not prevent the Destiny of Glory of the House of Tharsis from being fulfilled.

"Seigniors of Tharsis: I have said all that I had to say and it is not convenient, for strategic reasons, to add anything more. I reiterate the salute of Navutan and I bid You farewell until the Final Battle. Or until You coincide with me in another *Kairos.* ***Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis,"*** *the Lord of Venus wished them, while he was raising his right arm to express the* ***bala mudra.***

"Hail, *Capitán Kiev!" responded the Men of Stone, also practicing the* ***bala mudra,*** *which was the ancient secret salute of the House of Tharsis.*

Fifty-first Day

mmediately after the salute, the Lord of Venus turned around his body and ***penetrated through the illuminated vertex of the right angle****, leaving behind him the Men of Stone immersed in profound ponderings. The first to react was the Noyo, who observed that the Stone had disappeared along with Capitán Kiev: my ancestors, Dr. Siegnagel, despite all their Hyperborean Wisdom, did not manage, at that moment, to comprehend* ***that the Stone*** *was* ***the Lord of Venus****.*

The following day, the Family Council decided to exactly fulfill the received instructions.

That Noble, who accepted Vrunalda as a legitimate daughter, when dying left no other heirs to his Austrian Seigniories than his supposed grandchildren. The children and grandchildren of these, among whom were the twelve present, were taking care of their patrimony in the East, although without abandoning the Spanish familial base of Turdes. Now they would all be settled in Austria, while the Valentinians would abandon Saint-Félix-de-Caraman to establish themselves in Spain. Henceforth, Dr. Siegnagel, I will solely refer to the branch of the Valentinians, from which I descend, to continue the story. About the Vrunaldines, the only thing that I shall comment is that they fulfilled their mission to perfection: they became strong in Austria and when the expected Emperor, Rudolf II Habsburg, arose, with the inestimable collaboration of the Englishman John Dee and seven families of the German Nobility, they constituted the Secret Society ***Einherjar****; such Society functioned for more than three hundred years in the most absolute clandestinity, acquiring its members the Highest Hyperborean Wisdom, as High as the House of Tharsis ever possessed before; in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, they gave birth to various external Orders that were having the purpose to Announce to the masses of sleeping men the next Coming of the Great Chief of the White Race and to* ***locate him to administer the Hyperborean Initiation****; the penultimate of these Orders was the* ***Thulegesellschaft****, in*

*charge of guiding the **Führer Adolf Hitler**, born at the end of the nineteenth century, to the Men of Stone of the Einherjar; and the last of the Orders formed by Them was the ϟϟ Black Order, inspired in secret by the Thulegesellschaft, but in reality directed by the Men of Stone of the super-secret Einherjar; the Vrunaldines achieved, then, the Honor of accompanying the Great White Chief, the Führer, in his Total War against the Potencies of Matter, as the Lord of Venus had predicted so many centuries before.*

The Valentinians were then left as the only representatives of the House of Tharsis in Spain; especially, the only ones who would dedicate themselves to fulfill the familial mission. From Saint-Félix-de-Caraman ten of the descendants of Arnaldo Tiberio accompanied them, who were wishing to continue living near their cousins. They established themselves in the old Seigniorial House and struck up excellent relations with the Catalan population of Turdes, to whom it was pleasing that those new Seigniors came from the Languedoc and understood their native language. The Noyo retook up the Guard in the Secret Cavern and soon had the company of another Man of Stone who, still impressed by the experience with the Lord of Venus, had decided to devote himself to the Custody of the Wise Sword. In a similar situation were the six attendees at the reunion of Saint-Félix-de-Caraman, but it would not be possible for all of them to abandon the World, since attention had to be devoted to the patrimonial interests of the House. Spain was rapidly industrializing and was requiring, in the major cities, all sorts of raw materials; in Turdes, the new population of Catalan origin reactivated the production of minerals, completely abandoned by the Seigniors of Tharsis in the last centuries. Thus, as if the millennia had not passed, gold and silver were returning to be extracted from the mountains by the Seigniors of Tharsis. Notwithstanding the attention that the new situation was demanding, all was under control toward the middle of the fourteenth century: by then, five of those six initiates had already been recluded in the Secret Cavern.

When the Valentinians arrived in Huelva, the County was belonging to Seville. Alfonso XI of Castile ceded it to the Grand

Master of Santiago in 1338, with which the Golen danger reappeared: besides being an eminently Golen Celtic Order, many Templars had taken refuge in it after the proceedings promoted by Clement V, and then began to infest the region. However, fourteen years later, Prince Peter takes it away from the Grand Master to give it to María de Padilla. At the end of the fourteenth century, the House of Cerdas, of the Kings of Castile, gives it as a dowry to one of their Dames and it passes into the possession of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, until the end of this story.

The influence of the House of Tharsis on the Order of Preachers was maintained in the following years, since the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** *continued functioning in secret, trying to direct the Inquisition against the members of the Chosen People and the Golen, procuring to impulse the model of the Mystical Nation, juridically perfected during the reign of Philip the Fair and concretized in part by that Great King. This influence made itself felt above all in Spain, where thanks to the popular elucidation campaigns of many preachers, among them Ferrand Martínez, provisor of the Archbishopric of Seville and Seignior of the Dog, unleashed violent persecutions against Jews that culminated in the massacres of 1391 in Seville, Córdoba, Toledo, Écija, Logroño, Burgos, Ocaña, and thirty more comarcas. From Castile, that fire passed to Aragon; in Valencia the people exterminated five thousand Jews and in Barcelona about eleven thousand; the popular fury against the followers of Jehovah Satan arrived as far as the Balearic Islands. In danger of being annihilated in Castile and Aragon, they found safe refuge in Portugal, where the marrano Moses Navarro, entrenched in the government, had obtained two local bulls from Popes Clement VII and Boniface IX, which were preventing the compulsory conversion of the Jews; that Hebrew invasion, however, would cause, in the short term, the hostility of the Christian inhabitants.*

The Valencian Dominican Saint Vincent Ferrer, who was possessing the charism of the gift of tongues and had preached in all the countries of Europe in their own languages, actively participated in the anti-Hebrew campaign: he was who inspired the bull of Benedict XIII that was prohibiting the Is-

*raelites the possession of the Talmud and was forcing them "**to wear tabards with a red badge so that this way they could be known to all and the harm that their dealings bring to Christians could be avoided.**" This was occurring in 1412, when the persistent Israelites were beginning to return en masse to Spain. Soon the persecutions were reinitiated, which were acquiring such furor that in 1473 they led the Chosen People to propose to King Henry IV the sale or rent of the City of Gibraltar to establish themselves in it, a very Hebrew solution that was logically rejected.*

*After the death of this King, his sister, Isabella I, married to Ferdinand of Aragon, received the Throne of Castile. In 1478 the Catholic Monarchs address Pope Sixtus IV to request the dictation of a bull that authorizes the operation of the Inquisition in Castile; the purpose: to prosecute those guilty of heresy, especially the Jews. Rapidly issued, the bull permitted the formation of the Tribunals of the Holy Office, entrusted to the Dominican Order of Preachers. The promoter of that initiative of the Catholic Monarchs was the prior of the Dominicans of Seville, Friar Alfonso de Hojeda, Seignior of the Dog, who knew how to convince Queen Isabella of the advisability of intervening the Inquisition in the combat against the satanic forces. At the beginning, the bull only acted as a threat but, thanks to the indefatigable administration of the **Domini Canis**, Friar Alfonso de Hojeda, the Provisor Pedro de Solís, the assistant Diego de Merlo, and the secretary of the King, Pedro Martínez Camaño, managed to persuade the Kings on the necessity of instrumenting the Inquisition with all its vigor to extirpate Judaism and heresy from the social body. Thus, the Kings appointed, in Medina del Campo, the first inquisitors, the Dominican friars Miguel de Morillo and Juan de San Martín, who will juridically act, seconded by Friar Felipe de Turdes and Ricardo of Tharsis, uncle and father of Lito of Tharsis, respectively. Two edicts written by them, giving a deadline for the repentance of the heretics, past that they would be judged, produced numerous conversions, but nothing prevented that two thousand Jews were burned in less than a year.*

When in 1483 the prior of the Convent of Santo Domingo de Segovia, Friar Tomás de Torquemada, was appointed Inquisitor General of the Crown of Castile, Friar Felipe de Turdes and Ricardo of Tharsis were appointed as his jurisconsult advisors, to whom the writing of the Manual of the modern Inquisition was commissioned. The application of these laws would clearly demonstrate how useless it was to expect the conversion of the Jews to Christianity, to which they falsely acceded while they were continuing practicing Satanism in secret. Facing the evidence, the Catholic Monarchs decreed on March 31, 1492 the expulsion of the Jews from the Kingdoms of Castile and Aragon in the period of four months, a more benign measure than that of Philip the Fair but equally effective. Portugal once again offered them asylum because its King, John II, had been educated by Jewish instructors and completely underestimated the danger that those were representing for the health of the Kingdom. But this time the protection would not last long, because in 1495 John II dies, leaving Manuel I as heir to the crown: to the misfortune of the Hebrews, this King was married to a daughter of the Catholic Monarchs and extremely clear about the motives of the Spanish Inquisition. In 1497 he signed a decree similar to the Castilian one of 1492, by which the Jews are expelled from Portuguese territory. The destiny of the Chosen People would now take them to Holland, particularly to Amsterdam, which earned the nickname "The New Jerusalem," and other important cities, as well as the Netherlands, where they soon controlled the levers of power, practiced speculation, and converted those nations into the banking and Masonic potencies that we know today.

Behind all these Spanish persecutions against the Chosen People, naturally, was the House of Tharsis, who was procuring to hold back the arrival of Quiblon. But such an objective, as Capitán Kiev was reminding, would be very difficult to realize: in 1484 the Great Hebrew Magician was already in Spain and in 1492 he would consecrate the "new lands of India," inhabited by three "sacrificable" peoples, to the "Glory of Jehovah God."

Quiblon was a converted Jew from Galicia, who in the Middle Ages were called ***Ginoveses****. He was secretly educated*

as a Rabbi and Kabbalist. To favor his High Mission, an apocryphal history was later invented for him, obscuring all the data that permitted to know his origin and erasing the trail of his tracks. His brothers of Race would take care of it during the following centuries. Just as the Kabbalah demands it for whoever is to receive the Voice of Metatron from the Shekhinah, the ***Rabbi*** *was to possess Seventy Names; we know only some of them:* ***Scolnus, Scolvus, Scolvo, Skolvus, Skolvo, Kolonus, Scolom, Skolum, Colum, Colom, Colombo, Colón,*** *etc. Namely, I am referring to Christopher Columbus or Cristóbal Colón, the celebrated Admiral better known for the "discovery" of the American continent than for his esoteric activities.*

Quiblon was coming to fulfill the prophecies of Bera and Birsha, to offer the Holocaust of Water, Mem, to ***YHVH Sabaoth;*** *and for it he had prepared many years and passed through many definitive tests. In particular, Quiblon had to give signs of his dominion to* ***open the Gates of Paradise and close the Gates of Hell.*** *He demonstrated the latter test in 1477, when he traveled to Greenland as pilot of a Danish Armada to* ***close the Gates of Thule.*** *It is convenient to refer to this operation of Greater Magic to comprehend his subsequent actions.*

It all begins with an inexplicable and perturbing event occurred in the fourteenth century: ***the Viking population of Greenland, about ten thousand persons during the thirteenth century, disappear in the following century without leaving a trace.*** *To understand what happened, one must go back to the tenth century, to the Epoch in which the Catholic Golen control the Normans and advance toward Northern Europe, subjecting the barbarian and pagan peoples of Denmark, Sweden and Norway to blood and fire. It is then when one of the last Stones of Venus that were remaining in possession of the peoples of the Blood Pact is transported to Greenland. Erik the Red does it, a Wise Warrior of singular valor, whose determination results in the impossibility of him returning to his homeland: it would be him who would give its present name, Green Land, to the frozen island in the year 986. And his family would form a Stirp of Noyos and Vrayas who would take care of the Stone in the subsequent centuries, when the cultur-*

al relations with the European peoples had already been reestablished. Those relations would attract Catholic missionaries toward the Viking settlements, but the Stone would not fall into the hands of the Golen, for the Custodians would hide it in extremely rugged Regions of Northwest Greenland.

In 999, Leif Eriksson brings the first Catholic priest, whom many more follow in successive journeys; however, the resistance of the Norse to the Cultural Pact would be extended throughout the eleventh century. In any case, the prosperous colony of Erik the Red, with more than two hundred granges, already had twelve churches and two convents in 1124. Pope Paschal II appoints the first Bishop, Erik Gnupsson in 1121, followed by sixteen more until 1409. In 1290, the first ***Domini Canis****, Thor Bjorn, arrives on the island, who occupies himself with combating the Golen and calls a member of the House of Tharsis to his aid. Thus was founded, in Garðar, the famous Monastery of Our Lady of Thule, where two poems of the Edda were written, the* ***Atlakviða*** *and the* ***Atlamál****. In Garðar, precisely, was existing the Golen Monastery of Saint Bernard. And in said City would be centered the fiercest opposition between the Golen and the* ***Domini Canis****, due to that the former were suspecting that the Stone of Venus was very nearby and they were resisting to abandon the place without having found it. Finally, in 1312, thanks to a Bull of Clement V, who was finishing the liquidation of the Templar Synarchy in combination with Philip the Fair, the Golen are forced to abandon Garðar:* ***it is then when the Viking Noyos declare to the population of Garðar that they have seen the Lithic Mark of K'Taagar on the Stone of Venus, a stone that they attribute to an inheritance from Wothan and that they even call "the Eye of Wothan." The Noyos propose to the people of Garðar to leave toward where the Stone points and they all accept****, immediately preparing themselves for war:* ***why? It is what I will explain starting tomorrow, Dr. Siegnagel. The important thing now is to know that not only the population of Garðar, but the totality of the Greenlanders, with the exception of some Catholic Priests who conveniently hid themselves to not be executed by the infuriated Vikings, decided to leave "toward Valhalla, the Abode of the Gods."***

It is that those people of Pure Blood, were suddenly awakening to the Hyperborean Wisdom that arises from the Eternal Spirit and were liberating themselves from the spell of the Cultural Pact: ***they had been transmuted and were only longing to depart toward the Origin, regardless of the nature of the Enemy that stood in their way****. In 1354 the King of Norway, Magnus Eriksson, aware that the population of Greenland "had returned to paganism" and "was preparing to abandon the settlements," sends his official ship "The Knör" under the command of Paul Knutsson in order to find out what occurred. The Golen Bishop Arni travels in the expedition, who takes the mission to once again "evangelize" the Norwegian colonists: but in Greenland they find absolutely no one, despite the fact that Arni incites them to explore the region inch by inch until 1363, the year in which he passes away. From that moment on, several would be the expeditions that the Norwegian Kings would dispatch in the following hundred years to find out the fate met by their subjects and to attempt to repopulate the abandoned colonies: such attempts would be useless, since finding out what happened to the ten thousand Vikings would never be achieved, nor would there be anyone who wanted to inhabit the phantasmagoric cities.*

However, the action of the Vikings of Greenland would cause great concern to the Demons of the White Brotherhood, those who, from their Lair in Chang Shambhala, would impose on Quiblon the test of ***closing the Gate of Thule*** *as a means of access to the Highest Priesthood of the Order of Melchizedek. In 1486 Quiblon was residing in Portugal, where he studied the Occult Arts and was working as a cartographer in the* ***Treasury*** *of the King. That year, King Christian of Denmark asks his cousin, King Afonso V of Portugal, for "a very good pilot and cartographer to guide his next expedition to Thule," which had as its aim "to locate the Christian colonies of which there had been no news for more than a hundred years." It was the opportunity awaited by the Rabbis: the notable influences that the Hebrews were by then possessing in the Portuguese court are put into play to facilitate the appointment of Quiblon as pilot of the voyage to Greenland: they easily obtain him, appearing in the royal decree as* ***Jo-***

***hannes Scolvus**. In 1477, then, Quiblon presents himself off the coasts of Greenland, ready to use all his Science, and his faith in the One Creator, to **close the Gate of Thule**: he is successful in his mission, and the White Fraternity, and all Jewry, comprehend that, with Quiblon, one of the Highest Priests of History has arrived to Earth, one who will be capable of speaking with the Verb of Metatron.*

*The expedition of Scolvus, Columbus, found no one in Greenland in 1477. But **since then the Gate of Thule will be once again closed**. He is a great Hebrew Magician, perhaps as great as Solomon, who has arrived to the frozen lands of the North to **fulfill the Ritual, to pronounce the Words, to express the Gestures**. It was necessary that it were so, for the Gate **was enforced** by a brave Viking people, of the purest Hyperborean blood, against whom the magic of the Golen can do nothing. For it has always been so: the Golen have easily dominated the Celts, Iberians, Ligurians, Basques, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, and even Latins, but, in the case of the Germanics, it is necessary that the greatest Masters of the infernal arts see to them.*

*I understand, Dr. Siegnagel, that it is almost impossible to comprehend what the mission of Quiblon consisted in if I do not clarify the nature of that **"closing of the Thule Gate"** performed in Greenland. However, what is fitting is to explain **how the mentioned Gate toward K'Taagar, or Agartha, was open, and what other action the Vikings effectuated before leaving, an action of war that all peoples of Pure Blood normally execute in similar situations, and that caused the worried reaction of the Demons of the White Brotherhood**. Starting tomorrow, then, I will narrate to you in a few words the story of Nimrod, the Defeated, a King of Antiquity who knew how to **open the Gate and strike the Enemy before leaving**: his knowledge will completely clarify the question.*

Fifty-second Day

*In the second millennium BC, an invasion brought the **Kassite** Hyperboreans to Assyria. They were natives of the Caucasus and were carrying a Stone of Venus next to the banner of the leontocephalus eagle. The eagle with a head of a lion and spread wings, was trapping two rams between its talons that were the symbol of the God Enlil, Jehovah Satan, worshiped in Mesopotamia by all the tribes, among them the **Hamite or Habiru** shepherds who would go with Abraham to Palestine and Egypt. This same banner would be carried later, thousands of years later, by other "barbarian" peoples, also natives of the Caucasus, this time of Germanic Race, but the rams would no longer be found between the talons of the eagle but the lamb, the symbol of that God of the shepherds who was attempting to usurp the millenary Hyperborean figure of Khristos Lúcifer.*

*The Kassites were coming following the dictates of their Archer God **Kus** who had made a pact with his Initiates so that said people participate in the Essential War. In the City of Borsippa, to the north of Nineveh, King Nimrod, utilizing the numerical technique of the Ziggurat, constructed an enormous Tower over a vortex of telluric energy. Here is what was being intended: "to attack the Abode of the Immortal Demons," that is to say, Chang Shambhala. This purpose, which today may seem to be the product of an unbridled fantasy, is nonetheless perfectly possible and the proof of it is in the success obtained by Nimrod when his **Elite warrior archers** targeted and shot down several of the "Immortal Demons."*

*In Antiquity, when the influence of the Kaly Yuga was not so significant and the memories of the Hyperborean Wisdom and of the war against the Demiurge were still preserved in some Atlantean remnants, the task of founding peoples and cities was requiring the assistance of especially gifted Initiates. The same for the raising of idols or sacred effigies, the **utility** of which, which was not mere worship, has today been forgotten. The most important element that was being taken into*

account for such foundations was the ***location of telluric energy currents****. In the* ***second*** *place, were the astrological coordinates to which, nevertheless, the blindness of men tends to grant preeminence in some Epochs. Justly, the power or survival of any city depends on the correct geographical situation on which it is erected and if, for example, cities like Rome or Jerusalem have lasted millennia it is because they are seated upon great centers of force. Thousands of years ago, those in charge of precisioning the emplacement of a city were called* ***Cainites****, Initiate sacrificers who knew the Magic of the Spilt Blood. These sacred murderers, who were dowsers,*[56] *that is to say, "sensitive" to the forces of the Earth, after detecting a convenient vortex were effectuating the human sacrifice destined to "polarize" the telluric energy and obtain a phenomenon of "resonance" with the Blood of the Race, in a way that the place converts into a "friend" to its inhabitants and an "enemy" of future invaders. Of such ritual murders for purposes of foundation, we remember for example Romulus, who to ensure the inviolability of the walls of Rome had to execute his twin Remus, etc.*

I will make a brief parenthesis to consult the Hyperborean Wisdom about some guidelines that it is necessary to take into account, in order to correctly interpret the action of war undertaken by King Nimrod.

It can be considered with all propriety that the ***potency*** *of a people to liberate themselves from the satanic yoke of the Synarchy directly depends on the esoteric-Hyperborean conditions of their Initiates. If there are awakened men, sufficiently capable of locating the currents and vortices of telluric energy, and they do not despise the combat that this "positioning" inevitably brings with it, then the Race is on its way to mutation, it has converted into a Hyperborean "closed circle." For reasons of blood purity, the peoples called "barbarians" are always those who are closest to these Hyperborean praxes; but these same peoples, to the extent that they are civilized, or synarchized, lose* ***potency*** *and, then, their* ***possibility of mutation*** *is weakened. The* ***Hyperborean racial purity*** *of a people is evaluated in the* ***capacity of its men*** *to* ***awaken*** *the Blood*

73. Soothsayer; who uses the dowser or divining rod to search for water, ore, etc.

*Memory. The **Hyperborean racial potency** of a people is their **capacity of opposition** to the illusory reality of the material world. It means taking an active part in the Essential War and, therefore, supposes some Hyperborean strategic conception. Potency is then evaluated by the clarity of the strategic aims and objectives that men are capable of formulating and by the effective steps that are taken in that sense. The result of the action is never qualified by any material guideline; furthermore: the action is never qualified at all. For the Hyperborean Wisdom what matters is the Strategy; that is: the clarity of goals and objectives and the way of obtaining them, in other words, the **potency**. In every case, the action qualifies itself, independently of the "results." The "success" or "failure" of an action has no meaning in the Hyperborean Strategy because such words refer to concepts elaborated from an incorrect perception of the world, from Maya, the Illusion. An ancient Hyperborean sentence can illustrate this, which says: "for the Wise Warriors, every war lost on Earth is a war won in other Heavens."*

*Returning to the Hyperborean concept of **racial potency**, I can say that, in general, a **potent people** are those who, having identified the Enemy, go to war within the framework of a "Hyperborean Strategy." And, in particular, that a **people of great potency** are able to **cross the threshold** and move the theater of operations to the plane of the Immortals.*

*Many ways to **cross the threshold** exist. The sleeping men, the "Initiates" in synarchic Satanism, for example, do it during their "Ritual Death," abjectly dragging themselves before the sinister "Guardians of the Threshold," at times misnamed "Dwellers," "Watchers," or "Egregores." After demonstrating their "evolution" by means of oaths, pacts, and alliances, they receive the "illumination," that is to say, they lose all contact with the Origin and suffer the definitive enchainment to the Universal Plan of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan. Then they can cross the Threshold and "participate" in a thousand different ceremonies or covens, according to the sect or religion that has "initiated" them, and that have the surprising characteristic of solely occurring in the consciousness of the adept, since it is a miserable illusion. The "Immortals" of Chang Shambhala*

will never involve anyone in their meetings except to destroy him, however, many are the imbeciles who believe they know the ***sanctum sanctorum*** *of the White Brotherhood and its "Planetary Instructor," the King of the World.*

But there is another way of "crossing the Threshold," which does not require humiliations or promises and that does not imply the total blood confusion of man as in the case of synarchic initiation. It consists in proudly standing up, with weapons in hand, before the Guardians of the Threshold... and destroying them.

It will then be said, "but where is the Threshold? Is it not an 'initiatic' symbol?" It is not. The Synarchic Strategy is based on confusing, that is, making obscure what should be clear. And a widely utilized tactic is to give an unreal, symbolic meaning to that which one desires to hide and, on the other hand, to exalt as real and concrete that which one desires to "reveal." Thus, a reality such as the existence of "induced" or "dimensional gates" is considered a fantasy by sensible people and, for example, utopias like communism, socialism, the UN, or the World Government, are fanatically taken as real possibilities.

The Threshold, that is, the entrance toward the plane on which the Immortal Demons dwell, can be ***established and opened*** *if one possesses an appropriate technique. The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches to open "induced gates," for their use in offensive tactics, in seven different ways. One is utilizing lithic technology. Another is Vrunic. A third harnesses telluric energies. A fourth is phonetic, etc. But all are based on the* ***distortion of space****, on the intersection of planes, and on the dominion of time.*

Once the Gate is opened, by any system, one should proceed with energy and decision to cause the greatest possible number of casualties to the Enemy. This possibility may produce surprise but the truth is that the "Immortal Demons" of Chang Shambhala ***can die****. These "Immortals," "Masters of Wisdom," Gurus, Golen, Elders of Zion, Men in Black, etc., are irremediably linked to the Demiurge. They are immortal for the duration of material "Creation," that is to say, as long as the Demiurge maintains* ***his will placed in manifestation.***

Their existence is the fate of the animal-man. But it is advisable to keep in mind that on the "White Island" of Chang Shambhala, together with the "Immortal Demons," coexist, in a higher hierarchy, the Two Hundred Hyperboreans coming from Venus who caused the collective mutation on Earth and enchained the Eternal Spirits in the animal-men that the Demiurge had created. The Two Hundred Hyperboreans are the Traitorous Gods of Atlantis and the Lords of the Flame of Lemuria. They are truly Immortal but as they have taken physical bodies in order to copulate with the human Race, fulfilling their absurd roles of Manu, they can be violently disincarnated, an action that, apart from disrupting their plans, has the virtue of destroying the ***genetic matrix*** *of the presumed* ***root Races****.*

One can, then, ***kill the Immortals****, who are only so if violence is not exerted against them, for they inhabit a fold of space in which time* ***passes in a different mode****, in such a way that their bodies are physiologically maintained stable at a "determinate age." With this terrible affirmation, I will close here the doctrinal parenthesis that I opened earlier. One is now, by virtue of the above, in conditions to interpret the feat of the Hyperborean King Nimrod. For example, one can now qualify the Kassites as a* ***great racial potency*** *for having taken, according to the aforementioned definition, the theater of operations to the Lair of the Immortal Demons. I will continue, then, with the story.*

I will repeat what I said at the beginning. The Kassites had made a pact with their Archer God Kus to participate in the Essential Conflict. They were fearsome warriors, perfectly capable of dealing with beasts, men, or Demons.

For years, they pilgrimaged until the Cainite Initiates decided that the most powerful "Serpent of Fire," that is: the vortex of telluric energy, was found within the limits of the city of Borsippa, which was already existing and inhabited by a tribe of Habiru shepherds. It did not represent any difficulty for a determined people to wage combat against infernal Demons. In a brief time, the Kassites were dominating the plaza and their Cainite Initiates were performing the necessary Rituals to "calm" the Serpent of Fire.

Immediately afterward, they put into practice an adequate Strategy for the imminent offensive. From it, we should highlight two tasks that demonstrate the capacity of the Cainite Initiates. The first one consisted in training an Elite capable of resisting the powerful magic that the "Demons" would use when "the Gate of Hell" was opened. This Hyperborean Elite, distant ancestor of the ϟϟ, would have the sacred mission of exterminating the Demons, a mind-boggling task in which they would surely lose their lives or their minds.

The other task was perhaps the simplest to execute but that which would require the greatest dexterity in the handling of the Hyperborean Wisdom: to construct the "Magic Tower" that, thanks to the harmony of its exact dimensions, its form and its functionality, channels the telluric energy, ***dispersing it*** *around the "Eye of the Spiral" of energy. In the architecture of Temples, the most important thing, from the point of view of "ritual functionality," is the base plan, its symbol. The most utilized are: the circular, cross-shaped, or octagonal base, although they have also been constructed with a rectangular, pentagonal, hexagonal base, etc. But in the Hyperborean architecture of war, buildings similar to fortresses, the base plan of which is almost always a "labyrinth," are usually constructed. Such a figure should be utilized due to the technical exigencies of the canalization of telluric energies and I may add that the application of the "technique of the labyrinths" is another of the seven ways to open induced gates. Of course, I will not cease repeating that the products of these Hyperborean techniques are not automatic, that is to say, they include the participation of trained men in their functionality.*

The war plan of Nimrod was then comprised of three steps: 1º) open the gate to the plane of Chang Shambhala; 2º) access the famous Threshold of synarchic initiation; 3º) attack, attack, attack...

To complement this colossal Strategy, a series of logistical details were being counted on, like for example the choice of weapons or the possibility of using the very ancient "magic cuirasses"[57] *of Atlantis. With respect to the weapons, the Cainite Initiates decided that the warriors would use arrows con-*

57. A piece of armor consisting of breastplate and backplate fastened together.

structed according to an ancient formula: the feathers would be of ibis; the shafts, of Caucasian acacia; and the points, of stone, would be small, perfectly conical stalactites collected from some deep and mysterious caverns that a shaman tradition affirms are connected with the Hyperborean Kingdom of Agartha.

As for the "magic cuirasses," it is easy to imagine today, in light of modern electronic technology, what a "matter-precipitating electrostatic field" enveloping the whole body would be like. However, this "electronic cuirass," called ***magic*** *in the Age of Nimrod, was a common defense in the days of Atlantis, up to about twelve thousand years ago. The Cainite Initiates only managed to endow King Nimrod and his General Ninurta with such a protective field for a few hours, since no one else in the people had the conditions of purity necessary to apply the very ancient technique. Only two warriors, when Atlantis had entire armies that were using the "coat of metal"! This technique suffered a slow degradation until completely disappearing due to blood confusion. In the beginning, when the Gods came to Earth millions of years ago, they covered their physical body with a "cuirass of fire." Then in distant Lemuria, the Initiates, Kings and warriors, were materializing minerals, so they used to be called "Men of Stone." And, finally, in the middle of the Atlantean Kaly Yuga, the Traitorous Gods were materializing metal cuirasses around their bodies that were protecting them from sword or spear strikes in the manner of our medieval coats of mail. The Atlantean cuirass of materialized metal is, furthermore, the origin of the Jewish legend whereby Nimrod was possessing the "vestures" that Adam and Eve wore in Paradise. He would have obtained them from Ham, one of the sons of Noah, and later on, after fighting with Esau, another great hunter, he would have lost them. These legends are found in the talmudic Midrash Sepher HaYashar (twelfth century) and Pirkei de-Rabbi Eliezer (90–130 AD) and also in the Babylonian Talmud (500 AD), etc.*

*The Guardians of the Threshold also depend on cuirasses and powerful weapons, among them, for example, the "***Om** *ray," an Atlantean weapon with which the sweet "Masters of*

Wisdom" of Chang Shambhala usually disintegrate the disciples who show themselves unruly.

Armed like this, he looks like a terrible enemy, but that is pure appearance, only material power. The warriors of Nimrod would carry the Hyperborean Sign of ***Hk****, the Rune of Fire that no "Immortal Demon" can face. And much less the Two Hundred Traitorous Hyperboreans. That Sign represents for Them* ***the truth****, the inevitable memory of the abandoned Divine Origin. And, like the Gorgon, it is not possible for them to look at it without undergoing grave risk.*

When the Tower was ready, a metallic column of iron, copper, silver, and gold, crowned with a gigantic Emerald, was placed on the turret at the top. Said stone had been delivered to the Kassites by the God Kus when he involved them in the fight with the Demiurge Enlil, Jehovah Satan, whose Abode was in Babylon. And as the Initiates were telling between whispers, the Sacred Stone had been brought from Venus by the Gods who were accompanying Kus when they arrived on Earth, before man existed. During the many decades that the voyage of the "barbarians" lasted, from the slopes of Mount Elbrus, in the Caucasus, the possession of this "Present from Heaven" was the stimulus that enabled to face all types of hardships. It was the ***Center*** *around which the Race was* ***being formed****; it was the* ***Oracle*** *that was making possible to hear the Voice of God and it was the* ***Tabula Regia*** *where the Names of the Kings could be read. It was also the* ***Primordial Sign*** *before which the Demons would recoil in terror and against which no infernal potency had power. Through its intermediary,* ***the Gate of Hell would be opened in Heaven*** *and the truceless combat could be engaged against the servants of who enchained the Eternal Spirit to Matter. Many peoples have been called "barbarians" by other more "civilized" peoples, alluding to their "savagery" and "unconsciousness." But one needs to be a "barbarian" to make a pact with the Gods and take part in the Essential War. Only the* ***guarantee*** *of blood purity of a few "barbarians," intrepid and immune to satanic traps, can decide the Gods to place the* ***cornerstone*** *of a Sacred Race in the world. In other words, the "traps," the temptations of Matter, are set everywhere and that is why it is*

necessary to be "barbaric" or "fanatical," but also naïve, "like a child," or like Parsifal, the pure madman from the Arthurian legend.

After the construction of the Ziggurat, messengers were sent to the remaining Kassite cities and villages, since their Kingdom was including Nineveh and other minor cities, as well as numerous northern encampments that were going as far as Lake Van and were even reaching the slopes of Ararat. Thousands of Ambassadors were arriving at Borsippa to appreciate the Tower of Nimrod and to pay homage to ***Ishtar*** *the Goddess of Venus and to Kus, their racial God, husband of Ishtar. A small number of their Hittite cousins also arrived from the south, from Babylon to which they had just conquered, with whom the Kassites set out together many decades before, from the Caucasus.*

Everything was prepared for the summer solstice, the day on which Chang Shambhala is "closest" to our physical plane. On that day, the people of Borsippa were gathered next to the great Ziggurat and a contrast of emotions was visible on all faces. The Kassite invaders, hunters and farmers, that is to say, Cainites, were openly demonstrating their savage joy for culminating an undertaking that had absorbed several generations. And in that furious joy the longing for the coming combat was throbbing. An ancient Aryan proverb says: "the fury of the warrior is sacred when his cause is just." But if that thirst for justice leads him to confront an Enemy a thousand times superior, then a miracle must ***necessarily*** *occur, a mutation of human nature that takes him beyond material limits, outside of Karma and Eternal Return. Leonidas in Thermopylae is no longer human. He will be a Hero, a Titan, a God, but never a common man. That is why Nimrod's people, in their holy fury, were sensing the coming collective mutation; they were feeling themselves elevated and were seeing the deceitful reality of the Demiurge Enlil dissolve. They were seething with valor and like this were drastically purifying their blood. And that Pure Blood, boiling with fury and valor, when rushing to the temples (of the head) brings along the Memory of the Origin and makes the primogenial images parade before the interior sight.* ***It subtracts****, in a word, from the miserable*

*reality of the world and **transports** the true spiritual essence of man. In these magical circumstances, it is not strange that a whole people gain the immortality of Valhalla.*

Contrasting with this warlike euphoria was a terrible anguish being noticed on the faces of numerous citizens. They were those who were constituting the primitive Habiru population of Borsippa, shepherds and merchants, who were always worshiping the Demiurge Enlil.

*According to their traditions, Jehovah Satan had preferred the shepherd Abel and despised the agriculturist Cain, which is coherent since "shepherd is the office of the animal-man," son of Jehovah, as the Hyperborean Wisdom teaches. For these reasons, they were experiencing a profound hatred against King Nimrod and the Cainite Initiates. A hatred such as only cowards can feel, those who, similar in every way to the rams and sheep that they graze, call themselves "shepherds." That hatred for the warrior is that which hypocritically disguised, exalts the "virtues" of sentimentalism, charity, fraternity, equality, and other falsehoods that are well known for the suffering in this **civilization of shepherds** in which the Judeo-Christianity of the Synarchy has plunged us. And that hatred, which I am considering, arises and is nourished from a source called **fear**.*

Fear and Valor: here are two opposites. We have already seen the transmuting power of valor, the expression of which is the Fury of the Warrior. Fear, on the other hand, expresses itself through pusillanimous and refined hatred, which after multiple distillations yields envy, rancor, slander, and all kinds of insidious sentiments. Fear is then a venom for the purity of blood as valor is an antidote. The exaltation of valor elevates and transmutes; it dissolves reality. The exacerbation of fear, in contrast, sinks into matter and multiplies the enchainment to illusory forms. That is why the Habiru shepherds of Borsippa were murmuring prayers between their teeth to Enlil while, as hypnotized from terror, they were contemplating the Cainite ceremony.

Early in the morning, when Shamash, the Sun, had just risen, the drums and flutes were already electrifying the air with their monotone and ululant rhythm. On the various ter-

races of the Tower, the Initiates were unbridledly dancing while ceaselessly repeating "Kus, Kus," invoking the God of their Race. The Hierophants, fifty in number, were officiating the rites prior to the battle, installed around the enormous labyrinthine mandala constructed on the floor of the upper turret with mosaics of lapis lazuli, an exact replica of the labyrinth at the base of the Ziggurat. Throughout the enclosure was predominating the color blue, emphasizing the great green Emerald consecrated to the Spirit of Venus, the Goddess that the Semites were calling Ishtar and the Sumerians Inanna or Ninhursag, with an intense and twinkling brilliance.

While the Hierophants were staying under the ceiling of the upper turret, outside, in the lateral passageways, King Nimrod and his two hundred archers were preparing themselves to die.

*The bellic climax was "**in crescendo**" as the hours were passing. Around midday, an ectoplasmic, ash color vapor was able to be observed that was seeping through the columns of the upper turret and was languidly revolving around it, enveloping the imperturbable warriors in its capricious volutes.*[58] *Within the turret, the vapor was covering the totality of the enclosure but was not going above the waist of the tallest of the Hierophants.*

The crowd that was remaining petrified observing the top of the enormous Tower suddenly witnessed, astonished, a phenomenon of corporealization of the vapor. At first, only a few noticed it, but now it was visible to all: the cloud was adopting definite forms that were remaining a moment to dissolve and return to once again corporealize. The principal "motif" of the mysterious reliefs of the vapor were fundamentally constituting figures of "Angels." Angels or Gods, but also Goddesses and children. And animals: horses, lions, eagles, dogs, etc. And chariots of war. It was a whole Celestial Army, that which was materializing in the vaporous cloud and rotating slowly around the turret. And as the chariots of combat were passing by, pulled by lively winged steeds, the Warrior Angels were clearly encouraging Nimrod. So were the women, but it is convenient that we pause on Them an instant because the mere contemplation of their Hyperborean beauty is

58. Spirals or swirls.

enough to illuminate the heart of the most passive man and tear him out from the clutches of the Deception. Oh, the Hyperborean women! So beautiful! They were wearing a short skirt girded at the waist by a thin cord from which was hanging, at their side, the scabbard of a graceful and fearsome sword. The bow crossed over the chest and, on the back, the full quiver. The braids of gold and silver of a hair that was seeming as soft and light as the wind. And the Faces. Who would be capable of describing those forgotten Faces, after millennia of deception and decadence; Faces that, nevertheless, are engraved with fire in the Soul of the warrior, almost always without knowing it himself? Who would dare to speak of those sparkling eyes of cold courage that irresistibly incite the fight for the Spirit, to return to the Origin, eyes of steel, the gaze of which will temper the Spirit until the instant before combat but that, after the fight, miraculously, will be like a balsam of frozen Love that will cure every wound, that will soothe every pain, that will eternally resurrect the Hero, the one who tenaciously maintains himself on the Path of Return to the Origin? And who, lastly, would dare to even mention their primordial smiles before which all human gestures pale; before whose singing sounds, the music and rumors of Earth are extinguished; transmuting laughter that could never resonate among the misery and deception of material reality and that, therefore, can only be heard by him who also knows how to listen to the Voice of the Pure Blood? It is impossible to attempt to sketch the purest image of those Hyperborean women, eternal companions of the Men of Stone, whose projection in the ectoplasmic vapor was being produced thanks to the powerful will of the Cainite Initiates. I will only add that said images were enormous. While the other figures were rotating at a certain distance from the Kassite warriors, They were detaching themselves to embrace and caress them, and then their size was able to be appreciated. They were doubling in height to King Nimrod, the tallest warrior of Borsippa.

The people were clearly seeing these effusions and, although it was evident that the Goddesses were speaking to the warriors in an imperative tone, while pointing toward the sky, no one, from among them, could have heard if those phantasms

were really emitting any sound, since the frenetic rhythm of the flutes, drums, timpanis, and harps was deafening. But perhaps the Hyperborean women were directly speaking to the Spirit, perhaps their voices were to be heard inside of each warrior as they say that the Augurs sense...

Enveloped in that frenzy, but momentarily stunned with astonishment by the alterations of the white cloud, the citizens of Borsippa did not notice when one of the Initiates abandoned her dance. She went running up the remaining floors to arrive at the turret, but before entering the vapor it took the form of a multitude of winged children who fluttered around her, pouring etheric liquids over her head from no less etheric amphorae. However, such supernatural manifestations did not stop her. Anointed from head to toe by the graceful cherubs, she resolutely advanced and entered the turret. The fifty Hierophants, upon noticing her irruption, ceased all chanting, all invocation, and turning toward her, were staring at her. Finally, the Initiate stopped her light step ahead of the entrance to the labyrinth and, without a word, pulled a cord and dropped her tunic, leaving her completely naked... except for the jewels. These were exceedingly strange: four ***serpentiform*** *bracelets of gold, which she was wearing coiled, one on each ankle and one on each wrist, a necklace similar to the bracelets, a tiara studded with milky and opaque stones, two earrings and two serpentiform rings and a red stone in her navel.*

Of the whole, what was most impressing, because of the exquisite design and the ability of the goldsmiths, were the bracelets. Each one was showing three coils; those of the left leg and arm, with the tail of the serpent outward and the flat head toward the interior of the body; the coiled bracelets on the right leg and arm were showing the serpent as "coming out" of the body; on the necklace, the serpent was pointing with its tail toward the earth and the head, this time strangely bicephalous, was just under her chin. All the serpents had small green stones encrusted in their eyes, and its body wrought and enameled in bright colors. Upon seeing these marvelous pieces of goldsmithing, no one would have suspected that they were in reality delicate instruments for channeling telluric energies. The young woman is breathtakingly

beautiful. One can observe her as she walks sure-footedly through the labyrinth, which she seems to know very well because the floor is almost indistinguishable, under the dense cloud of ectoplasmic vapor. If she came to take the wrong path, if she hit a wall, it would be taken as a bad augury[59] *and the operation would have to be suspended until the following year. But the Initiate does not vacillate, she has the Thousand Eyes of Blood open and sees down there, at the base of the Tower, how the telluric energy, as an irresistible serpent of fire, also runs through the resonant labyrinth. And all were trusting in Her, in the terrible mission she has undertaken, which begins there but is prolonged in other worlds. They were trusting because she is a magician Initiate, born fifth in a family of dowsers, with blood so blue that the veins are drawn like dense trees under the transparent skin. They all think of her while she goes through the labyrinth singing the hymn of Kus.*

The Hierophants hold their breath while the svelte legs of the Initiate dexterously traverse the last stretches of the mosaic-labyrinth: she is about to arrive at the "exit." She has triumphed!

But that triumph signifies death, as will be shortly seen. Right at the end of the labyrinth is the column of stone and metal where the Hyperborean Emerald shines with rare brilliance. The Initiate stops in front of it and, elevating her eyes to the heavens, ascends the three steps that lead to the base of the column, which is of low stature as the Emerald barely arrives at the level of her pubis. A curious thing: the Emerald has been cut in the form of a vagina, with a central slit, which is possible to see because it is found on the upper facet, that which faces the roof of the temple. On the contrary, to the Initiate, despite being naked, it is not possible to observe her sex because a fold of flesh covers her lower abdomen, absolutely hairless. This physical characteristic, which today only the Bushmen women preserve, is the most evident proof of their Atlantean-Hyperborean lineage. The Cro-Magnon women were possessing a "natural skirt of skin" and the ancient Egyp-

59. A sign; an omen.

tians of the first dynasties also, as can be verified in numerous bas-reliefs.

The Initiate has traversed the labyrinth, has "guided" the serpent up to the upper temple and has led it through the column of stone and metal. Now its fiery head begins to press under the Hyperborean Emerald, magically igniting it and bathing the enormous enclosure and all its occupants in green light. Outside, the rumbling of drums and flutes has acquired a rhythm so rapid and such an intensity that it is impossible to think or do anything else other than contemplate the Ziggurat, the turret at the top surrounded by Nimrod and his archers. They, in the meantime, observe the interior scene through the columns, invisible to the people gathered at the base of the Ziggurat.

Fifty-third Day

It is already midday, the precise moment in which Shamash is overhead. The grave voice of one of the fifty Hierophants addresses the beautiful Initiate, speaking in short phrases, pronounced with the cadence of a ritual prayer:

O Princess Isa:
The fate of the Race is in your hands.
We have traveled many lands
and crossed through countless countries,
to arrive here,
seeking to launch the Final Battle.
Years of roads and hardships
since we abandoned the sacred mountains
where we were twice-born
and on the summit of which Kus was gathering us
and speaking to us of Primordial Times.
We knew in those distant days
that we are not from here.
And, after remembering our Divine Origin,
how could we remain there,
deceived by El, the "Elder" Enlil?
Yes, everything was debased before our eyes.
The fields suddenly withered.
The flowers turned their perfume horrible,
and the heat of Shamash no longer seemed good to us.
All of a sudden we saw the stunted ears of cereal
and even the mountains lost their imposing height.
All of that occurred when we looked at the world,
after the Wise Kus
spoke to us of the forgotten Heaven,
filling our chests with nostalgia.
It was then when we decided
to undertake the Path of Return to the Origin.
And charge dearly for the treason of the Demons
who had deceived us with their magic.
Many of us were those who set out

from the sacred mountain,
toward different directions.
And many are the kings
who since then seek
the path of Heaven
with their Hyperborean peoples.
But Kus had warned us
that some would not soon arrive
if they were deceived again
by the astute Demons.
But he accurately directed us
because we have no other aim
than to conquer Heaven.
The invincible Nimrod guides us,
whom El fears
because the former's Blood is as Pure blue
as the sea
and as red as the dawn of Shamash.
We are a valorous people like the lion
and we fly high like the eagle,
but our eye is acute
and our talons tear the Enemy to shreds.
We are a harsh people
who know no pardon
and grant no truce in the fight.
Nimrod leads us,
an archer like no other on Earth.
The stars drew him
hunting in the sky.
We carry with us
the Green Stone of Kus
so that ***we never*** *get lost* ***again****.*
What more could we ask for?
Get away, infernal Demons!
For here are ***an awakened people***
whom you will not be able to frighten
or ever deceive.
En garde, accursed Demons!
Because an indomitable Race has risen up

and will combat you to the death.
Today the road has come to its end.
The great Kash sea
and the Kashshu land
have been left behind;
our women and children,
our elders and best warriors,
remain buried in trodden paths.
Many have fallen for the glory of Kus
and for following the heroic Nimrod,
the chief who will lead us to victory
in this or in other heavens.
In Borsippa we have camped.
To construct the highest Tower in the world
and tame the Serpent of Fire.
There is no other like our Ziggurat,
neither in Babylon nor in Assur,
nor in distant Egypt,
nor in the land of the Aryans.
Since the Flood covered the Earth
and punished the Demons
who were inhabiting the islands of Ruta and Daitya,
no other Tower like it has been seen.
The Gods rejoice for us
and the Demons fear us.
How hard we have worked to construct it!
O Isa, this effort must not be in vain.

The female initiate was at the same site, standing in front of the Emerald of Kus, keeping respectful silence while her eyes, beautifully almond-shaped, were staring at the Hierophant.
He continued with his monologue:

We have come here to die fighting
and you, sweet Princess
have chosen to die first
to open the Gate of Heaven for us.
We will punish the Demons
and avenge your death, divine Isa,
daughter of the Serpent of Venus!

The beautiful Cainite Initiate visibly turned pale; however, her eyes fiercely shone while these valiant words were coming out of her mouth:

The Constructor of Worlds of Illusion,
the infamous Enlil,
has sunk into an eternal dream,
while his fecundated body
is born and reborn in every existent thing.
He has allied himself with the Demons
who inhabit Dejung,
the city accursed a thousand times,
the city of Horror and Deception,
the Seventh Wall of which
possesses a hidden entrance
into the land of the Yellow men.
He has trusted in the Demons
so that they continue his perverse work.
And They have enchained us
and prevent us returning to the world of Kus,
where is located the Palace
of the true God ***HK****,*
whose Name cannot be pronounced ***without dying****.*
But although Dejung is far away,
its Gates are everywhere.
Dejung has Seven Gates,
and Seven Walls surround it.
The demoness Dolma possesses the keys
but only the insane would let themselves
be guided by her.
How then will the valiant Kassites
lay siege to the fortress of Dejung?
If the Demons already know
of our holy purposes
and if their eye is fixed on us
from the Kampala tower?
We shall do so as our God Kus,
the Lord of Venus, taught to us,
awakening the miserable Enlil
from his dream and forcing him

to open the Gate of Heaven
and to lay the bridge
over the lugubrious walls
of Dejung Kampala.
Kassite Initiates: Behold, all of you
that Enlil has awakened!
The God Who Sleeps is an idiot,
he likes flutes and drums,
dances and songs
and that they worship His Name,
but he also desires blood,
for El is the father of priests,
filthy shepherds, and sacrificers.
Only the ***Pure Blood***
will bring forth the monster from the depths.
Proceed Hierophants!
Isa is willing
to die in war,
of all, the first!
I will travel through the worlds
where the dead watch
the Demons lurk
and the Gods await.
Kus will accompany me
whom all respect.
And in the name of Nimrod
I will force the Beast
to open the Gates
for the good of our feat.
Proceed Hierophants,
Isa is ready!

At that moment, three things simultaneously happened: the Sun reached its zenith, the music abruptly ceased, inundating the ears with silence, and with an accurate stab wound the Hierophant cut short the life of the beautiful Kassite Princess. The jade knife cleanly slit her snow-like neck above the bicephalous necklace. Two Initiates held the lifeless body as the blood was gushing onto the glittering gem and into its uterine slit, now converted into an avid throat. Then the most mar-

velous things that human eyes had contemplated since many centuries ago began to occur.

Those who were within the turret were able to contemplate a terrifying scene: as the blood fell, the light that was emanating from the Emerald was extinguished for an instant, but then, like an arrow, a column of fire swiftly rose from the floor of the turret, enveloping the pedestal and the gem. The body of the Princess was lying on the ground, impossible to see under impenetrable clouds of geoplasmatic vapor that, at every instant, were becoming denser. Yet a spectral image, with her same naked beauty, could be clearly observed next to the column of fire, devoted to a kind of struggle. The fiery wonder, which at first was not exceeding the thickness of an elephant's leg, was now as wide as a circle of six men. Initially, it had fiercely writhed resembling an infernal ophidian, but then, when expanding, it was slowly adopting the unmistakable figure of the Dragon. It was a flaming Dragon whose frightful image was becoming sharper at every instant, insofar as the struggle was increasing with the phantasm of Princess Isa.

It is worth to clarify that only a few minutes had elapsed since the Princess expired up to the moment in which the monster of fire materialized. It is worth to clarify it because from there everything happened too rapid... or perhaps the witnesses lost sense of time.

Suddenly the jaws of that primitive beast, that Leviathan, Rahab, Behemoth, or Tehom-Tiamat exhaled a terrible roar, at the same time as an enormous blaze was sweeping the room, consuming and charring numerous Hierophants. Only the survivors could observe the incredible spectacle of that beast of fire ***ridden*** *by the dead female Initiate. Princess Isa, her phantasm, had climbed to the head of the monster, sitting herself between the triangular fins of the scaled back. That audacious action made the monster emit the infernal roar and the deadly flame. Notwithstanding such a reaction and the ferocious shakes of the beast, the Princess was imperturbably repeating these words:*

Spirit of Enlil, of El, of Yah and of Il
who fecundates the Earth
and produces life
and deceives men with your false opulence
and those illusory riches that you offer.
God, you who were once on high
but who have now fallen
and become a complete idiot,
do not also enchain us
in this infernal Universe
that you have constructed
imitating the true Heaven.
*We **will go***
because we are fed up with you,
with all your traps,
and with the Demons who second you.
Open the entrance of the infernal cave
where your cowardly minions dwell!
El, I conjure you to do so
in the name of the true God,
father of Kus
whom you betrayed!
*By **HK**!*
I conjure you to open the Gate
*in the name of **HK**!*

Upon hearing this Blessed Name, the beast instantly retreated toward the floor of the turret, coiling itself around the column of stone and metal. Its head, however, was menacingly swaying without this display affecting the poise of the spectral female Initiate, who was firmly holding on to its back. The telluric Dragon was showing no intentions of obeying, an attitude that led the valorous Princess to act in a drastic manner. Leaning down, she stretched out her hand, making the gesture of touching her own blood in the full basin of the Hyperborean Emerald. Then she said:

This blood that today has been shed
and toward which you have precipitated,
Lord of all things,
is my blood: a sacred blood
of the lineage of the Gods of Venus.
In it ***is the remembrance***
of our Divine Origin
and the true God ***HK.***
With its substance I have anointed my fingers
and now I will trace on your forehead
the Sign of the Origin.
Before it exists no defense.
I conjure you to open the Gate
Enlil, king of the Shepherds,
by the Name of ***HK***
and the Sacred Sign!

The Princess rapidly drew its symbol on the forehead of the monster and behold, the greatest marvel had not yet been achieved. The horrible creature of fire shot upward, like a spring, going through the ceiling of the turret and carrying the beautiful rider on its head.

Those who were outside, in the corridors of the Ziggurat and around its base, were still silent, for only a few minutes had passed since the music ceased and because the terrifying roars that the monster, invisible to them, was emitting, were enough to silence any throat. At the moment that the Princess was drawing the primordial Sign and the Dragon was rising, a scream of fright came out from all mouths. Just above the turret, not much distance from its roof, the Sky ran as if a cloth had been torn.

A black opening was now clearly visible to all those who were witnessing the strange phenomenon. And the most curious and ***abnormal*** *thing was that the dark hole* ***was totally hiding*** *the Sun, even though the Sun, for being much higher,* ***should be seen*** *from some distant angle. Nonetheless, no one saw the Sun anymore, although its light was still illuminating the midday as if it was at its zenith. It is comprehensible that, subjected to such intense emotions, no one was worried about the fate of the Sun since, while terror had paralyzed the cow-*

ardly Habirus, the Kassites were howling with fury, elevating their fists toward the heavens. It is just that the spectacle was impressive and was justifying any distraction. The monster of fire, after the Gate of Heaven opened, had totally transformed. At first it seemed as if its frightful head had entered into the tenebrous opening since only a resplendent cylinder, like a beam of fire, was visible, which was emerging from the turret and going into the heights. But it was soon evident that a metamorphosis was occurring and after a few seconds a new marvel was offered to the amazed sight of the inhabitants of Borsippa. First, it became bulbous and covered with protuberances, while it was changing color and turning brown; then, very rapidly, the bulbs extended toward the outside and were transformed into sharp branches covered with pointed thorns and some green leaves; just a few seconds later, it was a gigantic hawthorn tree that was standing, unusually, over the Ziggurat of King Nimrod.

From the base of the Tower, only part of the trunk and the upper foliage was being seen, as the top was seeming to be lost inside the Gate of Heaven while the root was remaining hidden from view, in the interior of the turret. But what is worth emphasizing is that, as soon as the metamorphosis was completed, all vestige of fire, energy, or plasma disappeared, and the phenomenon was stabilized, producing no more changes. It was then seeming as if the hawthorn tree had always been there... were it not for the sinister tearing of the sky that was atrociously suggesting all kinds of abnormalities and alterations of the natural order.

But no one had sufficient time to be horrified. As soon as ***Heaven*** *had* ***opened****, two figures velociously ran up to the last ramp, that which was leading to the terrace of the turret, and, already there, they drew their bows pointing toward the Threshold. They were Nimrod and Ninurta, the King and the brave General, the only warriors who were possessing the metal cuirass and who, for that reason, were advancing first, protected by the Elite archers.*

The King and the General were pointing their bows toward the darkness of the opening trying to distinguish a target when, suddenly, two figures emerged brandishing a sword

each. The Demons, with the appearance of a "White man," five cubits tall, were seeming to float in the air, but were somehow obtaining a foothold as they managed to bring down their swords on the heroic archers. The blades flashed when cutting through space but ricocheted without penetrating into the cuirasses of Nimrod and Ninurta. However, the impact made them roll, stunned, off the roof of the turret that was serving as the last terrace.

A shower of arrows then rained upon the "Immortal Demons" and, although many of them ricocheted off their cuirasses, many others penetrated, riddling them with arrows. The badly wounded giants fell next to King Nimrod who rapidly decapitated them, holding up their enormous heads before the frenzied crowd.

While King Nimrod was doing this and then casting the bloody trophy toward the multitude, General Ninurta, accompanied by part of the warrior Elite, began to climb the Enlil tree that was uniting Heaven and Earth. For the first time in thousands of years, a group of Wise Warriors were preparing themselves to take Chang Shambhala by assault!

I beg you, Dr. Siegnagel, to permit me to make a brief stop in the story so that I may express in a poem what passes through my Spirit when evoking the last marvelous deed of that Hyperborean people who knew what they were doing, in the midst of a world that was pure confusion. Then I will pick the story back up at the precise moment in which the warriors of Nimrod were preparing themselves to invade the Threshold of the synarchic initiation.

Valorous Kassite warriors!
His feat will eternally illuminate
all the Hyperborean peoples
who decide to take Heaven by assault
and return to the primordial origin
from which Jehovah Satan has deprived them.
Because They have combated the Demons
and awakened from the Great Deception.
But so far no one has been able to
match the glory of Nimrod, "the Defeated."
That is why those of us who remain here

must attempt it again
Together with Khristos Lúcifer "the Envoy."
The God of those who "lose" during the Kaly Yuga,
and the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of man
who await the designated moment
at which twelve men
of the Purest Blood
and one Siddha
will gather at the end of the Kaly Yuga
on American soil.
Then the Gral will be encountered
and after a thousand years of treasons,
the blindfold will fall from the eyes, awakening;
the Gate will once again be open
and Chang Shambhala with their Demons
will be definitively annihilated.
But so far no one has been able to
match the glory of Nimrod, "the Defeated."
It is true that few attempted it:
some Iberians, some Celts,
Trojans, Achaeans, Dorians, or Romans,
many Goths and many Germanics.
But no one so far has been able to
match the glory of Nimrod "the Defeated."
Perhaps the Cathars in Montsegur
or the Teutonic Knights
of Frederick II Hohenstaufen,
or the greatest of all,
our Führer, with his magic Axis
and a valorous people who back down at nothing;
perhaps He has sought it like no one else.
And thus many won eternity
and from this Hell they have marched.
But not definitively
for a Final Battle will be fought
and Nimrod will return
Together with the great Heroes of the past.
Odin, Wothan, and Wiracocha,
Heracles, Indra and Quetzalcoatl,

will arrive from Valhalla singing,
surrounded by exquisite Valkyries
and music of yore.
And They will raise enormous Armies
of the Living, Immortal and Resurrected.
Only one virtue will be demanded:
it is called ***honor*** *and it dignifies the man*
who has awakened from the Deception.
The War will be Essential
and the Demiurge and his hosts, defeated,
will at last liberate the Eternal Spirits
who arrived from Venus
so that they return where God awaits,
in a World that has not been created.
And upon departing from the Universe of Matter,
of madness, of Evil and the Great Deception,
those who return will sing in chorus
the feats of Nimrod, "the Defeated"!

I will now continue with the story. The Enlil tree was possessing spaced out and straight branches, which were in reality enormous spikes, so that it was able to be climbed by them as if it were a gigantic ladder. This was precisely what the valiant Kassites did, preparing to ascend by the tree and lay siege to the "Gate of Heaven." As soon as General Ninurta and fifty warriors had climbed high enough, they realized that they were in front of the entrance of a cavern, or the image of one. They audaciously leapt from the tree, without yet knowing if they could make footing in the mysterious world to which they were entering by the "Gate of Heaven," and found themselves on a clearly rocky ground. Some turned to look and saw the tree that was being lost in unfathomable heights; and also the edge of an abyss, a few cubits from where they were standing, through which was distinguished, many feet away: the roof of the turret from where the giant trunk was emerging; the Ziggurat; the men of the people gathered around; and the walled perimeter of the city of Borsippa. Contrasting with the intense exterior light, where it was still midday, a soft penumbra was reigning in that site. However, there was sufficient light, as to distinguish the details of the sinister cavern:

seven stone steps were seen and, from the last, a passageway that was lost in the distance. But above the entrance, following the curve of its arch, seven triangular standards were nailed. Each one was bearing written the same legend, in many different languages. In their own Kassite language they could read:

Do not dare to set foot on this ***threshold***
if before you have not died to the passions
and temptations of the World.
Here one only arrives to be reborn
as Initiates in the White Brotherhood,
but to obtain such a privilege
it is necessary to die first.
Adepts: if you are still alive,
if the flame of primordial desire
still burns in your hearts,
if you preserve the ***memory***
and feed the ***purpose****,*
then flee, while you have time!

It was evidently a strategic maneuver. The legend, apparently intended for presumed adepts of initiation, had as its objective to disconcert and provoke doubt in the intruders. However, far from achieving these ends, the message provoked instantaneous laughter in the Kassite warriors.

Nimrod and Ninurta were already climbing up the thorn tree, followed by another squad of archers. Soon they were reunited and, as nothing was occurring, they set out to enter into the infernal cavern.

"Isa, Isa!" King Nimrod began to call out, alarmed by the absence of the Initiate whom no one had seen since the Dragon was raised to Heaven. At that moment, someone noticed that the standards had erased their tempting message and were rewriting themselves on their own, persisting in that tactic of addressing the warriors with deceptively spiritual words:

Kassite travelers,
whoever does not possess a just heart
and a sweet and devoted soul
capable of adoring the Great Architect of the Universe
and serving Him in His Great Work,
will only find madness in this place.
You do not totally possess these virtues.
Yet you are fortunate, Kassites!
Although mistaken in your ***purpose****,*
having known how to arrive here favors you
and that is why we will make you an offer
for this one time only, now and forever*:*
we offer you to serve, together with Us,
The One, Lord of the Great Breath,
Creator of Earth, the Sky and the Stars,
of countless Worlds similar to this one,
and of other ***Lokas*** *so strange and subtle*
that they are inconceivable to any mortal.

You are valiant and pure, Kassites,
but you have been deceived by the Demon Kus
who showed you a non-existent Paradise.
You must abandon it, and accept the Plan of The One.
We now offer you ***to pass the tests***
and serve the One God at Our side.
Think well Kassites,
you have killed two of our ***Hiwa Anakim****,*
the Sacred Guardians of the Threshold
and that is a grave offense for which you must purge.
However, we still offer you to serve,
in the ranks of the Brotherhood, the only God.
If you decide now, if you accept the deal,
you must leave your weapons at the Threshold
and strip yourselves of every aggressive intention,
and of the accursed signs that you carry*.*
Do it soon, Kassites!
For it is a unique opportunity that we give to you.
Do it and you will be able to cross without danger
the corridor that is before you.
But bear in mind that you must cross it

with repentance in the Soul
because you will immediately arrive
at a Very Holy place called "The Temple of Knowledge,"
where you will be Initiated
into the Mysteries of The One.

Nimrod and Ninurta hesitantly looked at each other; they were expecting to find enemies trained for combat but only stupid magic was there. The standards, with the words that have been seen, had mysteriously attracted the attention of the Kassites. Among the warriors, some did not know how to read, but, strangely, the message was still arriving to their minds. And, although they were not understanding many of the concepts used, ***they knew*** *perfectly well that* ***buying them off*** *was being attempted, whenever an* ***offer*** *was being proposed to them; bribing them so that they abandoned the fight and surrendered themselves without presenting a battle. The Kassites defeated, disarmed with "words"? And what would be the price charged for such cowardly capitulation? Nothing less than to serve the hated Enlil? A murmur rose from the warrior Elite: an attempt was being made to deceive them and apart from that, their God Kus had been insulted. The blood was boiling in the veins of the heroic Kassites. But the message was continuing:*

If you accept Our generous offer
you will convert into ***Warriors of the Rose****,*
you will learn the ***Doctrine of the Heart***
and, thanks to this Wisdom,
you will discover El in your own Heart,
that One by whom you are everything,
the Ancient of Days,
the Lord of Eternal Summers,
the Kumara Sanat.
If you accept, you will always fight for El
and for His Chosen Habiru People,
whose seed is very near to you.
If you accept, you will return to the world
as Adepts Initiated
into the Mystery of the ***Kalachakra****,*
the most powerful Science of Earth.

And thanks to its secrets
you will be the strongest men,
you will have no enemies who can confront you.
You will be respected Magicians,
victorious Generals,
invincible Kings,
very rich men,
depositaries of a Power
as never before seen.
You will share the glory of reigning in the World
Together with the ***lineage chosen by El***
in the not-far-off day in which El,
as ***YHVH****-Sabaoth*
will present Himself before numerous peoples,
worshipers of Matter,
and will lead them with a firm arm
from the Synarchy of His Power...

"Nooo!" the voice of Nimrod resonated like thunder. "Do not look at the accursed standard! Its voice is outside, in the World of Deception. What does your Pure Blood tell you, Kassite warriors? Did we not learn from Kus, the Hyperborean, that they would attempt to buy our arms? And did not Kus tell us, there in our distant mountains, that to cede to the Demons would be our end?"

He drew his sword and with a rapid movement inflicted a wound on his left hand.

"Listen," he continued. "I, Nimrod, who has victoriously guided you into a thousand battles, tell you that we must combat these vile Demons, who dare not face us, to the death. I tell you that they lie and that with their promises they only seek to get us lost." He raised his hand, from which was flowing abundant blood. "Here is my blood, which is the purest in the world! With it, I will trace the ***HK*** *Sign on this infernal standard and then we will enter to slay the Demons. Our Sign is invincible!"*

With his right thumb, soaked in blood, he drew the Sign of the Origin and it instantaneously seemed as if a fire consumed the seven enchanted triangles.

"Let us kill the demons!" shouted all the warriors in chorus.

*However, they did not manage to enter the tunnel. The remains of the standards were still smoking on the ground when the Demons of Shambhala, who were secretly observing the reaction of the Kassites, were getting ready to use one of their terrible Atlantean weapons: the "**OM** cannon." First, it was a soft sound, penetrating and acute, like the singing of the cicada. Then it began to raise in pitch and volume until it became irresistible.*

"Isa, Isa!" shouted Nimrod and Ninurta, in duet. Effectively, descending from on high by the thorns of the Enlil tree, the specter of the Kassite princess was in sight. She was staring at them and was seeming to energetically speak but, at first, no one heard anything, since the intensely emitted monosyllable of El had almost stunned everyone. However, the faith that the Kassites were feeling for the female Initiate of Kus was impressive and perhaps this confidence made that they soon heard, or believed to hear, her instructions.

*"Stand behind Nimrod and Ninurta! Fixedly observe the **HK** Sign that they have engraved on their backs and let the Voice of the Blood flow in you. Its murmur will extinguish anything that perturbs you. And you, valiant Chiefs: you have a powerful weapon; you will see that it protects you. Look to me and trust, that soon your pain will cease."*

Taking a leap to the King and the General, the female Initiate put her hands on the heads of those Heroes, producing the exaltation of one like a brilliant aura around their bodies. This operation produced evident relief because a second later both were cursing, even though they were still not able to hear their own oaths.

While the events that I just narrated were occurring in Heaven, below, next to the Ziggurat, the rest of the people were living curious experiences. When Nimrod threw the heads of the Demons, the uproar was very great and a short time later they were hanging skewered on spears. These heads were quite larger than those of a normal man, although they were not doubling it in volume. The long and blond hair was framing a square face, with slanted and black eyes and an enormous hooked nose. The mouth was of full lips, a detail

that was perfectly being noticed, since the Demons were lacking beards.

The pikes were thrust before the image of Kus while the Initiates were transporting the enormous bodies to proceed, before the God of Race, to tear out the heart of the Demons. One female Initiate made the opening in the white chest and extracted the heart, which was curiously located on the right side. Then she removed the organ from the other demon and elevated the bloody viscera in her hands for the people to see. And here occurred an umpteenth marvel for, upon contact with the air, the hearts were transformed into flowers, with the consequent fright on the part of the crowd made up of men and boys. They were two ***red roses****, each with a piece of thorny stem, but no one recognized them as such, since roses were not yet existing on earth, and it is probable that those were the first ones that human eyes were seeing since the sinking of the last Atlantis. The female Initiate contemptuously threw them at the feet of Kus and they all returned to the Ziggurat where, in that endless midday, the gigantic hawthorn was standing.*

The Elite of two hundred archers had already climbed the Enlil hawthorn and penetrated into the black opening. The rest of the Kassite Army was remaining around the Ziggurat: the infantry, the sappers, the lancers and auxiliaries, and numerous archers who were not belonging to the Elite. There were also several squads of warriors from other cities who had come to Borsippa as escorts of Ambassadors and Nobles. And they were all raising their fists toward Heaven and shouting: "Kus, Nimrod! Kus, Nimrod!" encouraging their now invisible King and intimately desiring to receive the order to climb the hawthorn to collaborate in the fight. Several Princes and military Chiefs were with the troops, but no one would have dared to give any order without first receiving signals from Nimrod or Ninurta.

A chorus of women and children, who comprised the rest of the people, was accompanying the shouting of the troops. But the Habiru shepherds, of course, were continuing frightened, in a low voice invoking Yah, El, Il, Enlil, their beloved Demiurge. And the Initiates, who had first, timidly, and then with

some urgency, climbed the upper turret to inquire about the fate of the Hierophants, were finding that they had all perished. And that is why they were crying aloud and cursing the sinister hawthorn. For the Initiates who did not die when the terrible tongue of flame scorched the turret were now skewered on thick and long spikes that were covering the totality of the blue enclosure. The Kassite people had lost the Elite of Cainite Initiates; their fate was now solely in the hands of King Nimrod!

But then, the sound of the ***OM*** *cannon began to invade the ambit of the city and soon became so unbearable that many fell to the ground, fainted from pain. A new cloud of geoplasmatic vapor, now erupting from the ground of Borsippa, spread rapidly. The mist rose to a height equal to half a man and covered those who unconsciously collapsed. The first to go down, almost instantaneously, were the Habiru; men and women, children and elderly, all fell on the spot, struck down by the penetrating sound. And next occurred, perhaps, the* ***penultimate*** *great phenomenon of that glorious day.*

Suddenly, as mysteriously as it had formed, the mist began to dissipate, revealing numerous men and women who were lying on the ground or who were attempting to get up. But the marvel was that the Habiru, ***in their totality****, had disappeared. And the diabolical sound, the monosyllable of El, also ceased at that moment.*

The Kassites, when verifying that the Habiru were not in sight, thought that they had fled since many of them were their slaves or servants and this presumption was increasing their rage. But the Habiru had not fled: their entire community experienced the selective effects of the ***OM*** *cannon, the sound of which, properly tuned, has the property of producing teleportation. In different places, at a distance of many miles, the Habiru shepherds "found themselves" upon regaining consciousness and while they were at first cursing Nimrod and his "magic," attributing to him the blame for their involuntary journeys, upon hearing news of the fate of Borsippa, they thanked their God Yah for having saved them. Many awoke in Nineveh or Assur, but others ended up in sites as far away as*

Ishbak,[60] ***Peleg***,[61] ***Serug***,[62] ***Tadmur***,[63] *or* ***Shinar***. *In fact, many families took years to reunite, separated by distances of two or three hundred miles, which contributed to disseminate, in a distorted manner, the feat of Nimrod in the Middle East. To all this, in Borsippa, an archer peeked through the black opening of the sky and shouted:*

"Warriors, to the attack! Nimrod wins!"

This call was longed for by the Kassite people and caused, an instant later, thousands of warriors to launch an assault on Heaven.

60. A Northern Arabian tribe said to have originated from Ishbak, the fifth son of Abraham and Keturah.

61. Corresponds to the city of Phaliga (Circesium) at the confluence of the Euphrates and Chaboras rivers and Serug's grandfather, Peleg.

62. Corresponds to the city of Śarugi (modern-day Suruç) and Abraham's great-grandfather, Serug.

63. Corresponds to the region of modern-day Palmyra, Syria.

Fifty-fourth Day

*When Nimrod and Ninurta were convinced that the **OM** sonic ray could not counter them, they prepared to invade the Threshold. The corridor was sufficiently wide so that they were able to advance five at a time, which they did at full speed. In front was the spectral figure of Princess Isa, followed by Nimrod, Ninurta, and the rest of the archers, except for a dozen who remained on guard at the entrance. That cavern, constructed with the aim of frightening those aspirants into serving the Demiurge, had the walls covered with monstrous bas-reliefs and mysterious and impious legends. There were also side doors that were leading to certain "chambers" where the Demoness Dolma is usually present in her lascivious nakedness, surrounded by a court of prostitute Priestesses. She is in charge of "guiding" and "bewitching" the adepts who ignore the dangers of sexual magic.*

These, and many other hallucinatory traps, intended to confuse and subdue the will of the naïve aspirants who usually venture across the Threshold, were mounted, looming, throughout the endless length of the sinister corridor. But none of such tricks could detain those who were beyond the senses; those who were only hearing the Voice of the Pure Blood; those whom their determination had led them to fight in Heaven.

The Kassite vanguard had covered a length of two stadiums when the tunnel abruptly concluded, revealing three halls, one after the other, at which entrances large inscriptions in various languages, were letting them know that they were in the "Temple of Ignorance and Learning" or in the "Temple of Fraternity" or in the "Temple of Knowledge." The first hall was empty, except for an altar with the odious symbols of Enlil. The second was possessing two altars and two enormous basalt columns at its entrance. The third was boasting a sumptuous altar with a coffin and, engraved on the walls and ceilings, the most obscene and accursed symbols that anyone could conceive without going mad. And all the halls had rich carpets and tapestries covering the floors and walls, and aro-

*matics that were pervading the space, softly illuminated by various oil lamps. The three halls, so curiously decorated, were undoubtedly constituting an unusual spectacle for those hardened men, who minutes before were finding themselves in a humble desert city. However, these strange rooms were not able to be duly appreciated by the Kassites, for the fight began as soon as they entered into the first hall. There, a group of "Guardians of the Threshold," **Hiwa Anakim**, similar to those who Nimrod decapitated moments before, were blocking their way.*

*Despite possessing a fierce appearance, and being quite large in size, those spawns of black magic are not very effective at fighting. They have been born from the copulation between the Traitorous Gods and the females of the animal-man in the Sabbath ceremony, which is very ancient, from the Epoch in which said practices destroyed Atlantis. Many thousands of such demonic beings live in Chang Shambhala (or Kampala or Dejung, etc.), are totally imbecilic and serve in the "Armies" of the Great White Brotherhood. However, there are persons more imbecilic than the **Hiwa Anakim**: they are those who, upon seeing them, take them for "Angels" or "extraterrestrials."*

*The Guardians were surrounding a bald, half-naked, elder of Yellow race, who was seeming an inhabitant of the distant Kuenluen Mountains. He had in his hands a **Dorje** or Scepter of Power, that is, a very powerful transducer that allows to operate as a "key" or "trigger" in all the great resonant machinery that is the material Universe. The Scepter, a rod with a spherical head of stone, emitted a reddish ray that curtly struck the chest of General Ninurta, knocking him to the floor. But the Enemy had no time to be happy about this blow, for a well-aimed arrow pierced the heart of the yellow Demon provoking, such an extraordinary response, great confusion among the Hiwa Anakim. Now the clash became inevitable; while some Demons were dragging the cadaver of the old man toward the "Hall of Learning," others were heading, sword in hand, toward the Kassite warriors. A hail of magic arrows fell upon them, but the distance in such a confined environment was soon shortened and one had to fight hand-to-hand. Sever-*

al demons had already fallen and some more did not take long in following them, due to the effect of the Kassite swords. Nimrod opened a clearing between the attackers and, followed by his squad, passed into the next hall. There the fighting became fierce and it was seen that the number of Demons was increased.

But Nimrod was fervent. He had distinguished, across the second hall, a resplendent personage, who was directing the attack. At times he was peering into the Temple of Knowledge from a door that was seeming to lead into a wide courtyard, but he was stepping aside after shouting orders to make way for other clumsy Hiwa Anakim. He was a Nephilim, one of the "Traitorous Gods," but Nimrod, impressed by his Divine appearance and his great white wings, took him for Enlil himself. He carefully aimed and shot when the image of the Nephilim appeared in the doorway. The arrow traced a smooth curve in space and went directly for the chest of the Demon, ricocheting as if it had hit against a rock.

"Nimrod, you dog!" shouted the Nephilim with his face disfigured by hatred. "You respond to our offer like this? Now you will die, you and all your folk. You will be fodder for our Hiwa Anakim who, by the way, have a good appetite."

Having said this, he stepped aside from the doorway, as a throng of Demons burst toward Nimrod while he was observing, horrified, as many Hiwa Anakim were giving themselves over to ferociously devour the fallen warriors. This sight drew a cry of horror from the Kassite King and as his sword was keeping the attackers at bay, he was observing that the casualties were terrible among his Elite archers. That was the moment in which he gave the order to seek reinforcements. A few moments later, thousands of warriors were bursting into the accursed Temples of synarchic initiation.

Soon the Hiwa Anakim were overrun and Nimrod had time to gather his surviving archers. Less than half were left but the arrived reinforcements were impressive, to the extent that they were threatening to saturate the three Temples that had already been taken. It was necessary to attempt an exit toward the exterior courtyard. Nimrod spied through the door in which he saw the Nephilim and verified that it was leading to

the courtyard of an enormous Palace, in the middle of a cyclopean city. A picture that was breathtaking.

They were in the heart of Chang Shambhala, very near to the Palace of the King of the World. The conjuration of the Cainite Initiates had been so effective, supported, of course, by the Mystery of the Pure Blood, that the Serpent of Fire had leveled the Seven Walls for them. The tunnel of the synarchic initiation runs through them, so that the disciples of the Demiurge can arrive to the Masters of Wisdom. But it is worthwhile to make some clarifications. In spite of all that the Cainite Initiates and Nimrod have been seen to do, the key to arrive at Chang Shambhala is not magic, but Strategy. It would be worthless if someone could "open the gate," if his Spirit is dogmatized or is a victim of any of the psychological tactics that the White Brotherhood uses to achieve the Universal Synarchy. That is why ***the true feat of Nimrod was to go through the tunnel and the three Temples*** *with weapons in hand, which speaks, and will forever speak, of the Purest Blood of Earth. For these places* ***are the most powerful chambers of deception that exist in the world****. Nothing can match them, neither the treatments with drugs that the Secret Services of the West may use, completed with hypnosis, nor any other system of "psychic programming." Those who end up there, useful persons to the Synarchy, Heads of State, the religious, Kings, rich and influential persons, presidents of corporations, etc., "return completely spellbound, prepared to fully work to fulfill their mission." They are the "Initiates" of the Synarchy, they have "died" and "returned" to "be born"; but in reality what has died in them is the Spirit, the Memory of Blood, which now, submerged in a total* ***strategic confusion****,* ***they will*** *never* ***feel*** *again.*

In the courtyard exterior to the Temple of Knowledge, where the valiant Kassites had barricaded themselves, a whole legion of Hiwa Anakim, sword in hand, and several squads of Shedim, the earthy-skinned dwarves, were restlessly waiting. These dwarves, of enormous heads, are the product of ritual copulation between men and certain animals, during the orgies of Atlantean black magic. Transported en masse to Chang Shambhala, after the hecatomb, they inhabit lugubrious cav-

erns and perform all sorts of tasks for the "Masters." Lately they have been "re-discovered" in the West as accompaniers of UFO crews, but, in truth, they are a millenary terrestrial species. They are in control of a paralyzing anti-personnel weapon that gives a cold sensation and can produce fainting spells but which is not lethal. They present themselves aggressively and are to be feared if one does not know them and does not have the necessary knowledge to neutralize them. But when they are losing, they are cowardly and flee in disarray. They are ferocious carnivores but do not like human flesh as the ferocious Hiwa Anakim do. They are those responsible for the theft of cattle, mutilations of animals, and blood suctions, just as the Hiwa Anakim usually have breakfast with unsuspecting citizens who never "reappear."

The sight of the exterior courtyard was not able to be more eerie, but Nimrod was desiring to confront the cowardly Nephilim and avenge the horrific casualties produced among his men by the anthropophagous giants. For it, he devised a simple Strategy. He would send the infantry in a horde followed by a vanguard of lancers. Behind would be the Elite archers protecting the rearguard and permanently firing at the surest targets. In the confusion, Nimrod would attempt to arrive at the Nephilim.

The Emim Nephilim whose name was ***Kokabiel****, one of the two hundred Traitorous Gods who came from Venus, followed the Path of the Right Hand and founded the White Brotherhood or Occult Hierarchy of Earth, was directing his nightmarish hosts shielded behind an enormous spouting fountain. His presence was dazzling, for these demons are proud and feel pleasure at showing a beautiful appearance, vainly trying to compete with Khristos Lúcifer, the Lord of Uncreated Beauty.*

Nimrod gave the order to attack and a horde of Kassite warriors precipitated against the tight formation of Demons. The dwarves fired their "belt" weapons and produced some stumbles among the first warriors, but it was soon seen that the impetus that they were carrying would make it impossible to stop them in that way. Dozens of arrows began to rain down at the same time that the two vanguards were colliding, generating a tremendous skirmish. At that moment, Nimrod, who

had apparently headed in the opposite direction, dropped, in two leaps, onto Kokabiel, attempting to slit his throat with a sharp Jade dagger. That weapon, coming from China, Isa had recommended as very effective for taking down Demons.

Rolling in deadly embrace, two enemy Hyperboreans, the white Nimrod and the tenebrous Kokabiel, were gambling their immortal and illusory lives trying to stab each other. It was something that was not seen since 8,000 years ago.

But their bodies were belonging to two different Races. Kokabiel was enormous, almost double the size of the valorous Nimrod, and that physical advantage, added to his hatred that was constituting an almost palpable energy, burning, placing the Kassite King in trouble.

"Die, Dog Nimrod!" shouted the Nephilim while pressing on the neck of the Kassite King, caught in a deadly fighting hold.

"Die and return to the infernal world of mortal humans!" The bones of the unfortunate King began to crack.

"Imbecile Nimrod! You were wishing to conquer Heaven? The punishment will be terrible. We will enchain you in such a way that you will return to mineral consciousness or, even worse, to the elemental world of etheric larvae. And you will take millennia to remove the wheel of Karma, accursed Nimrod. And we will teach your people a definitive lesson. They will be wiped off the face of the Earth! But your defeat will always be remembered by the Habiru lineage of ***YHVH****."*

Crack! *The spine of Nimrod lugubriously sounded upon breaking.*

"Ha-ha-ha," Kokabiel was cynically laughing. "That name really suits you well: 'Nimrod, the Defeated.' So shall you be remembered, dog Nimrod. Ha-ha-ha. ***Ahhhha!****" howled the Nephilim horribly upon noticing that the jade knife had penetrated into his waist at the hilt.*

At every moment of the struggle, Nimrod had tried to plunge the weapon but it was slipping on the electrostatic cuirass with mineral precipitation that was protecting him. At last, when he felt himself dying, he diffused his consciousness into the Blood, in the Hyperborean manner, and let the last effort of his arm be guided by primordial impulses. And then his hand, fearsomely armed, directly thrusted to a point on the

waist of the Nephilim, just above the liver, where a chakra vortex was generating a weak point in his armor.

Now Kokabiel was dead, and would never again live in this Universe, such is the mystery that the Nephilim Demons of Chang Shambhala try to hide. But Nimrod was dying next to the gigantic corpse...

Upon Kokabiel falling, a sudden disconcertion was generated among the demonic hosts. Nevertheless, the voices of other cowardly Nephilim were inciting them to fight without retreating. The massacre was terrible and blood already covered a large part of the courtyard, strewn with hundreds of cadavers. A squad of sappers began to set fire to the adjacent corridors and soon burned the Palace that was, evidently, evacuated. In the midst of the confusion, some warriors sat the archer King against the rumbling fountain and saw him smile as the flickering of the voracious tongues of fire were projecting dancing shadows upon his face. They also saw him speak with the specter of Isa. Some were even able to hear what they were saying with clarity:

"O Isa. Where have you been, Princess?"

"Very far away, Valorous Nimrod," responded the dead female Initiate. "The monster of fire, Enlil, transported me outside of the terrestrial world, to the House of his Master Shamash, the Sun. There I saw a City of Fire, with the most infernal Demons that anyone can imagine. There were eleven 'Gods' similar to Enlil. And one, O Nimrod, who cannot be described by any mortal without running the risk of losing his sanity. The most hideous and abominable monster that can be imagined in an eternity of madness. And He was inhabiting Shamash! And everything, O Nimrod, every existent thing, all that we saw here, in this Hell, and in many other worlds that the monster traversed, all of it was alive, was palpitating, and was part of Him!

"But you ought to rejoice, O Nimrod, for not even He could withstand the primordial sign of ***HK****. 'Turn yourself into a tree,' ordered Shamash to the Enlil Dragon, 'and confuse that* ***Sign*** *that reminds us of the* ***Incognizable*** *in the primordial gnosis of your fruits!'*

"Suddenly, intrepid Nimrod, I found myself at the top of a hawthorn tree, an Apple tree, a Rosebush, an Almond tree, a tree that was all of them at the same time, a tree of which fruits were containing the Secret of the Serpent, the Wisdom of the Creator Enlil, the Knowledge that the Demons safeguard because it is the inheritance of the animal-men and of the Peoples Chosen by Him. That tree was hanging from black abysses and was reaching as far Shamash. I began to descend and many infernal creatures were stalking me, but they all fled when realizing that I was carrying the Sign. I was very concerned since I had to fulfill the mission of finding the Path of Return to the Origin, just as it was entrusted to us by the Cainite Sages. All the hope of the Race was put on me and I could not fail. And to top it all off, I was perceiving the Voice of Shamash who was speaking to the ***Dog of Heaven*** *and was saying:*

'O Sirius! O Zion! O Divine Canid! Your never-sullied Face must contemplate how the followers of Khristos Lúcifer, the envoy of the Incognizable, rise up against the Plan of The One, defying the cosmic laws and seeking to abandon the Universe of the Suns. Will we, the Architects of All Worlds, permit that the ***enslaved Spirits*** *liberate themselves from the yoke of the cycles, the manvantaras and the pralayas? Respond, O Thou, who dwell in the Peace of The One. Tell us if we can accept that the anointed Lúcifer, the Khristos, reveals the Mystery of the Vril to the Spirits bound to the evolution of our Holy Wills. For behold, The Envoy has established himself in our Mansion, and from there he encourages the Redemption of the Pure Blood. He illuminates the interiors of men with a* ***new Sun that no one sees****, a Black Sun that remembers the Divine Origin of the Spirit and awakens the Nostalgia for the Return. Shall we permit this abomination, O Sirius? If they discover the path of Return to the Uncreated Worlds, what will become of our planetary chains, entrusted to the dubious development of the monads? We must prevent it! O Sirius-Zion, Dog of the One Shepherd who looks after the Cosmic Flock, sink your teeth into the Redeeming Serpent and deliver us from the threat of spiritual liberation* ***so that the slavery of those who***

are similar to the Incognizable, without knowing what they are, eternally continues!'

"O Nimrod, fear not!" exclaimed the Princess upon realizing that the face of the dying Kassite King was casting a shadow. "We have triumphed, O Thou, vanquisher of Kokabiel! While the Demons were making their blasphemous voices heard throughout the orb, I was trying to comply with the mission of the Race and find the Path of Return. For it, I was concentrating my attention on the Black Sun, since that is the only way to preserve the ***strategic advantage*** *obtained by the purity of blood, when a very vivid light came from behind that Racial Center. It was a* ***green ray****, of an ineffable purity, which was passing through the Uncreated Center and was revealing, to our Stirp, the Original Gate of the Lost Mansions. O Nimrod, in an instant everything became clear, all confusion dissipated! I could no longer ever lose myself because now I knew that we had never strayed, or been confused, or sinned, or fallen. We had never even moved. O Nimrod! By dissipating the totality of the Great Deception, I have had the certainty that we would no longer have to return because we were there without knowing it. We have conquered the Freedom of the Spirit, Valiant Nimrod!* ***And the absolute possibility of being ourselves, our own creation, of being us, the womb of our own birth. It is the Will of the Incognizable, Divine Nimrod, that we can do all things!****"*

Princess Isa pronounced her last words, accompanying the final sigh of the Hyperborean King: "I was already in possession of the Secret of the Return upon descending from the hawthorn, when I saw thee at the entrance of the infamous initiatic cavern, but it was good to give proof of the purity attained by the lineage of Kus, that the Final Battle was fought between the Kassites of Nimrod and the Demons of Chang Shambhala. So that the memory of this feat lives on in the racial memory of men still enchained and is evoked at the end of the Era of the Fish, when the Thirteen Gods recover the Crown of Lúcifer and definitively awaken the Hyperborean peoples. Then Chang Shambhala will fall with its demons, and in an endless Holocaust of Fire, the accursed work of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan will succumb."

Nimrod was lying dead in Chang Shambhala. Next to him, with a grimace of unspeakable horror on his taut face, was the cadaver of the Nephilim Kokabiel, who had been Master of sorcerers and magicians. His Science had proved useless before the tenacious determination of the pure Kassites and said failure demonstrated that for man, transmuted into a Man of Stone, it is always possible to fight against the Demons and win. Of course, that ***spiritual victory*** *can also be a defeat, if it is* ***measured with the rod of the animal-man****. Because, in fact, any victory that does not bring about a material success, verifiable by the moral standards of "synarchized" societies, is considered as a "defeat." For the morality of a society is a function of its Culture and, as already seen, "Culture is a strategic weapon" for the Synarchy. That is why those who fight against the satanic forces, the awakened men, will always be branded as "defeated." And that is why the Great Being who illuminates the* ***Interior Path*** *of men, Khristos Lúcifer, is called the God of the Losers: because all his followers always "lose" during the Kaly Yuga.*

So Nimrod, the Defeated, was lying dead in Chang Shambhala. His brave Kassites had been completely exterminated in a vast area of the Accursed City, to where their warrior fury led them. In the reverberating light of the recent fires, the frightful ossuary into which the Temples and courtyards were turned was able to be observed. The first Palace, called "Mansion of the Manus," where the annals of the Root Races were being deposited and that was utilized by the Masters of Wisdom to train their ***envoys****, was reduced to ashes. An enormous Monastery and various shrines dedicated to "minor divinities," always used for training "envoys," in other words, to tactically deceive them, also suffered the effects of the fire. Compared to these important losses, the resistance offered by the Demons had been minimal. Only the vile Kokabiel and the Chinese Master who used the Dorje risked their skins, limiting themselves to sending legions of Hiwa Anakim giants and Sheidim dwarves against the Kassite warriors. As it would be said now, they utilized a "mass tactic" comprised of "robots" or "androids." It is that* ***they cannot risk their lives since they are too few****. Millions of years ago they were two hundred. Nimrod*

liquidated one... Surely it is hard to believe that so few are capable of so much. But it must be considered that They possess the "support" of thousands of "Masters," that is to say, of animal-man "Initiates," Souls of superior evolutive degree, and rely on the ***strategic dominion of the planetary consciousness****.*

*That endless "midday" remained unaltered throughout the Battle of Nimrod, and one can consider its approximate length as about twelve hours. At the moment in which the Kassite King was expiring and the combat in Chang Shambhala was being extinguished, the last marvel was shaking Borsippa. All the available warriors had already ascended to Heaven, more than four thousand, including some visitors, and the city was then presenting a strange appearance. With that crowd mostly comprised of women and children who were not ceasing to shout, superimposing their protests on a background of war music played by the Cainite Initiates. And that imposing tower, raised up to Heaven in open defiance. And that hawthorn tree at its summit, that pinkish tree that symbolizes the sublimation of matter by El and its fitting into the Cosmic Hierarchies, whose supreme regent is He who calls Himself the "****One****." And that endless midday, without the image of Shamash... Truly, Borsippa was presenting a rare appearance on that, its last day!*

There were no longer slaves in Borsippa; the lineage of Yah, the blood of Abram, the Habiru shepherds, would be saved. But neither were there cowards to flee when the ***silver lentil*** *appeared in the heavens. All were dumbstruck as the great* ***silver eye*** *was emerging from a suspicious cloud. And they all died at their posts when the atomic ray fully hit the Tower of Nimrod. The developed heat was so tremendous that the sand was melting and dripping like water. A deadly hurricane, an expansive circle of fire, spread from Borsippa killing any living thing within ten miles.*

Another of the Atlantean tactical weapons was used, thus giving fulfillment to the plea that Enlil and Shamash made to the Dog of Heaven, Sirius-Zion, and that Princess Isa witnessed. And once the attack consummated, the silver lenticule disappeared from all physical sight to return to the ***center*** *from where it had been* ***projected****, in Chang Shambhala.*

When the smoke dissipated, only one-seventh of the Tower of Nimrod was standing upright; Shamash was continuing its journey toward the west and the hawthorn tree and the Gate of Heaven were no longer existing. The nightmare had ended: the Threshold was safe to continue providing its services to the synarchic initiations and the Sons of the Midnight Sun had failed again.

Only the racial memory of the great feat of Nimrod and the charred remains of his Tower would be left, just as can still be seen today at the Tower of Borsippa, with the sand vitrified by the nuclear heat still adhered, after millennia, to its walls. And the calumnies invented by the Habiru shepherds and included in the Arab and Jewish tradition would also live on. In the Talmud and in various rabbinical writings, part of this story can be read, conveniently altered. Mentioned there are the Tower of Nimrod "from which his archers were shooting arrows at Heaven," the "luciferic pride" of the Kassite King, his Tower "confused" with that of Babel, etc. Clay tablets engraved in cuneiform script have also been found, which tell the facts more objectively, and numerous Kudurrus, engraved stones that used to be placed in Temples or as territorial boundaries, with references to the feat of Nimrod.

*Perhaps of all the falsifications made about this Hyperborean deed, the most insidious is the reference from H. P. Blavatsky in her Secret Doctrine, where it is written that "an elite of Assyro-Babylonian priests discovered the way to escape the Plan of Evolution of the Solar Logos and abandoned the Planetary Chain, together with their people, heading to the 'stars,' **where they continue their evolution**." That is to say that the mentioned agent of the Synarchy intends to capitalize on the feat of Nimrod **in favor of synarchic theories**.*

The rest of the Kassite people continued dominating for a while but finally merged with their Hittite cousins for, it has been already said, "a Race that loses its Cainite Initiates is a dying Race." and, together with Nimrod, the Elite Cainite Initiates had departed forever. However, the Hittite expansion led to re-inhabiting Borsippa, which was reconstructed in part, but no one dared to touch the ruins of the terrible Tower.

In Chang Shambhala, the history of Nimrod is always present and with the order to prevent future attempts of this type, many "envoys" have occupied themselves for centuries with ***eliminating*** *evidence in this respect and to* ***confuse*** *about the tactical methodology used in the attack. Bera and Birsha have been two of the Immortals of the White Brotherhood who have worked the most in this sense. However, several Hyperborean peoples imitated, to a greater or lesser extent, the feat of Nimrod: one of them was the Viking people of Greenland, who "opened the Gate," later closed by Quiblon-Columbus. Another, more recent, is the German people of the Third Reich, who were depending on the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Elite Cainite Initiates of the ϟϟ Black Order: the Führer of Germany was thus able, with prospects of success, to once again undertake the collective mutation of the Race and attempt the conquest of Heaven.* ***But the results of this new Hyperborean deed will surely appear, to those who are under the effects of Synarchic Magic, as a "defeat."***

To conclude this summary of the history of Nimrod, I will say that the Kassite King, his brave General Ninurta, his Initiates, and all the people who died in Borsippa, undertook the definitive Return to the Origin guided by the indomitable Princess Isa.

In the meantime, the idiot Hiwa Anakim Demons were devouring their bodies in Chang Shambhala and the King of the World was pronouncing his vespertine Prayer, delayed twelve hours that day by the unerasable feat of Nimrod.

In a La Plata Museum, in Buenos Aires, is found the famous Kudurru of Kashshu, discovered in Susa, where it was part of the plunder of the Elamite King Shutruk-Nakhunte of the twelfth century BC. On it is engraved the regal figure of Nimrod ***treading on the Moon and the Sun****, and with an eight-pointed star, symbol of the planet Venus, above his head. Next to him, a Ziggurat, reminiscent of his famous Tower. Below this image there are two columns of cuneiform script in the Hittite language where is mentioned the death of the King and it is warned that no one must forget his feat. I will transcribe part of said text according to the erudite version of Professor*

Ramirez of the University of Salta, universally considered as the most exact:

The Death of Nimrod

From a famous Tower
the ruins of which are here
King Nimrod has departed to Heaven.
One day he will return!
But he has not gone
to the Gods to bend his knee.
With bow drawn he has gone up
ready to kill.
His arrows have wounded Shamash
but he has soon managed to heal.
But Nimrod has gone
although someday he will return.
A Goddess guides him,
She is called Isa,
She is Ishtar herself,
and a people accompany him,
they are the brave Kassites
who will fight alongside him.
For Nimrod has departed
and is no longer with us,
although the legends say
that one day he will return
with his bow drawn
ready to kill.

Fifty-fifth Day

In the fourteenth century, the Vikings of Greenland behaved in a manner very similar to the Kassites of King Nimrod, Dr. Siegnagel. That was why the Demons of Chang Shambhala sent Quiblon there in the year 1447, to close the Gate of Thule that they had opened. Back in Lisbon, after successfully fulfilling his mission, Quiblon prepares for the next great step: ***to sail toward the west, in the direction of the Gates of the Earthly Paradise and K'Taagar. To the first, he would have to open and conceal it so that it was only used by the members of the Chosen People and their allies, the Golen. To the second, "another Gate of Thule," he would have to definitively close: the Gate of K'Taagar, or of Agartha, was the same that the White Atlanteans reached thousands of years ago marching toward the east and that in the medieval maps was appearing as "Country of Catigara," the Kingdom of the Great Khan, or of Prester John; that "Land of Catigara" would now be*** *inversely* ***approached from the west, and its entrance sealed through the kabbalistic use of the Sephiroth. After the mission of Quiblon, Catigara would disappear forever from Western Culture. Or, in other words, K'Taagar would disappear: the House of Tharsis had, then, their days numbered to perceive the Lithic Mark on the Stone of Venus and depart toward the Abode of the Liberating Gods.***

About the Gates of K'Taagar, situated ***in the Far West****, I will tell you that four "openings" were existing in the Epoch of Quiblon: three in America and one in Antarctica. Of the three American, Quiblon only managed to close the central Gate, the most direct and that which the White Atlanteans took, which was situated in the Bermuda Triangle. That of the North was later unsuccessfully sought by the members of the Chosen People, but could never be found, because the Redskins, the custodial Race, were in charge of concealing and protecting it very well. It analogously occurred with the southern Gate, guarded by the Atumuruna Ingas, who used the Lithic Wisdom in order to prevent the Golen from finding it. And the*

Antarctic, ignored for several centuries by the Enemy, would only be utilized in the twentieth century by the ϟϟ Black Order to lead the Führer toward the Abode of the Loyal Gods of the Spirit of Man.

The Duke of Medinaceli, Don Luis de la Cerda, in addition to being a direct descendent of King Alfonso X the Wise, was a faithful Initiate of the White Brotherhood. Quiblon stayed in his castle in 1484, when he definitively abandons Portugal to settle in Spain and carry out the most important mission of his life: to receive the Verb of Metatron, the Shekhinah, and perform the Holocaust of Water, Mem; and, with that Power, sacrifice to ***YHVH*** *the Three Pagan Empires existing beyond the Sea of Darkness. In those days, the Golen were strongly infiltrated into the Order of Saint Francis, who in Huelva was occupying the Sanctuary of Our Lady of La Cinta, the Convent of Our Lady of La Rábida in Palos, the Monastery of Our Lady of La Granada in Moguer, etc. From these churches, they were secretly encouraging the functioning of a Templar Masonic lodge to which numerous lay members of the Andalusian nobility adhered, among them the Duke of Medinaceli: the Initiates of the lodge were holding the title of "Templar Knight" and were repeating the ancient Rites of worship to Baphomet of the Order, extinguished in 1307. This lodge is that which grants Quiblon his last initiation and esoterically prepares him to receive the Shekhinah. He remains dedicated to that undertaking in the Castle of Medinaceli until 1486, the date on which the Duke himself announces to the Catholic Monarchs the presence of the man who will discover the extensive and rich countries of the West for Spain.*

The sovereigns are dedicated to completing the Reconquest and it will cause, inevitably, that sooner or later Granada falls into Christian hands: that would be the signal awaited by Quiblon. Then he will receive the Verb of Metatron and his Power will be incomparable. Until that moment he will show himself as a humble explorer, only desirous of serving the Kingdom; after the fall of Grenada, just as Bera and Birsha prophesied it, his voice will be the Voice of ***YHVH*** *and his ambitions will be paired with his Power; and no one, not even the Kings, will be able to resist the requests of who goes to travel to*

the Gates of the Earthly Paradise. But it is necessary to previously make known the plans of Quiblon, to familiarize the Kings and the Court with the future Admiral of the Ocean Sea. And that is why, already in 1486, the Golen arranged the first interview of Quiblon with Don Ferdinand and Doña Isabella, who were in Córdoba at the time.

As is logical, the ***Domini Canis*** *were also integrating the Court and were ready to stop any Jew or convert who attempted to propose a plan that resulted in "the Glory and Victory of the Chosen People," or in "the Triple Holocaust of some peoples unrecognized by Jehovah Satan." Capitán Kiev, Lord of Venus, had revealed one hundred and eighty years earlier that this would be announced by a Hebrew "Quiblon," whom it would be difficult to stop. Thus, then, the* ***Domini Canis*** *were keeping themselves alert, but they were completely unaware that the Power of Quiblon would manifest itself in the end, after the symbolic fall of Grenada. And in consequence, they did not suspect that Columbus, an insignificant and hallucinating man, could be Quiblon, the Major Representative of the Potencies of Matter. In any case, Friar Hernando de Talavera, the* ***Domini Canis*** *whom the Kings appointed to study the exploration proposal of Columbus, gave an adverse ruling and procured to discredit the visionary envoy of the Golen.*

However, the Court was infected by Templar Knights or Golen, who supported Columbus for years: Cardinal Pedro González de Mendoza; the Contador Mayor[64] *of the Kingdom, Don Alonso de Quintanilla; the Dominican preceptor of Prince Don Juan, Friar Diego de Deza; the King's chamberlain, Don Juan Cabrero; the Comendador*[65] *Don Gutierre de Cárdenas; the Franciscan astronomer Friar Antonio de Marchena; etc. And, the most effective help: that of Luis de Santángel, the Escribano de Ración of the Aragonese Crown, a kind of secretary to the King of Aragon, who was a powerful banker and was belonging to a Hebrew family recently converted to Christianity. This sinister personage, in combination with a group of Jewish bankers from Génova, would be the financier of the*

64. High official of the Treasury Administration's Office of Accounting.

65. An honorary title among medieval military and religious orders; knight commander.

expedition of Columbus, in 1492: he would then offer a loan of one million maravedises[66] *at such a low interest, 1.5%, that the Queen would practically decide to authorize the voyage of Quiblon.*

In 1491, the Monarchs found themselves opposite Granada, in a very large bivouac that would give rise to the population of Santa Fe. Columbus arrives there, anxious to contemplate the capture of Granada and to undertake his mission. However, it will again be Friar Hernando de Talavera, who is preparing to assume the position of Archbishop, who frustrates his plans and prevents him from meeting with their Majesties. But the fall of the city is very near and Quiblon senses the manifestation of ***YHVH****. He heads, then, directly to the Convent of La Rábida, at Rus Baal, a place consecrated to the Great Mother Binah: he expects that the Love of the Goddess, the Virgin of Miracles, aids him before the imminence of the events of Destiny. And at La Rábida the Golen Elder is awaiting him in order perform the Ritual of the Sepher Iche, the Ceremony that allows the Intelligence of Binah to deposit the Seed of Mud of the archetypal man in the heart of the Initiate: only that this time the Love of Binah will facilitate the expression of the Metatron Child, a Reflective Aspect of Kether, the Crown of The One.*

The highest Golen chief is Friar Juan Pérez, superior of the Convent of Our Lady of La Rábida and High Priest of the Order of Melchizedek. The laity and the Knights Templar, Pedro Velasco and Garcia Fernandez, as well as the Franciscan Antonio de Marchena, will second him in the Ritual. On January 2, 1492 Boabdil delivers Granada to Don Ferdinand and Doña Isabella; next, the ***Domini Canis*** *Archbishop Hernando de Talavera orders the heretics, Arabs, and Jews, to convert to Christianity: otherwise they will have to abandon Spain; fifteen days later, at La Rábida, the prophecy of Bera and Birsha is fulfilled.*

Quiblon, wearing the Franciscan habit, is in front of the magnificent sculpture of the Miraculous Virgin: that work is generally attributed to Saint Luke the Apostle but in truth, as was seen the Thirtieth Day, it was sculpted by a Templar

66. Historical Iberian coin.

monk of the thirteenth century. The Golen finish officiating the Ritual and ***the Great Sacrificer has received the Shekhinah.*** *Quiblon then feels as if possessed by the Universal Soul of* ***YHVH*** *and falls to his knees before the image of the Mother of God, whom he sees* ***as if she were alive*** *and whose* ***limitless Love*** *consumes his heart. A marvel is produced and the Pomegranate of His Staff begins to bleed, but Quiblon does not notice it: instead he hears the Great Mother Binah speaking to him in the purest Hebrew language:*

Holy Quiblon, Great Sacrificer,
Son of the Ancient of Ancients.
His creative Word is your sacred Voice!
The Seminal Logos of the Father
is in the Reason of your Mind;
but the sweet Love of the Mother
burns your Heart from passion.
I Am Binah, the Mother of the Messiah,
I Am Binah, the Mother of Metatron.
I Am Binah, the Intelligence of God.
I Am She who will guide your Course
on the dark Sea of Terror.
Who, then, will be able to stop you,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblon?
Through Me you understand
the Mystery of the Temple,
through Me you receive the Life of Rimmon.
Give the Blood to the Father.
To Me, I want Love.
There are three Empires that await
their prompt destruction.
Rivers of Warm Blood,
the Spaniard will spill.
This arrogant Race,
of albino distinction,
will be the sharp dagger of the Sacrificer.
As a Race, they will offer the Blood
of the Pagan Peoples to God.
But, mated one by one
with the survivors,

they will procreate
Sons of Horror without restraint.
This will be My recompense
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblon.
To the Father, give Blood.
To Me, I want Love.
And that haughty Race,
of the valiant Spaniard,
will sink into the marsh
of Low Passion.
What will be left of it,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblon?
Thousands and Thousands of Sons of Horror.
And in those New Men
my Seeds of Mud will germinate better.
I do not want Race;
I require Love.
Many Sons I have.
Of Mortal Men, I am Mother.
But my Firstborn Son
is the Chosen People,
the People of the Lord.
To him it corresponds
to fearlessly Rule
over the Men of Mud.
For his is the Kingdom
Malkuth, of YHVH Sabaoth.
He is beautiful like an Angel,
he is harsh like God,
he is Shekhinah, the Bride,
he is the Messiah, he is Metatron.
He has my Intelligence.
He can act with Rigor.
But if perchance he descends
to Low Passion:
there is no sin in his acts;
for him there is Pardon.
He is the Joy of the Father,
he is the Comprehension of the Mother,

he is the Chosen People,
the People of the Lord.
My firstborn son,
the Greatest of all.
His brothers wandered,
cooling the Heart;
receiving the Seed of Stone
of the Enemy of Love;
of the Infinite Blackness
after the Death of the Soul;
of the Frozen Blackness
after the Death of the Body;
of the Black Nothingness without Creator;
of the Eternal Blackness
after the Final Death;
of the Naked Truth
after the Kālibur Death;
of the Black Abyss from the Bottom of the Self.
Because of her, the Punishment will thunder.
Because of her, the Pain will throb:
the Tyranny of the Chosen People,
the Judgment of the Nations,
the Holocaust of Fire,
the Lye, the Terror.
She is the Evil over the Earth,
she is the Death of the Soul,
she has cooled the Stone,
she is the Enemy of Love.
Many Sons I have.
Of the Man of Mud, Mother I Am.
I Am Binah, who weeps
over the Cold Stone
that the Virgin of Agartha
put in his Heart.
I Am Binah, the Mother of Metatron.
I Will Guide your Course, Holy Quiblon,
where Three Kingdoms await
their prompt destruction.
Give to the Father the Great

Sacrificing Blood;
And reserve for the Mother
the Warmth of Love.
Open soon The Way
for the Chosen People,
the Redeeming People;
and close the senses
to the Eternal Blackness
that cools the Heart.
I Am Binah; of your Soul
Mother I Am; I Am Binah,
who will give you Illumination.
I Am Binah, who now blesses you.
Son of the Ancient of Days,
never forget your Ascendancy,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblon.

Only the Great Sacrificer has heard this message, but all those present realize that the Virgin of the Miracle has internally spoken with him. And Quiblon, gripped by mystical ecstasy, remains on his knees for hours, absorbed in the contemplation of the Cosmic Mother. The Golen prudently withdraw themselves at last, leaving the Rabbi Admiral immersed in the intimacy of his celestial visions; They, for their part, have seen the Mother of God weeping for Her Sons strayed from the Law of Love, and Her Pomegranate bleeding from Passion; and have gathered her tears and her Blood, for the Glory and Victory of the Golen Church and of the Synagogue of ***YHVH Sabaoth****, in order give Testimony of the Shekhinah of the Chosen People, the descent of the Kingdom Malkuth.*

Days later, the Golen are ready to show their secret trick, an authentic "card up their sleeve": Friar Juan Pérez is confessor of Queen Isabella; he can smooth all the obstacles so that Quiblon expresses himself before the Kings; and then, as if the Miraculous Virgin interrogated, "who will be able to stop you Holy Quiblon?" Thus, the Golen Juan Pérez heads for Granada and concerts the famous interview; Luis de Santángel and the Genovese Jewish bankers prepare themselves to finance the enterprise that will be an infallible escape route for their brothers of Race; and the ***Domini Canis****, taken completely by*

surprise, can do nothing this time to sabotage the plans of the White Brotherhood. In April of 1492, Quiblon, the miserable converted Jew, who was shortly before lacking even clothing and aliments, claims for himself and his descendants the Admiralty of the Ocean Sea for the Crown of Castile, the viceroyalty of all the discovered lands and the countries to conquer, the tithe on all the products that were brought to Spain, be it spoils or merchandise, etc. And the Kings accede to such excessive exigencies in the capitulation of April 17, 1492, signed in the encampment of Santa Fe, opposite Granada. It is just that no one, not even the Catholic Monarchs, can oppose the Verb of Metatron: Granada, the City of the Jews, has fallen into the power of the Gentiles, analogously to what occurred with Jerusalem, destroyed by General Titus one thousand four hundred years before; and like then, now the diaspora of the Chosen People will ensue. But this time the dispersion will not last long; the Chosen People will be promptly reunited and oriented toward their Destiny of Glory: for that, the Order of Melchizedek has sent Quiblon, the Holy Ancient One has entrusted him with his Verb, and the Mother of God will guide his steps.

On August 3, 1492, exactly on the 1422nd anniversary of the taking of Jerusalem, Quiblon departs from the Port of Palos, in Huelva, with three Caravels that show off the Cross of the Knights Templar. The crew is made up of mostly converted Jews and carries a Judeo-Spanish speaker, Rabbi Luis de Torres, who translates Hebrew, Aramaic, and Arabic. Contrarily, no Christian priests travel on the Carracks. Upon his return, March 15, 1493, after having closed the Gate of K'Taagar, having opened the Gate of Paradise for his Golen and Jewish brothers, and having initiated the Great Sacrifice of the Pagan Peoples, Quiblon directly heads to the Sanctuary of Our Lady of La Cinta: he must thank the Mother of God for Her Guidance and Protection.

The Seigniors of Tharsis comprehended too late that Christopher Columbus was in reality "Quiblon," the High Priest of the White Brotherhood of which Capitán Kiev warned them. When all was clear for them, there was no longer a remedy: the whole of Spain, blind like Perseus, was

preparing to throw itself on the triple neck of Medusa. A man who they underestimated from the beginning defeated them, a man who, ironically, never much hid his intentions, a man, Dr. Siegnagel, who was signing ***S.A.M.****, that is,* ***Samekh****,* ***Aleph****, and* ***Mem****, the initials of Quiblon that signify "****S****"* ***hekhinah****, "****A****"****vir****, and "****M****"****etatron****, the triple immanent principle of the kabbalistic Rimmon Tree. Observe, Dr. Siegnagel, the facsimile of Columbus' signature, which I enclose, and you will see that on the left is a monogram formed by the Hebrew letters Beth and He, initials of the traditional* ***Baruch HaShem*** *greeting, and then* ***S.A.M.****, in a vertical column.*

*The dots correspond to an indication in Aramaic of "word," and the remaining letters complete a "magic tablet," or Kaddish, which can be read in various senses, according to the kabbalistic forms: the "****S****," on both sides of the "****A****," means "****Shaddai****"; the "****Y****" is the initial of* ***YHVH****; and the "****X****" means "****Christ****," which was synonymous with Messiah among the Spanish Jews. In the last line, quite clearly, one reads "Cristo Ferens," which does not mean "****Cristoforo****," as the Golen claim, but "Heir of the Messiah," since* ***ferens*** *was equivalent to* ***inheritance*** *in the Middle Ages. Those initials* ***S.A.M.****, of Quiblon, were also found on the mantle of the Virgin of La Cinta, according to the instructions that Bera and Birsha gave to the four Priests, and such as can be seen today in her Sanctuary.*

XPO FERENS

Fifty-sixth Day

The terrible Inquisitor who was Ricardo of Tharsis was married to a sweet Dame who was the granddaughter of the Count of Tarseval, that is to say, that she was his second niece. From this union, Lito of Tharsis, whom his father was intending to reserve as his successor in the task of exterminating the Spanish Jews and Golen, was born in 1502. To that end, since childhood he submitted him to a rigorous instruction in several Dominican Convents and in the Faculty of Theology at the University of Salamanca. There he received his Bachelor and Doctoral Law degrees, graduating at the age of seventeen and immediately incorporating himself into the Tribunal of the Inquisition.

During his time at the University, the young Lito had shown signs of an illustrious intelligence that even led him to surpass his own professors, but, as he was also noble and humble, such virtue, far from causing the resentment of his peers and superiors, was producing general admiration. What was most astonishing to all was his prodigious capacity to assimilate the most disparate languages: apart from Latin and Greek, and Spanish dialects such as Castilian, Catalan, and Basque, he was fluently speaking in Arabic, Portuguese, French, and German.

In 1522, Ricardo, comprehending that that predisposition for knowledge had to be guided, sent him to Turdes so that the Men of Stone initiated him into the Hyperborean Wisdom. The Noyos had restored the Virgin of the Grotto in the Private Chapel of the Seigniorial House, although the Child of Stone was now lacking his right hand, strangely mutilated on the Night of the Lye. Lito of Tharsis, who, according to the Men of Stone, was undergoing the most profound transmutation that the House of Tharsis had memory of, was spending all his free time in the Chapel, penetrating, like no other, into the Mystery of the Uncreated Life and the Kālibur Death of Pyrena. When he received the Hyperborean Initiation, now with the help of the Tirodinguiburr Vrunic Sign, he warned the Men of Stone that besides depositing the Seed of the Child of Stone in his

Heart, the Virgin had revealed to him an ***Interior Star****, a green Star to which he would be able to arrive whenever that he wanted: taking an intimate spiritual path and situating his Ego in that Star, the ancient Lithic Science of the White Atlanteans had no Secrets for him. He was saying it was like ascending to the top of a mountain and contemplating a vast contextual landscape that was revealing the strategic significance of the megalithic constructions. And along with the lost Wisdom, in the interior Star, he had reencountered his Beloved from the Origin, who was waiting for him since his Straying and Fall, beyond Hell and Paradise, to return with him to the Fatherland of the Uncreated Spirit.*

Undoubtedly, Lito of Tharsis was then possessing the second degree of the Hyperborean Initiation, that is to say, he was a Hyperborean Pontiff, a Constructor of Stone capable of building a bridge between the Created and the Uncreated. In the House of Tharsis, the suspicion began to be founded that they were in the presence of the Initiate announced by Capitán Kiev, that one who would see the Lithic Mark of K'-Taagar on the Stone of Venus. That presumption began to be affirmed when Lito manifested his vocation through the Noyo-Vraya position and decided to take up the Guard of the Wise Sword: in 1525, without any difficulty, he entered into the Secret Cavern and remained there for a term of five years, in the Company of two Noyos who were guarding the Sword since several years before.

The initiatic faculties of the Noyo Lito developed intensely during the years that his retreat lasted, a process that accelerated even more when the image began to emerge from the Stone, toward the fourth year of Guard duty. Initially blurred, months later the image of a megalithic scene was appearing on the Stone of Venus, to the point that the other Noyos were also perceiving it, although without details. To the Noyo Lito, on the other hand, after being clear by just setting his eyes on the Stone of Venus, the image also communicated to him, on several occasions, a few words that all his philological power was not managing to interpret, even though the presence of numerous Indo-European roots were evident. The words were:

Apachicoj Atumuruna!

Apachicoj Atumuruna!
Purihuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy!
Pucara Tharsy!

And here is what the image was representing. In the background, a chain of mountains or sierras lacking vegetation was visible; of these, two were standing out because their slopes were forming a profound pass in the middle of the outline, from where a trickle of water was seen emerging that was irrigating an equally arid valley. But these elements were constituting the background; what was really dominating the scene was a hill of gentle slope, on of which flattened summit was erected an enormous black-colored menhir, surrounded by a circle of eight menhirs of smaller size. And that was all, except for minor details: the celestial sky, only fogged by some snow-like clouds, and the ground where the menhirs were settled, comprised of a reddish-brown earth from which some low and thorny grasses were sparsely sprouting.

*The mystery of that immutable vision became clearer with the passing of time, and toward the end of 1529, Lito of Tharsis had already formed a general idea of its significance; dreams and telepathic messages provided him the complementary information that he was needing. According to his conviction, the Stone of Venus was revealing that place situated "**in a distant and unknown country**" that Capitán Kiev mentioned; a country that was existing "**beyond the Western Sea**," the Messages of the Gods were now adding, and that could not be elsewhere than in the recently discovered America. The menhirs had been put there by the White Atlanteans by means of a special technique that was rendering the area invulnerable against the possible attacks of the agents of the White Brotherhood: in that liberated plaza, as in the Secret Cavern, the Men of Stone would be able to indefinitely resist the pressure of the Potencies of Matter. Justly, the next task of Lito of Tharsis, and the Valentinian Men of Stone, would be that of finding that trail and taking refuge together with their menhirs until the days of the Final Battle, the only way of surviving by then, since the Demons would search for them throughout the World with increasing zeal as such days were approaching.*

According to what the Gods were warning in their Messages, the danger would not be negligible, for the persecution would be initiated at the very moment in which they extracted the Wise Sword from the Secret Cavern, and would be possibly carried out by Bera and Birsha in person. The White Brotherhood, the Liberating Gods were assuring, had granted fundamental importance to the "discovery" of America for their future synarchic plans and was not willing to risk them again; when the Wise Sword appeared in the Light of the Sun, ***Yod****, the All-Seeing Eye of Jehovah Satan, would observe its bearers on the spot and the White Brotherhood would immediately know that Seigniors of Tharsis were still left alive* ***in this World****: the reaction of the Demons would be foreseeable; They, who had propitiated the cultural "discovery" of America by means of their agents, the Jewish Christopher Columbus and hundreds of marrano Jews in service of the Golen, would do everything possible to stop them and steal the Stone of Venus; the* ***Circulus Domini Canis****, because of the excessive zeal placed in suppressing the Judaic and Golen action, in Spain and Europe, let itself be strategically surpassed and neglected the question of the New World: it was now occurring that the Order of Preachers was infiltrated by hundreds of marrano Dominicans that were only aspiring to go to America in the company of thousands of their brothers of Race, those who were permitted to abandon their prisons and their dreary ghettos to participate in the "conquest." In the face of this reality, the judgment of the Gods was suggesting to act with extreme caution at all stages of the operation. How would they go to America? The Gods had foreseen it, they would soon realize.*

Lito of Tharsis and one of the Noyos, by the name of Roque, met in Turdes with Ricardo of Tharsis and the remaining Men of Stone from the family of Valentina. All were in agreement that the prophecy of the Lord of Venus had been fulfilled and that the long-awaited moment of departure was near: to Lito of Tharsis would correspond the High Honor of transporting the Wise Sword to the site arranged by the Gods. But not all of them would be able to depart; Ricardo of Tharsis was too old to undertake such a voyage, and in an analogous situation

were two other Knights and two Dames; a younger Dame, however, would be able to accompany them but only as far as some village, because it would be difficult that she be permitted to be part of a military expedition. And apart from the three Noyos, two Dominican friars were also in conditions of going, who were officiating as inquisitors along with Ricardo of Tharsis. If all was going well, the voyagers would send for those who were left behind; otherwise, they would join the strategy of the German branch of the family.

The problem of the voyage, as I said, was easily solved thanks to the providence of the Gods, since a young German explorer, in the service of the House of Welser, was a distant relative of the Seigniors of Tharsis. Nikolaus Federmann, in effect, was holding the lineage of the Austrian Seigniors of Tharsis through his maternal line and was in America at that time. King Charles I, and Emperor Charles V of Germany, contracted a debt of 150,000 ducats with the House of Welser of Augsburg by signing, as a sort of royal guarantee, a capitulation in Burgos through which said Bank was being authorized to establish itself and exploit a region of America. Such region included the current territory of Venezuela, from Cabo de la Vela to Maracapana, and the Company was imposing on itself the obligation of founding two cities and three fortresses, in which it would be able to appoint a Governor or Adelantado with royal approval. In the year 1527, Juan de Ampiés founded, there, the city of La Vela de Santa Ana de Coro, where he installed, in 1528, Ambrosius Ehinger, the first Governor named by the Welsers, who took Nikolaus Federmann as lieutenant. In 1530, after that reunion of Lito of Tharsis with the Men of Stone to decide the voyage to America, they discover the existence of that relative by means of news coming from the Vrunaldine branch, and they put themselves in touch with him through the slow correspondence that the Dominicans were maintaining with the missionary friars. They procured, in any case, not to risk information in that manner and that is why the missives[67] *were only referring to the necessity of holding a personal interview with the explorer "for vital reasons that would then be clarified." Something difficult to concretize*

67. Written letter or message.

in those days due to the fact that Federmann was going on a very dangerous exploration to the heart of the Venezuelan jungle in search of the gold of the Indians.

Anyhow, the Seigniors of Tharsis moved to the port of Seville and began to prepare their own expedition, without the help of Federmann. In this case, fate smiled on the Seigniors of Tharsis in 1532, although not so for Ambrosius Ehinger, whom it sent to a better life with a curare arrow. For what brought Nikolaus Federmann to Europe was the death of the Governor, with the purpose of claiming for himself that post that he had justly won. The Welsers, however, awarded the position to Georg von Speyer, a man of prestige who was counting on notable influences and powerful friends, appointing Federmann as Lieutenant General to the Governor in compensation. And it was in 1533, while the German was occupying himself with equipping the Welser fleet, that they all came together in Seville.

Nikolaus Federmann was not an Initiate nor had he knowledge of magic or esotericism, but he was carrying in his veins the Blood of Tharsis. He immediately comprehended that the mysterious cause that was leading his relatives to America should be supported and he acceded to all their points to effectuate the plan that they were proposing to him; a secret instinct was telling him that he was not mistaken, that something superior to gold, for which he was willing to die, was guiding those adventurers: he was able to perceive it in the air when he was in their presence; and if that were not enough, they were also paying with gold, with good Spanish gold, since his relatives were turning out to be very rich. Yes, Nikolaus Federmann would play for the Seigniors of Tharsis. The plan was seeming simple: it was necessary to transport six of them; three were Knights and it would be easy to recruit them; two others, Dominican friars, already had the ecclesiastical dispensation, and in addition, to the satisfaction of the Welsers, they were expert miners and specialists in fine metals, an art highly appreciated in those days in which smelting the unusual alloys of the indigenous objects was required to rescue the gold and silver that they were containing; the Dame, who would have to wait in Coro until the return of her

*brothers and uncles, was representing the only problem; and those of Tharsis were offering to cover, also, the costs of ten Catalan soldiers of their own infantry troop, which was not offering any inconvenience, since huge quantities of military personnel were required on each American expedition. Already in America, Nikolaus would try to orient them in the search for a strange stone construction that they were assuring was existing "**toward the south**." How they knew it, was something that he soon desisted from finding out due to the closed hermeticism of the Spaniards. But another thing was certain: they were not interested in the gold, precious stones or pearls, which they could find on that search; any object of value would belong to him since they were only wanting to find that place.*

The first Carrack sent by Francisco Pizarro arrived in Seville on December 5, 1533 with a sample of the ransom of Atahualpa, and the second, with Hernando Pizarro on board, on January 9, 1534; they were transporting 100,000 castellanos of gold, about 450 kilograms, which was only constituting a third part of what was corresponding to the King: in Peru, Francisco Pizarro had by then seized nine tons (9,000 kg) of pure gold and fifty (50,000 kg) of silver. Such events put the avid Welsers in a frantic state, who were intending to obtain a similar revenue from their American colony, and accelerated the departure of Georg von Speyer and Nikolaus Federmann. At the end of January 1534, the fleet that was bringing Lito of Tharsis and the five Men of Stone who were seconding him was setting sail from the Guadalquivir of Seville to America.

The Seigniors of Tharsis had been supplied with abundant provisions, clothing and military equipment, as well as twenty horses, three Spanish bulldogs and three dozen chickens from Castile. A week before departing, Lito of Tharsis removed the Wise Sword from the Secret Cavern, covered the Stone of Venus with a ribbon bow crossed on the quillon, and girding it at his waist, embarked on the path of no return toward the port of Seville and America: for the first time in 1,800 years, since the fall of Tharsis at the hands of the Phoenicians and Golen, the ancient Sword of the Iberian Kings was abandon-

ing the Secret Cavern. Three Noyos would now guard it on that uncertain journey, one of them the most perfect Man of Stone that the House of Tharsis ever produced. But would their Wisdom be enough to deliver them from the diabolical powers of Bera and Birsha, those who would immediately set off in their pursuit? Only in the near future would they ascertain the affirmative answer.

As soon as the bow of the Welser frigate entered onto the Atlantic Ocean, the gaze of the Men of Stone was directed toward the Costa de la Luz, which they were leaving behind: 70 kilometers to the ***NE*** *was Onuba, one of the ancient ports of the Tartessian Empire, and also Rus Baal, Saturn's Rock, where Quiblon received the Shekhinah. The six were leaning on a* ***starboard bulwark*** *railing, but their minds were traveling toward Onuba, at the confluence of the Tinto and Odiel Rivers; and then going up the Odiel, to Turdes, and stopping at the citadel of Tharshish, now once again alive and powerful on the stage of imagination; they were seeing their ancestors, the Iberian King Seigniors of Tharsis, sustaining the standards of the Blood Pact with the commitment of their lives; in solitude, that Stirp had faced Everything and everyone to comply with the mission entrusted by the White Atlantean founders, to maintain the loyalty to the Liberating Gods; a solitude that is the price to pay for those who are in truth Strangers in the Universe, for those who exhibit the Intrepidness of Nimrod and the Valor of his Kassite warriors, for those who possess or seek the Blood of Tharsis: the Absolute Solitude, which on Earth the Wise Warriors, the Hyperborean Initiates, the Men of Stone, the Uncreated Spirits must suffer; and the mind was then directed to Char Hill, opposite the Stone Face of Pyrena, in the Epoch in which the Mystery of the Cold Fire was freely being officiated and the Chosen Ones were coming from all parts of the World to die or to encounter the Naked Truth of Themselves; the White Brotherhood, the Order of Melchizedek, the Dark Atlanteans, the Priests of all the Cults, the Golen, the Immortals Bera and Birsha, the Templars, the members of the Chosen People, the partisans of the Universal Synarchy, Servants of the Potencies of Matter, Worshipers of Jehovah Satan, Terrible Enemies of the House*

of Tharsis: They persecuted them for millennia, caused the destruction of Tharshish and the public disappearance of the Mystery of the Cold Fire, procured to extinguish the Stirp of Tharsis and hide the Hyperborean Wisdom, and by all means attempted to seize the Wise Sword and its Stone of Venus; and the mind was instantly flying to the Secret Cavern, and appreciating the silent sacrifice of dozens of Noyos and Vrayas guarding the Wise Sword, purifying the Blood and waiting with the patience of the hunter for the Lithic Mark of K'Taagar, the racial call that was authorizing to head toward the Abode of the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man; now the Seigniors of Tharsis would be able to realize the millennially longed-for voyage if they were so desiring: a Noyo, the Greatest of All, Lito of Tharsis, had seen the Mark and knew the Secret of the Return; ***but the Seigniors of Tharsis would not depart yet; they would still wait a while longer, an instant of History, until the Final Battle;*** *Capitán Kiev, a Lord of Venus, communicated to them that Navutan, the Lord of War, was considering their World as the most Real of all the possible Worlds: and in that World,* ***in this World****, they would contribute to protagonizing the last Battle of the Essential War, together with His Envoy, the Great White Chief, the Lord of Absolute Will and Valor; and toward there the Seigniors of Tharsis were going, toward a* ***plaza megalithically liberated*** *by the Hyperborean Wisdom of the White Atlanteans, a place where they would resist with the Wise Sword until the days of the Final Battle; and the mind was thus returning, nourished with Determination and Valor, to the Men of Stone who were drifting away from the Spanish coast in a frigate of the Welser fleet.*

Fifty-seventh Day

As soon as they entered out to sea, the ships of Georg von Speyer and Nikolaus Federmann were battered by terrible tempests; it was seeming as if the whole of nature, as if the Creator Himself, had proposed to scuttle that fleet. In the end, a miracle, and the no less miraculous skill of the captains, prevented the shipwreck and made it possible for them to dock in the Canaries, where they awaited better winds to complete the crossing. Already in Coro, Speyer, whose ambition for gold was coupled with his limitless valor, organized an improvised expedition of four hundred men and immediately set course to the south of Lake Maracaibo, a place in which certain local legends were situating a very rich, and non-existent, city. He left his Lieutenant General with the assignment to travel to Santo Domingo to bring back what was missing and catch up with him in the mountains of Carora. But Nikolaus Federmann, who was in cahoots with the Seigniors of Tharsis, far from fulfilling these orders, also set out to march south, but taking a route much farther west, following the indication of a few Indians who were assuring to have seen stone constructions.

With this purpose, he traveled to Cabo de la Vela, on the coast of the Sea of the Antilles, and embarked to Santo Domingo, the Seigniors of Tharsis remaining with Captain Antonio de Cháves and the Catalan soldiers. Soon, Federmann returned accompanied by eighty men, thirty horses, supplies and fresh provisions, joined them, and they set out toward the southwest, in open contradiction to the instructions of Speyer: in place of two Dominican friars they were now three, for the Dame, Violante of Tharsis, had insisted on traveling disguised in that way, alleging that "the dangers that would lie in wait for her at Coro alone would, surely, be no less than what her relatives suffered on the expedition," an argument that convinced the unpredictable Men of Stone.

If the excursion of Speyer was able to be considered improvised, and short of men and means, the undertaking of Federmann was simply exiguous: his one hundred men and fifty

horses could do little against the unspeakable dangers that were lurking in those wild and unknown lands; the small troop of veterans of Saint Marta under the command of Captain Rivera, who joined them halfway, neither alleviated the situation: those men were lost in the jungle, discontented from marching uselessly after a wealth that was not turning up anywhere. After suffering the thousand penuries that the tropical forests offer, with its poisonous ophidians, spiders, insects, ferocious tigers, and its intricate vegetation to which one had to cut through, the invaders experienced the freezing north wind of the high peaks that surround the Valledupar. And after the relief, again the hot jungle, the plagues, and the savage Indians, who were now incessantly harassing them. Nevertheless, they undauntedly continued toward the south, crossed the Apure and Meta Rivers, apart from a thousand minor torrents, and entered into the territory of present-day Colombia. But that country was outside of the Welser concession and Federmann had no right to its exploration.

And until then there was no indication that they were on the correct path; the few Indians that they managed to capture were giving vague indications about the cities of stone: to the south, always to the south; but toward the south they were only finding miserable villages and Indians of unparalleled savagery, anthropophagous and headhunters, aborigines who were poisoning their arrows and spears and relentlessly following them, permanently ambushing them, attacking them from the rear when marching and in the encampments when resting. After a year and a half of advancing in that direction, decimated, the majority of the men converted into living skeletons covered in rags, the decision to return was imposed at the discretion of Federmann; otherwise he could no longer prevent the mutiny of the survivors or their desertion: of the one hundred men of his troop, only fifty were left alive, and the majority in a deplorable state.

The Seigniors of Tharsis, for their part, endured the campaign with stoicism and only lost three Catalan soldiers; they were intending to continue toward the south, but they were not finding a way to persuade the German. Finally, before his irrevocable determination, they opted for a heroic solution, to

which Nikolaus could neither refuse: they would stay there and continue alone with the search. The plan was little less than suicidal, but as none of the parties was willing to concede, Nikolaus Federmann accepted to let them go in secret, simulating a loss that would avoid problems with the Welsers or the charge of desertion. Thus it was that one day, the Spanish vanguard of Tharsis separated itself from the weary column and was lost forever, since neither the Germans of the House of Welser, nor the Spaniards of the Kingdom, returned to ever see them again.

Nikolaus Federmann continued his explorations, always disobeying the orders of Georg von Speyer. In 1539, together with Jiménez de Quesada and Sebastián de Belalcázar, Governors of Santa Marta and of Quito respectively, whom he encountered in the middle of the jungle, he founded the city of Santa Fe, Bogotá. He then set out with the mentioned captains on a journey to Cartagena de Indias and from there went on to Spain with Quesada. Although he was a discoverer and explorer of lands, he obtained no riches whatsoever and was returning practically ruined. However, when he brought news of the fate of Lito and the Men of Stone to the Seigniors of Tharsis, they generously recompensed him and employed him in the Villa de Turdes, where he ended his days.

And what had occurred with the Seigniors of Tharsis in America? When separating from Nikolaus Federmann, they were on the western side of the Cordillera Oriental, about a thousand kilometers from the point of departure and another three hundred from the city of Quito, at the height in which the Napo River originates. It was a region of cold and desolate wasteland, where a gelid north wind was blowing that was making their teeth grind and chilling them to the bone. They had found a steep path that was seeming handmade, since at certain stretches pilings of stones that were serving as retaining walls for the alluvial landslides were able to be observed, and they were following them with renewed hope: they were not even remotely imagining that they would still travel five thousand kilometers until arriving at their destination. All that Nikolaus was able to leave them were ten horses and very few provisions: it was enough to carry everything with four

horses, the scarce supplies, the cages with the chickens, and even the weapons, now useless for not having even a gram of gunpowder. At the forefront was advancing Lito of Tharsis, who was mounted and followed by three Indians bought in Coro, valuable for their interpreters and guides; farther behind, were riding the other five Men of Stone; and at the rearguard, was marching the infantry troop comprised by the seven Catalan soldiers, whose fidelity to their Spanish masters was impulsing them to follow them to the death; the Spanish bulldogs, of proverbial ferocity, were presiding over the passage of the whole column, exploring the road fifty meters ahead.

Seven days they transited along that escarpment, which was in marked decline toward a small valley situated, nonetheless, between high mountains. Without knowing it, they were approaching a northern fortress of the Inca empire, which was serving as a border March with the Muisca empire: a garrison of two thousand Indians, from one empire or the other, were being relieved every six months to occupy that bastion. Upon rounding a bend, the Seigniors of Tharsis caught sight of the walls and the stone farmhouse, as they were approaching toward there through a series of staggered terraces, intelligently arranged for such a purpose. A sepulchral silence was reigning in the place and no movement was seen; the gate was lacking protection and was reinforcing the impression of being in front of an unpopulated and abandoned citadel. However, as soon as they had breached the wall, the silence sank beneath a deafening concert of atrocious shrieks and a shower of arrows began to fall upon the intruders. Covering Violante, and followed by the infantrymen, the five Seigniors of Tharsis charged with their cavalry upon the mass of Indians who were penetrating through the gates of the fortress in spurts; however, although the Sevillian blades were causing large loss of life among the aborigines, their quantity was so great that they soon had to retreat toward the central houses. At the orders of Lito, the Seigniors of Tharsis dismounted and ran more than hastily to seek shelter.

In a dwelling lacking in any defense, surrounded only by a wall two cubits high, were found Lito of Tharsis, Violante,

Roque, the two friars, an Indian, and the five horses. Through a trapezoidal opening, they were observing how a chilling number of indigenes had cornered them in a trap with no way out. They shouted out to the other Noyo, Guillermo, who finally responded from a contiguous house, where he sought protection with the rest of the troop. He was wounded in one leg, something that could be fatal due to the poison that the Indians were putting on the tip of their arrows, and he was reporting that three of the soldiers had been killed, as well as the two Indian servants, and two horses. No one was imagining how they were going to get out of such a tight situation, when a brusque silence fell upon the aboriginal side. The Seigniors of Tharsis sharpened their sight and observed how the Indians were respectfully moving aside to make way for a personage attired in woolen fabrics of brilliant colors and headdress with a bonnet-shaped cap, from which were hanging white and red feathers. He was seated atop a litter supported by eight men and was carrying a stone ax in his hand; a group of Indians, who were also being distinguished by their dress, and were enjoying evident authority over the warriors, were walking on the sides of the vehicle.

At a prudent distance from the refuge of the invaders, the curious caravan stopped and the occupant of the litter set foot on the ground, preparing himself to deliberate with his accompaniers: no doubt they were discussing the quickest way possible to finish off the Spaniards. They were doing just that when the shout of Lito of Tharsis thundered and left everyone nailed to their site. He had rushed outside in an instant, helmetless, with his blond head uncovered and the Wise Sword, to which he had removed the ribbon to exhibit the Stone of Venus, brandished on high, while he was uttering in a roaring voice:

*"**Apachicoj Atumuruna!***
*"**Apachicoj Atumuruna!***
*"**Purihuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy!***
*"**Pucará Tharsy!**"*

The newcomers kept quiet in surprise, but after glancing at each other they immediately shouted in turn:

*"**Huancaquilli Aty!***

*"**Huancaquilli Aty!**"*
and then, shuddering, as gripped by a shiver of terror, he exclaimed from the litter:
*"**Huancaquilli Aty unanchan huañuy!***
*"**Huancaquilli Aty unanchan huañuy!**"*

Upon hearing these words all the Indians retreated a few steps, widening the clearing formed in front of the refuge of the Spaniards. Lito of Tharsis had returned to the house as surprisingly as he bursted onto the scene and was observing, in good cover, the reaction of the natives.

"What have you said to him?" asked one of the friars.

"I don't exactly know," responded Lito. "They are words that the Stone of Venus said to me in the Secret Cavern. I think that they refer to the site to which we must go. Suddenly, I had the conviction that I was to communicate them to our attackers. And you already see the result: they seem to know their significance."

*At that moment, the litter, with the strange occupant, was moving away at a rapid pace, while the **güechas**, since they were Muisca warriors, were sitting on the ground in their great majority. They were not taking their eyes off the refuge of the Spaniards even for an instant, spears and arrows ready to attack; and on their inexpressive faces, serious and Asian-looking, it was impossible to guess their intentions. The only sure thing that was indicating the attitude of the Indians is that they were preparing to wait; but, wait for what, for whom?*

Thus, besieged in the precarious stone houses, the hours were passing without anything disturbing the impassible vigilance. But the Seigniors of Tharsis were endowed with the virtue of patience to a high degree: not in vain had they stood guard for 1,700 years in front of the Wise Sword. They sat down, therefore, in turn, to await the future movements of the besiegers. In a few hours it darkened without the Indians moving from their site, although it was being distinguished behind their lines that several bonfires were beginning to be lighted: soon a group of women occupied themselves with distributing to each güecha a corn cake and a ceramic bowl with a steaming liquid. The night became dark and the Spaniards decided

to rest and keep watch in shifts. They all managed to sleep because dawn found them in the same situation as the day before. However, the morning and part of the afternoon would pass before any change was noticed.

The number of warriors, instead of decreasing, had been increasing with the passing of the hours, and now practically no site was existing where one of them was not spotted: they were covering the plaza and the alleys that were running between the houses, they were up on the roofs, pillars, and walls, and, in short, as far as the eye was reaching, they could be seen in an expectant but frankly hostile attitude. It was being noticed without much effort that they were stalking by the thousands, and that it would be very difficult to escape the siege. Midway through the afternoon, the Men of Stone noticed that something new was occurring: the güechas suddenly stood up and, with difficulty, stepped aside to let a caravan pass that was advancing from the exterior door of the fortress. This time three litters were arriving; in one the enigmatic personage of the previous day was returning; and in the two others were coming seated a few men of features totally different from those of the indigenes: while the former were undoubtedly presenting Asiatic characteristics, the newcomers were showing the unmistakable traits of the Western European man. Even their complexion, evidently bronzed by sun exposures, was quite pale, and was notably contrasted with the yellow skin of the Muiscas. However, their clothing were giving away that they were indigenous, of another ethnicity but indigenous in the end: they were wearing black habits of llama wool, very similar to the tunic of the Cathars, and they were covering their heads with ***black bonnets*** *of the same material. But what most attracted the attention of the Seigniors of Tharsis, the thing most incredible, were the round and feathered shields that they were carrying: in their center, clearly visible, were painted* ***one of the Vrunes of Navutan.*** *As they passed, they provoked a murmur of fear from the Muiscas and the Spaniards observed with astonishment that the majority of the warriors were avoiding to look at them.*

Upon stopping, the chief to whom Lito had addressed the words of the Stone of Venus began to call the two unusual per-

sonages who were accompanying him. After descending, the three approached toward the house occupied by the intruders. At a certain distance, they stopped and conferred for a few minutes; finally, the one from the day before, resolutely approached and shouted:

*"**Huancaquilli Aty! Huancaquilli Aty!**"*

Lito of Tharsis vacillated an instant, while all the eyes of the Men of Stone were fixed on him, but he came out right away and confronted the Indian. Like the first time, he was now also brandishing the Wise Sword. On seeing him, the two in black, without hesitation, advanced to meet him. However, their interest was not in Lito but in the Wise Sword: both said in unison:

*"**Coyllor Sayana!**"*[68]

*From the trapezoidal window, the Men of Stone were attentively following the events, ready to run to the aid of Lito of Tharsis. They were not managing to hear the words that they were pronouncing, but it was undoubtable that both Lito and the **Amautas of the Black Bonnet** were speaking at regular intervals. Minutes passed in the same manner, until the exchange of words and phrases acquired the unmistakable tone of dialogue. Finally, the Seignior of Tharsis turned and without problems headed toward the shelter of his kinsmen; the Muisca chief, for his part, gave an order and the güechas immediately deconcentrated without protest: only the royal guard that was accompanying the litters maintained themselves in the vicinity of the house.*

"What has happened?" Violante inquired, unable to contain herself, as soon as Lito stepped through the door. "Have you managed to make yourself understood by the natives?"

*"Apparently the danger has passed," affirmed Lito, whose semblance was still reflecting the stupefaction that was overcoming him. "Seigniors of Tharsis: we face a Great Mystery. According to what I have been able to comprehend, **these beings in black tunics were awaiting us for many months**, perhaps a year or more. The words that I have pronounced yesterday, they belong to a rather profane language, proper to the Empire that Pizarro has conquered. That is why, at first, we*

68. "Star Stone" in Quechua.

could not understand each other. But then, and listen well to what I am going to say to you because although it seems fantasy it is not, they spoke in a language that is exclusive to the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, kinds of Initiates of the Cult to the Cold, or waning (Aty), Moon, that is to say, to the Cold Death; and here comes the incomprehensible thing: that language, ***it is an ancient variant of Low German or Danish****. I still do not know for certain because of the barbaric way in which they speak it, but believe me that it will not be difficult to learn it. Naturally, you will be as surprised as me: how can it be that they were waiting for us, when only the Gods knew that we would come, and who are these Initiates, who in such distant and unknown lands speak a Germanic language? For the moment I do not have the answers."*

"But what will we do now?" asked Roque.

"Well, it seems that the Amautas of the Black Bonnet must lead us toward some site. I suppose the custodians of this fortress will be satisfied that we leave as soon as possible, given that the presence of those named do not please them at all, and ours, after the slaughter that we have made, must not be at all sympathetic to them. I propose that we go out into the plaza, and stay as close as possible to the Amautas."

Thus they gathered up the baggage, and, taking the horses by the bridle, they were slowly leaving toward the extensive courtyard where the Amautas were waiting, accommodated on the seats of the litters. Lito went to the other house, and regretfully found that the Noyo was burning with fever and that his wounded leg was gravely swollen. Carrying him in his arms, he joined the Men of Stone and said to them:

"We cannot leave without curing Guillermo. We will wash his wound with hot water and vinegar, of which we still have a few drops left."

He proceeded, then, to request water, trying to make himself understood by the Amautas, but these, as soon as they noticed the state of the Noyo, gave several instructions to the Muiscas and those dedicated themselves to the healing: in a stone brazier, they placed a receptacle with water to which they added the enormous leaves of a very green plant; after bringing the pottage to a boil, they washed the wound with its juice, to

which they covered with leaves of the same type; and after carefully bandaging, they brought a kind of stretcher comprised of two long sticks and transversal fabric, they laid the Noyo down, and two warriors of the royal guard carried him toward the door of the fortress: the Muiscas were not concealing the urgency that they were having for seeing the foreigners outside of their walls.

Fifty-eighth Day

The Amautas were guarded by sixteen warriors who were alternating, eight at a time, in carrying the litters. To them were added the six Seigniors of Tharsis and the four surviving Catalans: the Indian guide was not permitted to travel and had to be left with the Muiscas. From the last skirmish, they had saved eight horses and two of the Spanish bulldogs, as well as the cages with the chickens from Castile and the totality of the baggage.

They were following the Amautas along a narrow path that was heading in a straight line toward the east, permanently ascending the Cordillera Oriental. One day later, after spending the night in a gelid cavern at an altitude of 3,500 meters, they reached the summit of a mountain range that was branching off as an arm from the main chain. Everything was indicating that the descent would be initiated there, but the immediate events would contradict that presumption. Suddenly, around a bend, the road brusquely came to an end in front of an impenetrable stone wall: the mountain was rising before the caravan, impeding its passage. Any European, in a similar situation, would have turned back and searched for another path that cleared the obstacle: that would be ***the logical thing****. But it was seen that the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, like the Seigniors of Tharsis, were not being ruled by the principles of logic.*

Those, undeterred, came down from their seats and engaged themselves in some strange preparations. The Men of Stone, still astonished by the holdup, observed the mountain wall more closely and then, almost simultaneously, they comprehended what was occurring: ***they were in the presence of an entrance sealed by the Vrunes of Navutan, an entrance similar to that of the Secret Cavern of Candelaria Hill, in distant Huelva****. Now the Vrunes were clearly perceptible to them and they had been able to pass through the wall in an instant,* ***just by strategically approaching the hidden opening****. But, it was not escaping them that only the Hyperborean Initiates are capable of effectuating that operation: in the*

House of Tharsis only a few among thousands of descendants had managed to do it and that earned them to be considered Noyos or Vrayas. What would they do then? Would they leave the four Catalans abandoned? And, most intriguing: how would those course warriors, who were clearly not Initiates by any means, pass through?

The answers would not take long in arriving. One of the Amautas took a receptacle of porongo[69] *and, uncovering it, proceeded to give a drink to each of the warriors of his guard. Minutes later, the concoction had taken effect and the Indians were as hypnotized, staring unblinkingly but keeping their balance. Evidently, the drug had momentarily deprived them of consciousness, for the Amautas were taking them by the shoulders and pushing them up to the rocks of the mountain; and the latter were docilely letting themselves be led. But the most admirable thing for the Seigniors of Tharsis* ***was to observe how the Amautas were introducing the warrior into the secret entrance and disappearing inside the interior of the enormous stones, to immediately return to seek the next one.***

"Gods!" exclaimed Lito of Tharsis. "If our House had possessed the formula for that substance..."

At last, only the Spaniards were left on that side of the mountain, and the Amautas offered the porongo, beckoning to them that they drink. The six Men of Stone desisted from trying the drug, but forced the skeptical Catalans that they did so. Each of them took a sip and experienced, minutes later, a fulminant effect: they fell to the ground profoundly asleep. Thus, they had to drag them to the secret entrance, but it was now inexplicably possible to introduce them into it.

That secret entrance was not leading, as in Huelva, to a cavern but to a tunnel of about a hundred meters in length, at the end of which a new cause of surprise arose for the Seigniors of Tharsis. In effect, at the exit of the tunnel they found themselves in the middle of a stone roadway with walls on the sides and perfectly aligned from north to south, which was lost in the distance toward both cardinal points. On the

69. A container made from the mature and dried shell of a calabash fruit.

side walls, engraved with signs of the Futhark runic alphabet, inscriptions and marks were seen at certain stretches.

"There is no doubt that it is a Germanic language. However," Lito commented, "this road has all the aspects of having been built by the White Atlanteans. Observe those stones! The shape in which they are carved! They are authentic menhirs, which only They could have placed!"

The observation of Lito was promptly confirmed by the Amautas: ***when they arrived in those lands, many centuries ago, that path was already there. But only the Initiates were able to access it and that is why it was being called "The Road of the Gods." The White invaders would never be able to find it, although they would surely utilize the two parallel roadways that the Ingas constructed, imitating The Road of the Gods****. But they, the two Amautas of the Black Bonnet, should not speak of these subjects with the Huancaquilli, since such a mission was reserved for the "Atumurunas," those who were waiting for them at the end of the Road.*

The capital, Cuzco, was in the center of the four regions into which the Inca Empire was divided: to the west, ***Kuntisuyu****; to the east,* ***Antisuyu****; to the north, from where the Seigniors of Tharsis were coming, was* ***Chinchasuyu****; and to the south, toward where the Road of the Gods was being oriented, was* ***Qullasuyu****. The two Royal Roads found by the conquistadors of Pizarro were going from north to south, following a parallel route to the Road of the Gods: the coastal route, starting in Tumbes and arriving at Talca, in Chile, 4,000 kilometers later; the central, a thousand kilometers more extensive, was starting from Quito and concluding at Lake Titicaca, on the banks of the Desaguadero River. The Road of the Gods, much farther east, was also ending its route at Lake Titicaca. But the difference was in that the Royal Roads were roads through which all the activity of the Empire was being channeled: the Road of the Gods, on the contrary, was a secret road, only known and used by the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, the feared Initiates of the Atyhuañuy Cold Death.*

The Road of the Gods was showing a perfect state of preservation, rivaling in some stretches of exceptional beauty with the best European roadways: this was achieved by the perma-

nent distribution of hundreds of men along its route, those who were in charge of the maintenance of the roadway, the service of chasqui,[70] *and the sustainment of the tambos*[71] *that were every three or four leagues. Justly, shortly after walking along the cyclopean road of stone, the travelers came upon a tambo of ample dimensions: as the Seigniors of Tharsis later learned, those "Large Tambos" were being built in the vicinity of the lateral and secret exits of the Road of the Gods. The place was attended by members of the same brown Race who were serving the Amautas; a few children ran to discharge the flames that they were bringing and to lead them to a corral, but they demonstrated great fear because of the Spanish horses, which had to be attended to by the Catalans. There they ate the ever-present corn tortillas, tamales, drank the hot api, and rested half a day. A chasqui, meanwhile, set out on the run to forward the news about the arrival of the Seigniors of Tharsis.*

Despite the exhausting journeys, during which they were marching all day long and were only stopping by night at the nearest tambos, time was passing without the Road of the Gods ever seeming to end. And week after week, the cold, the wind, and the snow, were ceaselessly punishing them, since the Road was rarely descending below 3,000 meters, forcing them to be permanently bundled up. One cause of joy was the rapid improvement of Guillermo of Tharsis: two days after the cure, the fever notably went down and the leg began to deswell; after fifteen days, he was already able to walk almost normally. But sixty days later, they were still transiting along the same rectilinear road, the unevenness of which, steps, ramps, tunnels, and suspension bridges repeated a thousand times, were now seeming monotonous and boring to them. The presence of runic inscriptions in the same Germanic language was constant during the thousands of kilometers traveled, although it was tending to increase in variety and perfection as they were approaching their destination. But those legends and marks were evidently subsequent to the megalithic

70. Incan courier, messenger

71. An Incan structure built for administrative and military purposes.

constructions that were disseminated along the Road of the Gods: such stones were exhibiting the very ancient and unmistakable Sign of the Vrunes of Navutan, of which the runes only reflect a superficial symbolism.

A week before reaching Lake Titicaca, they arrived at a tambo where eight Amautas of the Black Bonnet and a strange personage were waiting for them. He was an old man with gray hair and Nordic-European features, whose light blue eyes and fair skin were confirming his belonging to the White Race. Like the first two Amautas who knew the Seigniors of Tharsis, the old White man and his accompaniers were only wanting to see the Stone of Venus. Lito of Tharsis, who was correctly interpreting their wishes, patiently acceded to it, unsheathing the Wise Sword and removing the ribbon from the quillon. An exclamation of astonishment and approval burst from the nine throats. And only then did they take heed of the Men of Stone. They had all dismounted and were behind Lito of Tharsis, admired in turn by the reaction of their hosts. The old man, speaking the same Germanic dialect as the Amautas, but in a much clearer form, asked:

"And the Princess? Have you brought the Princess?"

Such a question disconcerted Lito, who turned to exchange a glance with his kinsmen. He thus discovered the eyes of Violante of Tharsis, unrecognizable as Dame under the Dominican habit, and he suddenly comprehended everything. Striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, he smilingly said:

"No doubt you refer to my cousin Violante. But you are right, Noble Elder: ***She is a Princess of Tharsis!****" And then he lowered her hood and revealed the beautiful face of the Dame. Upon seeing her, the old man, and the ten Amautas, smiled in turn and struck their foreheads with the palm of their hands, imitating the gesture of Lito of Tharsis.*

The old man was one of the Atumurunas, whom the phrases in Quechuan, pronounced by Lito of Tharsis, had invoked. But who were the Atumurunas? As responded the old man, who, after the narrated reception, became as parsimonious and laconic as the Amautas, ***the Atumurunas were belonging to a Family: they were members of the "Inga Kollman"***

House; "Inga" was meaning "descendant," that is to say, the Atumurunas were the "descendants" of Kollman.

*That was understandable, Lito explained to the Men of Stone, for the particle **"ing"** means descendent in Germanic languages, as in Merovingian or Carolingian; but who was Kollman? The elder was refusing to respond, alleging that his relatives would explain it to him **"when they arrived at Koaty, the Isla de la Luna."** Where was the "Isla de la Luna?": "on Lake Titicaca, to which they would arrive after a week's march." "The lateral path that leads from the Road of the Gods to Cuzco that they had left behind days ago; now they were in a region not yet explored by the Spaniards; but they had to hurry because the **'Ingas'** had news that an expedition toward the south was being prepared; the White Huancaquilli arrived just at the last moment, when the Atumurunas were already despairing that **the warning of the Gods** would be fulfilled." And nothing more than this was able to be extracted from the elder Atumuruna.*

*Seven days later they were spotting a colossal stone fortress at what was having to be the southern end of the Road of the Gods. The Road, in effect, was ending in front of the fortress, and it, the walls of which were crescent-moon-shaped, was silhouetted against a mountain of unheard-of height. However, the Road was not totally interrupted: a secret exit, only apt for Hyperborean Initiates, was allowing them to cross the obstacle. They spent the night there and were persuaded by the elder to leave behind their animals and luggage, since they would not be able to transport them to the Island. The next day they passed through the secret exit, after libation of the mysterious concoction by the four Catalans and the fifty warriors who were now accompanying them: the Seigniors of Tharsis, on the other hand, only had to situate themselves in front of the Stone and listen to the Vrunes of Navutan in the language of the birds; they were indicating to them **what strategic movements they should make to correctly approach the secret exit and pierce the Veil of Illusion**. On the other side of the mountain, they found themselves only five leagues from the shore of the lake, in the direction of Puerto Carabuco. It was then June of 1535.*

Embarking on bulrush canoes constituted an original experience for the Spaniards, although the distrustful Catalans were fearing of going belly up at any moment. However, six hours later they were landing on Isla de la Luna without problems. They got off on a small beach, no more than ten Castilian feet wide, bordered by a prominent bluff[72] *200 varas*[73] *high: a narrow and visible zigzag path was allowing to climb up to the top of the precipice, from where the habitable surface of the Island was extending. According to the explanations of the Amautas, on* ***Koaty*** *Island was existing a fortified settlement and a Temple.* ***But they were not going to the surface****.*

When they had all descended on the beach, the Atumuruna revealed to them that they would have to pass through another secret entrance, which was right there in the wall of the bluff. Again, the Men of Stone located the Vrunes and the Catalans had to be drugged. Beyond the Illusion of the Bluff, there was a penumbral tunnel, entirely lined with blocks of stone, which was declining in a ramp and plunging into the bowels of the Island. For twenty minutes they continued descending, until the tunnel stabilized and led them to the threshold of a door guarded by two Amautas of the Black Bonnet: upon seeing the newcomers, one of them struck an enormous silver gong with a mallet that he was carrying between his hands. An unusual spectacle was suddenly offered before the amazed gaze of the Spaniards. Thus they comprehended, that they were in front of a cavern of titanic dimensions, so large that a whole settlement was fitting inside it: and the sound of the gong had alerted all the inhabitants, who were now coming out of their dwellings en masse to observe them with curiosity. Almost all, the Seigniors of Tharsis noted, were belonging to the same mestizo Race of the Amautas. The exit of the tunnel was leading to an elevated walkway from which was overlooking a large part of the cavern, which was no better illuminated than the previous corridor: under their feet were hundreds of modest stone houses, separated by streets and plazas, distinguishing from time to time some larg-

72. A high, steep bank next to a river or sea; a cliff.

73. Unit of length about 0.836 meters.

er buildings, which had to be Palaces and Temples. The Atumuruna gave them indications so that they followed him and took the walkway, from which some stairs carved into the rock were starting to descend to the village in sections.

The walkway took an open curve and situated them in front of a building that was perhaps the largest in the city: an ample stairway, flanked by two stone tigers, was enabling to reach it. At the door were awaiting them a group of men of various ages, but of similar vestiture and Race to the elder Atumuruna. All were demonstrating intense joy by the presence of the Seigniors of Tharsis, and some, unable to contain themselves, were coming forward and shaking their forearms, in a kind of Roman salute. There the Amautas of the Black Bonnet withdrew and the Atumurunas made them go into the Palace, into a semicircular room with stands that was giving all the impression of constituting an amphitheater or a forum. The Men of Stone had to seat themselves around a central table in the shape of a crescent moon, while a dozen Atumurunas were distributing themselves on the steps.

An elder Atumuruna, who they were calling ***Tatainga*** *and who was much older than the one who guided them there, took the floor and directed himself toward the Seigniors of Tharsis:*

"I know that there is one of you who understands our sacred language. That enormously flatters me. We, on the other hand, do not know yours and you will have to excuse us for it. However, we do know where you come from: from the same World from which our Ancestors came, already more than six hundred years ago."

Lito of Tharsis was nodding, with a gesture, and Tatainga continued:

"Now, White Huancaquillis, will you do us the Grace of showing us the Stone of the Green Star?"

Lito extracted the Wise Sword from its scabbard and, removing the ribbon, exposed the Stone of Venus to the contemplation of the Atumuruna. A murmur of approval accompanied the exhibition, but Tatainga approached to closely examine it. He then turned and beckoned to some beautiful female Initiates who were guarding the door; they went out and in-

stantly returned, bringing a quadrate base on which was resting an object, which could not be seen for being covered by a white cloth with a black swastika border. The female Initiates deposited their load with great delicacy onto the crescent-shaped table and retired to their posts. The elder Atumuruna removed, then, the cloth and the Men of Stone could observe, at the height of astonishment, a Germanic crown of iron, ***in which was set a Stone of Venus exactly the same as that of the Wise Sword.***

*"****This is the Crown of King Kollman!****" affirmed Tatainga with a respectful voice.*

Fifty-ninth Day

The history of the people of the Atumurunas was notably similar to that of the House of Tharsis. The elder Tatainga related it to the Men of Stone with much detail; but I, Dr. Siegnagel, will try to summarize it here with few words.

The ancestors of the Atumurunas, and the language that they were speaking, were coming from the region of ***Schleswig****, in Southern Denmark. In the tenth century there was existing the Kingdom of* ***Skioldland****, which was eight centuries old and had resisted the Christianizing armies of Charlemagne one hundred and fifty years before. Its population, of Pure Blood, was preserving the religion of Odin, or Navutan, and had managed to preserve the Stone of Venus, inheritance of the White Atlanteans. For such "heresies," the Golen had decreed the penalty of extermination for the entire royal House. Contrarily to the Seigniors of Tharsis, the brave Vikings did not hide the Stone of Venus, but set it in the Crown of their Kings, a situation that was obliging them, at least, to exhibit it in each King's coronation ceremony, or to present the Crown in front of each new Territorial Seignior with whom they were enfeoffed. Notwithstanding such imprudent behavior, the Skioldans managed to maintain themselves free up to the time of the German King Henry I the Fowler. In the tenth century, this King, who was also a Hyperborean Initiate, defeated the King of Denmark, Gorm the Old, and conquered Schleswig; according to his custom, he established a border march in the region and for such purpose, he appointed the King of Skioldland as Margrave, without caring if his subjects were Christians or not. But the German Kingdom was, and the Golen did not take long in initiating a campaign of agitation to force the mass conversion of the Vikings and to oblige their King to hand over "the instruments of the pagan Cult," among them the Crown with the Stone of Venus. However, they achieved nothing during the life of Henry I.*

The King died in 936, and his son Otto succeeds him, who, although descending from the legendary Wittekind on the side

of his mother Matilda, was brainwashed by work of his Benedictine Golen instructors. Otto I was wholly desiring to imitate Charlemagne and begins by having himself crowned King in Aachen by the Archbishop of Mainz, to which would then follow several expeditions to Italy to meet the Popes, and his imperial investiture in Rome, in 962. The very strong bond between the German Church and the Empire, which will last until the extermination of the Hohenstaufen in 1250, can be affirmed that it begins with the extraordinary concessions of Otto I. It is understandable, then, that with such an Emperor the fate of the small Kingdom of Skioldland was sealed. In 965, the intrigues of the Golen take effect and an expedition marches on Schleswig: imperial troops under the command of General Zähringer comprise it and handle the mission to convert the pagan Kingdom to Christianity or to destroy it, and, in any case, to sequester the royal Crown. This time there is no salvation for the Vikings and so their King, Kollman, proposes them to abandon that country that will soon fall into the power of the Demons: "Odin guided our grandfathers and gave them these lands; and He commands us now to leave toward another Kingdom beyond the seas!"

Seventy percent of the population accepted the offer and set sail in 220 ***drakkars****,*[74] *but those who remained were put to the sword by the infuriated evangelists. The numerous fleet crossed the Sea of Darkness and arrived as far as the Gulf of Mexico. There was flourishing the civilization of the Toltecs, who received the Vikings as "sons of the Gods," that is to say, as descendants of the White Atlanteans.*

The House of Skiold was as old as the House of Tharsis. But in the familial mission both Stirps were notably differing: in place of a Cold Fire in the Heart, the Seigniors of Skiold were to delve into the secret of Magical Agriculture until finding the essence of the cereal; incorporated into the Pure Blood, that essence would cause the precipitation of a ***Seed of Stone*** *in the Heart of the Initiates. The White Atlanteans had advised them that they formed a permanent body of Noyos and Vrayas, whose task would be to contemplate the Stone of Venus and wait for "the Lithic Mark of Valhalla" to present*

74. Viking longships

itself on it: when that occurred, it would be the moment to travel to the Abode of the Gods. And the Mark had appeared, a few days before the attack on Skioldland. On the Stone of Venus, a Vraya managed to see a megalithic landscape on the shores of an enormous lake: that place, the Loyal Gods were saying, was beyond the Sea of Darkness; but toward there they had to go, for the Great Empire would be from the House of Skiold by the Will of the Gods. And that was why they set sail on the 220 drakkars. In synthesis, the House of Skiold was constituting a family of Hyperborean Initiates, and it should not be surprising that, upon departing, King Kollman, as well as his Queen and numerous Noyos and Vrayas, were Men of Stone.

In spite of having imposed themselves without problems on the Toltecs and profoundly contributing to improving their civilization, ten years later the people of Kollman continued their travel toward the south, leaving with the Toltecs those who had committed the "racial sin" of mating with them. They would sail to Venezuela. They would then march to the west, crossing Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador, and would arrive in Quito, from where they would sail south again. They would disembark in Tacna, and climb the mountains of the East, until reaching the Tiahuanaco plateau and Lake Titicaca. That was the place that the Stone of Venus was indicating.

In Tiahuanaco, the Skioldans encountered a half-constructed cyclopean city of stone, a kind of workplace of the White Atlanteans. Next to the ruins, they built a settlement that would be the head of an Empire. And on the Isla del Sol, they raised a temple to the local deity, since they had introduced themselves to the Collas, Aymaras, and other Indians, as "Sons of the Sun." The Viking Empire of Tiahuanaco prospered and expanded until the fourteenth century, until the second part of the racial drama of the House of Skiold erupted. In that century, in effect, the Skioldans, who were already being called "Atumurunas" because of their white skin and their predilection for the Cold Moon, had dominated all the Indian peoples who were inhabiting in the vicinity. Only one was resisting, and not by their own merits but because the Atumurunas were hesitating between knowing them, free and far away, or

submitting them to vassalage and having to deal with them. That people were the ***Diaguitas****, and the apprehension of the Vikings was coming from an almost epidermic rejection, essential to the customs and culture of the former. The case was that, even though the mass of Indians were effectively belonging to the American ethnic groups, the noble and priestly caste that was ruling them had a Mediterranean origin or, with more precision, was coming from the Middle East: in the museums of Santiago del Estero, Catamarca, Salta, Tucumán, or Tilcara, can be seen today hundreds of ceramics and spindle whorls written in Aramaic and Hebrew, which assert this affirmation.*

That's right, Dr. Siegnagel. The Diaguita nobility was flaunting the most ancient Hebraic lineage and their Priests were considering themselves as the most zealous defenders of the Cultural Pact and of the One Sacrifice. They were professing a mortal hatred against the Vikings and were living constantly harrying the borders of the Empire. But they had always been controlled, at least until the fateful year of 1315. That year, a generalized uprising of Diaguita tribes took place from the Quebrada de Humahuaca to Atacama, in Chile, without a justifiable cause on the part of the Empire. The news that was arriving was indicating that ***the Great Chieftain Cari had received the visit from two Envoys of the One God, Berhaj and Birchaj, who incited them to war against Tiahuanaco; They assured him Triumph because the Diaguitas, they were saying, were belonging to the People Chosen by Him, and they could not lose****. Motivated in this way, the fierce Indians irresistibly advanced behind the limits of the Empire, and besieged Tiahuanaco. The Vikings, finally, sought refuge on the Isla del Sol, whereas the Atumuruna Initiates, that is to say, the Men of Stone, were entering themselves into the Secret Atlantean Cavern of the Isla de la Luna,* ***Koaty****.*

The Vikings could do nothing against the High Strategy applied by the Demons Berhaj and Birchaj, who were guiding the Diaguitas and ended up falling in the siege that the Enemy closed around the Isla del Sol. Taken prisoner by the thousands, the Skioldans had their throats patiently slit, one by

one, at the hands of the Diaguita-Hebrew Priests. Upon arriving at this part of the story, the Atumuruna Tatainga pointed out a runic relief on the wall and asked:

*"'**Molay?**' '**Quiblon?**' Do these words mean anything to you? Because the Diaguita Priests, each time that they were slitting a prisoner's throat **from ear to ear**, procuring that his blood fell into the lake, they were shouting: '**For Molay! For Quiblon!**' Our ancestors wrote those names with runes, which to them were not making sense, since they were wishing that someday their descendants clarified the enigma."*

*The Men of Stone stayed mute, nailed to their site. But they were thinking: how terrible is the Illusion of the Great Deception! How different is the same reality seen from another perspective! That year, of 1315, had been a good year for the House of Tharsis: the Lord of Venus presented himself and approved the actions taken against the plans of the White Brotherhood; the action of the House of Tharsis, and of the **Circulus Domini Canis**, caused the destruction of the Knights Templar; and with them, with the stake of Jacques de Molay, the danger of the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People disappeared for the moment. Also the coming of Quiblon would be delayed 180 years. And in that year the Valentinians were settled in Turdes. Yes, 1315 was a banner year that the Seigniors of Tharsis were still remembering with sympathy: they even went so far to say that it was one of the best years in the history of the House of Tharsis. And now they were comprehending that, for their Skioldan brothers, that was a disastrous year, the worst in their history! The Enemy then took an atrocious vengeance against them: they attempted to extinguish their Stirp in retaliation for the destruction of the Knights Templar! Thence they said, after each execution, "for Molay, for Quiblon!" mimicking Charles of Tharsis, when he was saying to the Golen who were going to die at the stakes of Sens: "For Navutan and the Blood of Tharsis!" Accursed Golen; accursed members of the Chosen People; accursed Bera and Birsha: a new account to settle in the Final Battle!*

I will continue with the summarized account, Dr. Siegnagel. I will only add that, since then, 1315 would be considered a year of mourning for the House of Tharsis.

The Men of Stone of the Skiold lineage remained refugees on the Isla de la Luna for thirty-five years, before daring to realize a new strategic action. In that lapse, the vigilance of the Hebrew Indians was constant over Lake Titicaca, for numerous local legends were speaking of the caverns and tunnels that the White Atlanteans had constructed thousands of years ago: they were suspecting that some Atumurunas might have hidden there. However, the Vrunes of Navutan were constituting an insurmountable obstacle, even for the powers of the Demons Berhaj and Birchaj, beings lacking the Uncreated Spirit; and almost no one who was not a Hyperborean Initiate would ever see the Atumurunas again. In truth, the survivors were very few, although a greater number of members of the mestizo Race to which the Amautas of the Black Bonnet were belonging were accompanying them: that Race had been formed by the mixture of the Viking blood and the Indians who were inhabiting Tiahuanaco upon the arrival of King Kollman. However, notwithstanding the mentioned miscegenation, the Vikings always tried to preserve the Pure Blood and imposed a law by which only those who descended from the lineage of Skiold were Nobles. That way, belonging to the Nobility was demanding the marriage between members of the conquering Race: the mestizos, even though they were relatives of the Vikings, were excluded from the Nobility but not so from the right to participate in the Mystery of the Pure Blood. That is to say, that the mestizos were able to access the Hyperborean Initiation, a faculty that ended up in turn dividing them into Initiates, that is to say, Amautas of the Black Bonnet, and ***Quillarunas****, in other words,* ***Lunar Men*** *or People of the Moon.*

The survivors of the Diaguita massacre comprised of a dozen Atumurunas and a hundred Quillarunas. When they believe the danger diminished, thirty-five years later, the Atumurunas decide to occupy the Road of the Gods, a very ancient route of the Atlantean Empire that was going from Tiahuanaco to the Caribbean Sea. In a first stage, they expanded along the secret Road up to Cuzco, where was existing a lateral exit toward that city. It is then that they decide to send two Atumuruna Initiates so that they form a new royal

Stirp in the peoples of the region of Cuzco, who had been vassals of the Vikings of Tiahuanaco for centuries. One of the Initiates was the Inga Manco Cápac, and the other, his Hyperborean partner, his Wife and Sister, Mama Ocllo. Both realized their mission and founded a caste that lasted until the end of the Inga Empire, and to which was belonging the Emperor Atahualpa, the Inga assassinated by Pizarro. However, in spite of the effectuated efforts, despite that the descendants of Manco Cápac were only marrying among themselves, the Ingas of Cuzco could do nothing to avoid the degradation of the Pure Blood. In a century, Initiates of the royal family were no longer emerging and the Ingas were depending on the Amautas of the Black Bonnet for any esoteric office. But the fall of the Cuzqueños did not end there: the territorial expansion of the Empire put them in contact with peoples of the Cultural Pact and they suffered the influence of Priests that transformed the Mystery of Viracocha, or Navutan, into a mere Cult to the Creator God. There were then "other" Amautas, that is to say, Priests who usurped the function of the Hyperborean Initiates.

The arrival in the fourteenth century of a group of Catholic missionaries from Brazil, where they had disembarked after crossing the Atlantic, produced the greatest damage in this sense. A priest of a strong personality whom the Paraguayan Indians gave the name of Pay Zumé or Pay Tumé, a legendary name that the subsequent Jesuits of the "Missions" identified with the Apostle Saint Thomas or Santo Tomé, was guiding them. The Ingas, on the other hand, accepted his preaching and equated it with their God Tunupa, one of the Aspects of Viracocha. The accurate measures that he took to destroy the religion of the Atumurunas indicate that he had not arrived in Cuzco by mere chance but that he was an Envoy of the White Brotherhood. That priest managed to impose the cult to the Cross, to the Crucified One, to the Mother of God, and to the Trinity of God, beliefs that were still held more or less distorted in the times of the Spanish conquest. This was undoubtedly harmful to the spiritual vitality of the Ingas, but the greatest

*evil came from the introduction of the **ritual sacrifice** and the change of significance of the **Apacheta**.*[75]

*In the Epoch of the Tiahuanaco Empire, an Atumuruna named Sinchiruca taught the Indians a variant of the Cult of the Cold Fire. In such Cult the stones of the Apacheta were representing the Great Ancestors, **Apacheta Achachila**,*[76] *while a special boulder was the Cold Stone, the Stone possessing the Huañuy*[77] *Sign or Sign of Death. The **Huañuy Rumi***[78] *was also in the Heart of man, in his Soul, and the Uncreated Spirit was remaining enchained to it: that is why in the **Tocanca** Ceremony, when spitting the acuyico*[79] *of coca on the Huañuy Rumi, the desire of separation of the animic and the spiritual was being expressed, the transference of the animic to the Stone. But, above all, the Apacheta was an altar, a "high place," consecrated to the Mother of Navutan, the Goddess Ama, the Virgin of Agartha, the Goddess who delivered the Seed of Cereal to men, that is to say, the Goddess that the Indians knew as **Pachamama**. When the Indian was transiting along a path, and arriving at a crossroads or intersection, he was depositing a stone on the Apacheta and leaving his acuyico of coca, or simply placing a pebble wet with his saliva: Pachamama, then, **"was killing" his weariness, "was destroying" his fatigue, "was removing" the pain, that which is proper to the human condition, that is to say, "she was liberating" the Spirit from the animic or animal nature; and "she was orienting"** the traveler in the Labyrinth of Illusion that the intersection was reflecting. But when the Indian **was listening to** the Vrunes of Navutan, the Voice of Viracocha, anywhere that he was, he was falling as if knocked out and it was being said that he was **mountain sick**: then it was the moment to raise an altar to Pachamama and the stones of the Apacheta were being deposited right there.*

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75. Name for a stone cairn in the Andes, marked by a pile of stones; shrine.

76. Ancestor, forefather; god who lives in the mountains.

77. Quechua word meaning 'to die.'

78. Quechua term for rock or stone.

79. The chewing of coca leaves for ritual, social, or medicinal uses.

As I said, the Doctrine of Pay Zumé altered the strategic significance of the Apacheta, with the Hebrew Diaguitas, who had introduced similar modifications in the conquered Atumuruna territories, coinciding in this. The change consisted in transforming the Cult of the Cold Fire into the Cult of the Hot Fire and in identifying Pachamama with the Great Mother Binah. Like that the Apacheta was converted, in the style of Roman decadence, into an altar of Lar Gods, or of a Supreme God, Creator of the World, represented by the Hot Fire, the Creative Fire that is never extinguished, the Solar Logos, the Sun. And over the Apacheta was now reigning a Pachamama-Binah, Mother Earth, Shakti, Creative Womb of all things; Goddess of Love to whom it was advisable to sacrifice so that she intervened before her Spouse, the One Creator. Since then, the Apacheta lost its strategic and orienting character toward the Origin and was, for the Ingas of Cuzco, an object of the Cultural Pact, an instrument of idolatry of the Priests of the White Brotherhood, the new "Amautas."

Such a process of spiritual decadence was catastrophic for the Atumurunas of Lake Titicaca, who were equally unable to preserve the Pure Blood and were day by day facing the danger of racial extinction. Their presence was now being reduced to the ambit of the Road of the Gods, which they ended up almost completely occupying, and to the "City of the Moon," in the secret cavern of the Isla de la Luna. They were rarely seen by the inhabitants of the Empire of Cuzco, except to transmit some esoteric information to the Ingas, but their appearances were feared, since they were being considered as "heralds of evil," "harbingers of disaster," etc. Their "envoys" were the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, who were not seen much either and were inspiring identical fear.

It is worth clarifying, Dr. Siegnagel, that once the Road of the Gods was ***occupied****, it was only utilized by the Amautas of the Black Bonnet to move around:* ***the Atumurunas were using a subterranean path that was crossing the Andes Mountains from end to end, and had the same layout as the Road of the Gods, that is to say, that it was extending underneath it. Secret vertical entrances were existing that were connect-***

ing the Road of the Gods with the Cordilleran[80] tunnel, through which the mysterious Atumurunas "were appearing." And, as the Inga legends were affirming, that tunnel, constructed by the White Atlanteans, was possessing stone vehicles that were allowing them to travel at fantastic velocities.

Finally, two years before the arrival of Francisco Pizarro to Cajamarca, the situation of the Atumurunas became desperate: they were only having Princess Quilla to maintain the matrilineal succession of the Stirp, but they were not able to decide her matrimony because the twelve living Atumurunas were all too close relatives and whose parents and grandparents had also been cousins and brothers among themselves; any marriage with them would surely degrade the Pure Blood, would cause the degeneration of their descendants. It was under these circumstances that the Noyos observed ***"a Lithic Mark on the Stone of Venus"*** *and received a visit* ***"from the God Küv."***

The Crown of King Kollman was resting, for centuries, upon a stone altar in the shape of an ***upright circular sector****: the ends of the exterior arch were being joined by an interior arch in relief, parallel to the first, to symbolize the image of the Moon in the waning quarter; and atop that crescent was placed the Sacred Crown, with the Stone of Venus facing the circular border. The Noyos were normally sitting in front of the Crown, aligning their sight with the Stone of Venus and the vertex of the right angle of the altar. Unlike what occurred with the Seigniors of Tharsis, perhaps because of endogamy,[81] the twelve Atumuruna Noyos were capable of projecting the Lithic Mark onto the Stone of Venus. They thus recognized a megalithic landscape that, even though it was thousands of kilometers away from Lake Titicaca, was not implying maritime and sylvan[82] crossings such as those protagonized by the Spanish Initiates. What was being seen, in effect, was* ***a replica of the rocks of the Externsteine****, the sacred mountain of the Germanics situated in the Teutoburger Wald forest. In truth,*

80. Relating to a cordillera, which is continent-spanning mountain chain.

81. Marrying within a specific social, religious, caste, or ethnic group.

82. Relating to wooded areas.

several Externsteine exist in the world, all similar to that of Germany, and all possessors of the Vrunes of Navutan. That which was being observed on the "Stone of Valhalla," from the Crown of King Kollman, was located near the Quebrada de Humahuaca, in the present territory of the Argentine Republic, in a place today called "Valle Magno," at the foot of Kālibur Hill. The Atumurunas were not harboring any doubt about that. What was left to determine was what that image was signifying? Would they have to travel to the Jujuy Externsteine? It could be: nearby, as a family tradition was affirming, there was a secret entrance that was leading to Valhalla, or K'Taagar, after passing through the southern Gate. The "God Küv" would offer them the answers.

Sixtieth Day

When the Lord of Venus appeared through the right angle of the stone altar, the twelve Atumurunas and Princess Quilla simultaneously saw him.

*"**Grace and Honor, Blood of Skiold!**" saluted the Lord of Venus, expressing the Bala Mudra with his right hand.*

*"**Sieg Heil!**" the Men of Stone answered back in chorus.*

*"Blood of **Skiold: I bring to you the salute of Wothan, the Lord of War! And I also bring you His Word! Pay attention, open your senses wide, for the present is a unique, perhaps unrepeatable opportunity before the Final Battle! Destroying your Stirp has been attempted two times: one in Skioldland and the other on the Isla del Sol. You know then that the Enemy is implacable. Now I announce to you a new danger of destruction. But it is not about of which worries you: the extinction of the Stirp for lack of descendants. It will once again be the dagger of the One Sacrificer who will attempt to spill the Pure Blood of Skiold. Yes, Atumurunas; the Great Sacrificer has opened a Gate through which sleeping men will be rammed down your throats! I bring you bad and good news. The bad consists in that the Inga Empire of Cuzco, divided by the pettiness and madness of its Kings, will be promptly destroyed by the sleeping men who will arrive in unstoppable hordes. You will have to flee Koaty forever: only acting with decisiveness and rapidity, at the last moment, will you avoid a third and definitive annihilation attempt of the Stirp.*

"And here is the good news: if you effectively obey my orders, you will not only save the Stirp of Skiold, but the Lord of War will take you into consideration to prominently participate in the Final Battle. And these are my orders: from now on you will never intervene in the disputes of the Empire, not even seeing how the Enemy mercilessly disintegrates it. You will keep calm until the last moment. Then a few Envoys of the Lord of War will arrive. You will recognize them because they will bring a Stone similar to that from the

Crown of King Kollman. With Them will come a Princess of the Purest Blood of the Earth: She will be entrusted to you so that you marry her to a Prince of the House of Skiold; her descendants will preserve the Stirp and will constitute the root of a mighty people at the End of Time. But in return, Atumurunas, you will preserve Princess Quilla as a Virgin and deliver her to Them, so that her own Stirp is prolonged in the Pure Blood of Skiold.

"They come from a very distant country, though not as far away as that from which you come. They will be guided by Us and sooner or later they will approach the Road of the Gods. You will give instructions, then, to the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, so that they distribute themselves in the confines of the Road and await and lead them to Koaty. The Amautas will inform the Scyris[83] of the local peoples that they will be punished with the most severe penalties if they cause any harm to the Stone-bearing Strangers: let them know that They, like you, are Lords of Death, Huancaquilli Huañuy!

"You will be prepared to evacuate Koaty as soon as the Huancaquilli arrive and you have exchanged the Princesses. You will go to the Great Kālibur Valley, to the site that you have seen on the Stone of the Crown. There you will pass through the secret gate that leads to a valley protected by the Runes of Wothan, where you will forge a terrible warrior people who will return to this World in the days of the Final Battle. But the Huancaquilli must travel farther south, to the Fortress or Pukara[84] of Tharsy, or Thafy, where the Great Menhir of Tharsy is found, planted by the White Atlanteans thousands of years ago. Yes, Atumurunas; when we found a Stirp, we always plant Their Menhir! And only with the passing of generations, only if the Blood is kept Pure, are the Members of the Stirp reunited with Their Menhir. This occurs when the Familial Mission is concretized: that is why you will find your Menhir in the Valle Grande and the Huancaquilli will find theirs in the Valle Thafy. And the En-

83. Kings of the Quito people, who became a part of the Incan Empire.

84. Quechua term for castle, tower, fortress.

emy will not be able to penetrate the Strategic Walls of the Great Cromlechs that surround and isolate the Fundamental Menhirs of the Race.

"The White Ancestors, the White Atlanteans, left a people in the care of the Menhir of Tharsy, in Tucumán: They were celebrating the Cult to the Lord of War, whom they were calling Vultan or Voltan, at an Apacheta, or altar, next to the Menhir; *purihuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy.* ***Those guardians were exterminated thousands of years ago by the Diaguita Indians, members of the 'Chosen People' by the Creator God of this Hell, who still inhabit the region. You will provide, then, an escort to the Huancaquilli so that they safely arrive at the ancient Pukara of Valle Thafy, where they will also inhabit until the Days of the Final Battle.***

"Atumurunas of the House of Skiold: I have said all that I had to say and it is not convenient, for strategic reasons, to add anything more. I reiterate the salute of Wothan and I bid you farewell until the Final Battle. Or until you coincide with me in another *Kairos.* ***Grace and Honor, Blood of Skiold!"*** *The Lord of Venus wished them, while he was raising his right arm to express the* ***Bala Mudra.***

"Sieg Heil, Gott Küv!" *responded the Atumurunas, likewise making the* ***bala mudra*** *that was the secret ancient salute of the House of Skiold.*

The Atumurunas fulfilled the directives of the Lord of Venus to the letter. From that moment, an oiled mechanism used for detecting travelers was mounted at the northern end of the Inga Empire. And it was its functioning, as I related, that allowed the Seigniors of Tharsis to escape the Muisca site, which was constituting a sure death trap. With the arrival of the Seigniors of Tharsis in Koaty, making the announcements of the Lord of Venus a reality, the story of Tatainga was concluding. Next, Lito of Tharsis narrated the history of the House of Tharsis the best that he could, arousing much interest in the Atumurunas, the knowledge of the murderous maneuvers of the Immortals Bera and Birsha, and the identity and mission of Quiblon. They would now have to depart together toward the south, and march to a fortress or Pukara, called ***Humahuaca****, at which they would be separated: they*

would not see each other again in that life, but would meet again for the Final Battle, when the Lord of War convoked the Men of Honor to fight against the Potencies of Matter.

Princess Quilla had blonde hair and light blue eyes, whereas Violante was contrasting with her black hair and green eyes; but both were exhibiting a skin as white as snow. Quilla was already prepared to become a wife to one of the Seigniors of Tharsis, but the news that she would have to abandon them by the arrangement of the Gods surprised and saddened Violante of Tharsis. However, she did not renounce her mission, although she clearly expressed her dissatisfaction. Thence, the two Dominican friars decided to stay with her and unite her fate to the Stirp of Skiold: with the company of her relatives, Violante would be able to better cope with the separation. But in addition, Lito ordered the four Catalans that they followed their Mistress and never abandoned her; he bluntly told them that they would never return to Spain if such orders were not carried out, but that obeying them, they would be treated as members of the Nobility by the People of the Moon. The Atumurunas were wishing to take the Catalans with them and were offering them, for that one time, the possibility of taking wives from among the Virgins of the Moon. The tough Spanish soldiers, to whom the prospect of becoming Lords of that mysterious people and looking after the safety of their Queen, Violante of Tharsis, was very exciting, agreed to everything.

Reached by mutual agreement, only getting underway and evacuating Koaty was remaining, thus giving fulfillment to the directives of the God Küv. They were in such preparations when the spies, who were constantly informing them about the situation in the Empire, transmitted news that forced them to hasten the departure: Captain Diego de Almagro was just leaving Cuzco in command of 500 men heading south. Between Francisco Pizarro and Diego de Almagro, a bitter dispute had arisen over the limits that was corresponding to each one in the distribution of the Inga Empire: Diego de Almagro was intending that the City of Cuzco was included in his dominions. The astute Pizarro managed to postpone the definition of the conflict, persuading his associate that toward the

south was existing a country even richer than the Kingdom of the Ingas, a spoil that would turn the discussion of Cuzco meaningless. It was like this that the deluded Almagro armed that powerful army and marched toward the south ready to conquer the City of the Caesars, Trapalanda or Elelín.

The same sorrow, accompanied by heroic resolution, that the Seigniors of Tharsis experienced upon abandoning the Iberian Peninsula in the Welser ship, when the mind was flying toward Huelva and reliving the glory days of the House of Tharsis, the Atumurunas were to then feel upon crossing Lake Titicaca heading to the port of Copacabana, leaving behind Koaty Island where they lived so many years and attained the Highest Hyperborean Wisdom. The House of Skiold had been powerful in Tiahuanaco centuries before, until the demented vengeance of the Order of Melchizedek almost extinguished their Stirp: then, upon abandoning the region forever, the hearts of the Atumurunas were shaken by the effect of conflicting sentiments. The Soul, created and attached to history and to the soil, to Time and to Space, was tearing from pain because of its definitive distancing from the native homeland; but the Uncreated Spirit, which discovers and sustains the Memory of the Origin in the Blood of the Initiate, was going beyond every animic instant of pain with the infinite nostalgia for the Return to the Primordial Homeland, to the Original Hyperborea; and in the face of the nostalgia for Hyperborea, the desire to abandon it all and depart toward the Origin of the Spirit, the claws of pain can do nothing, sentimental attachments to the infernal regions and to the material objects of the Earth have no effect.

Almagro leaves from Cuzco in 1535 and at the end of August, after crossing the hostile high plateaus of the South, arrives to the meseta[85] *of the Titicaca. He is on the heels of the Atumurunas and the People of the Moon, who barely manage to stay ahead of the vanguard of the hardened Spaniards. The fugitives pass through the town of Chuquiabo, today La Paz, almost without stopping, and only take a three-day break in Sucre, or the city of La Plata, before descending to the valleys of the Great Quebrada de Humahuaca. Almagro, who on his*

85. Term for plateau in Spanish-speaking countries.

way was receiving the surprising news that a whole folk was moving in his same direction, was hastening the day's journeys with the intention of catching up with them and learning of their destination, perhaps the rich country of the South, the City of the Caesars. The fact that those people were, as all his informants were agreeing, guided by White and bearded men, similar to the Spaniards, but magnificently dressed in the clothing of the Inga Kings, was affirming this idea. For Almagro, it was highly probable that those people came from the City of Gold and Silver, and that they were heading toward it.

However, he would never manage to catch up with them. The caravan arrived at the town of Humahuaca thirty days ahead of Almagro. There the Men of Stone made a terrible threat to the natives, supported by magic demonstrations of the Atumurunas, so that they gave a false trail to the expedition of Almagro about the direction taken by them: they were to divert the Spaniards toward Chile, assuring them that the city of their dreams was there. They, meanwhile, would take very different routes: the Atumurunas toward the east, toward the Valle Grande of Kālibur Hill, near the Jujuy El Ramal; the Seigniors of Tharsis would continue toward the south, toward the Pukara of Tilcara, from where, through Strategic Opposition, they would be able to orient themselves toward the Pukara of Andalgalá and, from this, to the Pukara of Tharsy, their objective.

In Humahuaca, then, the Seigniors of Tharsis and the Atumurunas separated "forever": they would meet again during the Final Battle, when all returned to the front lines of their peoples to settle the accounts with the representatives of the Potencies of Matter, the disciples of the White Brotherhood, the Chosen People; the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man, perhaps Lúcifer himself in Person, naturally, would take care of the White Brotherhood and the Traitorous Gods. Violante and the two friars were overwhelmed in expressive embraces and lavished Lito, Roque, and Guillermo with kisses: none could prevent the tears from streaming down their tough faces, although they were simultaneously laughing with wild joy; the orders of the Gods were being fulfilled and that was the important thing. The Atumurunas, who were having to

bid farewell to their only relative, Princess Quilla, were going through a similar scene, but she was a rude Viking and did not require the company of anyone; on the contrary, she demanded that all her relatives move as soon as possible to the Externsteine of the Valle Magno. With the Seigniors of Tharsis, to watch over them and guard the Pukara of Tharsy, 50 families of the People of the Moon would go in turn. A week after having arrived, and at a time in which Almagro was in Tarija, the travelers resumed their march.

Everything happened as the Seigniors of Tharsis were wishing it. Almagro was misled by the Indians and lost track of the fugitives. After a fruitless search in Argentine territory, he passed to Chile, after ten months of a laborious march, verifying that the rich Empire described by Pizarro was nowhere appearing. In September of 1536 he returned, finally, to Cuzco, with his troops decimated and tired from such useless travelings. A general insurrection was then being consummated that had besieged Cuzco and was threatening to reduce the Spanish conquest to disaster. The presence of Diego de Almagro put thousands of Indians on the run and saved Francisco and Hernando Pizarro from a certain death, which did not prevent the latter from applying the garrote to him in 1538, after he lost the Battle of Las Salinas.

The custodianship of the Seigniors of Tharsis and the Quilla Princess was comprised of five Amautas of the Black Bonnet and forty-five Quillarunas, with their families. The Amautas were enjoying great authority in the Inga Empire and that is why there were no inconveniences so that the garrisons of the Pukara carried out their orders: all received the instruction to abandon their posts and to return to Cuzco, avoiding crossing paths with the Spaniards, since these would reduce them to slavery. And the Spaniards, lacking the Hyperborean Wisdom, could do nothing with those fortresses, the construction of which was being based on the principle of the Fence and the Strategic Wall; in fact, even if they militarily occupied them, they would never be able to notice the exterior menhirs, the ***referential stones****, which would remain invisible even when they were standing next to them. Lito de Tharsis, always guided by the Amautas, left behind the Pukara of Andalgalá*

and endured the freezing inclemencies of the Nevados del Aconquija: on the other side of that mountain range opens the Valle de Thafy. Upon approaching the Pukara, a glance around was enough to confirm that that was the sought-after place, ***the Lithic image that the Stone of Venus showed him in the Secret Cavern of Huelva.*** *The fortress, of Vrunic form, was clearly visible, and outside it the cromlech, or hillfort, in of which interior the mighty Menhir of Tharsy was being raised; in the background, the trickle of water from a small river was flowing over the barren stones of the Valley, coming from a pass between the distant mountains.*

The newcomers occupied the plaza and applied themselves to prepare an eventual ***Magical Defense: they would project the principle of the Fence onto the wall of stone and, on it, they would plasmate one of the Vrunes of Navutan; they would thus obtain the Strategic Wall, invulnerable against the spatial and temporal Strategy of the sleeping Spaniards; then they would perform Strategic Opposition against the referential stone, against the menhir of Tharsy, and the whole area*** *would become culturally invisible:* ***then they would never be able to be discovered by sleeping men****. How to ensure that such protection was permanent? By practicing Agricultural Magic,* ***inherited from the White Atlanteans, in the exterior area of the Strategic Wall. Upon germinating, growing, and maturing, the seeds of which genetic information has been altered by the transmuting power of the Uncreated Spirit, do not respond to their archetypal purpose, to the model that is found in the current Heaven, but to a Paradigm proper to another Heaven, to a mold of another World: and that unknown Heaven is that which then rules the Microclimate of the Liberated Plaza, sustaining it outside the visual or physical scope of the Enemy.***

Such precautions were not excessive because, although Diego de Almagro did not represent any danger, and obtained the sad end that I mentioned, eight years later another Enemy would present himself, who was coming with the manifest intention of locating the refuge of the Seigniors of Tharsis. In 1543, in effect, the Governor of Peru, Cristóbal Vaca de Castro, aware of the unfruitful persecution carried out by Almagro,

decides to try better luck by means of a new expedition. Officially, to explore and occupy the territory of Tucumán will be attempted, but secretly the principal objective will consist in the search for "other Whites" and the City of the Caesars. The confidant of Vaca de Castro is Captain Diego de Rojas, a Spaniard from Burgos who participated in the conquest of Nicaragua and who was then, at the time, in La Plata, or Sucre. From 1542 to 1543, the expedition was prepared, which in the end would only number 200 men, although well-equipped, and data about the peoples of the Quebrada de Humahuaca and the country of Tucumán was gathered. Rojas, like Vaca de Castro, suspects that Almagro was deceived by the Indians and that "the White King" fled toward the south, in the direction of Tucumán. That is why, even though he, always "officially," sends a fleet from Peru to wait for him in Chile in front of the port of Arauco, Diego de Rojas sets out to go as far as possible toward the south, following the trail of the fugitives. He thus ascends to the meseta of Titicaca and down to the Quebrada de Humahuaca, having to sustain permanent combats against the Indians, who have been alerted by the Amautas of the Black Bonnet about the conquering intentions of the Spaniards: the Ocloyas, Humahuacas, Pulares, Jujuyes, etc., ceaselessly attacked them during the whole crossing of the Puna Jujeña. However, they managed to arrive at Chicoana, today Molinos, and there, as luck would have it, they discovered a few ***Castilian hens*** *in the hands of the Quilmes Indians, hens that had been gifted by Princess Quilla, which determined that the course of the expeditioners was dangerously close to the Tharsy Pukara. The presence of the hens convinced Diego de Rojas that "other Whites" were inhabiting that region, just as Almagro believed, and it impulsed him to cross the Calchaquí Valley lengthwise, that is to say, from north to south, to Tolombón and then, through* ***Fuerte Quemado****, to Punta de Balasto, then crossing the Nevados del Aconquija to come out at the height of Concepción del Valle Thafy. Fortunately, that route took the Spaniards too far south and there was no need to put the magical defenses of the Pukara of Tharsy, now converted into a permanent residence of the Seigniors of Tharsis, to the test.*

Diego de Rojas valiantly confronted the Juríes of Tucumán, without getting any news about the "White King," and then continued his erroneous march toward the south, exploring lands that were named by the Race of its inhabitants: "Juríes" or Santiago del Estero; "Diaguitas" or Salta, Tucumán, Catamarca, La Rioja, San Juan, and Northwest Córdoba; and "Comechingones" or Córdoba. Upon his return from these barren travelings, at Salavina, in Santiago del Estero, the valorous Diego de Rojas met his death because of the poison that a Diaguita arrow deposited in his leg. Three years after his departure, that expedition returned to Peru, under the command of Nicolás de Heredia, who, despite the loss of Rojas, had to spend a year traveling the Thafy Valley in search of the City of the Caesars.

Soon another attempt was made, in 1549, when Juan Núñez del Prado headed for Tucumán with seventy men, some of them Golen, enthused by the accounts of several members of Rojas' expedition: neither would they find the City of the Caesars or the Pukara of Tharsis. For twenty years, from the excursion of Diego de Rojas to the coming to Tucumán of Francisco de Aguirre, similar attempts were made in vain that, nonetheless, had the virtue of sowing the region with Spanish towns and cities. San Miguel de Tucumán is founded on September 29, 1565 by Diego de Villarroel, nephew of Francisco de Aguirre. Like El Barco, today Santiago del Estero, San Miguel de Tucumán moved its original settlement, in 1680, by Governor Fernando de Mendoza Mate de Luna and with the authorization of King Charles II. The economic progress of the province, not based on the gold and silver that the primitive explorers were seeking, but on the exploitation of the land and the enslavement of the Indians, very soon made to forget the stories of the City of the Caesars and the existence of the White King. Around the Pukara of Tharsy arose a settlement inhabited by the descendants of the Quillaruna, but the fortress was never discovered by the Spaniards nor by the subsequent Creole rulers. On its site an enormous chacra,[86] *or es-*

86. Small farm or field used for cultivation.

tancia[87] *was established, which was containing the invisible Pukara, and that was finally legalized by the grandsons of Lito of Tharsis, who infiltrated the Government and purchased the capitulations with the good Inga gold that they were conserving from their passage through Koaty.* ***And in the interior of the cromlech, next to the menhir of Tharsy, over the very ancient Apacheta of*** *Voltan, purihuaca Voltan,* ***was resting the Wise Sword awaiting the Lithic Mark of the Final Battle.***

87. Large farmstead.

Sixty-first Day

We arrive, then, at the twentieth century, Dr. Siegnagel! And we arrive not because the implacable passage of time has led us to it, but because I have decided to skip four hundred years of the American history of our Stirp. I will proceed in this way to hasten the end of the letter, for I suppose that you must have tired of the reading and I believe that you can now comprehend the drama of the House of Tharsis and draw your own conclusions. As you know, I descend from Lito of Tharsis and Princess Quilla, who formed a family who always remained in the place of the Pukara of Tharsy, in Thafy del Valle, Tucumán Province: during those four centuries there were many Noyos and Vrayas who looked after the Wise Sword; I myself was a Vraya for ten years, the last five in the company of my son Noyo. Well, Dr. Siegnagel, to finish the narration in a clear way, it only fits to add a word about the reaction of the Enemy, who in these centuries did not forget the Seigniors of Tharsis and the Wise Sword even for an instant, nor the Stirp of Skiold.

Apparently, by patiently exploring the Cultural Registries of thousands of Worlds of Illusion similar to this one, the White Brotherhood managed to reconstruct the steps taken by Lito of Tharsis in America with enough approximation. It learned that the lineage of Skiold had headed to a Secret Valley of the Province of Jujuy, the entrance of which was sealed with the Vrunes of Navutan, and that Lito of Tharsis instead proceeded toward Tucumán, losing, however, all further trace of his destination. Before such certainty, the Order of Melchizedek arranged that dozens of its best agents be distributed in the zones where the Men of Stone could be hidden or at the sites ***where they could emerge in the Future****. The Wise Sword, and the Crown of King Kollman, with its accursed Stones of Venus, would constitute a strategic advantage in the Final Battle that the Demons of Chang Shambhala could in no way permit. But the Worlds of Illusion are millions and, in all of them, the archetypal plots, the stories of History, simultaneously unfold. The plot that will be Real at the End,*

when the Lord of War affirms it from the Beginning, as Capitán Kiev predicted in Saint-Félix-de-Caraman, happens only in one of such Worlds. The White Brotherhood knows that it will thus occur but cannot know a priori what the Real World of the Seigniors of Tharsis will be; and that is why, meanwhile, it is forced to deploy its infernal agents, its Masters, Priests, and Initiates, around the ancient route that Lito of Tharsis took in America, and in many Worlds at Once. But this time they will procure to avoid "committing errors": for that they have determined that any mark of the Seigniors of Tharsis, or of Skiold, be communicated to Chang Shambhala, so that Bera and Birsha take care of such a vital issue in person. And so it will be, Dr. Siegnagel: in the middle of the twentieth century, but just like thousands of years ago in Tharsis, the Immortal Demons will draw near to awakened men to consummate their atrocious vengeance. And as in days of old, only the Pure Blood will save them, the Memory of the Origin that liberates the Uncreated Spirit. Those who have their Spirit oriented will perhaps now die at the hands of the Demons, as I myself will surely die; but they will only then manage to kill the animal body in ***a World****, they will only obtain an empty skin, a vain victory; at the end, when the Final Battle ensues, and the Lord of War affirms the Reality of the World of the Spirit, all those who have died for the cause of Spirit will be Alive to march out of the Universe of The One, passing over the Potencies of Matter, while to our backs is unleashed the Final Holocaust of the Demons of the Soul.*

And so we arrive to the twentieth century, Dr. Siegnagel, surrounded on all sides by agents of the White Brotherhood. However, as long as the Wise Sword or the Crown of King Kollman remained behind the cromlech, the Demons would not be able to relate them with Time and would not know in what world to act. We could, then, relatively move without being noticed, but things would change in the last years, when Capitán Kiev made himself present to forward instructions about the Final Battle.

From the Stirp of Lito of Tharsis sprang forth the branches of several families who still exist in Argentina and other countries. Some were protecting themselves from the Golen, dis-

guising their origin or denying the genealogical connections that were linking them with the House of Tharsis, but all of them are more or less aware of this history. However, that same distance moved them away from the Noyo-Vraya position and the Hyperborean Initiation. Thus it was that in this century, only the members of my family, who always inhabited the Chacra of Tharsy, were maintaining the Cult of the Cold Fire and were looking after the Wise Sword. And in the decade of the sixties, even though the Stirp was far from running the risk of extinction, only ***one*** *Hyperborean Initiate was left capable of carrying forward the Strategy of the Liberating Gods: I, Belicena Villca. I was widowed and had an only son, whom I had sent to Buenos Aires to pursue a military career, but I did not hesitate to take the Noyo-Vraya position when my grandfather, who was staying with the Menhir for thirty years, passed away in 1967. A new situation had then been produced: although the Stirp was possessing many members, the initiatic chain was threatening to be inexorably cut. Fortunately, in '72, my son Noyo returned to my aid ready to receive the Hyperborean Initiation and to convert himself into an authentic Noyo, Guardian of the Wise Sword. He was prepared in four months, from June to October, and then he died, and was reborn as a Man of Stone, and situated himself at my side, in front of the Menhir of Tharsy and in front of the Wise Sword. He had requested a discharge from the Armed Forces to devote himself to the familial mission, but his contacts with a certain nationalist group, part of the Intelligence Services of the Army, prevented dedicating himself to the Guard in a permanent manner. The fact was that Noyo was not wishing to renounce what he was considering a question of Honor: the fight against the Marxist subversion that in those days was agitating the whole country and our Province in particular.*

Due to his exceptional knowledge of the terrain, and his accurate criterion to evaluate the Strategy of the Enemy and to gather information, he was one of the éminences grises who helped from the shadows to disrupt the communist guerrillas who were intending to make themselves strong in the Tucumán mountains. His valuable reports, communicated to the comrades in Buenos Aires, contributed in good measure to

draw up the General Staff plans that put an end to the guerrilla threat. Naturally, I was opposing this activity, apparently alien to the initiatic mission, but Noyo was always repeating that that subversive movement in the vicinity of the Charismatic Center was a sure mark of the near beginning of the Final Battle. And he was not mistaken, as the Lord of Venus very soon came to confirm it.

It all began in 1975, in the days that the Army, under the command of General Adel Edgardo Vilas, was dedicating itself to put an end to the last pockets of suburban guerrilla warfare and was beginning the arduous task of dismantling the urban infrastructure of the subversive organizations. The energetic action of the Army, which was executing its plans of annihilation with mathematical precision, gave Noyo enough time to dedicate to the mission and he was then with me several months at the millenary cromlech. One day, at the end of that year, we were both profoundly concentrated, meditating on the Stone of Venus and the Mystery of the Cold Fire; we had our eyes fixed on the Wise Sword and neither of us noticed that a substantial change was being produced on the Menhir of Tharsis, situated exactly behind the Apacheta with the Wise Sword. One, like a milky fog, had invaded the enormous Stone that, upon our noticing the phenomenon, was no longer possible to distinguish. Nevertheless, little by little, the corporeal image of a Giant from Another World was being plasmated, in place of the Menhir. In truth, it was a double phenomenon, since, on the Stone of Venus, the image of an unknown place was also sharply appearing: it was also a Valley, but in no way similar to that of Thafy that Lito of Tharsis saw four hundred years before; ***this one was possessing two Rivers that were longitudinally flowing through it, just like the Tinto and Odiel Rivers in the Valley of Tharsis, in Huelva; and at one end, toward the west of the outline, one could clearly appreciate a hill that was showing the entrance to a cavern of vrunic form on its slope.***

*"**Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis!**" said the Giant, at the same time that he was raising his right arm to express the Bala Mudra; and we both realized that it was Capitán Kiev, one of the Lords of Venus. Capitán Kiev, who had bade*

farewell to our Stirp "until the Final Battle"! Had the moment arrived, long-awaited for so many centuries, that the Gods would once again accompany men in their Total Confrontation against the Potencies of Matter? We hastened to respond to the salute, awaiting His wise words with expectation:

"Hail, Aye, Capitán Kiev!"

And the Lord of Venus addressed us in this way:

***"Blood of Tharsis, I bring you the salute of Navutan, the Lord of War! And I also bring you His Word! Pay attention, open your senses wide because the present is a unique opportunity,** the Kairos of the Final Battle! **As it has always occurred, and as it could not be otherwise, given the infernal site in which you find yourselves, I am the bearer of good and bad news for you. The good consists in the order of the Lord of War that I now transmit to you: it is the Will of Navutan that the Wise Sword be transported to the site that you have seen on the Stone of Venus! Such site is a Valley that is found in the regions of the Heart of Argentina, very near Cerro Uritorco, the Hill of Parsifal, where the Lord of War, in a remote past, deposited his Scepter next to a Fortress constructed by Wise Warriors who knew him as 'Chieftain Vultan.' On another Hill, in that valley that you will have to locate, is a Secret Cavern constructed by the White Atlanteans and protected by the Vrunes of Navutan: There the Wise Sword must be taken! You will ask why this must be done and I will respond that it is one of the fundamental acts of the Final Battle: it is, in truth,** the link between the Gods and sleeping men. **The Seigniors of Tharsis, like the Seigniors of Skiold and other similar Stirps, are awakened men who have always counted on a Revealed Mystery and a Stone of Venus to obtain the orientation toward the Origin and the Hyperborean Initiation. Even your Stirp was entrusted in that way to initiate the Lord of Absolute Will and Valor, the Führer of the White Race. That is why you will find it difficult to imagine an Initiate of Absolute Orientation, a Hyperborean Pontiff capable of constructing the indestructible bridge between the Created and the Uncreated, between the Illusory Actuality and the Reality of the Origin, in every time and place. Such an Initiate requires no other reference**

than Himself to be oriented toward the Origin, he is his own 'Stone of Venus,' and cannot be disoriented, or deceived, or diverted in any way from his Strategic Mission.

"And such an Initiate, Blood of Tharsis, is already on Earth! Yes, the Lord of Absolute Orientation is awaiting that the Wise Sword be placed in the Secret Cavern, to lead the Stone of Venus to the sleeping men, the men who, despite their immersion in the Illusion, manifest the will to liberate the Eternal Spirit from its material prison! If such a link were to occur, the contact between the sleeping men and the Gods, then, inevitably, the Final Battle on Earth will have begun!

"Yes! This Initiate will found an Order of Constructors and instruct its members in the Lithic Wisdom of the White Atlanteans. Then, as I have told you, he will teach them the techniques necessary so that they encounter the Stone of Venus, even when it is found behind the Vrunes of Navutan. Many will be the Chosen Ones who will long for the Stone of Venus, the Gateway to Another World, but only one among them will be the Noyo. And that Noyo, who will listen to the language of the birds, will be capable of finding the entrance to the Secret Cavern and join one of you and the Wise Sword. From that moment, the Final Battle on Earth will be waged. The order of Navutan signifies, then, that you must bring the Wise Sword closer to the Pontiff who is awaiting it, thus fulfilling the last stage of the Strategy of the Liberating Gods!

"Blood of Tharsis: I know that you will fulfill the Order of the Lord of War without wavering but, to do better, I recommend to pay attention to the bad news that I bring you. Before anything, keep in mind that the present World where you move, outside of the cromlech, is under permanent observation by the Enemy. It will not be easy, in these conditions, to remove the Wise Sword from the Center to take it to the Valley of Avalon. Although the distance in kilometers appears to be very short: in truth, if you do not take appropriate precautions, you will never be able to arrive at your destination, no matter how short that the road to travel may be. As soon as the Wise Sword is placed outside of the cromlech,

its distorting Power of Space and Time will reveal to the Enemy** in what World the Evil, the Death of the Soul, **is located, and toward there the Immortal Demons will run to prevent the sacrilege to the Law of The One. No! If you do not proceed according to the Highest Strategy of the Essential War, you will never arrive at the Valley of the Three Peaks with the Wise Sword!

"Secondly, and now I will announce to you the bad news, you must expect that the situation will worsen as the years go by, until the reunion between the Wise Sword and the Order of Odin becomes totally impossible. You will have to act, then, at the right time: the Order will seek the Wise Sword and will coincide with It in the Kairos of the Final Battle. But, so that this is concretized, only one of you will go to the Valley of the two Rivers with the Sword; the other will have no alternative but to cover the withdrawal of his Brother and Comrade. I will not diminish the risks that such a tactic implies: whoever remains, must draw all the attention of the Enemy upon himself, being prepared to withstand a physical and astral pressure of which intensity far surpasses normal human endurance. But you are Hyperborean Initiates, Men of Stone, your Ego is isolated from the Soul by the Vrune of Navutan, your Eternal Spirit already glimpses the Origin, you have the possibility of enduring and being victorious. Whoever of you remains, and confronts the Enemy, will perhaps die in this World. However, your absence will only last for a short time, until the Final Battle.

"I told you that the situation will worsen. I tell you now that it has already begun to worsen. The military forces that were supporting Noyo will soon be weakened by an offensive of the International Synarchy. In the coming years, patriotic forces will still operate, but they will lack Political Power. The stateless guerrillas will be militarily defeated but the synarchic subversion that generated them, on the contrary, will end up taking control of the Government of this Nation, immediately subordinating the Political Power to the International Economic Power. It will then arrive at a state of irreversible financial dependence between the Nation and World High Banking. The conspiracy will aim to convert the

Nation into a modern Colony, a Colony of which the colonists will invariably be members of the Chosen People. Yes! Although it seems fantastic, millions of Jews plan to settle themselves on this soil! It is no accident: the choice is made to procure that the Final Battle be detained, or to delay it as long as possible, giving time for the formation of the World Government of the Chosen People. And because the Chosen People suspect that, in some way, this Nation will play a fundamental role during the Final Battle, they have decided to occupy and destroy it.

"It will be your turn to act in this diabolical context, Blood of Tharsis! What will occur if you succeed? In the best of cases a triple coincidence would happen: apart from meeting with the Pontifex Maximus, the Lord of Absolute Orientation, caused by this very fact, it may happen that the Voice of the People, the charismatic Leader of the Pure Blood, arises like thunder. In coincidence with you and the Pontiff, at the very moment that the sleeping men begin to awaken to the reality of the Origin that the Stone of Venus reveals, the charismatic Leader would be recognized by all as the sole representative of the Regal Function and would put himself at the head of this Nation, raising it from among the moral and material ruins in which the synarchic conspiracy sank it. Then days of never-before-seen splendor would ensue. The Nation would erect itself as one of the Spiritual Potencies of Earth. The Wise Warriors and the Hyperborean Wisdom, as in the times of Atlantis, would exhibit themselves in the light of day, while in the rest of the World the spiritual men would hasten to arrive here, while the Universal Synarchy and the Chosen People would prepare to wage the Final Battle. You must not forget, then, in the Strategy to follow, the Function of the Charismatic Leader. He will be recognized by all and He will recognize you! If He requires it of you in due time: To Him you must offer the assistance of the Hyperborean Wisdom, so that He successfully carries out the mission of maximizing the dramatic tension of the End of History!

"However, if the charismatic Leader does not coincide in the Kairos, and does not present himself, the Final Battle will be equally inevitable from the moment that the sleeping men

encounter the Stone of Venus and reencounter their Extraterrestrial Origin, and call upon the Gods for the Liberation of the Spirit. Then the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man, as they have decided it since the days of the sinking of Atlantis, will come to the rescue of the Hyperborean Man for the last time. And that descent, that Final Battle led by Navutan, the Lord of War, and supervised by Ama, the Virgin of Agartha, will mark the End of the White Brotherhood and of its infernal Solar Abode, the Kalachakra Key of Chang Shambhala.

"In short, your mission will consist in transporting the Wise Sword to the Secret Cavern in the Valley above Soto. The Epoch presents itself as the least propitious to execute such an operation, and that is why you will have to develop separate tactics: one of you will carry the Wise Sword, while the other will serve as a decoy to distract the attention of the Enemy. Whoever realizes the first, will have to masterfully employ the *Way of Strategic Opposition* ***to move with his valuable cargo. That is to say, that he will first have to have to make use of a knapsack with a sufficient assortment of*** *Lapis Oppositionis,* ***that is to say, of archetypically indeterminate stones, of stones possessing an unlimited, infinite dimension, obtained by the plasmation of the Sign of the Origin that you will project onto them. The Initiate who does such, will move upon a strategic path, unpredictable to the Enemy, even when It knows that The Stone of Venus is moving between the Worlds of Illusion. He will go always isolated by the*** *Infinite Vrunic Archemon,* ***and will place, after each stretch of strategic distance of the Labyrinth, a*** *Lapis Oppositionis* ***on the path: he will thus leave an insurmountable obstacle for the Enemy, a Stone of Stumbling and Deviation, a proof of the Actual Infinity of the Eternal Spirit. The Uncreated Principle of the obstacle, of the*** *Lapis Oppositionis,* ***will cause the absolute disconcertment of the Enemy: in front of it there is no possible reference, all the Worlds are confused, the Illusion becomes One. And while the Enemy recovers, and attempts to locate the trail, the Hyperborean Initiate will forge a new meander of the Labyrinth*** *in opposition* ***to the Potencies of Matter, then situating another*** *Lapis Oppositionis* ***behind himself. Only in this way, if he moves in Strategic***

Opposition, and relies on the cooperation of another Initiate who simultaneously moves toward a different direction, attracting the interest of the Enemy upon himself, will he succeed to carry the Wise Sword to the Valley of Candelaria.

"The second Hyperborean Initiate will also carry some *Lapis Oppositionis,* ***but he will plant them at more extensive distances, giving the Enemy time so that it follows his trail and believes that the maneuver is carried out by a single Man of Stone, who sooner or later will be captured. Of course if it occurs, if the Enemy is able to seize the Second Initiate, the operation will be fulfilled anyway, but no one will save him from the reprisals of the Immortal Demons. These are the risks that you will have to run in order to comply with the order of the Lord of War. It is up to you to decide who will carry the Wise Sword and who will distract the Enemy, and to discover the opportunity, the Kairos, to act!***

"Seigniors of Tharsis: I have said all that I had to say and it is not convenient, for strategic reasons, to add anything more. I reiterate the salute of Navutan and I bid you farewell until the next coincidence in the Kairos of the Final Battle. Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis!" *the Lord of Venus wished us once again, raising his right arm to express the* ***Bala Mudra.***

"Hail, Capitán Kiev!" we responded, also performing the ***Bala Mudra,*** *which was always the secret salute of the House of Tharsis.*

Sixty-second Day

The fog had dissipated and we were once again in front of the Menhir of Tharsy. We both looked at each other with question marks on our faces, aware that we were facing the same dilemma: who would respond to the order of transporting the Wise Sword to the Valley of Córdoba? And who would take on the suicidal mission of distracting the Enemy? For me, the question was offering no doubts: I would take care of the tactic of distraction. But I supposed, and I supposed well, that Noyo would be opposed to that decision: he, he was telling me, was better equipped to offer the Enemy the greatest resistance; he would never give in. I should travel with the Wise Sword while he was diverting the attention of the Enemy in his footsteps.

It was hard, Dr. Siegnagel, to persuade him that my plan was strategically superior. And it was so because it was not only aiming to put the Wise Sword in good protection but was considering the very probable possibility that the Lord of Absolute Orientation and his Order of Wise Constructors also required the assistance of the Hyperborean Wisdom of the House of Tharsis, especially the valuable experience gathered over millennia of fighting against the Potencies of Matter: who knew the synarchic conspiracy of the Golen, today affirmed in all the Christian Churches, and their way of acting, better than the Seigniors of Tharsis? And about Bera and Birsha, who has more right to discover their sentences of extermination than the Seigniors of Tharsis? According to my criterion, which in the end prevailed, it would be Noyo who would locate the Secret Cavern and install himself as Noyo of the Stone of Venus in it, maintaining Guardianship until the day in which the Hyperborean Pontiff constructed the metaphysical bridge and a Noyo from his Order of Constructors launched himself across it in order to connect with the Liberating Gods.

Once we agreed upon who would execute each role, we set out to plan the particular strategy that would allow us to comply with the orders of the Gods. The ideal strategy, as we agreed, would consist in creating a chaotic climate around the

Chacra de Tafí, giving rise to logically unpredictable situations that favored our operation. Thus, in the midst of a situation of high strategic value for us, but totally alien to any observer foreign to the House of Tharsis for such purposes, Noyo would surprisingly disappear with the Wise Sword and embark on the road toward the Secret Cavern. Simultaneously, I would move in the opposite direction, ostensibly, to distract the Enemy. I would be rapidly detected, but the risk was calculated: the important thing was to gain time, ***to last*** *long enough so that Noyo arrived at the Valley of Córdoba. With these purposes, we prepared all the phases of the undertaking in detail.*

Eighteen months later, in April 1977, we already had everything necessary and found ourselves adjusting the final steps. We had the two knapsacks with the indeterminate stones, the ***Lapis Oppositionis****, apt for practicing Strategic Opposition. And everything was ready to create the climate of chaos that the circumstances were requiring. This would be achieved with the involuntary collaboration of the Army. Let me explain myself better: to systematize the fight against the guerrillas, the Army had divided the country into six* ***Zones****; Zone III was including the Provinces of Córdoba, La Rioja, Catamarca, Salta, Jujuy, Santiago del Estero, and* ***Tucumán****; in Tucumán,* ***subzone 113*** *was containing the region of our Chacra and under its command was Captain Diego Fernández, faithful Comrade of my son. In combination with the latter, Noyo managed to mount a gigantic search and seizure operation in the subzone of Tafí del Valle, by the middle of April 1977: the object of the operation was procuring to annihilate a column of the* ***PRA****, People's Revolutionary Army,*[88] *which was acting in the subzone relying on the support of some inhabitants belonging to the* ***WRP****, Workers' Revolutionary Party.*[89] *On that* ***black night*** *for the communists, the Army would obtain several hours of* ***free zone****, during which the electrical supply would be interrupted, and its commandos would be deployed throughout the city of Tafí del Valle and the surrounding vil-*

88. Ejército Revolucionario del Pueblo, abbreviated as ERP.

89. Partido Revolucionario de los Trabajadores, abbreviated as PRT.

lages in order to capture the subversives. They would go after sure targets, true agents of subversion and irregular combatants, the majority of whom had been marked by Noyo. That was why Noyo requested that our home be raided as a tactical cover and his arrest simulated: "that would keep away the suspicions of the Enemy," he alleged. When everything was ready for action, it was agreed that Diego Fernandez would take care of his false capture in person, with the purpose of avoiding the imponderables or confusions that could arise if other militaries were intervening and thus ensure his immediate freedom. Freedom that Noyo would take advantage of to disappear "for a time."

Naturally, none of this would occur since Noyo would depart with the Wise Sword willing to never return to Tafí del Valle, but his Army Comrades did not know that. According to the particular repressive methodology that the Armed Forces were employing in the anti-subversive struggle, they were never utilizing search orders or even reporting to the Law on the type of night raids that they carried out in Tafí del Valle: the suspects were simply kidnapped, henceforth falling into the even more suspicious category of ***"desaparecido."***[90] *In that way, the day following the raid, Noyo was listed as one of the "200 desaparecidos of Tafí del Valle." To begin to then represent my role, I appeared in person at the Tribunals and presented the useless* ***habeas corpus****, together with the rest of the family members of the desaparecidos. The legal recourse, as was already customary, was rejected, since the judges were sharing the official methodology or rather they too were fearing to increase the fateful list of the disappeared. And so it came to pass that, upon not possessing a reasonable official answer about the whereabouts of my son, I began to move around on my own, at first very slowly and covertly, but then, by using* ***Strategic Opposition****, more rapidly, until completely disappearing.*

To the desperation of the Enemy, who was soon on my trail, I used to completely vanish, at a determinate site, and appear as if "by magic," at times in very distant places. I was advancing and retracing my steps, permanently disconcerting those

90. Spanish term for missing person or "disappeared one."

who were surveilling me; sometimes I was in Jujuy, sometimes in Tafí del Valle; then in Bolivia and then again in Tucumán, in a question of hours, if time serves as any reference in the magical war that I had waged. Moreover, the Enemy was incapable of determining the World in which I was finding myself at any moment: if I was stumbling upon a ***Lapis Oppositionis****, for example, it could occur that when continuing along the path that I would have supposedly taken, I would come across a Tafí del Valle in which the Villca family had never inhabited, or a Belicena Villca who had never married or had children, or a World in which the anti-subversive struggle was not being waged, etc. But, nevertheless, I was letting myself be detected again to attract the Enemy to me, each time with more violence, and to achieve the sought-after effect of distraction. Throughout all this, Noyo would quietly advance toward the Valley of Córdoba.*

During one of the surprise returns to Tucumán, Segundo, the Indian descendent from the People of the Moon who serves as our Mayordomo at the Chacra, informed me that Captain Diego Fernández was desiring to locate me before departing from Zone III, since they had conferred to him a new assignment. I called him by telephone to the Regiment and we arranged a meeting in the park of the El Cadillal Dam. There, the following dialogue took place:

"Good day, Señora," saluted the Captain.

"Likewise," I laconically responded.

"You and your son, my good Comrade Noyo, have me very concerned, Señora Belicena. You have to tell me where he is. Or notify him to immediately contact us. Things have changed much in recent years and it is urgent that he is up to date with the developments."

I shrugged off any response, not willing to deny or confirm anything, but attentive to the information that I could obtain from the Officer: I was also ***"in operations,"*** *executing a tremendously dangerous maneuver of an Essential War that that soldier could not even dream of; and the discipline proper to this War was demanding to distrust everyone and Everything, even the Comrade of my son: all non-Initiated men could be betrayed by their Soul, animically dominated and*

converted into an instrument of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan. I could not run any unnecessary risk. However, Dr. Siegnagel, seeing things at a distance, I can today assure you that Captain Diego Fernandez was sincere in what he was saying, and that Noyo had not been mistaken to trust in him.

Seeing that I was saying nothing, the Captain energetically continued:

"You should give more importance to my words, Señora Belicena. I believe that you are informed that the disappearance of your son was simulated: I led the Task Force that raided his Chacra and took him into custody, and it was I who permitted him to flee a few hours after. He was one of our secret agents, as well as a Retired Army Officer, and the case was well documented in the Intelligence area: my report to the G2 Commandant exists about what occurred that night and, in addition, are the documents prior to the operation, where it states that Noyo was one of ours. His disappearance was necessary to give tactical cover to his position, but there was no reason to exaggerate things, unnecessarily prolonging his absence. Señora Belicena: he should have already returned a long time ago, or communicated with us; I will not hide from you that now his situation has become incredibly complicated. You yourself, Señora Belicena, are facing mortal danger with your surprising decision ***to initiate a personal search for your missing son!*** *Do you not understand that with such an attitude you place yourself on the side of the subversives, that you can be openly pointed out as such?"*

Facing the immutable expression on my face, the Captain sighed and continued with his warnings:

"Do not think that everyone knows the fate of your son that night. Only a group of Intelligence Officers know the truth. But they have not spoken, nor can they speak, because if they did they would expose Noyo to certain death at the hands of the subversive organizations, since even our Intelligence Service is infiltrated by them. But you, with your absurd acts, have fallen under the eye of other Intelligence Services, and are even watched and followed by members of our own force who ignore the truth of the facts. And now observe what a diabolical plot has been formed: if we keep silence to protect

Noyo, our Comrade, we risk the life of his mother, because continuing the confusion, no one knows what measures the remaining Task Forces that repress in the north could take; and if we speak, we save his mother but we dangerously reveal the function of Noyo, which will require, in the end, a true disappearance to achieve to recover his lost security, perhaps a permanent change of identity, or the prolonged establishment in another country. Do you now comprehend the problem, Señora Belicena? We want to know what to do because, whatever we do, we must realize it soon, with urgency, as I told you before, since things have unfavorably changed for those who profess the National Socialist ideology, among whom is, of course, Comrade Noyo.

Yes. Then I set out to give a concrete answer to the Captain. His eloquence had allowed me to evaluate the situation from another point of view and I was comprehending that it would be catastrophic for our Strategy if the Comrades of Noyo clarified the situation and revealed what happened the night of his disappearance. I was invariably affirming, whenever I was presenting myself and before any audience, that my son Noyo ***"had been assassinated by the Forces of Repression"****: the Enemy was not able to prove or deny it with certainty, for thousands of similar cases, of persons like Noyo who were disappearing without leaving a trace, were existing in those days. But a Stone of Venus had been moved, as the Traitorous Gods were perceiving, and my erratic displacement was simultaneously beginning through the different Worlds of Northern Argentina and other countries of South America: and it could only be a Strategy against the plans of the White Brotherhood, a Strategy that the Demons were hoping to counteract since four hundred years before. So far they had believed it so, as they were totally ignorant of the maneuver of Noyo. However, everything would collapse if the militaries were clarifying the case and the Enemy was finding out what happened after the kidnapping: without abandoning my persecution, they would reorient the search toward Noyo and would put the strategic objective of their mission in jeopardy. I had to prevent, then, that the military men spoke. Rather, I had to gain time, because it was being inferred from the words of the*

Captain that the urgency was due to a change that would then make any clarification impossible. Surely, it would be the political change announced by Capitán Kiev, that which would plunge the Nation into economic and moral ruin, and would place it bound and gagged in the hands of the International Synarchy.

Trying to dispel the concern of the Captain about my fate or the state of Noyo, I responded to him, suddenly loquacious:

"You experience unfounded fears for what may happen to me or about the future of Noyo," I affirmed. "I have certainly exaggerated my role, I now clearly see it," I lied, "and I promise you that from today I will cease playing it. As for Noyo, I assure you that he is well, although I do not know his whereabouts. He communicates with me by way of a secret mailbox and I will not hesitate in immediately writing to him about what you have told me: I will have to wait for a time, but I am persuaded that upon learning that he is urgently required, he will not take long in appearing. Thus, then, I suggest that you not break new ground in the situation and await the result of these measures. Nevertheless, it would please me to know something concrete about the unfavorable changes to our cause that you have mentioned to me, in order to inform Noyo of the importance of the convocation."

"I see that you are reasonable, Señora Belicena," hoped the Captain, "and that is why I will provide you the information that you request of me. The question is very simple: the nationalist and patriotic forces, that had mobilized in defense of the Nation, have been betrayed by top government leadership. The highest Chiefs of the Armed Forces have made a pact with the hidden partisan organizations of the World Government and have decided to hand over the country for a financial sacking that will destroy the economic bases of the society. While this sinister plan was being elaborated and carried out, the only national forces capable of reacting were distracted in a sterile fight against insurgent organizations, the authentic leaders of which never showed their faces. This only managed to discredit the Armed Forces and neutralize their future reaction. We have militarily won but we will be inexorably defeated on the political terrain, since the economic problems that

will arise from the monetarist and synarchic policy that the Government develops will cause that society forgets the honorable objective of our struggle and accuses us of the subsequent misery, a reality that will obsess them because it will daily touch their pockets and their stomachs." Captain Fernández was evidently inspired and, at times, was reminding me of the words of Capitán Kiev. We were then at the end of 1979, only two years after his appearance at the Cromlech of Tafi del Valle, and not only were his announcements being fulfilled to the letter, but there were enlightened minds capable of comprehending reality and also discovering the Enemy's plans.

"But this is not all," continued Captain Fernández. "The most grave thing is that, the anti-subversive struggle concluded on military terrain, the only field in which we were permitted to intervene, the Government considers that the nationalist groups of the Armed Forces represent a potential danger to the synarchic plans and has decreed their unappealable destruction. And this offensive has already begun with the ideological selection of the best experts of the Intelligence Services in the anti-subversive struggle, their insulation with views to present and future purges, and even with their assassination, executed by members of foreign Secret Services especially convoked for such effect. Thus, little by little, synarchic groups have emerged in the Intelligence Services, with personnel trained, or directly at their service, by agents of Israel (from Mossad or Shin Bet); of the USA (the CIA or FBI); of England (MI5, MI6, SIS); of the Soviet Union (KGB, GRU), etc. And these are the organizations that are persecuting you, Señora Belicena. That is why it is urgent to clear things up while we can, for it is probable that in a very brief period of time our Comrades are completely neutralized and shunned from active Service, to be then vilely sold out to the same subversive forces against which we fought for years. We believe that the Government plans to transfer power to social-democratic or socialist politicians, which will allow the Left to acquire sufficient freedom and power in order to destroy the moral reserves of the Nation, which were especially concentrated in the Armed Forces.

However, these men, who are deep down cipayos[91] *in the service of the Synarchy, will maintain the liberal monetarist economic policy that will subject the Nation to moral dependency and social dissolution. In the same case as I, who am retired without explanation from the anti-communist struggle, with the evident intention of being retired in a short time, or worse, are my remaining Comrades. It is then necessary to act now or run the risk that the situation of Noyo is never clarified or that you may be attacked by any of the new Intelligence groups that already act with total impunity and a repugnant lack of honor, and that habitually persecute and execute persons of nationalist backgrounds rather than the known agents of Marxist subversion. I hope I have been clear, Señora Belicena, and manage to establish prompt contact with Comrade Noyo, from whom we also require, at this key hour, his valuable strategic advice."*

"You have been extremely clear, Captain Fernández," I assured, "and be certain that I will textually transmit your words to my son Noyo, whom I deduce that he will not hesitate in coming to you."

And thus ended that conversation with Captain Diego Fernández, who departed ready to await, and to make his Comrades await, any possible statement about ***the desaparecido of Tafí del Valle****.*

The rest of the story is already known by you, Dr. Siegnagel. I, far from fulfilling what was promised to Captain Diego Fernández, continued making strategic movements in Northern Argentina, in Bolivia, and in Peru. On several occasions, I traveled the route of Lito of Tharsis and the Atumurunas, aware that it would arouse the interest of the White Brotherhood even more and would affirm them in the certainty that I was the bearer of the Wise Sword. That is also why I was taking the road of Tatainga in Jujuy and heading to the vicinity of Kālibur Hill. On two occasions, I even descended to the Valle Grande and contemplated the Externsteine, although without daring to pass through the Vrunic Gate. Well, it was during one of these excursions that I fell into a Golen trap and ingested the venom that weakened my will and prevented me

91. Politician who serves foreign interests.

from continuing developing the Strategy. Then I was rapidly captured by a Commando of Shin Bet, integrated by Rabbis Initiated in the High Kabbalah, Priests who had contemplated the Sepher Icheh in Israel and knew everything regarding the Holocaust of Fire. They were belonging, just as Captain Fernandez anticipated, to a parallel Intelligence Service, which was relying on members in the Army, Navy, Air Force, Federal Police, Secretary of State Security, Ministry of Defense, etc. Its power of mobilization was then absolute.

I was momentarily resting at a miserable inn of the Kâlypampa people, which is opposite the National Park of the same name, next to Kālibur Hill. There I was administered the drug, mixed into a pot of sugar cane molasses that they offered to sweeten my coffee. The effect that it instantaneously produced in my Hyperborean Initiate body was indescribable, being improbable that you can even imagine it, since you do not know how a mind capable of possessing consciousness in several Worlds at once behaves. The most I will tell you is that the drug, a perfect form of archetypal bee honey, produced an accelerated process of animic fortifying, a formidable injection of energy for the instinctive will of the Soul, which in the Hyperborean Initiates is usually dominated by the irresistible will of the Uncreated Spirit. And that sudden evolution of the Soul caused like a blood degradation, like a weakening of the Symbol of the Origin, present in the Pure blood, ***and like an actualization of the physical body, which thus lost its capacity to move independently of Time and synchronized all its biological clocks with the time of this World****. I remained, then, a prisoner of the cultural context, subject to the reality of that little Jujuy village. Naturally, I attempted to flee anyway: the* ***Lapis Oppositionis*** *were no longer serving me because I had lost the* ***external*** *orientation toward the Origin and it was impossible for me to practice Strategic Opposition. But I did not get very far. Before leaving the Province, I was already in the hands of the agents of the Shin Bet. They took me to the Franciscan Monastery of Nuestra Señora del Milagro, in Salvador de Jujuy, where the majority of the priests were seeming to be under their orders. In a sordid dungeon, from colonial times, I was subjected to a refined interrogation during which*

different types of drugs were administered to me. The questions were few and exact, always the same: where was the Extraterrestrial Stone? What had happened with my son Noyo? Toward where was I heading? What were my orders? Was I having some earthly contact, an Initiate who shared the operation, or was I acting on my own?

Abbreviating, Dr. Siegnagel, I believe that I ended up confessing almost everything, unable to resist the effect of the drugs that were preventing me even the representation of the Sign of Death, with which I could have, on another occasion, disincarnated right there. In any case, Noyo was already safe in the Secret Cavern: that I was sensing for some time and had received confirming signs from the Gods. I was falling, but the Strategy was triumphing! The order of the Lord of War had been impeccably fulfilled and nothing, on the part of the House of Tharsis, would prevent the Final Battle! The only thing now remaining was that the Hyperborean Pontiff, the Lord of Absolute Orientation, and his Order of Wise Constructors, find the Wise Sword: and that was totally out of our hands.

As you will comprehend, these reflections belong to the present. At that terrible moment, when my will was impotent to dominate my tongue, an inenarrable anguish was overtaking me: I was being humiliated in my dignity as a Hyperborean Initiate and the involuntary confession that they were extracting from me was feeling like a treason, like an unpardonable lack of honor. Even though the possibility of that end was already contemplated by us. But at those moments I was only wanting to die, although the accursed Rabbis were desiring nothing more than to keep me alive: but I was barely physically tortured, for all their action was concentrated on breaking and destroying my psychic structure. They were not going to kill me, and this they clearly told me, because my body was untouchable, like that of Rudolf Hess. Yes, Dr. Siegnagel: ***I was reserved for a Ritual Sacrifice that Bera and Birsha would perform in person.***

Sixty-third Day

You will be asking yourself, Dr. Siegnagel, how was it that my captors sent me to the Dr. Patrón Isla Hospital in the city of Salta? The answer is ***sadly simple****, not very difficult to imagine. The Infernal Agents, who knew the secret of their drugs on the human body, knew that it would be impossible for me to flee from anywhere: my will to resist was completely enervated and, as I said, I had totally lost the* ***external orientation****. I would not be able to move from the site in which I was, this they were quite clear. But then I had decided to die.*

I will explain it better: even though They had broken my will to ***externally*** *free myself, I verified at every instant that I was preserving my* ***interior*** *spiritual faculties intact. The will of my Spirit, Dr., was not broken in its reduced ambit of consciousness. Perhaps They destroyed part of the psychic structure, but the damage was only able be reduced to the field of the Soul or the physical brain, that is to say, to exclusively material terrain. Of course, They were not able to know with exactitude what had occurred with the Eternal Spirit because the Initiates of the White Brotherhood lack the capacity to perceive the Uncreated Beings; but they were considering the proof that there were no Longer any* ***spiritual manifestations*** *a triumph of their brainwashing techniques. Concretely, they were referring to the "Ego,"* ***the manifestation of the Spirit****, as a pilot light indicating the prisoner's state: if the treatment was culminating with the disintegration of the Ego, it was signifying that an irreversible process would prevent the spiritual re-enchainment. Even if the Symbol of Origin continued to be present in the Pure Blood, the destruction of the psychic structure made it impossible for the Ego to re-concentrate in the conscious sphere. But in my case this had not occurred. As you will understand, They were hoping that the ingestion of psychoactive drugs would result in a state of acute schizophrenia, a hope that in my case was reinforced by the confessions that they had managed to extract from me. But the real situation consisted in that everything They managed to obtain*

in the interrogation was neither voluntary nor involuntary but mechanical: their drugs acted on the conscious subject of the Soul, not on the Ego, and they forced it to spill the contents of the formidable racial memory of the Seigniors of Tharsis, a quality proper to the biological specialization of my family with which presumably the Rabbis were not accustomed to treat. They thus believed that my Ego was fragmented or disintegrated and that a state of stable spiritual consciousness would never again be produced: the confession was demonstrating, for Them, the irreversible fracture of the spiritual will.

But that confession was only a stupid betrayal of the soul, the subject of which was reading the contents of its psychic memories. In a profound sphere, the will of my Ego resisted the violation at every moment without being able to prevent the mnemic[92] *contents from being mechanically exteriorized: then emerged, to the delight of the Rabbis, the recollections that the memories were preserving about the Strategy itself and its execution. They learned of what occurred with Noyo and immediately set out in his tracks, supposing to leave human remains behind themselves. However, it is clear that, as always, it would not be so simple for them to finish off the Seigniors of Tharsis.*

What had occurred? Well, that Ego achieved to comprehend what consequences were being expected from the brainwashing and I managed to simulate the schizophrenic dementia foreseen by Them with great conviction. Finally, convinced that my madness had no remedy, they decided to evacuate me from the committed Franciscan Monastery and momentarily intern me, until the arrival of Bera and Birsha, in a Neuropsychiatric Hospital. For that they had to "legalize" me, that is to say, to grant me the juridical ***status*** *of political prisoner, in order to obtain the bureaucratic settlement in the Hospital and to escape any future investigation. They then began by convoking one such "Colonel Victor Perez," a military man of Hebrew race who was working for the Shin Bet. He took charge of the case and elaborated an inflated dossier of falsities, in which the supposed subversive activity of my son Noyo and*

92. relating to memory

the support that I would offer, both to him and to the organization in which he was participating, was being stated. He forged the description of the circumstances of the detention, the interrogations, and the tenor of the confessions; and he obtained the dementia diagnosis from a military Doctor and the internment order in the Dr. Javier Patrón Isla Neuropsychiatric Hospital from a Judge. And I arrived here this way, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel. But then I had decided to die.

Yes, esteemed Dr. In those days, my single wish was to die with Honor, to commit suicide before falling into the fatal clutches of Bera and Birsha, to take away from the Accursed Immortals the pleasure of their vengeance, the fulfillment of the sentence of extermination that they were trying to execute since the Epoch of the Iberian Kings. I was only needing a minimal physical recuperation and a slight slip of medical surveillance to take my life by any means. Undoubtedly, Dr., I would have been able to do so without any problems throughout the time that I have been hospitalized. To flee was no longer representing an exit for me without external orientation and, anyway, the mission was realized: Noyo was guarding the Wise Sword in the Secret Cavern of Córdoba; and even if I could not find it, although I would like to, the order from the Lord of War had been fulfilled and that was the important thing. Then, dying was representing but a short interval until the Final Battle: I would astrally go to K'Taagar and soon return, to settle the accounts with the Enemy of the Eternal Spirit. In the meantime, I would elude the last persecution of Bera and Birsha. This was my thought upon arriving here, Dr. Siegnagel.

However, ***something made me change my mind as soon as I arrived; and it was why, even though I continued feigning to be demented, I initiated the writing of this extensive letter****. To be clear, "that something" for which I exchanged my suicidal intentions* ***was you, Dr. Siegnagel****. In truth, as soon as I saw you, I comprehended that you manifested the Symbol of the Origin to a high degree; but I also detected that you were unconscious of it, that you were not knowing the Hyperborean Wisdom even in its smallest details:* ***you are a Man of Pure Blood, Dr. Siegnagel. But the memory of the Blood is blocked***

by your Soul. You do not know the existence of your Eternal Spirit, nor know how to orient yourself toward the Origin. You suffer from a metaphysical amnesia that is a product of the Dark Age in which we currently live, typical of the enchantment with which the Potencies of Matter submerge man in the Great Deception, characteristic of the spiritual decadence of man and his attraction for materialistic culture: in short, you are, Dr. Siegnagel, a sleeping man. But you are a Man. A being endowed with an Uncreated Spirit that can awaken. *Your presence here, in this dark hospital, I have taken as a sign from the Gods, as a message from the Lord of War and Capitán Kiev, perhaps as a revelation from the Pontifex, the Lord of Absolute Orientation. Upon seeing you, Dr., I comprehended to what Capitán Kiev was referring when he was announcing that* ***"sleeping men would reestablish the ancient nexus with the Gods"****: such sleeping men are, no doubt, similar to you. They have everything in the Pure Blood, but in potential form:* ***they only require the Hyperborean Initiation so that that racial potency develops and surfaces in the consciousness. And the Hyperborean Initiation, Dr. Siegnagel, at the present time, only the Pontifex Maximus of the Order of Odin, the Lord of Absolute Orientation, or the Wise Constructors who second him, is capable of granting it in this part of the world.*** *It was to transmit this truth to you that I changed my decision to voluntarily die. You should bear in mind, Dr. Siegnagel, the ethical point of view of the Seigniors of Tharsis: for the spiritual liberation Strategy of the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man, Me trying to awaken you implies much more Honor than suicide to flee from the infamous reprisals of the Immortal Demons. Was that punishment, the possibility of that terrible end, not foreseen in the Strategy suggested by Capitán Kiev from the outset?*

Yes. I decided to awaken you, or at least attempt it, but how? Not speaking with you, for a professional prejudice would have prevented you giving credence to the words of a mentally ill woman. Perhaps writing our history in a letter, like this, but it was not escaping me that I would find myself in a similar situation: your incredulity would also be inevitable. Nevertheless, the possibility exists that a concrete

event, alien to me but sufficiently effective, makes aware the history of the House of Tharsis: ***and that event can be no other than my own death at the hands of the Immortals Bera and Birsha****. That is to say, I must get that the Golen Demons leave enough traces of their immense power as to convince you that the story narrated in the letter is true to some degree; and I must ensure that the letter* ***arrives*** *to your hands* ***after*** *my death. It is what I will attempt to do, Dr. Siegnagel. For the time being, I have already concluded the letter and I have begun, since some time ago, to realize the Strategy that I believe will give the awaited results: with the last remains of my* ***gracious luciferic will****, I have telepathically tried to direct myself toward Chang Shambhala, toward the members of the Order of Melchizedek, and* ***I have challenged the Immortal Demons****. I have challenged them in the name of the House of Tharsis, which is the greatest offense to their infernal pride, and now I await, not without fear, the response of Bera and Birsha.* ***I already feel them, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel, advancing between the Worlds of Illusion, approaching blind with hatred toward my humble cell, traveling through Space and Time, dislocating Reality, Pachachutquiy, Pachachutquiy.***

Sixty-fourth Day

This will be my last day alive, Dr. Siegnagel, I am sure of it. In a few hours, I will deliver this letter to the Nurse whom I have bribed, so that it is sent to you after my death. I only have time left to solicit the final favor that I had mentioned to you the First Day and to offer you some recommendations.

First of all, I want to ask, Dr., that you attempt to locate my son Noyo. I know that, after all you have read in this letter about the Hyperborean Wisdom, the techniques of the Strategic Opposition of the Lithic Wisdom, and the nature of the mission undertaken by Noyo, it will seem a little less than impossible for you to fulfill this request. However, it is not that I demand that you directly follow in his footsteps, which would be preposterous, but I beg you to try to find the Order of Wise Constructors of the Lord of Absolute Orientation: They will put you in the right direction. They will also grant you the Hyperborean Initiation, awaken you, and include you in the Strategy of the Final Battle. And, I deduce, they will be very much grateful to you making this letter known to them. If I have not made a mistake with you, if your Blood is Pure Blood and you sense the Nostalgia of the Origin, I know that you will not hesitate to fulfill my last wish.

Secondly, if someday you arrive to meet my son, I want that you narrate the last part of this story to him, that you let him know that I have died certain of the triumph of the Cause of the Spirit, that I have seen the End of History and the imminence of the Final Battle with clarity. Do not think that I require this because of sentimentalism, because of a foolish interest in reassuring my son: I have tried to liberate you by all the means within my reach and, if you respond and awaken, you will arrive to see the Noyo Guardian of the Wise Sword, all the same. Then, as a special favor, in memory of Belicena Villca, ***who revealed the Way to you, you will give him my message. I perfectly know the conduct that the mother of a Wise Warrior must sustain. A Hyperborean mother is always the Daughter of the Great Mother Ama***

and cannot, thus, be a slave to matter, to Mother Earth, to Shakti, to Binah, that is to say, she cannot succumb to the blind and irresponsible maternal instinct. O Pure Mother Ama, Virgin of Agartha, I have heard your Voice!

"My Sons,
the Men of Stone,
are Wise Warriors,
and nothing shall placate their Fury.
The Unworthy of the Spirit
will be destroyed.
The Coward, the Traitor,
and cursed is the Womb that Forged them.
My Seed of Stone
kindles the Cold Fire
in the Heart.
Full of Wrath,
charged with Valor,
the Warriors of A-mort
march to the Final Battle.
And the Mother of the Spirit,
and the mothers of pain,
express Grace and Joy
if They die with Honor."

Thus speaks your Voice, Zealous Mother Ama, and it will not be I who contradicts you. My son is your Warrior, and his Destiny, your Will. Sending my last regards with the Hyperborean doctor in no way affects his Valor, for if he arrives to Noyo, then he will also be a wise Warrior.

And now let us go to the recommendations: Dr. Siegnagel, I cannot but warn you that the "Mortal Secret" guarded by us entails a terrible danger, extending to all who intervene in its protection. I suppose that you do not know where to begin the search. Well, to start, go to Tafí del Valle, to the old family Chacra; there lives Segundo, the Indian who used to visit me, who will clarify many practical things for you, although not as many as you may wish. He will give you some of the gold of the Ingas, which is still left, to face the expenses that arise, but you will have to be very cautious when converting it. To handle gold is always dangerous!

Remember that I embarked on a movement similar to that which you will undertake, I was discovered by the Demons of the White Brotherhood and, by means of their Accursed Science, led to the madness by which you knew me. I could only get out of that state of hallucination thanks to the remains of my gracious luciferic will, as I said, and to the tranquilizing help of the ***ayahuasca*** *plant that Segundo was bringing me. But the lucidity was only lasting me a few hours, which I took advantage of to write this letter, since it was not a totally effective antidote. The drug of the Demons allows hypnosis at a distance, but the* ***ayahuasca*** *vine, or* ***caapi****, possesses an alkaloid that was transitorily taking me out of their control: I was thus able to complete the present manuscript and defy them in their Infernal Abodes, and that is why they will not take long in coming to execute me.*

Farewell, Dr. Siegnagel. I would like that you read this letter with the Eyes of the Spirit. My best wishes go to you whether or not you fulfill my request, whether or not you believe in what I have narrated here. If you decide to help me, it will signify that you are a Kshatriya and we will then meet again in Valhalla or during the Final Battle. May Navutan Guide you and Frya Love you.

Yours ever, Belicena Villca.

THIRD BOOK

"In Search of Uncle Kurt"

Chapter I

he reader can give free rein to the imagination. The emotions and the state of total perturbation into which the reading of Belicena Villca's letter plunged me will never be able to be represented. It was something very strange for me; as I was reading, I experienced a plurality of moods. I thus passed from initial skepticism to surprise, from this to stupor, from there I jumped to curiosity, and successively to a thousand more sensations. Finally, a primitive and insensate enthusiasm came over me and, instead of rejecting the letter as an imposture, a logical and perfectly justified attitude, I did quite the opposite, thus sealing my fate: I decided to undertake the adventure!

I was just done with reading the letter and, almost without reflecting, I had made a decision. Why? I will try to explain it. Up until the moment of reading Belicena Villca's letter, my life was empty of ideals. I had a bright professional future and everything that I was needing for my comfort; I was lucky with women and although no one was able to win my heart, sooner or later that would occur. I was foreseeing that my life would unfold along the paths that lead to worldly success. And yet something was missing in this schema because I was not happy. I was possessing peace and material tranquility, but many times sadness was weighing me down; I was sensing that my Spirit was lacking a horizon toward which to look, an ideal, a goal perhaps, worthy of the greatest sacrifice.

That is why I was sometimes enviously contemplating Universal History, the heroic periods in which I would have liked to live: to choose this or that side, to follow this or that reformer, to commit that liberating heresy, or to ardently sink myself into that tyrannical dogma. To live, to fight, to die, to be a man! But to be a man is not only to think: it is "to feel" the Spirit. And the Spirit is "felt" when life is oriented in the search for an ideal; because ideals are not in this world, they are of another order, the same as the Spirit and related to it.

It is not easy. Being an idealist requires much valor, since reality, deceptive and cruel, holds a trap for the naïve idealist and a sepulcher for the committed idealist. I have seen how the idealistic element of my generation was systematically annihilated and its ideals qualified as "***nihilistic***." An Argentine

Admiral who passes for a cultured person, Massera, said in a speech: ***"we are combating against nihilists, against those fevered for destruction, whose objective is destruction itself, even if they disguise themselves as social redeemers."*** Many of the dead and disappeared were no such thing, but idealists who believed in the infantile myth of "social revolution" as a valid means to establish a more just order in the world. Precisely for believing (being idealists), they did not see the diabolical web of interests in which they were being inserted; precisely for believing, some were indoctrinated, armed, and imbecilely launched into the adventure, by the same synarchic System that later repressed them. And I am not only thinking of those who took up arms, who were perhaps deserving to die for being stateless, but of so many others who fell without knowing the smell of gunpowder; for committing the "crime" of loving ideals that affect some interest or privilege.

That is not nihilism; unbridled repression, asphyxiating censorship, instituted mediocrity, officialized corruption, typed brainwashing, in short, implacable tyranny, obscenely cloaked in "democratic" or "liberal" language, is nihilistic.

The triumph of the System is the stability of a corrupt order of things, of a society built on usury and materialism, of a country drawn with a nib,[1] so that it is inserted into foreign geopolitics, planned in detail by the International Synarchy of the Great Imperialisms.

What does this contemporary world of dollars and steel offer us that is worth our sacrifice? Here, a decadent and cipayo culture; there, a terrorism without greatness; over there, a repressive and murderous Power; over there, a cowardly and lying Church; why go on if everything stinks?

This was my state of mind when I read Belicena Villca's letter and that is why my reaction was instantaneous: I, the insignificant Dr. Siegnagel, little more than the number on a card or ID, someone lost in the daily mediocrity of remote Salta: suddenly I am called for a risky mission, I am convoked by Fate!

My blood was boiling in my veins and something, just like a reminiscence of past battles, took hold of me. Belicena was wondering in her letter if I could be a Kshatriya:

"Well, I already was!"

1. The tip of a pen.

Apart from this irresponsible enthusiasm, deep down I was experiencing great stupefaction as soon as I was attempting to reason about the contents of the letter. I could not deny that a tremendous primordial force, a halo of ancient forgotten truths, was emanating from it all, as if Belicena Villca did not belong to this Epoch or, better said, as if she were independent of time.

The language was pagan and vital; "fantastic" would be the fair term, were it not that the assassination of Belicena was converting this premonitory message into something macabrely real.

Two questions were boiling in my head, jumping from one thought to the other without solution of continuity. Where was this "Sign of the Origin," of which I am bearing, clearly visible to Belicena Villca and apparently representative of a certain spiritual condition? I was perfectly remembering what Belicena had written on the Second Day: "in truth, what exists as a divine inheritance from the Gods is ***a Symbol of the Origin in the Pure Blood: the Sign of the Origin, observed on the Stone of Venus, was only the reflection of the Symbol of the Origin present in the Pure Blood of the Warrior Kings, of the Sons of the Gods, of the Semi-divine Men who, with an animal body and a Material Soul, were possessing an Eternal Spirit.***" If it was true that I was possessing the Symbol of the Origin in my Pure Blood, if I was a spiritual man, then I would have the possibility of obtaining the Highest Wisdom of the White Atlanteans. Or had I misinterpreted Belicena's words? For on that Second Day she wrote: ***"wisdom consists in comprehending the Serpent with the Sign of the Origin."*** According to Belicena, the Gods were affirming to man, ***"you have lost the Origin and are a prisoner of the serpent: with the Sign of the Origin, comprehend the serpent and you will again be free in the Origin!"*** In the light of these concepts, my reasoning was the following: ***if the Sign of the Origin, "my own sign of the Origin," was found manifested and plasmated in some part of my body, in such a way that it was rapidly distinguished by Belicena Villca, that was the location that I had to discover and project into the World, onto the Serpent, as the Hyperborean Initiates once did!*** And so I was feeling an interior urgency to locate that Sign and comply with the mandate of the Gods.

But I was understanding, also, that I was lacking many esoteric elements of the Hyperborean Wisdom. But, if this first question had to be left pending, the second one "that was boil-

ing in my head," about the "familial test," I would not take long to investigate it. Belicena Villca, in effect, had assured, on the Fourth Day, that my family "was destined to produce an archetypal honey, the exquisite juice of all that is sweet." That was the first news I had on the matter and I would try, at least, to verify it with my close relatives.

Chapter II

From the moment Mama handed me the briefcase with Belicena Villca's letter, until the moment I made the decision to comply with her posthumous request, four days had passed. Certainly, I read the letter in record time, given its length and profundity, remaining locked in my room and having, from time to time, some food brought up to me. At last, one afternoon, I quietly descended, with the mysterious briefcase in hand, and took a seat among my family, who were, as was the custom at that hour, spread out in the backyard. With my head tilted back, my gaze lost in the distance of the hills, I was in silence a long time. During that lapse no one interrupted me, accustomed for years to see me studying under the shade of the gigantic oak tree. Only the whispering of the wind among the leaves, the trill of the birds, and the scratch, scratch, of Canuto itching himself from time to time, were accompanying my meditation.

I brusquely stood up, pushing aside the concrete armchair of the garden set. Next to the lapacho trees near the house, were my parents: Mama darning[2] my nephews' socks and Papa reading a European weekly that arrived fifteen days late; while, the Angelito Vargas cassette, rewound for the umpteenth time, was enveloping us all with "Tres esquinas."

"Papa, Mama," I emphatically said, "have you had ancestors or relatives in your families who followed a trade or craft by tradition?"

"That was a very common custom in Europe," Papa thoughtfully responded, "now lamentably forgotten. In my family there were many doctors like you, Arturo, and even apothecaries like my father, but without this being a law, since we also had good farmers like me: ***haw, haw, haw,***" my father was laughing, celebrating his witticism.

"On the other hand, your mother's family," he continued more calmly, "does have a tradition in the cultivation and production of sugar. You know that I met her in Egypt when my father, back in 1935, decided to open new markets in the ***tannin*** trade, in view of the fact that the textile industry of Europe and America was functioning subject to rigid monopolies. My fa-

2. mending

ther was planning to sell tannin to the flourishing Arab and Turkish textile industries, so he initiated a trip through the Middle East, the final stop of which was Egypt. I was 18 years old at that time and, contradicting the wishes of my father who was preferring to see me become an engineer, my greatest aspiration was to be a farmer. Trusting that the long trip would end up dissipating what my father was taking as a whim, he agreed to bring me with him.

"Upon arriving in Egypt, we were received by a great-uncle, Hans Siegnagel, a member of a branch of the family that lives, even today, near Cairo. The Siegnagels of Egypt live there, seemingly, since the invasion of Napoleon, together with hundreds of families of German origin, which form a strong community.

"Well, during the days that we spent in Cairo, my interest was centered on observing the great Sugar-producing Mills that stretch along the Nile and the endless expanses planted with sugar cane.

"Papa, upon seeing that my inclination for Agriculture, instead of diminishing, was becoming more intense, understood that that was my true vocation and decided to accept the kind invitation of Baron Reinhold von Sübermann, owner of a powerful sugar Refinery with his own plantations, so that I stayed at his hacienda studying the techniques of cultivation.

"I was there from '35 to '38, when the prospects of a lasting world peace were rapidly dissolving, having to give in to the insistent calls of my father to return to Argentina.

"I undertook the return voyage in June of '38, but I did not do it alone; with me was coming the daughter of Baron Von Sübermann, a beautiful Valkyrie that, by the grace of Wothan, you can presently behold here."

We all laughed, especially my mother who had rolled her eyes, while Papa was recalling his fascinating life.

"What occurred since then?" I asked, knowing that it would do my old father good to complete the story.

"The war opened painful rifts and forced definitive separations. When your grandparents (my father and the Baron) died, we never reconnected with our relatives in Egypt. Many times I have felt for your mother," his voice dropped, "who is German-Egyptian and has had to suffer a lot because of the separation.

"On the other hand," he continued, now more composed, "my patriotic sentiments are only for this country and no other place than here would I be better off. Notice that your Great-Grandfather, the first Siegnagel who came to the Americas, did so in 1860 at the request of the Government to work in the manufacturing of explosives, since he was reputed as a prestigious Chemist. In more than a century, my good Arturo, the Siegnagels have become more Argentine than maté!"

When Papa made reference to the suffering that she had experienced by staying away from her family and her native homeland, my mother approached him and began to tenderly tousle his hair while she was pouring out loving reproaches.

While the elders were cuddling each other, I was feeling my cheeks burning; I was as if spellbound, seeing my imagination already unbridled, drawing the most audacious hypotheses. The affirmation that Belicena Villca was making in her letter about the familial mission of "alchemistically working the sugar," was confirmed, in principle, by my father's account. It was an indubitable reality that the Von Sübermanns had been sugar producers since time immemorial, but how had she known it?

Poor me; I was not even dreaming that this confirmation of Belicena's correctness was only the first of many situations that, in the future, would demonstrate to me to what extent the absurd and the real were interpenetrated around her. *Ting, Ting,* the sound of the triangle, that the Indian maid was playing, calling for dinner, brought me out of such gray thoughts.

That night I was pleasantly surprised by a delicious portion of humitas; that dish constitutes, since my childhood, the most precious delicacy; so, emotionally and gastronomically gratified by my family, I soon calmed down and even managed to forget, for some moments, the obsessive matter of Belicena Villca.

Chapter III

I was seriously considering Belicena's warnings, about the dangers involved in the search for her son. In light of her psychic destruction and subsequent murder, these warnings were acquiring a powerful eloquence that I was unwilling to disregard. I therefore decided to resolutely, but cautiously, act.

I had already obtained all the possible police information on the case and was harboring almost no doubts that the mysterious assassins of Belicena were the Immortals Bera and Birsha: the totality of the evidence of the crime was thus indicating it. Only beings like Them could have entered that hermetically sealed cell and ritually executed her. And the most striking of those proofs was constituting the bejeweled rope: it was evident that the "Spanish gold," of the medals, came from Tharsis, from the ancient mines of Tartessos; and that the hair "dyed with milk of lime," of the rope, was belonging to the unfortunate Tartessian Vrayas, those who were assassinated by Bera and Birsha when they saved the Wise Sword and with whose blood the Immortals had written the sentence: ***"the punishment for those who offend Yah will come from the Boar."*** They were undoubtedly considering a cycle closed, a millenary vengeance fulfilled, perhaps they once again believed the House of Tharsis exterminated, to have used that significant form of execution: to assassinate the last Vraya with the hair that they took from one of the first Vrayas, a macabre trophy that they were now giving back with diabolical logic. And what Mystery was being hidden in the powers of Bera and Birsha, in their incredible dominion of Time! Because from the police report it was clearly concluded that that hair ***had not suffered the passing of time: the hair of the rope, in effect, was still alive, as if freshly cut from a human head, from a White-Race head, when it was braided to kill; and was in no way revealing the two thousand two hundred years gone by since then.*** Where, Oh if just the thought of this question was filling me with uneasiness, where had they kept it until now without it aging? Perhaps in the same Hell where They were inhabiting, and that Belicena Villca was calling Chang Shambhala? Yes. In all probability that was the correct answer: the hair was coming

from their Accursed Abodes, where Time was not passing and neither were They aging.

I had already decided to face the danger and I had to get underway as soon as possible. But I was first wanting to definitively clarify the question of the legends of the gold jewels. And no one would be of greater use to me than Professor Ramirez. I would address myself, then, to his presence.

I stopped the automobile in the parking lot of the City University and arrived at the Anthropology Department in search of Professor Ramirez. He was quite occupied, carrying out a translation, but he attended to me with courtesy.

"What brings you to see me again, Dr. Siegnagel; another Quechua delusion of your patients?" he joked.

"No, Professor, this time it's about non-American languages. I found within an old book, a paper with this drawing," I coldly lied, "and I wanted to consult you about its inscriptions." I held out the drawing that I made of the sinister golden Jewel.

His small gray eyes flashed, and for an instant it seemed that he was really going to be interested; but he immediately returned to adopt the laconic air that was characterizing him. Nothing could affect the old Scholar, admired by the Universities of half the world.

"It is the most grotesque linguistic combination I have ever seen. Is this a joke, Siegnagel?" he asked with suspicion.

"I don't know. I brought it to you just as I found it," I said without exaggerating too much.

"Well, if it is not, it seems so! Hebrew and Celtic! Come on, Arturo; either it is a joke or it is something very, very serious. For one thing, the word יהוה is the famous Tetragrammaton, God's name of four letters, of nefarious power according to the Kabbalah and that is read more or less '***YHVH***,' the '***H***' letters being those that can adopt the sound of the Greek '***ETA,***' that is to say, similar to the Castilian ***'E.'*** As for בינה, its translation is ***'Binah'*** and it means 'Intelligence'; but not just any intelligence but the 'Supreme Intelligence,' the Intelligence of God, precisely the Intelligence of ***YHVH Elohim:*** for the Hebrew Kabbalah, Binah is one of the ten Sephiroth or Aspects of the One God."

How familiar and meaningful those explanations of the Professor were to me then, when inevitably placing them in the context of Belicena Villca's letter and her terrible death. But the Professor was continuing:

"The phrase ***'ada aes sidhe draoi mac hwch'*** is undoubtedly Old Celtic or one of its multiple dialects. The Celtic language evolved, from the Indo-European tree, in two branches; one, continental, produced ***Gaulish;*** the other, insular, would in turn be divided into two sub-branches: 1º) ***Goidelic*** or ***Old Irish,*** mother of ***Irish*** and ***Scottish Gaelic;*** and 2º) ***Brittonic,*** which produced ***Breton, Welsh*** and ***Cornish.*** I would tell you that these words belong to Old Irish, just as it appears in the sagas 'The Song of Marzhin' or in the poems of the Bard Taliesin, written in the fifth century.

"It is curious, Marzhin (in Welsh 'Myrddin,' and deformed in Germanic languages, 'Merlin') was a ***Druid***, just like Taliesin, and the phrase that you have brought me precisely alludes to the ***Druids:*** "Draoi" means ***Druid*** in Celtic. The complete phrase would be ***"Victory to the Divine Druid, Son of the Boar,"*** according to the following vocabulary:

ada = Victory
aes sidhe = Divine
Draoi = Druid
mac = Son
hwch = Boar

"My dear Dr. Arturo Siegnagel," the Professor was staring at me, "what do you know about the Druids?"

The question did not take me by surprise, for I myself was thinking about it at great speed, from the very moment that the Professor completed his translation.

"I know very little," I said. "That they were forming a sort of Priestly Caste among the ancient Celts. That they were practicing magic and divination... I believe that they were reputed as Wise Men and who, in spite of their pagan origin, were possessing a not inconsiderable morality." Everything I knew about the Druids, or Golen, was from Belicena Villca's letter, and my opinion of Them, naturally, could not be worse. However, I was unaware of Professor Ramirez's opinion of them and I was not trying to embarrass myself by categorically condemning them. "I think that they disappeared with the conversion of the Celts to Christianity," I innocently concluded.

The Professor was sardonically smiling:

"Sit down, Siegnagel, let's have a chat." He got up and, after locking the office, rummaged for a few minutes in his extensive private library. He was picking out books here and there, snorting with satisfaction when he was finding one that he

had resisted more than 30 seconds. At last, taking a hanging folder from a file, he settled into his armchair.

"You see, Dr.," began the Professor with a grave tone, "I will be frank: if it had been someone else who was bringing me that drawing, I would have kicked him out, without a doubt. But knowing you, who is a serious person, I will confide to you my thoughts, since something tells me that there is more behind this naïve drawing."

I smiled at the Professor's accurate intuition.

"To begin, let us remember that the best etymology seems to be ***Druvid,*** a word that breaks down into ***Dru*** = 'thing in itself' or 'such a thing' and ***vid*** = 'to know,' which would mean 'to know things in themselves.' The Druid would then be 'he who knows things profoundly'; but an older meaning calls them 'He who knows the truth.' You should not be surprised, Arturo, of knowing little about them, for although Druidism was an institution among the ancient Celts and many classical writers mentioned them, their origin and Doctrine remain in the darkest mystery. Some of these writers who come to my memory, are, for your example, Julius Caesar, Posidonius, Cicero, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Pliny, Tacitus, Lucian, Suetonius, Diogenes Laërtius, Origen, etc.

"None shed too much light on them and that, to my judgment, is for three reasons: 1º) because their teaching was oral; 2º) because their teaching was initiatic; 3º) and principally, because those most interested in hiding everything that concerns the ***'Druid,'*** were the Druids themselves.

"With respect to your assessment that they were constituting a kind of 'Priestly Caste,' I will tell you that they were appearing to be neither one nor the other. They were not forming a caste but an Order; and they would not be 'Priests,' since they were not publicly officiating the rituals of a Cult, as it would correspond to deserve that qualification. However, the fact that they did not officiate a Cult in public does not mean that they did not secretly possess and practice it, in the thicket of the forests, near the millenary megalithic constructions that They were adapting for such a purpose. Yes, Dr. Siegnagel. You are right on this point: the Druids were Priests, and of the worst kind that have ever been recorded in the History of Mankind.

"You also believe that they were 'wise and would have a not inconsiderable morality.' Well, of their 'Wisdom' there are few

doubts, since they held all the aspects of Celtic knowledge. On the other hand, opinions are mixed, when Druid morals are referred to, a pederastic General like Julius Caesar (100–44 BC) found them agreeable and even sent the Druid Divitiacus as Ambassador to Rome. But in the moral aspect, the future consul was leaving much to be desired; instead Strabo (60 BC), famous Greek geographer, contemporary of the previous, mentions acts of tremendous cruelty ***'that are opposed to our customs'*** and relates how the Druids were performing auguries, 'reading' the profound pains of a victim stabbed in the back. They were also fond of human sacrifices, which they were consummating by introducing the victims into an enormous wicker mask to which they were then setting on fire.

"The Druids ***'were considering it a duty to cover their altars with the blood of their prisoners and to consult the Deities in the human entrails,'*** wrote Tacitus."

The Professor continued a good while, reading to me quotes from various Greek and Latin authors, some praising this or that virtue, others flatly condemning the Druidic wickedness. It was not escaping me that those who "were condemning" the Druids were also pagans, so the aberrations of the former were having to be great, capable of making an impression on men familiarized with all the barbarities of their respective Epochs. The linguistic explanation that I had gone to seek from the Professor's erudition was already satisfied. However, that man was bent on instructing me about the Druids, revealing to me how much he knew about them, and I could not be so discourteous as to refuse to listen to him. Even if his talk repeated themes already amply exposed in the letter from Belicena Villca. After all, to verify that others knew part of those truths, could only instill certainty in me, and reassure me about the mental health of the late female Initiate.

"As I already told you," continued the Professor, "no Celtic source documents exist that can be consulted, except the sagas compiled by D'Arbois de Jubainville in the nineteenth century, very rich in traditional elements of the Celts of 'Iwerzhon' or Ireland. In them we verify the great power of the Druids in favoring the successive Celtic invasions (***Fir Bolg*** or Celts of Belgium; ***Fir Domnann*** and ***Fir Gáilióin,*** or Gauls, Scots, and Welsh) to Ireland, inhabited until then by the ***Fomors***, giant beings and the ***Tuatha Dé Danann,*** Divine Hyperboreans. On more than one occasion, the Celts defeated the Fomor giants

whom they exterminated and also ended up expelling the Tuatha Dé Danann in spite of the magical powers of the latter. The Druids were dominating the forces of nature, as if they had the help of Satan himself. They were producing rains, electrical storms, and fogs; they were raging the seas or calming them; they were causing beautiful women or frightful monsters "to appear" by materialization; etc.

At the time of the invasion of the Welsh, their chief, the Druid Amergin, performs the following ritual: putting his right foot on the land to conquer, he recites:[3]

And the Druid Amergin then pronounces the following six questions:

1. Who makes clear the ruggedness of the mountains?
   or Who but myself knows the assemblies of the dolmen-house on the mountain of Slieve Mis?
2. Who but myself knows where the sun shall set?
3. Who foretells the ages of the moon?
4. Who brings the cattle from the House of Tethra and segregates them?
5. On whom do the cattle of Tethra smile?
   or For whom but me will the fish of the laughing ocean be making welcome?
6. Who shapes weapons from hill to hill?

3. *The White Goddess,* Robert Graves, 1961; Ch. 12, pp. 205–22. Includes all small-print text in this chapter.

Invoke, People of the Sea, invoke the poet, that he may compose a spell for you.
For I, the Druid, who set out letters in Ogham,
I, who part combatants,
I will approach the rath of the Sidhe to seek a cunning poet that together we may concoct incantations.
I am a wind of the sea.

"Here, Arturo, is the power of the Magic Verb of these Filí Druids ***(Filí = Bards):*** the forces unleashed with the preceding pantheistic poem allow to win a subsequent battle against the Divine Tuatha Dé Danann, who were possessing flying chariots and death rays but were completely impotent against the black magic of the Druids."

The Professor was vividly explaining with enthusiasm, but I

God [the Druid] speaks and says:	*Glosses*
I am a wind of the sea,	*for depth*
I am a wave of the sea,	*for weight*
I am a sound of the sea,	*for horror*
I am an ox of seven fights, *or* I am a stage of seven tines,	*for strength*
I am a griffon on a cliff, *or* I am a hawk on a cliff,	*for deftness*
I am a tear of the sun,	*a 'dewdrop'—for clearness*
I am fair among flowers,	
I am a [ruthless] boar,	*for valour*
I am a salmon in a pool,	*'the pools of knowledge'*
I am a lake on a plain,	*for extent*
I am a hill of poetry,	*'and knowledge'*
I am a battle-waging spear,	
I am a god who forms fire for a head. *or* I am a god who forms smoke from sacred fire for a head.	*[i.e. 'gives inspiration']* *'to slay therewith'*

had been thinking about the eighth verse of "The Song of Amergin" where it says:

"I am a ruthless boar." I could not help but relate it to the legend of the nefarious jewel, ***"Victory to the Divine Druid Son of the Boar."*** I pointed this out to the Professor.

"I was getting to that, Arturo. The principal symbols of the Druid were two: the boar and the four-leaf clover that they were wearing embroidered on their white tunic. Among the Celts, they were symbolizing, respectively, the power of the Druid and that of the warrior. Some scholars, like René Guénon, intended to equate these two symbols of power with the castes of the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas of India, that is to say, the priests and warriors, considering the profound significance that the boar and the bear have in the Indo-Aryan tradition. But this is an error, since the Druids never formed a

caste (nor were there castes among the Celts) and because the meaning given to the boar (a very ancient Hyperborean symbol) by them, was tinged with a materialism that it does not even remotely possess in the Rig Veda, where it appears as the third of the ten manifestations of Vishnu in the present cycle of life or Manvantara. It is as if the Druids had 'inverted' the meaning of the symbol, giving to the boar, the expression of the ***Primordial Spiritual Power*** proper of the Regal Function, a representation of the ***Actualized Temporal Power*** that is characteristic of the Priestly Function. There is much to talk about the ancient and, until today, secret Mystery of the boar and the bear, but we would move away from our subject; let us better return to the sagas compiled by Jubainville.

"As is known, the Druids imposed on the Celts the Ogham alphabet of twenty signs, fifteen consonants and five vowels, called ***Beith-Luis-Nin,*** because of its ***B-L-N*** first three letters. Well, Dr. Siegnagel: the eminent mythologist Robert Graves sustains that the 'poem' of the Druid Amergin has been distorted in successive profane transcriptions in order to hide its esoteric meaning, but that it was originally related not only to the sacred Beith-Luis-Nin alphabet, but to the Tree Calendar that the Druids were also using. Naturally, so that the Song of Amergin 'coincides' with the sacred alphabet, it is necessary to transpose its verses in this way:

So the text of the first part of Amergin's song may be expanded as follows:

God speaks and says:
I am the stag of seven tines.
Over the flooded world
I am borne by the wind.
I descend in tears like dew, I lie glittering,
I fly aloft like a griffon to my nest on the cliff,
I bloom among the loveliest flowers,
I am both the oak and the lightning that blasts it.
I embolden the spearman,
I teach the councillors their wisdom,
I inspire the poets,
I rove the hills like a ravening boar,
I roar like the winter sea,
I return again like the receding wave.
Who but I can unfold the secrets of the unhewn dolmen?

"In his book *The White Goddess,* Robert Graves expounds a synthesis of the significance of each month of the Druid Tree Calendar. About the month of the Ivy, which corresponds to the letter (G) Gort, he says the following:

'G, the ivy month, is also the month of the boar. Set, the Egyptian Sun-god, disguised as a boar, kills Osiris of the ivy, the lover of the Goddess Isis. Apollo the Greek Sun-god, disguised as a boar, kills Adonis, or Tammuz, the Syrian, the lover of the Goddess Aphrodite. Finn Mac Cool, disguised as a boar, kills Diarmuid, the lover of the Irish Goddess Grainne (Greine). An unknown god disguised as a boar kills Ancaeus the Arcadian King, a devotee of Artemis, in his vineyard at Tegea and,

		God [the Druid] speaks and says:	*Trees of the month*	
Dec. 24–Jan. 20	B	I am a stag of seven tines, *or* an ox of seven fights,	Birch	Beth
Jan. 21–Feb. 17	L	I am a wide flood on a plain,	Rowan	Luis
Feb. 18–Mar. 17	N	I am a wind on the deep waters,	Ash	Nion
Mar. 18–Apr. 14	F	I am a shining tear of the sun,	Alder	Fearn
Apr. 15–May 12	S	I am a hawk on a cliff,	Willow	Saille
May 13–Jun. 9	H	I am fair among flowers,	Hawthorn	Uath
Jun. 10–Jul. 7	D	I am a god who sets the head afire with smoke,	Oak	Duir
Jul. 8–Aug. 4	T	I am a battle-waging spear,	Holly	Tinne
Aug. 5 - Sept. 1	C	I am a salmon in the pool,	Hazel	Coll
Sept. 2–Sept. 29	M	I am a hill of poetry,	Vine	Muin
Sept. 30–Oct. 27	G	I am a ruthless boar,	Ivy	Gort
Oct. 28–Nov. 24	NG	I am a threatening noise of the sea,	Reed	Ngetal
Nov. 25–Dec. 22	R	I am a wave of the sea,	Elder	Ruis
Dec. 23		Who but I knows the secrets of the unhewn dolmen?		

according to the Nestorian *Gannat Busami* ("Garden of Delights"), Cretan Zeus was similarly killed. October was the boar-hunting season, as it was also the revelry season of the ivy-wreathed Bassarids. The boar is the beast of death and the "fall" of the year begins in the month of the boar.'

"The function of the Druid is well summarized in the poem 'Prif Gyfarch,' where Taliesin says ***'I am a Bard, I am a Guide, I am a Judge.'*** A Bard was the Druid dedicated to art and music; A Guide was the Vates, a Druid dedicated to science; A Judge was the Druid-deacht (that is, Druid-sorcerer, magician) skilled for his power to influence the Celtic Kings and impose his law. Notice, Arturo, how strange and contradictory it sounds that the legislator of a people is not a racial member of that people and yet is 'voluntarily'(?) accepted by them. For the Druids were not Celts, despite all the attempts to falsify History that have been made in this regard. Perhaps some light can be shed on this, considering the discovery of the Frisian ***'Oera***

Linda' manuscript. In this document, written in runes, is recounted the ancient history of the Frisian People, which apparently is a remnant of 'Atland,' an Atlantean colony situated in Northern Europe, opposite Great Britain some 5,000 years ago. It is not the legendary Atlantis, mentioned by Plato, which would have existed 12,000 years ago; but like it, Atland also succumbed to a cataclysm."

The Professor opened the hanging folder and after leafing through hundreds of photocopies, among which I recognized "The Dead Sea Scrolls, Facsimile, published by UNESCO," he extracted a folio written in runic language, which was the copy of the *Oera Linda.* With it, was an English translation annotated by Robert Scrutton in 1977, titled *The Other Atlantis.* From this latter text he read, to my curiosity, the following:

"The implications of the *Oera Linda Book* are that some refugees from the stricken and sinking Atland reached the general area of the Low Countries and Denmark, already populated by Atland colonists since around 4000 B.C. at least. They established themselves there and presently made contact with their other kinsfolk who, as sea-rovers and traders, had maintained communication with the Motherland, and the many Atland-colonised corners of the world.

"After a time, the Frisian descendants wrote down accounts of the Motherland, its people, its history, its religion, its law. As generation succeeded generation, some older records were lost, while others were summarised, new chapters of the history of the people added. It became thus the diary of a people renewed and updated as a sacred trust by the family which held it.

"This summarisation and addition continued through one line of the Atland descendants until the year A.D. 1256 and thus, provided the authenticity of the manuscripts be accepted, gives an unbroken testament of one people's history for just under three-thousand, five-hundred years – *a document unparalleled in human history.*

"Nothing was added after the year 1256 when Hiddo Over de Linda of Friesland recopied all the existing material on to the new cotton-based paper which the Arabs had brought to Spain and which was coming into use throughout Europe.

"This final copying was passed to the care of each further generation of the family until 1848 when an old woman, Aafjie Meylhof (*née* Over de Linden), handed it to her nephew, Cor-

nelius Over de Linden. The latter, who became a master shipwright at the Royal Netherlands Dockyards at the Helder, finally decided to allow a copy of the document to be made by Dr. Eelco Verwijs, librarian at the Provincial Library at Leeuwarden, Friesland.

"Suddenly the record – with all its implications – entered the public domain."

The Professor continued reading Robert Scrutton's commentaries, outlining the perquisites suffered by the *Oera Linda* up to the present day. For, although almost no doubts exist about its authenticity—at least up to the year 1256—many are resistant to accept it as a historical document, since the millenary book, by shedding light on mythological episodes of History, makes bitter enemies.

I was listening, fascinated, as the Professor was implacably continuing:

"Well, let's get down to business. In one of the Frisian manuscripts, which recounts the struggle that the men of Frisia (White) sustained with the Magyar invaders (Yellow) 2,000 years BC, is the story of Neef Teunis, a Frisian sailor who, leaving Denmark, sails to the Mediterranean with the idea of entering into the service of the Kings of Egypt:

"***'In the northernmost part of the Mediterranean,'*** says the *Oera Linda,* ***'there lies an island close to the coast. They now came and asked to buy that, on which a general council was held.***

"***'The mother's advice was asked, and she wished to see them at some distance, so she saw no harm in it; but as we afterwards saw what a mistake we had made, we called the island Missellia (Marseilles). Hereafter will be seen what reason we had.***

"***'The Golen, as the missionary priests of Sidon were called, had observed that the land there was thinly peopled, and was far from the mother.***

"I clarify, Arturo, that both in the *Oera Linda,* as well as in numerous traditional Nordic sagas, the term 'Mother' is utilized to call, generically, the Priestesses of the Cult of the Fire.

"***'In order to make a favourable impression, they had themselves called in our language followers of the truth; but they had better have been called abstainers from the truth, or, in short, "Triuwenden," as our seafaring people afterwards called them. When they were well established, their merchants exchanged their beautiful copper weapons and all sorts of jewels for our iron weapons and***

hides of wild beasts, which were abundant in our southern countries; but the Golen celebrated all sorts of vile and monstrous festivals, which the inhabitants of the coast promoted with their wanton women and sweet poisonous wine. If any of our people had so conducted himself that his life was in danger, the Golen afforded him a refuge, and sent him to Phonisia, that is, Palmland [Phoenicia]. ***When he was settled there, they made him write to his family, friends, and connections that the country was so good and the people so happy that no one could form any idea of it. In Britain,'*** Atland penal colony, ***'there were plenty of men, but few women. When the Golen knew this, they carried off girls everywhere and gave them to the Britons for nothing. So all these girls served their purpose to steal children from Wr-alda in order to give them to false gods.'***

"In the *Oera Linda,* God is called Wr-alda. But this Frisian God is alternatively, in the ancient accounts, sometimes the Demiurge Jehovah Satan, sometimes the Incognizable Hyperborean God. The confusion arises, presumably, because of the fall into exotericism that the Frisians, as well as other surviving peoples of the Atlantean catastrophe, suffer with the passing of the centuries.

"On this part of the *Oera Linda,* Robert Scrutton comments:

" '***Triuwenden*** [or ***Druviden***] can be seen as the origin of the name, "Druids," while ***"Golen"*** is another form of "Galli," or the "Gauls of Phoenicia." '

"As you see, friend Arturo, this incredible document sets back, by many centuries, the news about the Druids—who would now be 'those who have no Truth'—making them come from the Middle East, which confirms the presumption that always existed about their non-Celtic origin.

"It now remains to be seen... Are you listening to me Arturo?"

Minutes before, I had been paralyzed, precisely when the Professor was reading the *Oera Linda* and pronounced the word "Golen." The bitter persecutors of the House of Tharsis, whom Belicena Villca was calling "the Golen," were definitively "Druids." That I already knew because it was implicit in the letter; but there the Professor was showing me that it was not constituting any secret, that documents and sufficient information were existing about those accursed Priests. Only my ignorance of History, and of the darkest personages of History, had

caused the sensation of strangeness that I experienced when I read the letter and learned the intrigues and plans of the Golen. More than once I was on the verge, and now I was repenting of it, of doubting Belicena's sanity, of denying the fantastic reality of the Golen.

"Yes, Professor, I hear you." I responded, fearful of offending him.

"It now remains to be seen," he patiently repeated, "whether they were really Phoenicians, because, in that Epoch, Sidon was a port city, tremendously cosmopolitan."

I was understanding the question that the Professor was posing, but for the moment I was not interested in delving in that direction, in light of all the details provided by Belicena on the Hebrew origin of the Golen. On the other hand, a different question was struggling to exit my throat: I had to find out what the Professor knew about the Golen's current situation.

"Professor Ramirez, excuse me if I interrupt you, but are there Druids in this Epoch?" I vehemently asked.

The old professor resignedly sighed.

"You ask me a very concrete question and I will try to answer in an identical form; but understand that it is not easy and I will have to set it against other antecedents so that you can judge, by yourself, the validity of my answer: because although there are Celtic societies and authors dedicated to the study of Druidism, they are only historians or dilettantes and not true Filí. You will have to, then, seek the truth elsewhere.

"For several centuries, Druidism seemed eclipsed, specifically (as you said at the beginning of our chat) since the conversion of the Celtic peoples to Christianity. This conversion is very early, since Saint Patrick converts Ireland to Catholicism between the years 432 and 463. The Celtic peoples of Gaul were, in that Epoch, under the dominion of Germanic dynasties, which were embracing, in all cases, Arian Christianity, a doctrine elaborated by the Libyan bishop Arius in 318 and condemned as heretical at the Council of Nicaea of 325. Father Llorca,[4] in his monumental *Manual de Historia Eclesiástica,* says that, according to Arius:

"***'There is but one God, eternal and incommunicable. The Word, Christ, is not eternal, but created from nothing*** (ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων).

4. Bernardino Llorca, S.J.

Therefore, a true creature, much more excellent than the others; but not consubstantial with the Father (ποίημα τοῦ Πατρός). ***Consequently, he is not God.'***

"This doctrine was making an attempt against the Catholic 'Mystery' of the Trinity, for which reason it was fiercely combated by the Roman Popes.

"Be that as it may, what is certain is that in the conversion of the Arian nobility to Catholicism, the Celtic people succumbed and had to accept the new dogma, as they had previously accepted Arianism, that is to say, by imposition.

"The Visigothic kingdom of Spain became Catholic overnight at the Third Council of Toledo in 589, with the conversion of King Reccared by Saint Leander. But the Frankish King Clovis, who converted in 496, becoming an instrument of the Church for the missionary conquest, had already taken the definitive step for the Catholicization of Celtic Gaul.

"It could be thought that the Druids—of such rude opposition to the Tuatha Dé Danann Hyperborean Gods in Ireland—would have to organize the defense against the new (lunar) faith that was displacing the ancient (solar) Celtiberian cult of the God Belenus (worshiped in Greece also as Apollo) and the Mother Goddess Belisana.

"Well, none of that happened, since the Druids advised the people of the convenience of embracing Christianity and they themselves became Christians. Druid Christians? Wise in the occult laws of material nature; possessors of a secret demonic Science; do you think that they would have converted to Christianity, subjugated by this religion?"

The Professor was intensely gazing at me.

"Just as you put it," I responded, "these conversions remind me of the ***Marranos,*** that is, those Jews who, forced to choose between becoming Catholics or dying, accepted the former, pretending to practice the new faith for years (or centuries if we consider that there are Marrano families who even today live a double life), but preserving the Jewish rite and customs in secret."

"Good, Dr. Siegnagel!" roared the Professor, "I was precisely referring to that; to a feigned conversion like that of the Marrano Jews. If you consider the question that I was asking you before, when reading you the text from the *Oera Linda* that situates the Druids as natives of Sidon, in Phoenicia, you will understand that there are other suspicious similitudes."

The Professor was never ceasing to astonish me with his acuteness, posing things in such a way that, like in the dialogues of the Greek Sophists, the answers were spontaneously sprouting in the interlocutor of the Philosopher.

"Yes," I affirmed, feigning surprise at the conclusions that I was guessing. "The relationship is undeniable, Professor: Jews and Druids were coming from the Middle East!"

I accompanied the comment, eloquently nodding with my head. This gesture stimulated the Professor to continue and, while in one hand he was briskly waving the book "The Mystery of the Templars," he was saying in a convincing tone:

"The great Celtist Louis Charpentier, author of this book and staunch defender of the Golen and the Templars, confirms it with substantiated research: the Druids took refuge in the Catholic Church. The opportunity is provided by Saint Benedict, a personage of great wisdom and holiness who, by founding the Benedictine Order with a rule (Ora et Labora) that exalts work and prayer, impulses the latter to the salvage of Greek and Roman Culture, threatened with death by the decadence of the Roman Empire, barbarism, and the incredible ignorance of the Popes.

"The point of contact is produced with Saint Columbanus, a File[5] from Ireland entirely dedicated to converting the Celtic peoples to the Catholic religion. Louis Charpentier cannot hide his admiration for the Druidic infiltration, when he says:

"...Saint Benedict had died in 547, seven years after the birth of Saint Columbanus. To Christendom, Saint Benedict kept a classical treasure; to the same Christendom, Saint Columbanus was going to deliver the Celtic treasure.

"Saint Columbanus was a Christian from Ireland. Ireland had come to Christianity very early, and, in all likelihood, had it not been for the more or less brutal impositions of the Roman emperors, and then of the barbarians who were Christian by name, it would have been the same in all the countries of Druidic Celticism. One can well say that the Christians of Rome and the Christians of Clovis have disgusted Gaul with Christianity.

"Ireland knew neither Rome nor the barbarians, and this explains its smooth acceptance of Christianity.

"We do not know much more about the Druids, but their ease in accepting a certain form of Christianity seems to place them, spiri-

5. Singular of Filí.

tually, very close to it. Nothing offended them in the new revelation, which they were waiting for with the change of era: neither the divine unity, nor the uncreated God encompassing the Universe in all its forms, nor the Divinity in three persons, nor the incarnated God, nor the divine man put onto a cross, nor the resurrection, nor the immortality of the soul which they already taught.

"Was it not Saint Benno who, in his last hour, cried out, 'I see the Trinity, and Peter and Paul, and the Druids, and the saints...'

"The Celtic whole, behind its Druids, rushed toward Christianity." [...] ***"Ireland, which had escaped the Roman conquest, then the barbarian conquests, remained Christian but, if one can say so, 'druidically.'"***

Undoubtedly, Professor Ramirez knew how to support his arguments with the most appropriate texts, I thought with admiration.

"Around these events," the Professor was continuing, "is situated (seventh century) the 'disappearance' of the Druids in their traditional aspect, but sporadic reappearances occur throughout history, especially during the Crusades (eleventh to twelfth centuries), in the trials of the Templars (fourteenth century), in the Renaissance (fifteenth and sixteenth centuries), in the affirmation of the so-called currents of the Enlightenment, Freethought, Encyclopedism, and Masonry, (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries).

"As you can see, they always appear linked to the crisis or revolution, but watch out Arturo, only in relation to the Celtic Race. It seems that the presence of the Druid has a single aim: ***to be the guide of the Celts,*** as Taliesin was singing. Today Celtic means little, but remember that a large part of France and Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Ireland, Scotland, part of Spain and 50% of White America, are Celtic."

At this point in the conversation (or monologue I should say, since the Professor, with his precision, was not giving room for interruptions), I was profoundly impressed. Professor Ramirez knew much more about the subject than I had imagined at the beginning of the conversation. I decided to continue with the game and feign further astonishment. To act with conviction, I would try to bring the dialogue to a concrete level.

"I can perfectly understand the Great World Jewish Conspiracy, Professor, given that the declared objective of Rabbis or simple Hebrews, of all times, is the Domination of the World and the subjugation of Humanity to the Chosen People

of Jehovah. *'Celestial Israel,'* says the Talmud, *'has as its destiny of glory to reign over the Gentile peoples.'*

"But what objective do the Druids pursue, perpetuating themselves throughout the centuries to secretly direct the Celts, by means of their accursed Science? Not an imperialistic objective, since the Celts never had an Empire, but they were establishing confederations of tribes or peoples whose decadence began with the 'Campaign of the Gauls' carried out by Julius Caesar. Nor an objective that implied some type of spiritual benefit for the Celts, for, I no longer doubt it, the Filí are impulsed by some perverse end. Why do they do it, my God, why?"

I tried to pose the question to Professor Ramirez as best I could. He remained pensive a long minute and then, with a gesture of discouragement, responded:

"I don't know, Dr. Siegnagel," he was alternately calling me Arturo or Dr. Siegnagel. "I can only conjecture something. But bear in mind this is just a conjecture! In no way would I be able to prove it. I will tell you what I think, but I would never repeat it outside of this office and this moment."

I held my breath for fear that the Professor would keep quiet.

"It is well known that the Jewish financial power began to develop at the end of the Middle Ages, when the goldsmiths in precious metals (almost always Jews), seeing themselves in the obligation to construct security chambers to keep the gold and silver of the feudal Seigniors and Nobles, begin to make loans at interest, using these foreign deposits as collateral. The first step was to issue a document, recognized by all, as a 'payment element,' true paper money that was making it possible to trade without the need to make payments in metal. Of course, this 'discovery' was rapidly adopted and utilized at will by large merchants and moneylenders, in the style of the 'Merchant of Venice' that Shakespeare so brilliantly portrayed. But the secret of their enrichment was undoubtedly in ***usury,*** the true origin of 'Banking.'

"In the seventeenth century there are already enough Jewish banks in the world to ensure them a good portion of power; the eighteenth century, to give an example, sees the ascension of the 'House of Rothschild,' Jewish family, owner of the Bank of the same name, of disastrous performance until the twentieth century.

"All this is well-known history, but what I mean is that obtaining control of the financial means inevitably leads to a struggle for the control of the State. And at the end of the Middle Ages, when this history begins, ***the State is the Catholic Church,*** which is why, between the fifteenth and twentieth centuries, the struggle for power was going to pit, on many occasions, the Catholic Church against the Great Jewish Kahal.

"These clashes, sometimes fierce, should have ended with one of the sides, had not something like an invisible hand always intervened in the course of the centuries to reconcile both opponents. Study, Arturo, History and you will clearly see what I tell you; when conflict arises on one side, whether the Church or the Catholic Monarchs or the Inquisition, etc. initiates it against the Jewish Power, or on the other side, whether the Hebrew Conspiracy launches 'the Revolution,' 'Masonry,' 'Marxism,' etc., against the Christian Power, there appears a moderating element, softening the conflict; avoiding the imminent struggle; diluting the tensions. This element, the unconscious executing arm, is the Celt, but behind the Celt is the true instigator: the Golen, the Filí, the Druid, with his incredible power!

"I know you'll think that I'm not in my right mind, Arturo; and I can't prove this fantastic conjecture that I barely dared to formulate!"

The Professor was looking at me, troubled. It was evident that he was fearing to have gone too far and that is why his eyes were trying to pierce my brain. And yet, in spite of his precautions, his hypotheses were falling short in face of the magnitude of the Golen plans indicated by Belicena Villca in her letter: it was true, just as the Professor understood it, that the Golen "were mediating" between the Church and the Synagogue; but it was no less true that They were pursuing a more ambitious objective: the Universal Synarchy and the World Government of the Chosen People. I could not help but smile upon contemplating the Scholar's worried face. That reassured him.

"Through a profound historical analysis," he continued without ceasing to observe me, "many have supposed that a secret link connects the different Vertices of Power in the World and the existence of a super-secret sect that could be Masonry, B'nai B'rith (Jewish Masonry), the Trilateral Commission, etc., or any other organization of that type, to which

all men who hold Power would belong, has been affirmed. This hypothesis is too gigantic for me; instead, what I can assure, basing myself on many years of historical investigation, is that between two great Colossuses, the Catholic Church and the Synagogue, an impious occult connection exists to carry out the unconfessable aim of the World Power. And this impious connection is given through the Druids! Here is part of the truth!" the Professor almost shouted, pointing to the drawing of the jewel. "But what is this paper? Nothing, no proof, only a meaningless drawing found by a pupil, but which contains the secret of some forces that move the World."

"I think I notice, from your very significant arguments, that you have affirmatively answered my question," I said, changing the conversation and willing to reveal nothing about the crime of Belicena Villca. "Should I, then, infer that the Druids would exist today?"

"My good Dr. Siegnagel, that question is perhaps destined to be answered by yourself. I have given you enough information and it only remains to assure you that historical investigation, unless another *Oera Linda* appears or the Vatican's Private Library is opened, will yield nothing new about the Druids," he categorically affirmed.

"Why?" I asked, this time with real surprise.

"For a very simple, but inexplicable reason, ***Dr. Sieg-na-gel,***" the Professor said with slowness, almost spelling my German surname. "Because between 1939 and 1945 specialist battalions of the Waffen-ϟϟ, the German elite corps, emptied Europe of the few documents there were on the Druids.

"Why would the ϟϟ want that information?" I distrustfully asked, for I was not liking the direction that the conversation was taking.

"That was never known with certainty. During those years it was believed that the documentation was taken to the most important ϟϟ training center, Wewelsburg Castle in Westphalia, where there was a Library specialized in Religion and Occultism of more than 50,000 volumes. But at the end of the war, part of this valuable material and the "Restricted Circle" of the ϟϟ (some 250 super-trained and super-secret men) evaporated as if by magic.

"You know," the Professor was saying to me with a complicit gaze, "all those stories about hidden refuges, the ODESSA group,... bah, tall tales."

"Yes," I nodded and looked at my watch. It was 20:30. I calculated that we were together five hours and felt shame for abusing the Professor's precious time in that way.

"There is no reason to be sorry, Arturo," the Professor was saying to my excuses, "it has been a pleasant conversation, in which I have recalled with you something of what, in other times, had also concerned me."

On that Summer day, only the night watchman and the cleaning staff were left in the Department. I left in the company of Professor Ramirez and accompanied him to one of the Teaching Houses that he inhabits, within the same University City. And I never saw him again... May the Incognizable guide his Spirit toward the Origin, or may Wothan lead him to Valhalla, or may Frya show him the Naked Truth of Himself, may his heart be cooled forever, may he conquer the Vril and possess the Wisdom that he sought so much during his life! And, above all: may he manage to flee from the vengeance of Bera and Birsha...

Chapter IV

I made the return to my apartment immersed in somber reflections, struggling to prevent discouragement from overcoming me. After the initial enthusiasm, the weight of the reality was heavily bearing down on my spirit and I was posing to myself an unavoidable question: how could I, relying only on my own strength, comply with Belicena Villca's request? It is true that I was feeling myself the owner of an unbreakable will, that I would not give up just like that, in my determination to reach the end, that I would put ***all*** my ***strength,*** without reserve, at the disposal of the Cause of the House of Tharsis; but it was also true, and I was humbly recognizing it, that I was not endowed with the virtues of Ulysses. No, I was definitively not the Hero Perseus who, according to Belicena, descended to Hell itself to conquest Wisdom: but not only was I not resembling those mythological Heroes, I was not even remotely approaching any of the Seigniors of Tharsis. They really knew how to resolve all kinds of situations. They had faced, for millennia, an infernal conspiracy, inconceivable to an ordinary human mind, they withstood several attempts of extermination, and they came out victorious from all the trials, they dodged all the dangers, they triumphed over all the enemies. And they succeeded because, in the words of Belicena, their hearts were harder than the Diamond Stone and they were possessing the certainty of the Eternal Spirit; and because they were experiencing an ***essential hostility*** toward the "Potencies of Matter," which was enabling them to exhibit an indescribable strength in the face of any enemy. They had maintained themselves "on the fringes of History," trying to preserve the inheritance of the Hyperborean Wisdom from the White Atlanteans. They were Initiates who were acting conscious of their spiritual responsibility. They were complying with the "Strategy" of their Gods and the Gods were turning to and guiding them.

I, on the other hand, was incomparably weaker. I was not so clearly distinguishing between the Soul and the Spirit as they, although the reading of the letter came to me as a revelation of the "spiritual Ego," as the undeniable intuition of the truth of the Spirit enchained in matter; but for now it was only a spiritual intuition. Neither did I receive an esoteric tradition, an

inherited wisdom, and much less had I the possibility of being Initiated into the true Mystery of the Spirit: I sought, yes, the truth for many years, as I will narrate later, and I even arrived to discover for myself the reality of the Universal Synarchy, but it never occurred to me to fight against such satanic forces, ***nor did I ever imagine that to do so was necessary, indispensable, inevitable, a question of Honor***. On the contrary, as the well-known tango expresses, ***"I surrendered without fighting"***:[6] I let sentimentalism soften my heart, I let the decadent customs of the century impregnate me, I tolerated and lived with the most abominable realities, the same ones into which Western Culture is slowly sinking, without reacting. And I never reacted because I was lacking moral reflexes, I was as if asleep, perhaps because deep down, as now, I was afraid of fighting and reacting, of confronting forces too powerful. Oh, God! They had converted me into a useful idiot, into a stupid pacifist!

But now things would change: if I had to destroy, I would destroy; if I had to kill, I would kill; I would do anything before compromising with the Enemy of the Spirit, described by Belicena Villca. I was just needing help, some type of spiritual help. In summary, I was decided on reaching the end, to wager, as I said, all my strength for the Cause of the House of Tharsis, but I was also a realist, aware of my limitations, and I knew that without help I would not be able to get anywhere. But to whom could I turn for such an assistance? That, for the moment, I could not decide, but is what I would occupy myself with thinking about over the next few hours.

I kept the car in the garage of the Tower in which I was living since a few years ago and climbed up a detestable spiral staircase of reinforced concrete to the elevator lobby. A few minutes later, I was comfortably dressed in my pajamas, ready to meditate on that which was preoccupying me.

"Three rooms is too big for a single man," my parents repeated to me ad nauseam when I acquired it, but now the Apartment was not seeming so, due to the disorderly accumulation of archaeological objects, various publications, and books. In reality, for those books I allocated a small room, which I equipped with shelves on all four walls; but soon the capacity of this library was filled to capacity and the new books were invading the other rooms like unwanted guests.

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6. From the Argentine tango *Cafetín de Buenos Aires,* with lyrics by Enrique Santos Discépolo and music by Mariano Mores.

The only place more or less arranged with a certain order, was the spacious hall with a set of armchairs, a coffee table, and a reading lamp. Next to my favorite armchair, the window was allowing me to see the slope of a small hill, at the foot of which, imposing and majestic, stands the equestrian statue of General Martín Miguel de Güemes. There I sat down, gripped by a very special sentiment, as will be seen over the course of the story, and there I remained for several hours, until the phenomena took place.

But let us not get ahead of ourselves; it was midnight and I, picking back up the thread of previous thoughts, was obsessively asking myself: I must ask for help, but from whom?

As always occurs when man is faced with situations that overtake him and he cries out for ***exterior help,*** a moral problem is inevitably posed; it is the age-old confrontation between good and evil. In these cases, the fundamental principle that must prevail in the judgment on "friendship" or "enmity" of the Potencies to which we direct ourselves, is ***discernment***.

When the "law" is precise, in events that must be faced juridically for example, discernment is automatic, rational we would say. In the complex legislative web, thousands of laws, qualitatively and hierarchically intertwined, regulate the conduct of man in civilized society. Juridical type "figures" exist who allow to orient the judgment and precisely determine if what a man does is good or bad: it is good if it does not juridically produce demonstrable contradictions, it is bad if it breaks the law.

This is in regard to the conduct of man collectively adjusted to the "law." In the individual sphere, the subject, generally ignorant of the great variety of laws that regulate the Law, conducts himself according to his "moral conscience." This concept alludes to that the fact of being a member of a human society, as much by the cultural transference of generations of ancestors as by education or simply the imitation of one's neighbor, capacitates man in the exercise of a kind of moral conditioned reflex that acts, in the end, as an intuition (moral conscience or "voice of conscience.") But it would not be a true intuition, but the appearance of one, and what would happen would be that a stratum of moral experiences, assimilated by the mentioned means or by any other and reduced to the unconscious level, would automatically act, guiding reason in the

discernment of the established oppositions and determining the logic of judgment.

It is understood that the more "automatically" this psychological mechanism is triggered, the more the will to discern is weakened. The taste or the comfort of living in populated environments or cities, speaks about the predominance of these unconscious processes and explains the panicked fear of facing original situations or circumstances where discernment may fail. Hence the fallacy of believing that the city "habitat," the cultural environment par excellence, makes man more "equilibrated," when the truth is that the individual of rural means usually possesses a more accurate moral discernment, not rational, but emanated from the profundities of the Spirit.

The serene judgment of men whom we usually take for ignorant, could come to surprise us. Without the crust of infinite decadent customs crystallized in all the places of the mind, these simple people also experience states of transcendent consciousness, without making too much fuss and, what is good, without making "parapsychological classifications."

For the purpose of comparing both behaviors, let us suppose that they have been made (the citizen and the rural man) to choose between God and the Demon, the latter being the imitation of the former. In all probability, the rationalistic inclination of the citizen, would incapacitate him to discern between essence and Divine appearance. Perhaps neither can the simple mind of the peasant make this distinction; but, by this very simplicity or purity, he will be able to "sense" the presence of God, to have the "certainty" of distinguishing between the truth and the lie.

It may seem very unlikely that anyone be faced with such a dilemma, ***but for me that was the question*** when considering the necessity of receiving "exterior help." For this help would be, above all things, "spiritual help," and that aid could only come from ***"beyond,"*** from a World transcendent to matter and man. And here is where I had stopped perplexed in the past: ***what*** God rules that "other world," ***which*** is the true Religion of the Spirit, and ***who are*** its representatives on Earth? ***Where is*** the Door to God, to the World of God, to the Fatherland of the Spirit?

For many years I searched for the truth of these questions, but never like now was I before an extreme situation in which the necessity of ***discerning*** became incompatible with ordinary

life. For, I was sure, I could no longer advance in my life without finding an answer; I was 36 years old, but I was seeking answers for at least 15. In that search I had transited a sinuous road that did not disdain the intellectual summits of Philosophy and Science, nor the irrational abysses of Religions and Sects.

I was remembering that at the beginning I had been proud of having a "Western" background. Prepared in an environment of crude rationalistic scientism, there were times in which I blindly came to trust that the methodologies of empirical research were the only way to obtain a certain knowledge of the Universe. But years passed, anxieties appeared that could not be reduced by any "methodology" and then I considered the possibility of exploring other routes of knowledge.

I traveled through a thousand philosophical and religious trends in that search; I read hundreds of books and practiced many rites of different Cults. But the same thing was always occurring; while the theories and dogmas, expressed in every imaginable form, were at least worthy of respect, the same could not be said of the organizations that were sustaining such ideas. Unless one was blinded by a fanatical faith, one was ending up discovering "behind" the Orders or Sects—or simply of the "Leaders"—, the subaltern[7] and unconfessable aim; the inadmissible and intolerable link.

These hidden aims, I was discovering with indignation, were obeying three operating modes of the synarchic forces: ***a "military" mode, a "political" mode, and a "religious" mode,*** without this classification implying any order of importance or appearance. The "Synarchic Secret Societies," I will use this generic name, could behave according to one, two, or all three of the mentioned modes, and firmly tend to the fulfillment of their secret aims. Ultimately, I began to suspect, they were all uniting in a common objective: to obtain the domination of the Planet, to favor the seizing of world Power by a hierarchical group of men. Naturally, I was unaware at the time, until reading Belicena Villca's letter, that the recipients of the universal effort of the Synarchy were the members of the Chosen People. But, here is what I was verifying: the Intelligence Services of any variety and country, the ***"military" mode*** of the synarchic Secret Societies, occupy themselves with infiltrating all possi-

7. secondary

ble organizations, religious sects or Churches included, even though they do not directly control them, as, for example, it occurs with the Church of Latter-day Saints *(Mormons),* which is skillfully managed by the CIA. International Marxism, Trotskyism, Zionism, etc., the ***"political" modes*** of the Secret Societies, are behind hundreds of innocent organizations that serve as a front for them. And within the ***"religious" modes*** are thousands of groups or splinter groups controlled by the Synagogue, the Protestant Churches, Islam, Buddhism, and even the Catholic Church. And always the ultimate goal is to form a spectrum as broad as possible to encompass all ideological variants and to capture all dissidents from the Great International Lines. ***"No one must be left outside of the Synarchy's control"*** seems to be the slogan that guides them.

The discovery of this black reality, underlying false promises of elevation and spiritual progress, led me to that state of "absence of ideal" that I defined in another part of the story. From then on I continued living more or less normally and even interested myself in Anthropology, but the reaction to the deceitful past experiences induced me to systematically distrust the "good faith" of ***socially organized institutions.*** I came to feel spontaneous repugnance when making contact, for the first time, with some association, the declared aim of which—I was immediately guessing—was veiledly betrayed in favor of its international hidden tendencies.

I was definitely not trusting in any earthly organization as an intermediary between a Higher Spiritual Order and the Material World.

Considering what has been said, the ***dilemma*** that I was facing at that moment will be better understood: to fulfill Belicena Villca's request, I would have to confront a Secret Society of Druids, men who were possessing terrible powers as the letter and Professor Ramirez's statements were indicating, and I would even run the risk of attracting the attention of the Immortals Bera and Birsha, who would liquidate me in the blink of an eye. This was not a game! I had to, at that time, seek help against Them; and that succor could only be spiritual, provided by beings who shared the objective of the mission, that is to say, by supporters of the Hyperborean Wisdom. But, where were such beings?

In truth, I was seriously believing that to undertake the mission with a possibility of success, something concrete was

needed, that it was not a question of sitting around praying or wearing oneself out in metaphysical speculations. But, I was repeating to myself, to what organizations could I turn to in seek of help? Masonry, Theosophy, Anthroposophy, Martinism, the Rosicrucians, the Gnostics, and other even more occult Secret Societies, but of the same synarchic ilk, are in essential opposition to the Hyperborean Wisdom, I was now seeing it quite clearly. And so, no matter how much I was thinking and going through the list of all the known organizations, I was always concluding that they were at least suspicious of belonging to the White Brotherhood, the occult super-organization enemy of the House of Tharsis. Oh dilemma! A Secret Society of Hyperborean Initiates was existing in Argentina, an Order of Wise Constructors, as Belicena revealed in her letter, but no one knew where they were or how to reach Them; I would try to find them, but I was fully aware that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of agents of the Synarchy would be waiting for someone to approach to mercilessly execute them. I was doubting whether I would be able to undertake this search alone and that is why I examined the possibility of turning to some "friend" organization of the Hyperborean Wisdom to request help. However, I repeat, no matter how much I was thinking, I was not coming up with the solution: ***is it that the Hyperborean Wisdom was not having supporters in this World?*** The answer was seeming to be "no"; at least it was not having socially organized followers; or I was unaware of the existence of any such organization.

Chapter V

My only ally,—I was thinking at the beginning of my reflection—is discernment. It will indicate to me where to go, in whom to trust. If there is some related philosophical or religious line, it will allow me to discover it; it will tell me if it is "good or bad" and how to turn to it.

But the analysis effectuated after profound meditation, was yielding a chilling conclusion: as it was eliminating possibilities, all the organizations were left on one side (enemy) and on the other, ***no one.***

As much as I was attempting to Manichaeanly polarize the myriad of Religions, Sects, Associations, Secret Societies, Organizations, Groups, Orders, Leagues, Brotherhoods and Fraternities, I was unable to discern even one that displayed a ray of Uncreated Light, a glimmer of the Primordial Truth of the Spirit. However, if all that Belicena Villca was affirming about the Origin of the Uncreated Spirit was true, if the Spirit could only experience hostility toward this World, toward the Judaic Culture that today predominates in this World, the result of my reflections would not be strange. On the contrary, it would be rather logical that the White Brotherhood, being on the verge of realizing the Universal Synarchy as in the thirteenth century, that only ***one*** organization of Initiates in the Hyperborean Wisdom existed. Yes: in the same way that in the thirteenth century the ***Circulus Domini Canis*** opposed the plans of the White Brotherhood, perhaps now only existed the ***Order of Wise Constructors of the Lord of Absolute Orientation.***

"Then," I was desolately saying to myself, feeling that an anguish, very similar to terror, was rising from my stomach to my throat, "then I must not wait for any concrete help to accomplish my mission. I am left to my own strength!" I was struggling to accept this.

The mission proposed by Belicena was clearly a task that was requiring the performance of a superior man, someone gifted with much more than what I was having at that moment. If I was certain of anything, however, it was that spiritual help would be indispensable to fulfill the mission. But the help, according to my recent conclusions, I should not expect from human organizations: ***I could not have intermediaries between the spiritual and Myself.*** It was evident, then, that spiritu-

al help would have to be directly manifested in my interior; that God, or the "Liberating Gods," or my own Spirit, Eternal, Uncreated, Infinite, if they were responding to my request for aid, would have to do so in the depths of my psychic intimacy.

For some time I was feeling a kind of shortness of breath, a tightness in my chest to which I was not giving much importance, since I was attributing it to the torrid February. This presumption soon dissipated, because Salta's nights are usually quite cool, even in summer, and this was no exception. I immediately noticed it when I opened the window: I saw the park tenuously illuminated by the 4 o'clock twilight, while a cold breeze forced me to close the shutter. Standing by the window, strangely suffocated by an unknown anguish, I torpidly thought that in a few more minutes it would be dawn.

A sensation of ***cosmic solitude*** had overcome me little by little, without noticing it, and at last it managed to penetrate to the depth of my Soul. For an instant I thought that the previous analysis had solipsistically isolated me from the World; or, in other words, that the Manichean polarization to which I subjected human organizations, had unconsciously continued jumping from categories to a confrontation: Myself and the World. This could be due to my instinctive rejection of the material. But it was not so because upon thinking of my friends, my family, the beings that I admire, I immediately intuited the spiritual potency in them. And the well-known sensation of joy that the spiritual inspires in me, made my body vibrate. Yes, I was able to intuit the Spirit in some beings and therefore I was not really alone. The harrowing solitude that I was now feeling—I quickly thought—was not the product of a pathological deviation like that which the egoistic solipsists usually suffer from in their melancholies. This was a totally different sensation. Lacerating and painfully acute, it could be translated into one word: ***abandonment***.

I was feeling alone and cosmically abandoned, but in that sensation of abandonment, compenetrated, there was a second sensation, more subtle but less painful: it was like a muted reproach that was vibrating in the depth of my Soul, but at an unimaginable profundity. It was the reproach of a God that was transmitting Himself through a dimensionless space and that was seeming to weep for a loss; a metaphysical amputation of His Substance that was suffered as only He is capable of suffering.

And that loss that God was reproaching, was Myself...

I who was betraying Him, who was committing a condemned and abominable heresy. I was feeling alone and cosmically abandoned, I repeat, but to such an intense degree that for an instant I thought I was dead.

It must be understood that all this very rapidly occurred, perhaps in a few minutes or seconds. And the most probable thing is that I really would have died—I realized this much later—from having let myself be totally won over by that strange animic state.

If it did not occur this way, it was because remotely, on the boundaries of the consciousness that was rapidly abandoning me, I had a certain intuition: that emotion that was killing me was external to my own being!

It was not I who was lamenting and emotively moaning with such a force that it was filling everything; that was crossing my multiple spheres of perception and diffusing itself through the surrounding reality; that was dissolving my consciousness by losing the differentiation between subject and object.

The curious thing was that when becoming conscious of this intuition, everything was all of a sudden cut off, in a silent and brilliant burst in which I believed to fleetingly distinguish a white circle that was surrounding me.

That is to say, not everything was cut off, because now the sensation had ***totally*** moved ***outside of me,*** to the concrete World.

I soon felt myself lucid and alert, while all around me, the furniture, the floor, the walls of the Apartment, everything was seeming to radiate a frightful and threatening evilness. It was something tenebrous that was being epidermically induced, ***that was being perceived with the whole body, with every organ, with every atom.*** The same previous state, but inverted and exacerbated: the profound ***cosmic solitude*** was now, pure Presence; the abandonment: a muted call, but of an irresistible violence; the reproach of God, which was seeming so Divine when springing from the depths of the Soul, had converted into a bestial roar, obscene and offensive.

It is not possible to express with words what I experienced then; I can only give a pale idea if I say that that Primordial Force was vaguely similar to the breath of an enormous and malevolent beast.

A fetid and offensive breath that was emerging from all things, which were, in their turn, the viscera, the organs, of that bristly and dangerous Dragon. A breath that was imposing its life-filled Presence; but this Life was to the Spirit, what noise is to music: a vile imitation and miserable copy. A voluptuous breath that was inhaling and exhaling in a crude and animal cadence.

In the silence and calm of the night, this Presence was enhancing itself, vitiating the air with menace; as if, invisible and powerful, a mortal Enemy stalked me, ready to throw himself upon me; to claim my life and more than my life...

I had the impression of having fallen into a foggy precipice from which I was rescued before reaching the bottom. I was now standing on the edge of the Abyss, miraculously safe, but victim to that apprehension that only one who survives disaster experiences. That is why I remained immobile and did not flee from that atmosphere charged with an indescribable evilness, which was seeming to be aggressively directed toward me.

And that immobility, serene and reflective, was seeming to excite the dramatic tension more, elevating it to unbearable levels.

I comprehended at that moment that "what was radiating Matter," whatever you want to call this, was losing its capacity to act on me, because, in the midst of the unbearable tension, it was being perceived as an impotence to consummate the aggression. Upon arriving at this point, it was seeming that everything was going to explode, to fly in pieces through the air...

And it did.

Chapter VI

would lie if I said that I was not expecting something paranormal.

My eyes were fixed on the objects of the room, expecting to see them jump on me at any moment.

I was waiting for it and in truth I was expecting that anything abnormal occurred, except what actually happened: everything began to move and change position; to fall and jump onto the floor.

Shelves and furniture, everything was incessantly falling and jumping, while I, absorbed, thought I was living a nightmare.

It took me a few precious seconds to realize that I was witnessing a seismic movement, and when I finally decided to make my escape, the tremor was almost over.

Chance? Synchrony? The reader may think what he wants, but he cannot help but consider the fact that the earthquake of January 21, 1980, the only building that was irreversibly damaged was the one that I was inhabiting and that had to be evacuated, as I was able to verify reading the newspapers of those days.

There were no victims, but the building was inexplicably damaged in its structure, so the municipal authorities undertook, without results, an investigation of the architectural firm that constructed it. As there was no insurance, the losses were total for the owners of the Consortium, among those was including me.

Of my belongings, I could save little because, what was strong enough to survive the earthquake, succumbed to the collapse of my ceilings. Among them my car, which, although it could be repaired from the multiple dents, would not be able to leave the garage for several days due to the entrance ramp being obstructed.

I had been ruined overnight like ***Job***. But without his famous patience.

I will not deny that, at first, desperation got the better of me; anyone will find it comprehensible situating themselves in my place. After the sinister narrated experience, with the weight of a long sleepless night and the burden of the previous day when I visited Professor Ramirez, I had to be more than strong

enough not to give up and go to pieces. But as a few days passed, my Spirit was recovering its usual composure, and things began to resolve themselves. I rented an Apartment in a nearby neighborhood and furnished it with the help of my sister and some friends. The things that were broken and indispensable to replace, I acquired them using my scarce savings.

I was making all these arrangements impulsed by my loved ones, who in their solidarity were concerning themselves with my abstracted and indifferent state of mind. They were thinking—unaware of the strange circumstances in which the earthquake occurred—that the disaster had plunged me into a volitive shock.

Their reasoning was not mistaken because, although I was never too attached to material goods, the loss of four years of work and sacrifices was too painful an ordeal, which on another occasion would have affected me a quite a lot. At that moment, the truth was different: my mind, from the instant that I recovered my serenity, was not ceasing to analyze the lived-through moments. Being absorbed by the memory of that infernal night, it is understood that I appeared to the sight of others as absent and dejected.

Far from being so, I was growing in my interior a voiceless rage, a blind fury that, without clouding me, was rather seeming that it was nourishing me with vital strength and valor. I would not back down! Now, more than ever!

A week after the earthquake occurred, I was prepared and ready to leave for my trip. The delay was not substantially affecting my previous plans and so, with a healthy youthful impatience, I was wanting to be off as soon as possible.

It was Monday again; I was planning to pass through Cerrillos to say goodbye to my parents and, if I was hurrying to leave, I would arrive in time to have breakfast with them.

I loaded a bag and briefcase into the battered Ford, in the end rescued from the rubble, and set off on my adventure.

Chapter VII

o say that I was not the same man seven days ago would be incorrect because, ***essentially,*** nothing had changed in my interior. However, I was not feeling the same and ***I knew*** that I would never go back to being who I was before. "Like Dante, I went down to Hell and returned," I was thinking. To live from now on with the memory of the Abyss, logically, ***has to be different.***

But it was not just a sinister memory. I was seeking spiritual help and I had received it. It is true that the aid arrived at the same time as the attack from the Potencies of Matter, simultaneously with the earthquake. But that was not detracting from the fact, but was giving it a particular significance, ***a meaning that for the moment I was not comprehending,*** but that later, during the trip to Santa María, would absorb all my attention. What occurred, in reality? Well, I ***had had a Vision: the most marvelous Vision of my existence, which was, at the same time, the sought-after help.***

I will chronologically synthesize it. Apparently, the process really began when I had that intuition of not being Me who ***was suffering*** and ***agonizing,*** who was suffering the ***pain*** of the extinction of life. Then, I said, ***"everything moved outside."*** In truth, in that instant it was clear to me that ***pain*** and ***suffering,*** the agony of life and life itself, ***were alien things,*** of a non-spiritual nature. That is to say, at that instant, ***I had clearly distinguished between the Spirit and the Soul, between my spiritual Ego and my animal nature.*** I had comprehended that the Spirit ***knows neither pain nor fear, but that it is pure Joy and Valor, pure resolute Honor, pure volitive Force.*** And then "to live" or "to die" meant nothing to me because I was already beyond life and death, perhaps beyond, too, good and evil. It was there when the Soul, and the God of the Soul, lost the capacity to act upon my Ego and ***dissolved as an Ancient Illusion, was cut off as a Primordial Enchantment: suddenly everything animic and vital, which was likewise everything evil, moved "outside" of my Ego, to my animal body and to the World where the animal body inhabits.*** For the first time ***I felt Me, only Me; Me, surrounded by the Potencies of Matter; Me, besieged by the Creator God of the Universe.*** And then, undoubtedly as a consequence of having sustained a battle against the Soul, and having been victorious, ***the Vision***

was produced and I received the sought-after help. And the telluric phenomena happened.

I will not enter into details, which would contribute little to the comprehension of my mystical experience, and would only manage to degrade it. In summary: ***the vision was corresponding to a Goddess.*** The Apparition came about during an infinitesimal instant, I could not say if it was inside or outside my psychic structure, but the effect was that She ***raptured*** my Spirit. Yes, to communicate what took place I can do nothing else but conjugate the words ***rapture*** and ***ecstatize*** as verbs and affirm that She ***raptured*** my Spirit, ***ecstatized*** my Ego and took it ***out of the Soul and the World.*** She ***raptured*** me for a second from the body, and from the Earth, and showed Herself before my spiritual Ego in all the magnificence of Her Uncreated Beauty. Because that spiritual rapture was revealing to me the one whom Belicena Villca mentioned so many times in her letter, the Virgin of Agartha, the Charismatic Advocate of the enchained Spirit. And then I comprehended, in the midst of the mystical rapture, that the Raptor[8] of the Spirit imprisoned in Matter was the ***necessary*** Grace, ***after*** the Ego of the sleeping man has fought against the Soul and has won: ***only by Her intervention, by the action of Her Grace, will the sleeping man manage to maintain that Victory against the Potencies of Matter; only She will give aid to the Ego, charismatically, with the contribution of an extra volitive force that will enable It to sustain Itself independent of the Created Soul.***

It was an instant without beginning or end, because it will always be present in the intimacy of my Spirit, an absolute moment in which, without a doubt, I peeked into Eternity. She kidnapped me and held me that instant in the Uncreated Sphere of Her Own Existence, and infused me with the extra volitive force that my Spirit was needing to undertake the mission of Belicena Villca. How strong and invincible I felt then! And, above all things, I realized how free, absolutely free, the Uncreated Spirit was in its essence, ***without Created limits for its Eternal Existence,*** that is to say, Infinite! I felt ***Me,*** Uncreated, Eternal, Infinite, Free, full of Wisdom; I felt ***Me,*** and I noticed that outside of me had remained the psychic and the animic, the consciousness of the warm life, and the content of the warm life, the external and internal Illusion that were causing

8. kidnapper, taker

the spiritual stupor; I suddenly knew, I experienced its evident discovery, which was the ***"Great Deception,"*** of which dangerous power of enchantment Belicena Villca warned me about.

I felt ***Me,*** and I knew of the ***non-Me-ness*** of the Soul, in the rapture of spiritual inspiration that the impression of the Virgin of Agartha was causing me. The Spirit ***impressioned*** me, and the mark still subsists, Her Radiant Uncreated Beauty, the majesty of Her Power, Her splendid Grace. I saw in Her a Goddess, but there in the realm of rapture, I was also a God. That is why I sensed in Her a ***Gottkamerad***, a Comrade, a Sister, a Companion of the Race of the Spirit; only that I had been momentarily raptured from the prison in which I was finding myself and instead She was an absolutely free Hyperborean Spirit. She was approaching me, to offer me the succor of Her Grace, motivated by Honor, which is the essence of the Uncreated Spirit. This was also evident to me, in that infinite instant, and so my own Spirit, moved by Its essential Honor, was striving to ***give thanks*** to the Goddess in some way, to express that Her Assistance would not be in vain, to assure that my decision would be unshakable. But I did nothing in that sense, for the Goddess marvelously smiled, making me understand that she was comprehending all my thoughts.

The Virgin of Agartha had a bunch of spikes of wheat in Her Left Hand and a grain taken from the same cereal between her index finger and thumb of the Right Hand. At the time of Smiling, She made a gesture with the latter Hand, which at first I did not interpret, and directed it toward me, toward one like the ***Eye of Fire*** that I was possessing in a determinate part of my Spirit: ***then She opened her Divine Fingers and there dropped the magical seed.*** And that act put an end to the Vision, brusquely. I felt as if a Frozen Ray, entering ***through my head,*** had made an impact ***on my heart;*** immediately the icy sensation began to spread itself through my body and a growing paralysis took hold of me. And I found myself, still standing in the room, stupidly observing how all the things were beginning to jump out of their positions and the building was threatening to collapse. The ecstasy had only lasted an infinitesimal instant, as I said, but then precious seconds passed until I understood what was occurring in the World, ***coincidentally, simultaneously,*** and I reacted. Then, the earthquake concluded, and I noticed that the oppressive evil that a moment before was emerging from Matter had also disappeared. On

the contrary, Matter was appearing ***to be subordinate to me.*** There was an idea that was floating in the atmosphere, flowing equally from all things, which I perfectly grasped and that I was able to translate more or less as follows: ***"Now You are a God and nothing and no one will be able to resist Your Will. What occurred here is a sign of Your terrible Power!"*** This concept defines the "new sense" that, just as I mentioned at the beginning, Matter ***was*** now ***seeming*** to acquire ***because of the effect*** of the Vision: ***there was, then, the manifest intention of causally connecting the earthquake with my recent spiritual rapture.*** But I was not letting myself be deceived. I was intuiting in that idea a trap from the Potencies of Matter, a temptation, which for the moment was not clear but on which, later on, I would stop to reflect with profundity.

Essentially, then, nothing had changed in my interior, but I would never be the same again: only ***the relationship of forces*** that were maintaining the Spirit and the Soul were disrupted due to the effect of the extra volitive force contributed by the Virgin of Agartha. Upon regaining consciousness of the reality of the World, after seeing the Divine Image, my Ego was capable of dominating the animic nature with singular potency, in a manner never achieved before, after years of yogic practices of concentration and mental control; and I was not willing to lose such power, to have the roles reversed and the Ego be once again subjected to the ***desires*** of the Soul. But that would not happen, I could assure it, for it was evident that not only the Ego emerged strengthened from the spiritual rapture, but that the Soul was permanently weakened in what was constituting its very essence: the sentiments and emotions, the love of life and the things of life, ***the good heart*** that I had always manifested and that prevented me more than once from using violence to solve the problems that were hindering my path, all these warm passions and many more, ***were*** rapidly ***cooling,*** flickering, and extinguishing like the flame of the candle that has consumed its fuel. Certainly, if I were forced to synthesize the new state of my being, I would say that it was something very similar to a ***rebirth:*** yes, I am not afraid to affirm it, despite being a Psychiatric Doctor and, moreover, a man of culture. Although it is unacceptable to the official orthodoxy, I could not deny what I was certainly experiencing, and that it had already produced an appreciable transformation in my conduct: it was noticeable to almost all those who knew me, and it

is why that they were supposing a post-seismic shock; that I was "suffering" a kind of psychological ***regression.*** Suddenly I had become "like a child": "I was laughing for any reason" and it was seeming that "nothing was mattering to me anymore," such were the reproaches of my friends and relatives, who were revealing the particular regressive change of my character. But I was also becoming cruel and merciless, I knew this myself but I was not reproaching myself, for, like never before, I was despising my life and life in general. I want to clarify that "like never before" means "like never before as an adult" since, and I professionally knew this, children, like the reborn Me, ***were capable of killing without prejudice or remorse.***

Perhaps, during that spiritual rapture, in that infinite instant, I really died and was resurrected at its end, which implies a paradox because what has no end cannot end, an instant that would be eternally present in my Spirit. This being so, the infantile change of character, the strengthened volitive force, the feelings that were dying, the desires that were being extinguished, the heart that was irremediably cooling, the sensation of rebirth, the spiritual certainty of feeling saved, close to the definitive liberation from material bonds, all would be explained supposing that the true spiritual life was continuing in the ambit of the rapture, from which I never left or would leave, that is to say, in the Infinite, and that this apparent life, lived to the "end" of that which cannot end, was, in fact, a form of death, a non-existent but inevitable spiritual illusion. Perhaps, in effect, I was really dead, and because of such condition I was no longer fearing anything living, much less Death. Perhaps everything was the product of that mysterious seed that the Virgin of Agartha dropped in the Eye of Fire of the Spirit. I, still, could not know it. But what was certain, what was concrete, was that I had received the requested spiritual help, that, dead or reborn, I was feeling joyful and valorous, that I was not fearing Death nor fearing to kill, and that I was feeling that, strangely, my Ego ***was participating in the actual Infinite:*** yes, unmistakably, I was feeling indeterminate on the side of the Ego; all that the Universe was containing, including my own biological life, and the Universe itself, were limited and perishable: this was the finite side of my being, the Illusion; but now I knew with certainty that, in the Ego, an endless abyss was opening up: this was the Infinite side of my being, the Truth.

Perhaps resorting to a metaphor, one can partly understand what I was then experiencing.

Imagine a person accustomed to living in a beautiful solitary forest. The days smoothly go by there, without too many surprises, and, although the struggle for life imposes a permanent alertness, this same persistence makes that the attention is maintained within constant and, in the end, routine levels.

One would say that this man "masters the situation" of his daily life. Nearby, serene and gentle, the lake offers the sporadic pleasure of a refreshing and restorative bath. But the lake is not a safe place to stay for long, like the forest.

Water does not have the firmness of land and, in order to sustain oneself in it, it is necessary to have a certain control, a certain extra attention, a demand that ends up tiring the man. That is why visits to the lake are regulated by the necessity of fishing or the pleasure of bathing. One day this man, by mistake or audacity, generates a circumstance that escapes his control: the fire, which had helped him to live until then, escapes into the forest, furious and destructive. The man remains static or struggles to suffocate it or blasphemes in desperation; any attitude makes no difference; nothing can prevent the catastrophe because the fire has exceeded his control, it has overtaken him. The flames spread everywhere consuming everything and it becomes indispensable to seek salvation; but where to go? Where is safety? Suddenly, like lightning, hope appears: the lake.

An irony; the site where it would never have occurred to him to seek refuge, is now the only one that offers the possibility of surviving the brutal change of the everyday world, which dissipates, consumed by the voracious and murderous bonfire.

He runs; the desperate man runs toward the saving lake. Behind him, a fiery and relentless monster seems to closely pursue him, gnashing its teeth, roaring and spewing suffocating puffs.

But it is not possible to turn to look, he would not have another opportunity. The only thing left to gain is the lake, which never seemed to be as far away as it is now. Finally, paradisiacal vision, indescribable joy, mystical apparition, the lake emerges on the horizon.

Fantastically calm, it is, for those who flee death by millimeters, an oasis of peace. The man throws himself into the protective waters and swims many strokes, intuitively ***toward the***

center. He can only turn around, momentarily, when he is safe in the cool waters, and can thus gaze toward his, until a short time ago, also safe World.

Considering the analogies that this metaphor offers with the events that I have above narrated, you will be able to understand what my spiritual state was. Like the man in the example, upon seeing the forest burning and transforming, disappearing at times amidst the smoke, that which were constituting his World and his security, so I also saw my trusted and daily reality dissolve in a fire of unmistakable evilness.

Like the man in the metaphor who was strangely secure in the waters of the lake, fickle and unknown until yesterday, I too was now secure and firm in the, until yesterday, unfamiliar waters of the Spirit.

The man in the forest, as he was safely floating, was watching the world wasting away and was thinking, ***"I have been born again."*** I, too, was feeling reborn in the confines of the Soul and only by this inexpressible sentiment could it be said that I was another man, although I ***essentially*** remained the same.

Chapter VIII

I was heading, then, to my parents' house, imbued with that mystical optimism that only those who know themselves reborn experience. Having made the decision to leave, I was only thinking of the ***phenomena*** of the fateful night of January 21, trying to interpret their transcendent meaning. In a few minutes I would arrive in Cerrillos, but then, these thoughts would accompany me for many hours of the journey that I would undertake.

Thirty minutes later, I was driving the car down the two hundred meters of the driveway in the company of my faithful dog Canuto.

My parents, who were in the middle of breakfast, were happy to see me and were expressing it between greetings and laughter.

They were trying to erase, with their affection, the memory of the lived disaster. I was interiorly thankful for these compliments, for I was needing to acquire reserves of peace and tranquility, in anticipation of future misfortunes. I knew that an hour later, when leaving, my mind would be concentrated on analyzing all the details of the complicated imbroglio[9] in which I was involved.

"You have a beautiful day to travel," Papa was saying while attacking an appetizing-looking grilled sausage. "Drive carefully, son, remember that in the morning the truckers are half asleep."

"Don't worry, Papa; I'll go slowly and in three hours I'll be in Tucumán," I affirmed without much conviction.

Katalina, my sister, handed me the sausage and eggs, the steaming rolls and the coffee. I was astonished to find that my mouth was watering with hunger, and it dawned on me that I had been eating poorly for several days. Feeling hungry is, if there is something to satisfy it, always a sign of good health. I thought no more and gave myself over, decidedly, to consume the breakfast.

The Finca has a large dining room with a large window oriented to the east, facing the driveway, but in the mornings we were having breakfast in the kitchen. This is located behind

9. A difficult or complex situation.

the dining room, occupying the southern wall that has a large fixed window of four meters long with a rustic wooden table next to it. The stove and the adjoining fireplace occupy the whole West wall of the kitchen.

Sitting in front of the window overlooking the vineyards, I was having breakfast in the company of my family and was reliving the nostalgia of many similar dawns. But a black cloud was troubling my spirit; one, like a secret voice, was warning me that perhaps this was the last breakfast eaten in that pleasant manner. And then I was struggling to chase away such gloomy forebodings, fiercely chewing the grilled sausage...

"See you soon, Arturo," my father said goodbye, "I'm going to ride through the irrigation canals."

"Ciao, Papa," I accompanied him to the back door and stood watching him as he was moving away toward the stables in search of his old horse. Minutes later I was seeing him trot away down the road that runs from east to west, parallel to the main irrigation ditch. I should have left but I was purposely delaying because I was wanting to speak to Mama alone.

She was still in the kitchen and a nod was all it took for her to solicitously come over to me. This attitude would not normally have caught her attention, but when I put a hand on her shoulder and began to speak, a gesture of surprise was painted on her face.

"Dearest Mamacita," I flatteringly said to her, "you should forgive me if what I am going to ask you causes you any pain..."

"Son, you know that what I have is yours..." she realized that I was not asking for anything material and her face was now frankly alarmed, "What can I do for you, Arturo?"

"Calm down Mama, you know I wouldn't cause you any worry if I didn't think it absolutely necessary."

"Stop beating around the bush and tell me what the hell you want," said my mother, who was beginning to lose her temper.

"In what year was I born, Mama?" I asked, cutting to the chase.

"You know it well, in '44. January 30, 1944. You are now 36."

"Well, Mama, listen attentively. We never talked about it, but I want to tell you that I remember one night, more than thirty years ago; I was three or four years old and something, a noise, I don't know what, woke me up. It was late, Katalina was sleep-

ing in the adjacent bed, and through the window I was seeing the moon hanging in the west. I think that I heard voices because I got up without getting dressed and went down the hallway stairs, debating between the sleep that was closing my eyes and the curiosity that was opening them.

"There was Papa, you, and someone I had never seen before; a tall man with a keen eye. I still remember his penetrating gaze today and his height, taller than that of Papa, who is 1.80 meters. It was he who discovered me on the stairs and burst into that thunderous guffaw, before your anguished eyes. Anyway, what I retained in my memory is not much more. I seem to be in his arms and I believe to remember that he was giving me something shiny that completely attracted my attention. Then you put me back to bed and the following day the stranger was no longer there, nor did I ever see his gift again."

Mama had gone pale. We stopped by the garden set and I made a mute indication that we sit ourselves under the oak tree.

"As the years went by," I continued, "I used to remember that night, but without giving it much importance. Only once, I was about nine or ten years old, I dared to ask Papa and his reaction was very strange: he suffered a great obfuscation and forbade me to speak of it again, but a few minutes later he changed and tried convincing me that I was remembering a dream, a bad dream, that I had had as a child.

"So I never mentioned the matter again. Until today." Mama sighed and shook her head as if waking up from a nightmare.

"Why Arturo, why thirty-two years later, do you still remember that night?" she was asking more to herself than to me. "Why do you insist on reviving a fleeting memory that means nothing to you?"

"Mother, I repeat that I do not wish to cause you pain; hold on, I still haven't told you what I want to know," I said in a reassuring voice. "Tell me only two things: if that man was from our family and if he had to do with the war."

Here I used a firm tone that convinced Mama of the uselessness of refusing to respond.

"Look, Arturo, you are a grown man and you are not unaware of how atrocious the war was. In the years following 1945, tempers were high and many people had to live on the run. But now it is different; much time has passed... It is not in

anyone's interest to dig that up...!" there was a plea in Mama's voice.

"Mama, you don't answer my questions and that's wrong. Don't you trust me?"

"....." Just a mute gaze for an answer.

"You must tell me what you know because it's very important for me, for my future, do you understand?" I firmly assured her.

It was evident that she was not understanding and I decided to be more convincing.

"I am going through a terrible spiritual crisis, Mama. Fate has put me in front of a diabolical crossroads, where an error of choice means going astray on the wrong path, full of obstacles and real dangers. Your answers would help me not to fail; believe me, Mama." I took her hands in mine in a desperate effort to instill confidence in her.

"I don't understand anything you're saying, but I sense that you're really worried, son. I'll tell you what you want to know, and God forgive me if I'm wrong in doing so," she took a deep breath and continued, "Kurt; he was the one who came that night in 1947. My brother Kurt, who was presumed dead or missing in Berlin in 1945, was in reality fulfilling a mission in Italy when the war ended. He stayed two years hidden in a Franciscan Monastery in Southern Italy, until, in 1947, he was able to come to Argentina, thanks to an assistance network for war fugitives that was functioning, supported by the government of President Perón."

"But, Mama," I interrupted, "why didn't he go back to Egypt, to the family hacienda? The Egyptian government was very protective of the Germans, especially after the founding of the State of Israel in 1948."

"It is a mystery. He never wanted to say, not even the reason for his persecution, since he was only 30 years old," Mama was naively reasoning, "and he almost always had diplomatic positions."

"But what was he during the war?" I asked, intrigued, "civilian or military?"

"Military; Officer of the ***Waffen-SS***. Major or something like that. You should bear in mind that in 1938 I married your father and came to Argentina, losing contact with him for many years.

"By '32 Kurt was already a Squad Leader, that is to say, ***Fähnleinführer,*** of the Hitler Youth or ***Hitlerjugend,*** in the German community in Egypt. Thanks to the efforts of Papa, who due to his noble title was enjoying a certain influence in Germany, in 1938 he left to study at one of the ***Napola*** schools, ***Nationalpolitische Lehranstalt,*** in Berlin. After that I only saw him on three occasions, the last one before leaving for Argentina, at Christmas 1937; then 10 years would pass until, in 1947, he appeared here. During that time I did not hear much from him, for I was receiving letters at the rate of one per year and never directly, since Kurt was writing to Egypt and from there Papa was sending them here.

"So I know almost nothing about his career; only what little that he could tell me in correspondence from his student years and less during the war, in which he was very sparing. I know that at the Napola school he excelled in his knowledge of Middle Eastern languages and this earned him to take several special courses, but I don't specifically know what they were consisting in.

"I remember that in his early years he was happy, because he had been permitted to enter a division of the Napola school called, if I am not mistaken, ***Flieger-HJ,*** where air training was being given; but I repeat, little is what I knew of him after his graduation in 1937. He joined some special division of the SS, but, as far as I am aware, he never fought. His function was somewhat linked to the External Service, since he spent most of the war in Asia. And that is all. In 1945 he was officially presumed dead, as his destination, it was said, was Berlin in the month of April, when this city fell into the hands of the Russians. His cadaver was 'found' in a charred plane that couldn't take off due to receiving a Russian artillery shot.

"We were notified," Mama continued, "of his death and we mourned him a lot until 1947 when, surprisingly, he made himself present here. The rest I have already told you; he was helped by the Kameraden and with a new identity he was preparing to start 'another life' in Argentina. As he said on that occasion, it was preferable to disappear forever, since if the Allies were suspecting of his existence, they wouldn't take long to look for him. I think it's a decision we should respect, don't you agree?" She was looking at me hopeful in that my "curiosity" was satisfied. I decided to continue questioning before she reacted.

"Yes, Mama, I understand and I thank you for all you've told me, but the principal thing is missing. Where is Uncle Kurt now?" I shot it out of my mouth and it seemed that the question would provoke her fainting spell.

"Arturo, my son, you're an adult and intelligent, why do you ask what prudence advises not to know? He's well; no one has bothered him in all these years and it would be desirable that no one does so before his approaching death." Something crossed her mind and she stared at me open-mouthed. "You're not thinking of going to see him? Oh no!"

"You have to get that idea out of your head. He's lived 35 years at the same site and all know him in his new personality. It would be a stupidity to put such coverage in danger on a whim."

She had guessed my intention and responded in consequence; I realized that it would be difficult to get the address of my resurrected Uncle Kurt out of her.

"You don't understand, Mama; it's not a whim; it's important that I speak with him to obtain information that it's possible he possesses and that for me is as vital as the air that I breathe. You shouldn't worry about safety. How can a once-in-a-lifetime visit from a stranger affect him? There are a thousand justifications for welcoming a visitor who will then never come back. Because that's what I'll do, Mama, I swear it! Once I've asked him what I wish to know I'll leave and never return." I was trying to convince her with any argument and she, hesitating, was gazing toward the vineyards as if seeking my father's protection.

"Come on, Mamacita, tell me where he is. I have the right to see Uncle Kurt once in my life."

Finally she decided, although showing great contrariety, and while she was speaking, far from rejoicing at my persuasion, I was inwardly cursing the pain that I had caused her and the anguish that this confidence would undoubtedly produce in her; at least until the return from my trip.

"He is near here, in the Province of Catamarca. I have never gone to visit him, since he expressly forbade me to do so, although he gave me the address in case of an emergency."

I gave her a card and the fountain pen, making sure that my mother had memorized the data.

"In these 35 years you haven't seen him again or written to him?" I incredulously asked.

She smiled while giving me back the card and the fountain pen.

"Yes, silly. We have seen him with your father a few times, in Salta and once in Buenos Aires, for some vacations. But we never write to him. He writes to us a couple of times a year, to a PO box that your father has in Cerrillos, and he lets us know when he'll go to Salta, an occasion that we take advantage of to get together for a few hours. I have seen him less than twenty times over the years."

It was hard for me to believe that two siblings separated by only 350 kilometers could not visit each other because of events that no one remembers, occurred forty years ago, and thousands of miles away. Nevertheless, I was justifying my mother's fears and realizing the effort that she must have made to give in to my request and entrust to me her secret.

Suddenly, I remembered Papa and trembled in anticipation, calculating the wrath that would overtake him upon learning of my impertinence. Mama would not hide from him my inconsiderate claims and he would be furious. Embarrassment would cover me and I might have to promise not to go to Catamarca. I decided to avoid any discussion and immediately leave.

I kissed Mama on the forehead and headed to the car. She must not have noticed my haste because before I could start the engine she shouted at me:

"Hold on, Arturo; wait a few minutes and I'll give you something."

She entered into the house and in spite of my impatience, I had to wait for ten long minutes. At last she returned with an envelope in her hand.

"I wrote a few lines for Kurt. You're so quick to think that he knows you. He saw you for five minutes when you were a little boy. How do you think he'll remember you?"

She handed me the envelope that I gratefully received as, I was admitting, it would be of great help to identify me.

"Open your right hand and put your palm face up," Mama said between a mysterious and complicit air.

I did what she was asking me and she opened her left fist, which had been clenched the whole time. Something fell into my hand that at first I could not distinguish. It was a shiny object and I was listening in amazement while I was examining it:

"This is what Kurt gave you the night of 1947. I took it while you were sleeping out of fear that you would lose it playing and I kept it in my jewelry box. With the passing of the years it became complicated to give it to you, because you would have demanded explanations that we could not have given you. At that moment he wanted to give you a gift, but he hadn't brought anything because he didn't know he had a nephew. He was remaining single and when he saw you, he was moved and said that, not having children, it would be you, his only nephew, who should keep it."

I was astonished looking at the Iron Cross with Swastika and Oak Leaves that I was holding in my hands and I was asking myself how an Officer who never fought could obtain the highest decoration that Germany was giving to reward acts of heroism and valor.

"See you soon, Mother," I waved through the car window. "Don't worry, I'll be careful. Say hello again to Papa and Katalina. Ciao. Ciao."

I started up and a few minutes later I was on the road.

Chapter IX

I stopped at the Cerrillos Service Station to fill up with gas and took the opportunity to again look at the card with Uncle Kurt's address. It was incredible that he was so close and in good condition, a relative whom I had thought passed away 35 years ago. I read it again:

Sr. Cerino Sanguedolce
Calle Fray Mamerto Esquiú 95
Santa María - Provincia de Catamarca

"Señor?" the attendant interrupted me.

"Fill the tank with special gasoline, please; Ah! Check the oil..." I said.

My brusque departure did not allow Mama to give sufficient information about Uncle Kurt. Now the questions were beginning to arise because I did not know if he had married, if he had children and grandchildren, what he was doing for a living...

"Bah," I thought. I must concentrate on the journey and have faith. I'll know everything in a few hours.

"Thirty liters of gasoline and two of oil, Señor."

"Here, take it." I held out a bill. "Do you have a road map of Catamarca Province?"

"Yes, Señor."

He went to the booth and rapidly returned bringing a colorful fold-out map with profuse tourist information.

"There are a thousand more."

I paid him and started the engine in order to remove the car from the pump, but I parked twenty meters ahead and started to examine the map.

Going to Santa María from Salta is no problem at all but, on the contrary, it has the advantage of including one of the most beautiful tourist circuits of Northwest Argentina. It is the journey from Salta to Cafayate "the beautiful," as they popularly call this city, famous throughout the world for its exquisite wines, situated in the heart of the Calchaquí valleys.

With a recently asphalted road, Ruta Nacional 68, which facilitates the trip and makes it possible to enjoy the unique landscapes of its multicolored ridges, these two hundred kilometers can be rapidly covered. The inconveniences only ap-

pear when leaving Cafayate, upon crossing the Ravine "of the Shells"[10] and abandoning the Province of Salta. Then one penetrates into the Province of Tucumán, but only for about 40 kilometers, since there it presents a small wedge, which is embedded in the Province of Catamarca. After covering this short distance, Catamarca is accessed at a point 80 kilometers away from Santa María.

When crossing the mentioned ravine, fording it because there is no bridge, the traveler has the impression of having entered into another world.

Outside the artificial physiognomy of civilized features that the valley presents in Salta, here one is really in an autochthonous environment. The roads are dirt, neglected as one moves toward the south, and towns with adobe houses inhabited by mestizo criollos, closer to Indian than to white, abound.

Poverty makes itself evident upon entering Catamarca, a province unjustly forgotten by the rest of the country and abandoned by its own children who, year after year, undertake the inevitable exodus, who seek to overcome misery and materially progress.

The beauty of the landscape does not decrease in Catamarca, on the contrary, it becomes rugged and primitive, providing excellent visual attractions to the sinuous road, which advances bordering the Sierras de Quilmes. This name comes from the Quilmes Indians, one of the tribes of the Fierce Diaguita Race, those who at the end of the Calchaquí Wars, which lasted 35 years in the seventeenth century, were taken, in number of 300 families, to the exiled location of Buenos Aires and gave rise to the population of the same name.

Between the Quilmes and the Cajón Sierras to the west and the Calchaquí and Nevados del Aconquija Peaks to the east, the fertile Yocavil Valley opens up, longitudinally flowed through by the Santa María River, seat of the city of Santa María de la Candelaria.

I knew Santa María for having gone on a study trip to several archaeological sites in the Yocavil and Calchaquí valleys to investigate the Diaguita Culture and I was not disliking repeating the trip. Naturally, going into the region of Valleys and Ravines was making it difficult for me to cross to Tafí del Valle, in Tucumán, in the middle of the Western Forests and sepa-

10. *Quebrada de las Conchas* or *Shell's Ravine*

rated from Catamarca by the inhospitable Calchaquí and Nevados del Aconquija Peaks. But, fortunately, from Santa María exists a road that goes up to the north, up to Amaicha del Valle: from there one could take Route 307, which crosses the Calchaquí Peaks through the Paso del Infiernillo and directly leads to Tafí del Valle. In total, from Santa María to Tafí del Valle, one would only have to travel 80 kilometers, but that would be exhausting due to the state of the Routes and the sinuous heights at which one was reaching.

I was going at more than 100 km/h, taking advantage of the good road to Cafayate to gain time, since later the pace would be slow, at no more than 40 km/h.

I had a few hours to think and I decided to immediately take advantage of them.

The landscape, the fresh wind, the silence of the Valley, everything was contributing so that I felt lax and tranquil, predisposed to meditate. But this attitude was quite abnormal if one takes into account the amount of things that had happened to me lately. The lack of preoccupation was evidencing of a great change in my interior, which was also manifesting itself in a sensation of detachment from the things of the World. I was feeling at peace because I was not needing anything. I was materially ruined, perhaps in danger of death, and this revelation was only bringing me an insensate smile.

Yes, I had changed a lot. And all that change took place between January 7, the date on which I experienced the spiritual rapture and thought I was dying, and the earthquake that wiped out my assets synchronistically took place.

So many things had happened to me! And it was seeming that it would not end, because unusual things were still happening to me. Like the matter of Uncle Kurt.

It was undoubtedly an intuition. When I was finishing the meeting with Professor Ramirez and the sage mentioned that almost all the documents about the Druids had been looted in Europe by the ϟϟ, I thought to myself, "Who should I ask about the Black Order and their interest in the Druids?" At that moment the memory of that night in my childhood came to my mind. No logical relationship that allows to associate both things. Nothing rational. If I had thought about it a minute I would have surely rejected this supposition as absurd. But recent events were making me distrust "reason" and lo and behold, giving in to a hunch, I asked my mother what had oc-

curred that night 33 years earlier. And there was the key! Inexplicably, irrationally, there was a relationship; because I wanted to know about the ϟϟ and my Uncle, of whose existence I did not know, had been a German military man. And of the ϟϟ!

I renounced looking for an explanation and concentrated on the night of January 21, when the narrated phenomena occurred. From then on, as I already said, I was feeling reborn, and if I was thinking about it, it was only with the purpose of analyzing the way in which two events of different order, one, my mystical experience, the other, the telluric movement, were linked. Because for me there were no doubts that a non-causal, synchronistic relationship was existing between both phenomena. That I was in a case similar to that of the assassination of Belicena, when the assassin, in an act of demented pride, leaves irrefutable evidence of a terrible Power.

On January 21, Matter, agitated toward me, synchronically explodes in an earthquake of singular violence with a mystical experience in which both events are hallucinatingly confused, giving the sensation of being causally linked. If I believed it so, I would feel tempted to think that my own psyche unleashed the "seismic phenomena" and that would be my Spirit's moral defeat.

This is precisely what Someone, the Author of the earthquake, was wanting that I believed so as to, in this way, get me lost. And this colossal trap is another demonstration of infernal pride and arrogance.

The temptation to "master phenomena" is one of the primary errors into which fall those who seek to make their way on the path of the Spirit. The only phenomena that really matter for spiritual elevation are those that personally and qualitatively occur, non-transferable and non-communicable. Concrete phenomena, of collective perception, bear the seal of the quantitative and material; it is doubtful, moreover, that they can be produced by an act of will.

About this, non-specialized people are victims of intentionally confusing information. But I, as a Psychiatrist, was familiarized with all kinds of phenomenic acts derived from psychological pathologies or hysterical crises. In Neuropsychiatric Hospitals the manifestation of phenomena of this type is common, but obviously little publicized. It can be observed, in certain cases, parapsychological phenomena occurred in relation to one or several patients. These phenomena, very attrac-

tive to the layman, do not have an adequate scientific basis and that fact is the principal reason for their concealment. They are usually of very distinct typology: elevation of an object in space without an evident force that sustains it ***(levitation),*** movement of objects ***(telekinesis),*** increase of the brightness of the objects in the patient's cell or change in the tone of colors ***(chromatization),*** appearance of unknown objects or disappearance of others ***(contribution of matter),*** etc.

Needless to say that all these phenomena are susceptible to collective verification when they present themselves, but completely irreproducible under study or laboratory conditions. This is principally because those "responsible" for such phenomena are out of their minds and are generally unconscious of the alterations that they produce.

What makes such phenomena incomprehensible are their apparent contradiction to natural laws, but it is usually accepted in academic and scientific circles that a better "comprehension of nature" (that is: a greater progress of Science) will bring, justly, the solution to these questions. It is then trusted that "Science" will give the solutions to the contradictions of "Science," a proposition that is logically inconsistent and sounds ridiculous to say the least.

The crux of the matter is in that phenomena such as the mentioned telekinesis present flaws to the law of causality. This law states that "to every effect (phenomenon) corresponds a cause that originates it." In telekinesis, for example, the object moves as if a "force of action at a distance" (of the gravitational or magnetic type) acted, without, until today, the action of any force having been proven. That is to say, it moves as if a force acted, but no force acts. It is then said that "the law of causality fails" because the effect has no cause that originates it and, consequently, the existence of the effect (phenomenon) is negated, so as to "save" the law of causality.

It would be more accurate to accept that the link (the law) that unites the cause (the patient) and the effect (the moved object) is unknown.

In Analytical Psychology, developed by C. G. Jung, a very attractive theory has been tested to overcome these difficulties and those that arise from the common case of men who, being culturally, geographically and temporally separated, without any verifiable link between them, have identical or analogous

ideas. A "Principle of Synchrony" unknown to Science, due to their incorrect understanding of Time, would act here.

It is worth remembering, in this respect, what C. G. Jung says in *The Secret of the Golden Flower:*

"Some years ago, the then president of the British Anthropological Society asked me how I could explain the fact that so highly intellectual a people as the Chinese had produced no science. I replied that this must really be an 'optical illusion,' because the Chinese did have a science whose 'standard work' was the *I Ching,* but that the principle of this science, like so much else in China, was altogether different from our scientific principle.

"The science of the *I Ching* is not based on the causality principle, but on a principle (hitherto unnamed because not met with among us) which I have tentatively called the synchronistic principle. My occupation with the psychology of unconscious processes long ago necessitated my looking about for another principle of explanation, because the causality principle seemed to me inadequate to explain certain remarkable phenomena of the psychology of the unconscious. Thus I found that there are psychic parallelisms which cannot be related to each other causally, but which must be connected through another sequence of events. This connection seemed to me to be essentially provided in the fact of the relative simultaneity, therefore the expression 'synchronistic.' It seems indeed, as though time, far from being an abstraction, is a concrete continuum which contains qualities or basic conditions manifesting themselves simultaneously in various places in a way not to be explained by causal parallelisms, as, for example, in cases of the coincident appearance of identical thoughts, symbols, or psychic conditions. Another example would be the simultaneity of Chinese and European periods of style, a fact pointed out by Wilhelm."

This was the thought of the prestigious psychiatrist C. G. Jung on the theme that I was occupying myself with. With his concepts, the appearance of two identical phenomena (an idea common to two persons), separated by space, will depend on a collective Archetype (cause) and the simultaneity ***(synchrony)*** of the phenomenic events.

To interpret the principle of synchrony, it is necessary to keep in mind a key concept of Analytical Psychology: that of

the "Collective Unconscious." This concept enables a more realistic handling of the Archetypes, which are no longer static beings like Plato's Ideas, but dynamic entities of powerful animic force, the support and sustenance of the Myths that unconsciously influence man's conduct.

The concept of Collective Unconscious has been summarized by Jung in the same work cited above:

"...just as the human body shows a common anatomy over and above all racial differences, so too, does the psyche possess a common substratum. I have called the latter the collective unconscious. As a common human heritage it transcends all differences of culture and consciousness and does not consist merely of contents capable of becoming conscious, but of latent dispositions toward identical reactions. Thus the fact of the collective unconscious is simply the psychic expression of identity of brain-structure irrespective of all racial differences. By its means can be explained the analogy, going even as far as identity between various myth-themes and symbols, and the possibility of human understanding in general."

In light of the above, an important conclusion should now be drawn: although Analytical Psychology permits interpreting synchronistic phenomena, no one has ever seriously affirmed that ***it was possible to exercise any form of control over them.*** This class of phenomena, very showy or attractive to the layman, correspond to the lowest on a scale of valuation of the transcendent experience. As they always present themselves in relation to highly disturbed persons, whether or not they are in the madhouse.

In general, people tend to believe that the disciplining of organic or psychic functions grants a certain type of Power over the mentioned phenomena. This belief quenches its thirst from two sources: ignorance (naïve) and disinformation (a product of the Synarchic Strategy). There is ignorance in the popular belief that the "miracles" that usually accompany the activities of Saints and Great Mystics are performed thanks to a "Power" that these would have or that would have been granted to them by a Deity. In truth the "Saints" have never said such a thing, instead stating that the miracles are "made by God" or admitting, as a maximum concession, to have been vehicles of a "Grace" or of a superior "Force" that was transcending them.

Naturally, members of the Synarchy exist, also considered "Saints," "Mystics," "Gurus," "Masters," etc., who have affirmed ***the search for Power as the aim of the practice of certain disciplines, such as "transcendental meditation," "yogas," "prayers or mantrams," etc.*** But it is possible to immediately suspect the true occult ends that such satanic agents pursue. On the contrary, the Hyperborean Initiates, who ***are really "Saints"***—now I was able to distinguish them well, after reading the letter of Belicena Villca—have always ***oriented*** their disciples so that they free themselves from the bonds that their Uncreated Spirit maintains with Created Matter.

Disinformation obeys a synarchic purpose and, those who are victims of it blindly believe that "Esoteric Schools" exist where a "secret" teaching is imparted that ends up transforming the neophyte—after a few ***lessons in installments***—into a Western version of Krishnamurti. But, what the disinformation presents as Esoteric Schools, are in reality "Exoteric Schools," the unconfessed aim of which is the recruitment of followers.

All these Exoteric Schools claim to possess the secret of the Great Mysteries of Antiquity that they offer to "reveal" to the unwary, if the latter conform to an ***internal rule*** that invariably demands, as a ***first test,*** "blind obedience" and "faith" in the ***Unknown Masters*** of the school. The teaching that they are presenting to the Guru candidate, cannot be more mysterious since its base is the plagiarism of different Ancient Traditions eclectically assembled in a supposed "Occult Doctrine" (which is only so, because of the impossibility of "uncovering" any Truth in it). The Great Mysteries of Antiquity (Persia, India, Greece, etc.) have left a sediment of Myths and Sacred Symbols—more often opposing than coinciding—which only a mediocre and ill-intentioned Soul (a Rogue, come on!) would attempt to unite into a modern syncretism.

It will be noted that, during that trip to Santa María, a sentiment of fierce cultural criticism had been installed in my heart and was threatening to break up and definitively amputate the last remnants of rationalism that I was still possessing. I was feeling empty inside, but I was ready to accept a Truth that substituted all the "useless encyclopedic information" that I had assimilated in so many years of study. What value was that pompous academic knowledge having if it was not serving me to face and solve the mysterious situations that I have nar-

rated, situations that were metaphysically involving me? None. I was, then, ready to get rid of that burden to receive the longed-for Truth. A Truth that consisted, and I had never before been so sure of the reality of a thing as of this statement, ***in the Hyperborean Wisdom.*** In effect: for me, now, ***the Truth was the Hyperborean Wisdom,*** the scope of which I was barely catching a glimpse of in Belicena Villca's letter.

At times a dull rage was invading me, which was at the same time a personal reproach, a kind of reclamation that my present Ego, strangely transmuted, was relentlessly making to Dr. Arturo Siegnagel of the years of search, to my past Ego, who so naively had believed that ***progress*** was a ***logical*** consequence of ***education.*** At one time I had accepted, almost without thinking, that a law of ***evolution*** was enabling the Soul to expand from certain patterns of life. I was believing that "following determinate rules of moral rectitude" and facing life with a positive outlook would inevitably result in an interior ***good.*** "Yes. That was the key to progress. I would live according to a 'transcendental philosophy,' I would adopt a religious 'way of life,' in the manner of the Orientals, and, in the course of my search, of the instruction, of the asceticism, ***progress*** would inevitably come about through ***'evolution.'"*** That had been my choice and now, upon realizing that all my reasoning was wrong, that I had gained nothing after so many years of discipline and useless sacrifices, I was feeling how rage was invading me and how, also, an impotent reproach was wrenching desolate moans from me.

And that all my reasoning was mistaken was clearly evident from Belicena Villca's letter. The law of evolution was existing and ruling, and facilitating, the ***progress*** of the created Soul, and of every created entity, according to the Plan of the Creator God. But such law had nothing to do, and no "progress" would be obtained by its intervention, with the Uncreated Spirit. I was remembering with horror the words of the Immortal Birsha: ***"the Soul of the man of mud, created after the Beginning, began to evolve toward the Final Perfection."*** Apparently, that evolution "was very slow" and the Traitorous Gods, to accelerate it, performed the prodigious and infernal "feat" of enchaining the Uncreated Spirit to the animal-man or "man of mud": the whole Hyperborean Race, which was Uncreated, which came from "outside the created Universe," from the same World from where the Creator came, was then bound to

the ***evolution*** of the animal-man and to ***evolution*** in general, to the ***progress in the immanent Time of the World.*** According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Spirit had to liberate itself from enchainment to evolutive matter, to isolate itself from the law of evolution, and to undertake the Return to the Origin. ***There was the sought-after Truth.*** Certainly, my Spirit was being agitated by the effect of a certain intuition: ***that Truth, capable of shining for the Spirit with an Uncreated and inextinguishable Light, would have to be conquered in a struggle of superhuman dimensions, during which it would be necessary to exhibit an unshakable determination.***

That there was an Enemy, against whom such a fight had to be waged, an Enemy that "was cutting off the path toward the Origin," that I certainly knew since the night of January 21. But the preceding reflections, and the intuition I have mentioned, was enabling me to now realize that my past errors were stemming from my ***strategic weakness,*** from having naively yielded to the enemy Strategy. And this Strategy, which undoubtedly affects ***all*** planes of human activity, and even the most unknown psychic spheres, is applied in the field of Culture by means of a Control System of colossal characteristics. According to Belicena Villca: "Culture is a strategic weapon of the Synarchy." Said Control System is in charge of fomenting confusion and deception, and was, therefore, responsible for the trap into which I had fallen. Because if I was deceived, if I participated in the enemy Strategy, it occurred because of ignorance or "strategic weakness," because I did not know the nature, and even the very existence, of the Enemy: I could never have consciously collaborated with synarchic plans, I could never have been bought by the White Brotherhood, just as the spiritual integrity of the heroic Nimrod was tempted. In synthesis, if I had yielded, in past times, to the deceptive pressure of the enemy Strategy, it was because I was then asleep, spiritually asleep. But now I had awakened, thanks to Belicena Villca's letter and the spiritual rapture of January 21, and the proof was, justly, in the unwavering determination to fight to the end, against everyone and everything, to return to the Origin and free my Eternal Spirit from its material prison. Yes, I had awakened thanks to Belicena Villca, but now I was able to formulate my own conclusions about the way of acting of the Enemy, who had the capacity of a Demiurge at its depths. The Synarchy, the expression of His Power among men, was form-

ing a formidable array of organizations and Secret Societies impossible to completely detect; and in the midst of this offensive deployment I was finding myself, until yesterday, ignorant of those realities; an easy victim for the enemy Strategy. Because, although the totality of the Demonic Plan was escaping me, as is natural, I was quite clearly seeing the tactics applied to the field of Culture. The "modern syncretisms," that I was previously mentioning, obey that will of deception that the Synarchy demonstrates in all its Secret Societies. And the idea of ***evolutive progress*** of the Soul, through "Karma," the "upright life," or any similar way of atonement, is presented from the ***base*** of Esoteric Secret doctrines, or mere religious Syncretisms, as a truth so evident that only a fool would dare to doubt it. Outside of religion, the same idea has invaded the majority of "scientific" or "humanistic" disciplines. It is instructive, for example, to see with what ability the synarch agents have imposed geometrical concepts to induce teleological interpretations of History: with an admirable rationalistic rigor, they arbitrarily define a ***geometric trajectory*** for the ***progress of Humanity*** and then ***project*** this figure on History, establishing associations, analogies, and coincidences, most of the time tendentious and intentional. Progress can thus follow a ***circular*** ($r2 = x2 + y2$), ***parabolic*** ($y = x2$), ***spiral*** ($\rho = \alpha\theta$), ***in cycles*** ($y = \sin x$), ***uniform*** ($y = x$), ***exponential*** ($y = e^x$), etc., trajectory, procuring to force History so that it adjusts and corresponds to the form of such functions, "confirming," in that way, the official theory or dogma of the synarchic sect.

The utilization of Analytic Geometry in the religious interpretation of History should not be surprising: some notorious synarchs affirm that ***"God geometrizes"***; others sustain ***"God is the Great Architect of the Universe"***; but, in general, they all sustain that the intention of the One God is that man, and Matter, the World, Everything, ***evolves***. This is one of the keys to the rationalism underlying the mentioned "Occult Doctrines." Because ***to evolve*** means to develop in History according to a certain ***law***. ***"It is the law of evolution that imprints a geometric trajectory on human progress,"*** the Synarchy postulates. But, being so, what is the esoteric benefit that the Synarchy obtains by ***culturally*** imposing evolutionism, even esoteric, in any of its geometric variants? Very simple: if everyone believes that man evolves, that Society evolves, that the Universe evolves, that progress responds to a law, they will accept, without question,

that ***the future is determined by the law of evolution.*** This implies that, for the sake of a ***better future,*** certain controls can be exerted on the present. That is to say: ***"let those who know the law, control Society today, in order to have a better future tomorrow."*** Vain utopia; who knows the law but the Masters of Wisdom of the White Brotherhood, besides the Elders of Zion?

Now everything becomes clear; the aim of the Synarchy is the Control of the World and, naturally, it prepares its leading cadres with a well-assembled infrastructure of indoctrination, while humanity, conveniently misinformed, awaits the "Men of Destiny" who control the levers of power and "plan" for the future. This is the reality that palpitates behind an Exoteric School and that the unwary, fanaticized and dazzled by syncretism as showy as it is hollow and rationalistic, cannot notice.

On the other hand, it should be noted that syncretisms are concretized when men have lost the capacity to perceive the Myth in all its symbolic purity. This loss is a serious injury to the capacity for metaphysical thinking and metaphysical perception, analogous, if you will, to a loss of vision or blindness. By analogy, the Dark Age or Age of Darkness is spoken of: losing vision, not seeing, is the same as "seeing" all black.

There are texts on Occult Doctrine that seem to have a sound philosophical and scientific foundation: but there are also forgeries of Leonardo Da Vinci's paintings, so perfect that they resist the examination of prestigious experts. And it is logical, in both cases, the quality of the fraud depends on the skill of the forger. In the esoteric case, disgracefully, forgers have reached a high degree of dexterity: there are those very well "prepared" for their mission, owners of a great "General Culture." Let us take, for example, "esoteric" writings of "wise" and "learned" authors such as H. P. Blavatsky, Rudolf Steiner, René Guénon, Max Heindel, etc., and let us compare the farrago of theosophism that sustains any of them with the elementary simplicity of the metaphysical symbols of the Ancient Wisdom; what emerges in this comparison? That we cannot read a symbol (see its truth) and we can read a book about the symbol, which will not reveal to us the meaning of it, but will entertain ourselves with multiple descriptions and associations, susceptible to rational interpretation, which will create for us the illusion of a comprehension and progress, such as suits the Synarchy.

"There is a sensorial and a gnoseological color blindness," once wrote the great epistemologist Luciano Allende Lezama. One can add that "there is also a semiotic color blindness": it is that which suffer those who cannot see the truth of a symbol and that must be previously healed before the search for an "Occult Knowledge." To not be deceived. To not be used by the Synarchy.

Without a clear vision of the symbolic and an adequate moral discernment, it is impossible to access the knowledge of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which, on the other hand, is not in the Exoteric Schools. The lack of these virtues, or, the contempt for them, leads the color-blind-adept to search for "phenomena" and Power, to follow "Oriental" disciplines without comprehending them or to yield to the fascination of "scientistic research" in parapsychology (Kirlian Kamera, psycho-bioenergetics, and other lies).

The danger is that these "Occult" Schools (with Legal Status, Business Name, and telephone number) do not hesitate in promising, to people of doubtful spiritual capacity, but useful to their plans, all types of Powers and "liberating experiences." Of course: progress will come "later," after a few "Initiations," "progressing" in the "internal degrees."

"A beggar is not helped," C. G. Jung says, ***"by our giving him outright more or less generous alms, although he may desire it. He is much better helped if we show him the way to free himself permanently of his need by work. Unfortunately, the spiritual beggars of our time are all too inclined to accept the alms of the East in specie, that is, to appropriate unthinkingly the spiritual possessions of the East and to imitate its way blindly."***

All these reasonings were leading me to a conclusion: In the one who seeks parapsychological phenomenic Power—***thaumaturgy***—there is always an ignorant or misinformed person. In the one who promises to grant it, there can only be a perverse will. Hence, I had decided to consider, as a "synchronistic coincidence," any possible relation between the spiritual rapture of January 21 and the simultaneous earthquake. Belicena Villca and all her ancestors of the House of Tharsis, and the Liberating Gods, and every spiritual Being who observed my conduct, could be at ease in Valhalla! For me, the end of the mystical vision was marking the end of the transcendent experience: ***neither was I having a Power that operated on Matter, nor was I wishing to have one. The Powers of Matter had not***

succeeded in deceiving me this time and, possibly, would never be able to again.

I was making these reflections as the kilometers were quickly passing by and Salta in its valleys and ravines were generously opening up. ***"Between areas of colorful and erect peaks, the slopes follow one another with lush vegetation and are framed by rocks of rugged appearance, some famous like that of the Obispo, a truly striking mountainside for its development and variety of motifs,"*** I read on the map that I had acquired in Cerrillos. I was already close to Cafayate, where I was planning to have lunch and acquire some gifts, especially the exquisite wine of the area. When making impromptu trips, like that which I was undertaking, through Provinces or regions of extreme poverty, it is always a good idea to bring edible gifts. A liter of good Torrontés[11] or some alfajores[12] can open impossible doors, control borders, and overcome all kinds of difficulties.

I entered Cafayate and after doing some shopping at a regional store, I parked in front of Plaza Libertad to have lunch at a restaurant that was promising from a chalkboard "Today's Special: Empanadas and Spicy Chicken."

11. Argentine wine from white grapes.

12. Argentine sandwich-like cookie with a sweet filling.

Chapter X

t 14:30 hours I was back on the road, going around Shells' Ravine and ready to embark on the second part of the trip to Santa María.
The ground was loose because it was apparently not raining for some time and the wind was sufficiently strong enough to make this journey very slow.

Two hours later I had only traveled 70 kilometers and I was about to cross through the middle of the town of Colalao del Valle, since the road was continuing along the main street. This town is located in the province of Tucumán, halfway across the geographical wedge that a bad drawing of boundaries bequeathed to the current map. It is about twenty blocks long and four or five blocks wide. While crossing it, I was observing the same syndrome that manifests itself in a thousand villages and hamlets of Northern Argentina: decadence.

Poverty is endemic in these, paradoxically, rich Provinces, forgotten by the bureaucratic centralism of the Buenos Aires Megapolis and by the idleness or impotence of local governments that usually have their hands tied by a non-existent federalism beyond their official speeches.

Poverty is a malady that hurts. But it hits harder to see decadence, that is: to contemplate that which yesterday was a splendid example, today transformed into a reprehensible vision.

While the automobile was rolling along the dirt road, I was looking at the Spanish style colonial houses, which today are shadows of what they were in the past days of splendor. Cruel caricatures of the hope and faith of their builders.

"Those who built these houses," I was compunctively[13] thinking, "believed in Argentina, they had faith in America."

The inexorable collapse of them is the conclusive answer to these delusions.

It could be seen that this town, like so many others, evolved to a height that must be situated at 50 or more years ago, and then came a period of decadence during which not a wall was raised, not even a brick was laid. Windows closed years ago,

13. Conscientious or sensitive to wrongdoing.

when the wooden frames rotted; walls peeling and leprous; fronts gnawed by a thousand inclemencies of time and Soul.

The decadence of an urban community, of its architecture, is a setback that unfailingly implants itself in the Soul of the inhabitants. And there they were, watching me pass by with that absent air, with that contemplative indifference so characteristic of Indigenous America.

Because decadence was starkly visible in them; in those children on foot who were spying on me from behind a corner; in those dark, slanted eyes that were candidly looking at me when offering to sell me a corn tortilla but who were becoming distrustful at the slightest question. What difference has this village, these houses, these settlers, these children, with their equivalents in other parts of America; in Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, or Colombia? None.

In that answer was also decadence; in that, paying the high price of isolating ourselves from Latin America, one hundred years of "European Culture" have not left a trace in these Criollos, forgotten by all. We have given them nothing different from what they have received in the above-mentioned countries. They are neither more nor less civilized than them in spite of the belief to the contrary that sustains the Europeanizing Oligarchy that runs this country for a hundred years.

That is why one explanation for the general decadence that plagues the settlements of American blood, can be this: in five hundred years the European Culture did not take root in the Soul of the American because, neither those who implanted it with blood and fire, nor those who beatifically taught it, were really believing in it. Their millenary Culture, dynamized by the action of Great Myths, was replaced by the materialistic European Culture, devoid of spirituality and transcendence. And the religion of America, which was preserving the memory of the White Gods, was forbidden in favor of the ***rationalist*** Doctrine of Catholicism: thenceforth the natives would have to glorify the biblical history of the Chosen People, worship a crucified Hebrew-God that they had never heard of, and they would be left out of the theological discussion because their new religion was already completed, finished in its philosophical foundation. If there, in the unknown Nicaea, a Council had decided that God was threefold, what could the recently submitted pagans say here? And those who were here, did

they know what the Catholic Dogma was signifying? No, they were killing and plundering ***in the name*** of the Catholic Dogma that no one was comprehending nor would anyone bother to explain. But the wealth would run out. The time would finally come to create new wealth, to produce cultural objects for those evangelized empires. And then, at that very moment, decadence would begin. The Church would prosper with the conquest of America, systematically destroying every vestige of the Atlantean origin of the great civilizations, every proof of the extraterrestrial nature of the Spirit of man. And the Spaniard, crazed just like the Great Mother Binah prophesied to Quiblon, would evenly spill blood and semen over the native peoples. From that Holocaust of Water would come "the Sons of Horror," the mestizo population of America, men like those whom I was now seeing when passing through their decadent settlements. Culturally indifferent men, who are determined to do nothing. If a gringo does not come with faith in something, and raise houses and villages again, they will not do it. And everything will fall, to the ground, to pieces, "puerile but effective vengeance," as their Cultures fell yesterday and as the Soul of the West will fall tomorrow if it insists on continuing divorced from the blood of America.

When passing by Fuerte Quemado, I could not help but remember that Diego de Rojas camped at that site four centuries before, when he was marching in pursuit of Lito of Tharsis. He had not been able to locate the Pukara of Tharsy, despite going deep into Tafí del Valle for months. But, would I make it? I was believing that, yes; that the indications of Belicena Villca were very precise and that I would be able to reach the Chacra; and that I would meet the Indian Segundo, the unusual descendant from the People of the Moon. And my optimism had not abandoned me upon arriving to Santa María.

When crossing the bridge over the Río Santa María, I glanced at the clock: half past seven in the evening. It had taken me five hours from Cafayate and it was already getting dark. Despite my impatience to arrive at Uncle Kurt's house as soon as possible, I had decided to wait for night in order to comply with my promises to Mama with regard to prudence and safety.

I stopped the car in front of another house of regional articles to acquire the famous products of the area: paprika, syrup, raisins, and wine. After I had paid for my purchase, I amused

myself by asking the salesman about Fray Mamerto Esquiú Street. So I learned that it was going from east to west, going to its end in the Santa María River, which is one of the peripheral limits of the city and runs from north to south.

"Number 95," I was thinking, "must be near the river, perhaps on the last block."

"Are you looking for someone on Esquiú Street? I might be able to help you," the salesman surprised me with his question. Ah, small-town curiosity! But I was not impressed.

"Yes, I'm looking for a poncho saleswoman," I lied. In Salta they gave me the approximate address because they were not remembering it with exactitude.

"A poncho seller on Esquiú Street? Uhm... No, lamentably I don't know any poncho seller who lives on Esquiú Street... But, tell me, what kind of ponchos do you seek? Because I have a good assortment. And at a good price..."

A while later I was leaving with my original purchase plus a white Catamarca poncho with an Incan fringe.

I chose to dine at a second-rate restaurant that, according to the regional product salesman, was preparing the best rabbit stew in the Yocavil Valley. As soon as I sat down at a secluded table, I realized the appropriateness of my choice, for this was a place frequented by vendors and traveling salesmen in which the presence of an outsider was not surprising to anyone.

I was savoring my dessert, dulce de cayote[14] with nuts, when a boy in rags offered to polish my boots.

"There is an age," I thought with dismay, "childhood, which all animals in nature use to play and frolic, protected by their parents and other adult members of the population. Human beings, on the other hand, cannot guarantee to their children the joy of living the most beautiful age as it should be lived: enjoying fantasy."

On principle, I detest that children work for profit and my first impulse was to push that shoeshiner away; but an idea occurred to me at that instant and I extended my right foot in mute acceptance. He was a little boy of about seven years of age and of indubitable Indian ancestry. He began washing and covering my boots with shoe polish, and then, by means of

14. A traditional dessert of Northern Argentina, made from a gourd or pumpkin.

vigorous massages with a band of linen, trying to obtain the longed-for shine.

"What's your name?" I asked, seeking to gain his confidence.

"Antonio Huanca, Señor," he hastily responded.

"Tell me Antonio, do you live far from here?"

He raised his little disheveled head and looked at me with a questioning gesture in his eyes. At last he shrugged his shoulders and pointing to an undefined place said:

"Phew, very far away Señor, over there, on the other side of the river."

I decided that my question had been unfortunate. I should try again, but this time I would be more direct:

"Do you know Esquiú Street?"

He remained pensive a moment, but his little face immediately lit up:

"Yes, Señor; it's the one at the end of town. If you go straight down this one," he was pointing to the street of the restaurant, "you will find it when the pavement ends. Right where the pavement ends is Esquiú Street, yes Señor."

He was talking without stopping polishing and at that pace he would soon finish. I bent down a little in order to speak without raising my voice and I said to him:

"I'm going to see Cerino Sanguedolce, do you know him?"

He started laughing while he was licking his lips.

"The candy man? Who doesn't know Don Cerino, Señor?"

He stretched his little head and said to me in a tone of confidence:

"Don't tell him anything, but my little brothers and I always try to steal jars of candy from him," the boy was drooling, "there's no one in Santa María who makes them richer. Hee, hee, hee."

He was laughing like a sparrow and was, celebrating his mischief, finally a child.

Uncle Kurt is a "candy man," I marveled to myself. It occurred to me at that moment that I would be a fool for having not foreseen it, but that idea made no sense and I discarded it.

The boy had finished his work and I had sufficient information to locate Uncle Kurt. I generously paid him and he moved away to other tables to offer his services.

A wall clock, hung under a small frame with a collection of arrowheads, was reading 21:00 hours. I paid the cost of dinner and left.

The night was cool but the sky was covered with clouds and not a breath of wind was blowing. The car pulled out and I set off, following the shoeshiner's instructions.

As I was approaching Esquiú Street, the houses were spreading out and diminishing in quality, until at last I found myself in a miserable looking slum, where not only the pavement was ending but the street lights were also almost nonexistent.

I turned down Esquiú Street toward where instinct was indicating to me that the river should be, and I vainly searched for a sign, a reference point that would allow me to calculate the numbering.

Inwardly cursing the idea of visiting Uncle Kurt at night, I quickly realized that I was driving through a neighborhood made up of small properties of four or five hectares each.

In the Argentine Northwest, the properties all obey the same construction pattern: a rectangle of land properly fenced and a Sala (house of the owner or caretaker) built at a short distance from the entry gate. Variations or additions may exist, but this is the general "type," which I knew well, since our own property in Cerrillos was adapted to the same scheme. I then knew the inutility of calling from the entrance, given that the house is usually far from it and I unconsciously accepted the fact that I was going to have to enter into one of the small properties to give notice of my arrival.

The automobile was running for about five minutes along the gloomy Esquiú street that was now giving the unmistakable sensation of a steep slope. The river must be close by, but although the powerful four-quartz high beam was piercing the darkness, I could not distinguish anything beyond twenty meters. I stopped the car and set the hand brake; it would be better to conduct an exploration on foot.

I took from the glove compartment a pen-type flashlight, the meager light of which is rarely useful, and got out, taking the precaution of locking the car in case that I moved away from my spot. A moment later I was realizing the opportuneness of the decision to stop the car because, fifty meters ahead, the street was abruptly narrowing and falling into a steep ravine over the Santa María River that was running below, at a distance of one hundred or one hundred and fifty meters. Had I continued advancing with the car, I would have found it difficult to turn around and back up.

I was, at last, at the beginning of Esquiú Street, not very far from Uncle Kurt's home.

This presumption gave me new encouragement to try to orient myself; something that, I was seeing, was quite difficult.

Esquiú Street had lost its sidewalks several blocks back and, where I was now, was just an alley of coarse gravel that was extending from one wire fence to the other, the limits of unknown properties. To the east was the river, so if this was the last block, the presumed abode of Uncle Kurt, the address I sought must be on one of the two sides of the street, just a few paces from there.

I explored the north hand that was comprised of a row of three strands of wire, up to a height of one and a half meters, but lined all along its extension by ligustrum shrubs, very dense and perfectly pruned in the shape of a pillar. I traveled about one hundred and fifty meters without finding any gate or palisade, so I deduced that I was at the back of a property.

Trying to calm the displeasure that I was feeling for so unusual a situation, I crossed to the southern hand and resumed the search. This property was more restricted because I soon discovered a thick mesh of diamond-shaped wires, which was revealing the tangle of the usual ligustrum.

The night was becoming impenetrable, reducing the help of the small flashlight, and so my pace was slow and hesitant, as I was inspecting, inch by inch, that gloomy stretch of Esquiú Street. When I was losing hope of finding an entrance on that wall, a miracle took place: an enormous gate of pipe and wire mesh emerged from the darkness almost at the end of the street, about ten meters from the ravine. I oriented the flashlight beam inside but, just as I was guessing, I did not see any construction but a path, formed by two parallel tracks, which was lost in the darkness. To the left was a carefully tended plantation of vines, small and laden with clusters; to the right an infinite number of seedlings of a plentiful vegetable garden.

I checked the gate again, but did not find any bell or knocker; instead I discovered two steel rings, one on the gate and another on the concrete frame, threaded by a heavy iron padlock.

Discouraged, I leaned against the gate, trying to make a decision. The most reasonable thing would be to leave and return in the daytime, but the supposition that there were farmhands or perhaps relatives of Uncle Kurt, to whom my

presence would be very strange, was holding me back. There was still the possibility of persisting in the nocturnal search, entering the property in spite of the padlock; provided that it was really my Uncle's home...

I was remaining undecided, hugging the mesh of the gate, sharpening my sight in the direction to the entrance path, when I fleetingly seemed to see the glimmer of a light. It was only a second, but sufficient to revive the hope of obtaining some result that night.

I imagined that the Sala must be quite far away, which is why no light was reaching the gate, intercepted, perhaps, by trees or other obstacles. I thought no more of it and climbed up the mesh adjacent to the gate. Except for the setback of which a portion of my "Safari" sack got caught on the barbed wires that were crowning the mesh frame, I could enter without problems. A few seconds later, I was easily moving along the interior path, following the marked vehicle tracks with my flashlight. I was walking about a hundred meters, when the trail brusquely bent to the right and went into a group of leafy trees. As soon as I took this curve, I sighted, about thirty or forty meters away, an alpine-type house, two stories high, with a half-timbered tile roof, the color of which was contrasting with the white of the walls and the black bars on the windows and balconies. Against the darkness of the night, it was ghostly resting without, seemingly, any lights on.

This vision and silence, only broken by the buzzing of the ***giant cicadas,*** contributed to demoralize me. I stopped an instant and contemplated the immense mass of the house, shielded by the branches of some giant willows that were swaying to the rhythm of a gentle breeze. I had an inexplicable desire to run and abandon that unreal scene, but I soon pulled myself together and advanced with great strides with the intention of knocking on the door to request the presence of Uncle Kurt or Cerino Sanguedolce.

It was then that I heard it.

I was a few meters from the house when I felt a ***familiar sound*** coming from behind me, to the right... It was an acute whine. A very special lament that only those who have had experience in dog breeding can immediately recognize. For this whine is the expression of the desire to attack that the dog manifests, when the master prevents him from doing so.

I was remembering that Mama had brought a small cat to the property and, in order to prevent Canuto from attacking it, she decided to make him sniff it while she was scolding him with loud voices and was forbidding him to touch it. Then Canuto was trembling, torn between the instinct to kill and the obedience that he was owing to his masters, and was letting out deceptive whines that were not expressing pain but the restrained desire to attack.

This type of whine was that which had sounded behind my back. "Dogs!" I thought in alarm, "How did I not notice the lack of dogs? God, what an imbecile! Every rural property has dogs. But... why weren't they barking? Why hadn't they barked?"

I slowly turned around. What I saw induced in me a sudden terror, paralyzing me in the spot where I was standing. Two pairs of green eyes were flashing in the shadows a few paces from me. They were animal eyes, perhaps of dogs; but I believe the panic produced in me the awareness of two things; one, the abnormal size of those beasts, and the other, also their abnormal caution. Because it was inconceivable that I had been able to transit so far through the property without the animals emitting even a bark and that instead they silently followed me, almost crawling, until situating themselves so close to me that I could touch them with the tip of my foot.

One of the beasts whined again, with the evident desire to jump on me. At the moment in which I was assailing myself with the certainty that their master must not be far away, a modulated whistle sound of doubtless human origin sounded. I did not manage to turn around this time because the beasts, upon hearing the whistle, acted as if moved by a spring and with a great leap threw themselves upon their prey.

Despite being almost paralyzed with fright, the instinct of preservation and several years of ***Karate,*** put me on guard. But only to find that those beasts were possessing a particular training since, instead of biting and going for the neck as combat dogs do, they were seeming to know exactly what to do: each one went for an arm and sunk its teeth into it. I felt lacerated flesh and saw that the beasts were closing their jaws with no intention of letting go. The impact of the attack made me stagger as both dogs were seeming to weigh more than my 90 kg; a second later I was falling backwards while I was feeling the bone of my left arm crunch in the mouth of the gigantic

canine. I thought, as I was falling, of various tactics to get away from the dogs: I would roll over, kick their testicles, bite...

"Crack" sounded the blow to my skull and everything went dark.

FOURTH BOOK

"The History of Kurt von Sübermann"

Chapter I

They were rushing, the turbulent waters were rushing and dragging me along without me being able to avoid it. Nearby, enveloped in a roar of noise and foam, the waterfall was absorbing torrents of water like a titanic thirsty throat. I was approaching the roaring abyss, I was seeing the edge, I was trying to uselessly swim but the water was dragging me. At the end I was falling headlong into the torrent. It was the end. I would plunge to the bottom, against sharp rocks. I had to open my eyes. I had to open my eyes...

Making a supreme effort, I opened my eyes, which were instantly hurt by a terrible glare. I was blinking trying to accustom my sight to the sun, while I was realizing that I was lying down in an unknown room. I was staring as if hypnotized at the window, adorned with white curtains, while little by little the mist in which my consciousness was enveloped was dissipating.

The first thing that I took in was the intense pain in my head, plus a kind of pressure on my scalp and forehead. I attempted to bring my hands to my head and a new pain shot through my nervous system. I could hardly move my arms, which were, both of them, bandaged up to the elbow. The left was the most affected and sensitive, for a small movement was seeming as an ordeal; the right, equally painful, was appearing to be in better condition. With the latter, I found that a bandage was covering my entire skull up to my forehead. The movement was very painful, I reflexively realized upon regaining consciousness. Despite its fleetingness, it was enough to alert the person who was seated to the right of the bed, at such an angle that it at first prevented me from perceiving his presence. It was an enormous man, with a sharp gaze and a booming voice, who was approaching toward me with a concerned and... vociferating gesture. Older than how I was remembering him from that night in my childhood, though he had not changed much: it was without a doubt Uncle Kurt!

His countenance was dejected and his voice pitiful, saying incoherencies:

"You are my only nephew and I have almost killed you. I have spilled my own blood! A curse has fallen upon me. O God, my end is near. Why add this disgrace to my sufferings...?

"You will get well Arturo, my son," Uncle Kurt was continuing with a pained voice, "you will recover. The ***Ámpej***[1] Palacios has checked you and assures that you will soon get better. How can you forgive me, child... ?"

Uncle Kurt was still incessantly muttering his grievances and apologies while he was keeping that potent blue gaze fixed on me.

Enveloped in a growing drowsiness, making efforts to coordinate my ideas, I recognized, in the tense face of my interlocutor, the familiar features of my mother.

As if dazed, I was staring at him searching for something to say, when I clearly heard the canine sound of a growl. It came to my ears from outside the house and had the virtue of making the memories rush into my mind. The last thing I saw and felt when I was exploring Uncle Kurt's property came like an overwhelming avalanche.

"Wha... what were they?" I stammered, trying to contain the trembling that was shaking my whole body. A question mark was on Uncle Kurt's face.

"Sorry?" he asked puzzled.

"The... the wild beasts," I said, making an effort because I was feeling my tongue swollen and asleep.

"Ah, the mastiffs," Uncle Kurt realized. "They are dogs; dogs from Tibet. Very particular animals, authentic dogs. Perhaps the only species that deserves that name. They're extraordinary animals, capable of receiving semi-human training." Involuntarily, I opened my eyes in horror and Uncle Kurt, upon noticing it, sorrowfully apologized:

"What has occurred to you is an accident. An incomprehensible accident of which only I am to blame. The mastiffs attacked you because I ordered it. O God, I alone am responsible for the greatest crime! I have shed my own blood!..."

Uncle Kurt began to repeat the previous incoherencies while I was falling gently into unconsciousness. My eyes were closing, listening to whom I had come to visit with so much illusion, transformed into a character of a Greek tragedy, because of my imprudence and lack of foresight!

Suddenly, I also felt guilty; my heart squeezed; I attempted to say some apology but a saving penumbra eclipsed my consciousness, plunging me into a deep sleep.

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1. Quechua word for physician, healer, skilled in administering remedies or spells.

I will try to abbreviate the details of my unfortunate intrusion into Uncle Kurt's life. It will be a concession in favor of other data that I wish to make available to the reader, for the better interpretation of this strange story. For if it occurred to anyone to think that everything that had happened to me up to that point was more than sufficient to cover a quota of mysterious events, I will tell him that he is very much mistaken. This adventure was missing important parts, I would say it was just beginning, and if remarkable "coincidences" had haunted me up to then, what would come next was not far behind. Because Uncle Kurt had a story to tell. A story so strange and unusual that, considered on its own, it was unbelievable; but which I was to take with a great deal of respect, for "that" story was part of "my" own story.

But let us not get ahead of ourselves. The day that I opened my eyes, and saw Uncle Kurt for the second time in my life, was the night following my unfortunate incursion onto the property. It was about fifteen hours that I was remaining unconscious, to the despair of Uncle Kurt, who was fearing to have given me a serious brain injury.

The blow, delivered with the butt of a ***Luger*** pistol, had been forceful and, according to Uncle Kurt, I should thank the abnormal hardness of my skull or a miracle for my salvation.

Why this certainty? Because he had struck with much force; in his words, enough to kill the intruder. This violence was due to the fact that Uncle Kurt was expecting an attempt, an attack at any moment.

He had reason to believe it, as will be seen, and misfortune—or another cause—wanted that I had the ill-fated idea of carrying out the suspicious nocturnal visit.

At first, after making sure that there were no other intruders, Uncle Kurt dragged me to the house and devoted himself to the task of checking my pockets in search of weapons and elements of identification. With the surprise that is to be expected, he found the Iron Cross—his decoration—Mama's letter, and the documents and ID cards that were duly proving my identity.

According to Uncle Kurt, he would have committed suicide right then and there if it were not that I was inexplicably still breathing. His first reaction was to seek help, but, aware of the irregularity of the situation, he decided to be extremely cautious in order to avoid police intervention. For this very reason,

it would be inconvenient to resort to an unknown doctor who might put him in a tight spot.

I must clarify that Uncle Kurt had not married, so he was living alone in the Sala, assisted by an old and faithful Indian husband and wife, who were inhabiting a small adjacent house. Apart from those mentioned, there were never less than ten farmhands dwelling there—to tend the vines and the small factory of sweets and syrup—but these were occupying a farmhouse thirty meters away from the Sala and were not trustworthy.

Uncle Kurt called to the old majordomo, named ***José Tolaba,*** desperately knocking on the window of his room.

"Pepe, Pepe."[2]

"Yes, Don Cerino," answered the old man with promptness.

"Come quickly, Pepe. A misfortune has occurred," cried Kurt.

Although he only named the old man, five minutes later Pepe and his wife were appearing, because by the tone of the call, they assumed that something grave was going on. The old woman, Juana, was constantly making the sign of the cross while Uncle Kurt and Pepe were moving my inanimate body to a sofa in the ***living room,*** since the bedrooms were on the upper floor, by means of the staircase.

I lost a little blood from a deep gash at the level of the occiput,[3] but the most impressive thing was undoubtedly the way in which the dogs mauled my forearms. Uncle Kurt left the two elders so that they washed the wounds and took care of me and departed in search of Ámpej Palacios.

He took from the garage a brand-new ***Toyota*** jeep—acquired in times of "easy money"—and sped off, noticing the presence of the Ford a few meters from the gate when leaving.

The hour was untimely to seek out any doctor, but not for the Ámpej Palacios.

This personage, who is not from fiction but would deserve to be, is an Indian doctor world famous for his mastery of kinesiotherapy. Already old in these years, he still runs his humble office without being bothered by anyone, because his prestige is as great as the fortune that he amassed thanks to the gifts that generous and wealthy patients were depositing into

2. Nickname for José.

3. Back of the head or skull.

his hands. The Ámpej Palacios has made men and women walk who have been paralyzed for years, has made necks as stiff as an obelisk move, and has straightened so many spinal columns that have been turned away by traumatologists throughout the world, that it would be difficult to believe if there were no signature books to prove it.

These books are a second touristic source for Santa María, for there are signatures and notes from people, from all over the world, who came to Ámpej Palacios to seek hope. Rich and poor, priests and doctors, nobles and plebeians, all have signed his books to testify to the wisdom of Ámpej. There is no magic or sorcery here, but pure and simple Ancient Wisdom that dynasties of Ámpej Diaguitas have preserved and transmitted from fathers to sons. Today the children of Ámpej Palacios are Medical Doctors graduated from the University of Salta and specialized in: Traumatology! They continue the familial tradition and successfully practice a knowledge thousands of years older than the materialistic science of the West.

Accompanied by the Ámpej Palacios, Uncle Kurt returned half an hour later. This one, who is a corpulent old man with a thick white mustache and hands as big as a size-12 alpargata,[4] went to check my head and arms.

"The head is not broken," affirmed the Ámpej ten minutes later, "but we will have to wait a few hours to know if there is no injury to the brain. The left arm is broken and must be put in a cast; the right arm has a healthy bone but the flesh is badly injured."

"Look, Cerino," continued the Ámpej, "I don't think that it's serious but we have to stitch up his head and arm, and give him anti-inflammatories and antibiotics. So much for me just fixing bones; I'll send you to my youngest kid who is just visiting. He's a doctor and will better attend to him."

An hour later, Dr. Palacios was arriving grumbling, since he was due to travel to Salta at 05:00 hours and they had awakened him at 01:00.

He fully devoted himself to his task, administering several injections, stitching up the wounds of the right arm, and casting the left.

He closed the cut in the scalp, after shaving the injured area with inert plastic hooks.

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4. The Argentine name for the Espadrille, footwear commonly worn by rural workers.

"Sure that the dogs aren't rabid?" asked the Ámpej's son with diffidence.

"I can assure you," affirmed a horrified Uncle Kurt. "They bit because I ordered it; they are very domesticated animals and they blindly obey me. They would never attack anyone on their own."

The Doctor was shaking his head while he was murmuring something about the doubts that he was harboring as to the tameness of the Tibetan mastiffs.

Three hours later Dr. Palacios was leaving and Uncle Kurt, after taking the keys that I had in the Safari sack, drove my automobile onto the property and parked it inside his garage.

The second day I attempted to get up because I came to at a moment in which no one was in the room. I felt, then, a terrible weakness and such a dizziness that I almost fell to the floor. I remained seated on the edge of the bed contemplating, not without a certain curiosity, the place in which I was finding myself.

It was a soberly furnished room, with a carved walnut bedroom set and a bed with a lace mosquito net. I deduced that it was on the second floor from the vaulted ceiling and the thick quebracho beams that were supporting it. At that moment, old Juana entered and was frightened to see me sitting down.

"Ay, Señorcito," said the old lady, "How do you do these things? You have to rest, so ordered the doctor."

She was firmly pushing me by the shoulders to force me to take the horizontal position while I was letting her do it, astonished by the attitude of the stranger.

Very soon I was lying down and again covered while the old woman was incessantly protesting:

"Señorcito, you've moved your casted arm; that's not good, he's going to be angry..."

"And... the Señor?" I timidly asked.

"Don Cerino?" He'll be here right away," responded the old woman, "as soon as I notify him that you've recovered."

She approached the door to my right—the other one was leading to a bathroom as I later learned—but before leaving she turned and said:

"Stay still Señorcito, I'll soon bring you broth and a nut horchata," she smiled. "You'll soon see how you'll recover your strength."

As the days passed, I was recovering and fifteen days later I was already going down to the dining room and taking walks in the park next to the house.

Another fifteen days later they removed my cast and, only thirty-five days after having arrived in Santa María, I was able to set off for Tafí del Valle under astonishing circumstances that I will narrate later.

At the beginning, I wrote several times to my parents, lying about a supposed archaeological investigation at the Pukara of Loma Rica to reassure them about my prolonged absence. I also spoke by telephone with Dr. Cortez in order to request an extension of fifteen days to my vacations that were expiring in those days, but he only agreed to it when I informed him that I had suffered an accident.

Things were getting difficult because I had not yet begun to find out the whereabouts of Belicena Villca's son and my vacation was already coming to an end. However, when departing from Santa María, my morale was high and I had more faith than ever. The prolonged meetings that I held with my extraordinary relative had contributed to it. But let us return to those days of convalescence, when Uncle Kurt initiated the story of his fantastic life.

Chapter II

s I am a doctor, already in the first days of convalescence, I understood that it would be long, so, having sufficient time, I was seeing no reason not to tell Uncle Kurt about my adventure. I never experienced the desire to share my affairs with anyone nor have I had confidants. But now it was different. Since the day of the earthquake, I was lamenting not knowing anyone in whom to confide; someone sufficiently "spiritual" as not to make fun of the occurred events surrounding Belicena Villca's death. But also that he had the necessary freedom to be able to accept a knowledge that was involving such grave dangers.

At one point I thought of going to Professor Ramirez, but then I was ashamed of this selfish idea that could endanger the life and mind of this exemplary man dedicated to his professorships and his family.

I was upset since then because I was feeling that I was beginning to deal with ideas that were too "big," too inhuman, that could disturb me if I was not sharing them. And lo and behold, suddenly a man ***of my blood,*** whom I never dreamed to meet, resurrects from the past. A ***solitary*** man like me; ***of action.*** A ***bold*** man of an age in which one does not fear for life, for death begins to take shape as a reality.

"Yes," I was decidedly thinking, "I would confide everything in Uncle Kurt."

At the beginning we chatted about trifles because we both were avoiding telling our secrets; I was not revealing the motive for my visit and he was keeping quiet about the brutal attack from the mastiffs and his truncheon blow. I told him about my studies and also of my parents; he explained to me the techniques to obtain a good prickly-pear ***syrup.***

Thus we were gaining trust, until one day, one of the last that I stayed in bed, I told him:

"Uncle Kurt, I'd like you to hand me the briefcase that I brought with me. It was left in the car the night that I arrived."

To my surprise, Uncle Kurt opened one of the closet doors and took out from a compartment the briefcase that, apparently, had been there the whole time. I opened it and took out Belicena Villca's letter and some notes that I had taken when I dialogued with Professor Ramirez.

"I'm going to explain to you the reason for my visit," I said, trying to convey the importance that the matter was worth to me. "It's a fantastic and incredible story and I seriously think that I only dare tell it to you without reservation or fear."

Uncle Kurt arched his eyebrows, vividly interested in something that, at least to me, was seeming of extreme gravity. My words, and the tone that I used, created the appropriate mood for it.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon on an ordinary day, we both had had lunch, and the serene tranquility that was reigning in that lost country house was inviting to dialogue and confidence. We had all the time in the world at our disposal to take advantage of it as we pleased.

I began to narrate the known events and, if I was harboring any doubt about the credibility that Uncle Kurt would give to it, it was soon dispelled. Visibly upset by some passages and won over by impatience in others, he was constantly interrupting me to ask for details and, after he was getting what he was wanting, he was encouraging me to continue in an authoritative tone that was unfamiliar to him.

The case of Belicena Villca had completely captured his interest but, upon finding out about the existence of the letter, he seemed to go mad. At that moment I took it out of the briefcase and I had to make an effort to prevent him from snatching it out of my hands: it was my intention to permit that he read it, but not at that moment but later, when I had finished relating what happened. I showed him, then, and continued with the narration without perturbing myself by the anxiety of my uncle, who was finding it a great effort, evidently, to wait to read it. I explained, in general terms, the objective of that posthumous missive, without going into details about the incredible history of the House of Tharsis, mentioning only the millenary persecution that it had suffered by the Golen-Druids: I spoke of Bera and Birsha and of my conviction that They were the true assassins of Belicena Villca. At that point it was seeming that Uncle Kurt's eyes were going to pop out of their sockets; however, his lips were remaining sealed in surprise. Finally, I referred him to the translation that Professor Ramirez made of the legend ***"ada aes sidhe draoi mac hwch"*** and its subsequent allusions to the Golen-Druids, which in my opinion was confirming the veracity of much, if not all, of the contents of the letter.

Here the charm was cut off and Uncle Kurt, springing to his feet, shouted: "Yes, Arturo! The Druids! I was waiting for them the night that you arrived! After 35 years I perceived the unmistakable sign of their presence and I knew that at any moment I would be attacked, although I was unaware why they had waited so long, why they were now ***reappearing***. And now I know: because you were coming to me, bearer of the Greatest Secret!"

It was a roar that came out of his throat when pronouncing these phrases in German, being immediately answered by two prolonged howls from the mastiffs one floor below and outside of the house. I could not but be astonished because Uncle Kurt had always spoken in Castilian, since my mastery of the German language is poor as a consequence of my parents' decision to educate me "fully Argentinean" to the point that not even among them were they using this language.

Neither was it escaping me that, no matter how loud that he had shouted, the dogs could not have heard him. How then, had they answered him?

I was now looking with "different eyes" at Uncle Kurt, whom I had hitherto regarded as a person, like so many others, tortured by the memory of the days of the war, but, otherwise, completely normal.

I was understanding, slowly, that there was something else: Uncle Kurt had a secret knowledge that was enormously weighing on his conscience, now enlivened by my story.

Uncle Kurt must have been about sixty-two years old, but he was giving the impression of appearing ten years younger. Tall to exaggeration—I was calculating him to be about 190 cm—he was burly, of athletic build, and one could see that he was keeping himself in shape. His hair, which should be black, was gray, cut very short; his light blue eyes, full eyebrows, thin-lipped mouth with a thick mustache and firm chin, were completing his description. One detail, perhaps, was the scar that was on his left cheek, enhanced by the blushing red of his cheeks, a sign of health for his age.

He was liking to dress simple but sportingly and I was always seeing him wearing thick chamois boots.

In synthesis, he was an impressive man; even more so at that moment in which he was seeming to shoot sparks out of his eyes. He spent a few minutes walking in circles all around the

room, with his hands behind his back, in which he had the letter from Belicena Villca that I had just given to him.

I was keeping respectful silence although I was intrigued by this reaction. We spent several hours talking while outside it was rapidly getting dark. The room was submerged in shadows when old Juana came in and turned on the light.

"Jesus, Don Cerino, why are you in the dark? Dinner is ready. I'll bring up Señor Arturo's right away," the old lady smiled as usual before leaving.

This interruption calmed Uncle Kurt, who was still pensively circling. He stopped at the foot of my bed with his hands rested on the footboard and, in correct Castilian, he said:

"Neffe,[5] I believe that you have brought me an answer that I awaited for decades. If it is so, I can die in peace when it is all over," he mysteriously said, "but tell me, what exactly brought you to me? How did it occur to you to come to see me?"

"I was wanting to find out the motive that the ᛋᛋ had for collecting all the documentation on the Druids," I responded. "When I thought about it, the memory of that night thirty-five years ago came to my mind, when you gave me the Iron Cross. It was an intuition, because immediately, for no apparent reason, I felt sure that you would know how to respond to those questions. Then I learned through Mama that you'd been an ᛋᛋ officer... And here I am."

"Ha-ha-ha," he admiringly laughed, with that thunderous guffaw that he let out upon discovering me on the Cerrillos stairway, as a child, and that I was remembering so well.

"You've assumed right, Neffe," continued Uncle Kurt, "I can tell you some things that would be useful to you in the solution of your problems. Things regarding the ***esoteric Doctrine*** of the ᛋᛋ Black Order. However, by an inevitable and significant design of the Gods, it will surprise you to see to what extent the answers that you were seeking were in my hands. But before speaking of it, let's have dinner."

He departed, leaving me consumed by new questions. From his earlier exclamation another mystery was clearly emerging: how had Uncle Kurt made contact with the Druids, those who, seemingly, for years were pursuing him to the death?

5. Nephew in German.

Chapter III

t 21:30 hours, Uncle Kurt settled into a comfortable hammock chair next to my bed, and after remaining pensive a few minutes, he began to speak. I could tell that he had been reflecting on everything that occurred and had made a decision.

"Look, Arturo," he said with a solemn tone, trying to be convincing, "I understand that you'll be impatient to obtain the answers that have brought you here, but you must give me time to read Belicena Villca's letter. It's a lengthy manuscript and it'll take me several days to assimilate it, but it's necessary that I do so before answering your questions; in that way I'll have the background of what you know, I'll assess what you still need to know, and I'll be able to express myself with precision."

He was expecting my unconditional approval. However, I was believing that it would in no way affect him to anticipate any response from me.

"I agree, Uncle Kurt, that you should take time to read the letter. But tell me now, how is it possible that on the day of my arrival you were expecting an attack from the Druids? I mean: how'd you know that They were coming?"

"Well, because the day before I had heard ***the buzzing,*** the unmistakable ***buzzing of honeybees,*** which reveals ***the use of the Dorje on the Heart!*** Yes, Neffe. From that instant an uncontrollable tachycardia, which still lasts, came over me. But once again all their tricks failed in the face of the powers with which the Gods have endowed me, and they'll find themselves forced to confront me face to face." His eyes were defiantly shining, but I was wanting to clarify things. The allusion to the buzzing and the Dorje, elements that Belicena mentioned the Twenty-fifth Day, when Bera and Birsha converted the blood of the Seigniors of Tharsis into Bitumen of Judea, ***before reading her letter,*** had left me frozen with astonishment.

Trembling, I asked him:

"But, then, you've heard that buzzing before?"

"Of course, Arturo. I heard it for the first time in 1938, 42 years ago."

"And where?" I inquired with growing astonishment, anticipating the surprising answer.

"In Tibet; on the border between this country and China. It was during an expedition to the Gates of Chang Shambhala."

The blood rushed to my temples, I felt confused, dizzy, and I glimpsed the possibility of losing consciousness. The room had disappeared from my sight and in my mind, together with a thousand concepts and situations that were emerging from Belicena Villca's letter, the questions were reducing to their extreme abstraction: what, how, when, where, struggling to take concrete form and strafe[6] Uncle Kurt. He, who was noticing my confusion, began to merrily laugh.

"Did you see, Neffe? I knew it! It'll be impossible for you to comprehend anything in the manner how you propose the dialogue. I'll tell you everything, fear not. But so that you can make the most of my experience, so that you can comprehend it, it's best that you know a summary of my life. I repeat: wait until I read the letter, then I'll tell you about my past and then your questions will have consistency and my answers will make sense.

"However," he continued, "as I see that your impatience isn't small, I'll give you something on which to think during these days.

"If I haven't misunderstood, you're trying to find an esoteric Order that would presumably exist in Córdoba, an Order of Wise Constructors, an Order dedicated to the study of the Hyperborean Wisdom?"

I nodded.

"Well, Neffe: I am in a condition to affirm that I very possibly have precise news about said Order. And not only about it, but also about the mysterious Initiate who has founded it."

That was the last thing I would have expected to hear and, again, my lips remained sealed while in my mind the questions were forming at great velocity.

But Uncle Kurt did not give me time to ask:

"I'll prove it to you!" he said, as he was untying a package that he had brought concealed in his jacket. Undoubtedly, Uncle Kurt had no intentions of referring to that matter, unless my impatience forced him, and that was why he hidden that package: if not necessary, he would not have shown it at that moment.

6. To machine-gun, or to bombard.

Upon concluding, he held between his hands a book of voluminous appearance, bound with thick covers lined with red cloth. Holding it in front of my eyes, he opened it and revealed the first page; first of all, it was announcing the title of the work and the name of the author: ***Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom*** by ***"Nimrod de Rosario."*** Further down, an inscription was giving indications of the book's affiliation: ***"Order of Tirodal Knights of the Argentine Republic."***

When I had read those succinct sentences, Uncle Kurt turned the page and pointed out to me a "Letter to the Chosen" that was inserted as a prologue; at the end of it, three pages later, was the signature of the author, Nimrod de Rosario, and the following indication: ***"Córdoba, August 1979."***

"Six months!" I exclaimed. "It was only published six months ago! How, Uncle Kurt, how the Devil did you get your hands on it?"

"Ha-ha. Not precisely by the will of the Devil but my good friend Oskar, who passed away only three months ago and took the secret to his grave." Here he became serious, upon noticing the disenchantment on my face. "I know that this part of the news will not cause you any pleasure, but it's preferable that you know the truth from the start.

"Oskar, about whom I will tell you later, was, like me, a refugee in Argentina since 1947. As with your parents and other Comrades, I used to meet with him a couple of times a year: after those secret meetings, each one was returning to their usual tasks. No letters, no telephone, nothing was to bind us if we were wishing to continue to be free. For me, it was already known that a secret organization, the orders of which were saying "execute wherever he is found" without hesitation, was pursuing me; but Oskar's case was different: they were "officially" looking for him to be tried for "war crimes," and the Soviet Union was making the claim, since Oskar Feil was from Estonia. But Oskar, who was passing for an Italian immigrant under the name of "Domingo Pietratesta," had entered into marriage in Argentina and had a beautiful family to which he had to protect above all things: in his case the possibility of getting caught by the Enemy was unthinkable. That is why we were taking extreme precautions to meet every six months. And neither could we help getting together because we were both close comrades, not only since the war, but also since many

years before, since the time in which we studied together at the ***NAPOLA*** School.

"Ah, Oskar, Oskar," sighed Uncle Kurt. "A friend for more than a lifetime. A companion to conquer Heaven and Hell, a Comrade for Eternity."

"B-but he died?" I said stammering, to bring Uncle Kurt back to reality.

He was silent for a moment. At last he seemed to notice me, and continued his story.

"Yes, Neffe. Oskar died four months ago; of 'natural death,' according to all accounts, but it is not hidden from me that he may have been assassinated: whatever his death was, his wife would never publicly reveal the truth. The future of Oskar's three children would force her to bite her lip before speaking. So I don't know what occurred with certainty since, for obvious reasons, I won't be able to get close to his family for quite a while; a year or more.

"But let's get down to business, Arturo!" he said with energy, after deeply sighing, as if bidding farewell to his dead friend. "About eighteen months ago, more or less, we met in the Province of Jujuy, at the Provincial Hotel in Tilcara: we were both passing for tourists who were visiting the famous Pukara. There I noticed him very excited and happy: he had found, he then told me, ***those who were possessing a direct contact with the Source of the Hyperborean Wisdom,*** that is to say, with the same source that was nourishing the Wisdom of our Initiated Instructors of the ϟϟ Black Order... According to Oskar, after 35 years of 'democratic' and Judaic darkness, the Spiritual Light of the Black Sun was emerging once again: yes, after 35 years, during which the Enemy poured all kinds of calumnies upon the Wisdom of the Order, and after hundreds of impostors, often mere junior ϟϟ personnel who were ignorant of the Secrets of the Order, sowed confusion about the initiatory teaching that was being imparted in it. In Córdoba, Oskar explained to me, a great Initiate had appeared who was calling himself 'Nimrod de Rosario'; the 'de Rosario' was, apparently, to differentiate his nickname from the historical Nimrod, a Kassite King who lived 2,000 years BC. But this was anecdotal: the important thing consisted in that that Initiate was mastering all the Sciences of the West, and especially the Hyperborean Wisdom, in a degree as high as Oskar had never seen outside of Germany, and since the last days of the war, 35 years ago. In

truth, one would have to go back to those days and to the men who were secretly directing the Black Order, in particular Konrad Tarstein, to find an equivalent Initiate. At least that was Oskar's opinion.

"Of course, outside of the inevitable comparisons, and what they had in common, there were abysmal differences between Nimrod and our ancient instructors. Of course, there was no difference with regard to Honor or the Hyperborean Wisdom itself: in this area everything was analogous to the ϟϟ... But we were no longer in the days of the Third Reich and the ϟϟ, and it is logical that in organizing the adherents of the Hyperborean Wisdom, Nimrod was forced to rely on what reality, the reality of 1979, was offering him. I still remember Oskar's words referring to the spiritual incompetence of his followers: 'Believe me, Kurt, Nimrod needs a racial selection like that which was practiced in Germany, and from which we emerged. I know, I know! We are no longer in Germany, but in the mestizo Third World. I am only raising an impossible possibility, a game of imagination. It saddens me to observe how his efforts fall into a vacuum, are wasted by people who cannot detach themselves from worldly life. Nevertheless, and without even remotely bordering on the discipline of the ϟϟ, he has managed to form an important support group that allows him to develop his Strategy: with persons coming out of traditional esotericism, especially many who realized that the Gnostic Church of Samael Aun Weor is just one more synarchic sect, and others coming from Argentine nationalism, that is to say, men with Nazi-fascist political training. With them he formed the Order of Tirodal Knights, in which a "Hyperborean Initiation" is granted, similar to that which we receive in the ϟϟ...'

" 'But the Hyperborean Initiation, which is the First of the three that spiritual liberation and the Return to the Origin requires,' continued Oskar, 'can only be administered by one who exhibits the Second Initiation, that is to say, by a Hyperborean Pontiff. Nimrod is, therefore, a Hyperborean Pontiff. How he obtained his Second Initiation, no one knows, but you and I know very well that only the Unknown Superiors, the Lords of Venus, the Hyperborean Gods bestow it. Naturally, to comply with his mission, this Initiate has prefabricated for himself the most consistent past possible, making use of his irresistible power over the illusory structure of reality. But this does not interest us: his past, and the contradictions that can

be proved in it, only interest the Enemy. For us, Dear Kurt, what is certain, what is undeniable, is that his Wisdom comes from an irreproachable Source: the Lords of Agartha.'

" 'And what is his mission?' Oskar asked himself. 'It is also an enigma: it seems to be linked to the search for certain persons whom he would have to strategically orientate in order to play a role in the coming Total War. All his efforts are put into that search, but I don't think he has been lucky because, as I was saying, his collaborators are not the most suitable for the practice of High Magic. In fact, there are very few Initiates in the Tirodal Order and none respond to the demands of the mysterious mission. This assertion is not a subjective presumption but a confidence from Nimrod himself: in effect, when I met the Pontiff for the first time, he, who demonstrated to possess the power to read the initiatic Runes, congratulated me for the degree reached in the Black Order, but evidenced a visible disenchantment. To my surprise, he immediately apologized and courteously explained that when receiving a Chosen One for the first time, he was always harboring the hope "that he was one of Those who would fulfill the Mission prepared by the Gods." This comment clarified everything for me and I understood on the spot that I, obviously, was not one of 'Those' whom Nimrod was awaiting. Nevertheless, he treated me with camaraderie and offered me to participate in the Order, performing extremely reserved functions, which would in no way endanger my position. I accepted, of course; and I took advantage of his confidence in order to inquire some more about the unfortunate search for the Chosen Ones fit to carry out the plans of the Gods, a search that would be almost impossible in the infernal context of the present Epoch.'

" 'The kind of people that you seek, Nimrod, are of superior quality to the Initiates of the ϟϟ Black Order?'

" 'It is not a question of quality but of strategic confusion, Señor Pietratesta. Perhaps if one managed to transplant one of those Initiates from Wewelsburg Castle to this Epoch, without him experiencing the passage of time, we would have a Comrade fit for the Mission. But now, certainly, we have no such man. Our Initiates themselves ***could be fit for the mission if they completely assumed the Initiation and mastered their animic nature, if they decided to be what they are. But it is difficult, very difficult, for the spiritual men of this Epoch to have the valor necessary to stop being what they appear and definitively be what they***

are in truth. Nevertheless, the Gods assure that there are men capable of such valor, that the doors of the Mystery must be kept open until they arrive or those who are, are transmuted. And this certainty is that which gives us the strength to carry on, Comrade Pietratesta.'

" 'I was in a house in the City of Córdoba,' Oskar clarified, 'belonging to the Tirodal Order. In the spacious room, furnished as an office, behind an imposing desk, was seated Nimrod attentively observing me. At last he opened a drawer and took out a red-covered book.'

" 'Señor Pietratesta,' he said with seriousness. 'No one arrives at this place if he has not been previously investigated on Earth and in Heaven. You have satisfied the requisites and that is why we offer you this opportunity: to enter the Tirodal Order and become one of its Initiates. All those who enter must perform the same acts, which are very simple: they basically consist in ***comprehending and accepting*** the *Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom,* which, for the benefit of the Chosen Ones, we have synthesized in this book,' he handed me the red book. 'The mechanism of admission demands that you read this book and decide if you ***comprehend and accept*** its contents. If the resolution is positive, you are immediately incorporated into the Order and acquire the right to access the other thirteen books, which make up the "Second Part" of the Fundamentals and contain the secret preparation for the Hyperborean Initiation. If the answer is negative, if you do not comprehend or do not accept the *Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom,* all you have to do is return the book and refrain from making copies, and you will be disassociated from the Order. I must warn you,' he said with a threatening tone, 'that failure to comply with this condition is severely punished by the Order.' "

Chapter IV

skar promised to act with loyalty," Uncle Kurt said, "and he had no problem in complying. The content of the book was not unknown to us, although the novelty was the high-level philosophical language in which it was written: for a Baltic-German like Oskar, the reading of that pure Castilian was an extra test, which he nevertheless passed with youthful enthusiasm. So when finishing the reading, months later, he hastened to apply for admission to the Order of Tirodal Knights, being assigned to him a weekly day to meet in a certain hidden place with a few extremely trusted Comrades, who were studying the Second ***Part*** of the Fundamentals and preparing themselves for the Kairos of the Initiation. And this stage, in Oskar's own words, was constituting one of the happiest events of his life. However, if there was something that was still displeasing to Oskar, that it was my absence from the Order. As he expressed to me on that occasion, in Tilcara, he was believing that my presence and the contribution of my knowledge of the Hyperborean Wisdom were indispensable to charismatically strengthen the Order. He was also wanting that I read the book, but he was not daring to disobey the Pontiff, which is why he begged me to the point of exhaustion that I authorize him to present my name to be checked 'on Earth and in Heaven' and the book obtained through the correct way.

"I finally accepted, more to placate him than out of true interest, for, as you will understand, Neffe, I have, since 1945, the precise instructions to fulfill my own mission. ***And these instructions also come from the Gods, from the same Gods of Nimrod de Rosario who, surely, are also the 'Liberating Gods' who were guiding the House of Tharsis.***

"The next time that we saw each other, the last time, was in Córdoba, in August of last year. I am not going to deny, Arturo, that I was harboring a secret desire to meet the amazing Initiate of whom Oskar spoke to me so much. And yet it was not to be, because the Pontiff was on a secret retreat writing a new book. In spite of everything, Oskar came across the significant news that there was a book for me in the Order: one of the old members gave me the copy that you now have in your hands and transmitted to me Nimrod's greeting: 'the Pontiff,' he said

with respect, 'was happy to "have met me" and was assuring me a great performance in the service of the Gods of the Spirit.' Of course, that interview took place in a hotel, since no one could know the properties and meeting places of the Order before being accepted.

"Do you realize, Arturo, how close I came to entering the Order of Tirodal Knights? I was close, very close, but I did not manage to concretize the entry because the only contact that I had with the Order was Oskar and he passed away in December '79. At least that was what the telegram sent by his widow in January was announcing, to my PO Box in Salta. I do not possess more precise information, Neffe. I bought the Córdoba newspapers of those days and verified that, in effect, the burial of Domingo Pietratesta, who passed away in his bed due to a cardiac syncope, had been carried out. After such unfortunate news, unable to do anything else but await the passage of time, I have read the "Fundamentals" book many times, arriving to the conclusion that its content expresses, in the most profound and rigorous system of concepts, the ancient and simple truths of the Hyperborean Wisdom. Why Nimrod conceived such a work to regulate the access of the Chosen to his Order, I believe has to do with a super-realistic vision of the Epoch, of the present Culture, and with the ***type*** of Initiate that he seeks to carry out the mission proposed by the Gods. Whatever it may be, I estimate that I will not cause any harm to Nimrod's Strategy permitting that you now read it. I will only incur a Debt of Honor to the Order, which someday I will have to settle. In any case, you have already previously read a letter to which I attribute as much value to as this book, even though you have not yet allowed me to give an account of it."

Here Uncle Kurt smiled, while I was overcome with shame. Despite the momentary embarrassment, I continued laughing, as I was doing since a few minutes before. I was euphoric. My life had become entangled in a very significant way after the assassination of Belicena Villca, and it was evident that that plot ***could not be casual: Someone, the Liberating Gods, not the "Guardian Angel," had arranged it as a real plot, as a script of fate, so that I would "casually" follow it and find out about these things at the right moment. In a word: I had been guided by the Gods.*** And this thought, this certainty, was filling me with intimate joy.

Uncle Kurt, there were no longer any doubts, was possessing the keys that I was seeking. The fact that Oskar Feil's death had disconnected him from the Order was not discouraging me. With the information that I was now possessing, it was seeming a much easier task to locate Nimrod de Rosario and the Tirodal Order: he was the Lord of Absolute Orientation and those were the Wise Constructors of his Order. His search was aiming, and Uncle Kurt could not yet know it because I had not read him the letter, to find a Noyo or a Vraya, Initiates capable of traversing the Stones of a Valley of two Rivers and reaching the Wise Sword, together with Noyo of Tharsis, the son of Belicena Villca. And it was clear to me that by taking Belicena Villca's letter to him, Nimrod would not hesitate to put me on track to Noyo Villca, to whom he would transmit his mother's posthumous message. Without stopping smiling because of the joy that his revelations produced in me, my mind was working at great velocity, while in Uncle Kurt's face was reflecting the surprise before such an incoherent attitude. But I was thinking, incessantly thinking, about the way to obtain the address of Oskar Feil, or Domingo Pietratesta, aware that my uncle would never voluntarily give it to me. Finally I found the key, simple, since it was in front of my eyes all the time: the newspapers! That was it: I would search the newspapers of December 1979 in Córdoba and check the obituaries, and there I would discover the address of his family!

Finally I adopted a more serious attitude and responded to Uncle Kurt:

"Certainly, that last part of your revelation is not altogether faustian," I said with regret. "I sincerely regret the death of your Comrade; and I even more regret, you will understand, that his death has disconnected you from the Tirodal Order. Nevertheless, it is so extraordinary what you have told me of said Order, that I could repeat your words from this afternoon: 'I believe that you have brought me something that I have awaited a long time.' You were saying so because of the letter, which you have not yet read, but I also believe that the information about the Order, and perhaps this book that I have not yet read, constitute a concrete answer to the ***true motive*** for my visit. Because, even though I ***consciously*** came to inquire about the relationship between the ϟϟ and the Druids, it is clear that such an inquiry is inserted into the larger question of the search for the son of Belicena Villca, ***the true motive, uncon-***

scious but effective, for all my movements. And that search inevitably passes through the Order of Wise Constructors of Córdoba, of which you have referred me: do you understand why, deep down, I am happy? Because the discovery of that Order represents the most necessary thing for me, the most important thing, much more than obtaining news about the Druids.

"Yes, Uncle Kurt," I emphatically affirmed, "it is indispensable that you read that letter as soon as possible. I will not disturb you until you finish. But you have done very well in bringing forward to me that you had knowledge of the Tirodal Order: it has taken a load off me, and now I will be able to await what you have to tell me later with more peace of mind."

Chapter V

I agreed, then, to give Uncle Kurt enough time to read the letter, without imagining what he would derive from such a concession. In the first place, either because he conscientiously carried out its reading, or because, most probably, the Castilian language prevented him from more rapidly grasping the obscure concepts of Belicena Villca, or for whatever reason that it was, the truth is that he finished it in just ten days. But, secondly, the most irritating part of the case is that during that time he locked himself in his room, refusing to leave even for a minute. He delegated all the chores of the Finca to his overseer José Tolaba and ordered that food be served to him in his room by old Juana. And it was in vain that I attempted to break that determination: my notes were not answered, and I did not manage to penetrate the laconic loyalty of the old woman with my questions. In synthesis: I had to arm myself with patience and accept the strange conduct of my Uncle! And, to top my frustration, I could not advance much in the reading of the *Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom* book due to the complexity of the themes that it was dealing with: it was requiring, at least, a Philosophical Dictionary to understand, in profundity, the majority of the concepts, which were used with great precision, and I was not knowing if my Uncle was possessing any kind of copy, although it would be of no use to me if it was written in German. Naturally, I did not manage to solve the problem until Uncle Kurt reappeared, and by then the Dictionary would no longer be necessary because I would never finish reading Nimrod's book: Uncle Kurt's story, and the events that occurred afterward, inevitably prevented me from doing so.

The psychological effect that the letter produced on Uncle Kurt must have been very intense because, as an effect of the reading, he was then demonstrating a very noticeable physical change, undoubtedly a psychosomatic product of the received impression. In a few words, from the look that my Uncle was presenting, he was appearing to have retroceded several years in those ten days, he was much younger, he was showing a positive and communicative character that before I was not recognizing in him. I suspect, and I do not believe myself to be too mistaken, that the thirty-three years spent in Santa María

had soured his temperament, normally jovial, and caused that unsociable and pessimistic personality that I noticed when arriving at the Finca. The personality of one who no longer too much trusts that the designs of the Gods will be fulfilled and resignedly awaits the resolution of Death. Thirty-three years is a long time to wait in Catamarca. I was understanding him better than anyone, and it was seeming logical to me that his character had eroded. And that is why I was then understanding that the change was justified, even foreseeable, since Belicena Villca's letter met his expectations, postponed for so many years. For it was clear, since he himself had confessed it, that his instructions for after the war, ***"instructions from the Gods,"*** obliged him to remain in that place, and that my arrival carrying the letter, and the presumed and imminent attack of the Druids, were constituting proofs that that wait was almost over.

"In truth, Neffe," was the first thing Uncle Kurt said, confirming my presumptions, "it is not the letter that has affected me to an extent that you cannot imagine, but the Mystery of Belicena Villca, that which was hidden behind her actual existence and that is now uncovered before us. Of the letter, Neffe, of its contents, it is possible to assume a merely intellectual participation; but of the Mystery that the letter and that the death of Belicena pose, of the Mystery of the House of Tharsis, it is not possible to exclude oneself without being left out of the Strategy of the Gods."

"The Mystery has arrived to us," here Uncle Kurt, decidedly, was including himself in my adventure, "and we cannot and must not try to avoid it. Now, Kairos permitting, we must make it to the end, to the Tirodal Order, to Nimrod de Rosario, to Noyo of Tharsis and the Wise Sword, to the Final Battle."

I nodded, still surprised by the firm and solidary attitude of my uncle. He continued, astounding me once again.

"Look Arturo, I have thought more these days than you can imagine, evaluating the occurred events and calculating each step that must be taken in the future. By means of that global strategic analysis, and taking into account my personal experience, which you will soon have the opportunity of knowing what it consists in, since I will narrate to you the story of my life, I have drawn some conclusions that would be good you took into consideration. Before anything else, and just as I assumed from the beginning, I have verified that you are not at

all prepared to face this mission." I wanted to protest, but Uncle Kurt raised his hand in an unappealable manner and I decided to allow him to complete his exposition. "Listen well, Neffe: I didn't not say that you can't carry it out, but that you are ***not yet*** prepared to undertake the mission. But you very soon will be if you comprehend my arguments and follow my instructions to the letter.

"Therefore, the first thing you must understand is that a mission like this is never initiated without a prior detachment. I understand, and you don't need to explain it to me, that such non-attachment is a state of spiritual consciousness that you experienced from the moment in which you launched yourself into this adventure: right now you feel disconnected from the world, liberated from material ties. But, realistically, I must tell you, that such an attitude is completely subjective, naïve, an obstacle to achieve the spiritual objective; an attitude that does not take into consideration the enemies who will try to prevent the concretion of the mission, enemies endowed with terrible powers and who have absolute mobility; an attitude, in short, that is strategically suicidal. Because is he really 'disconnected from the world' who sets out to 'fulfill a spiritual mission' taking advantage of 'the period of his vacation'; who depends 'on money' to travel, money that is limited and that at some point may run out; who underestimates the enemy and leaves behind him, outside himself, 'weak points' that can be easily attacked and destroyed, that is to say, who travels without previously renouncing the love for the 'things of the world,' whatever these may be, family, properties, friends, the habitual context where routine life takes place, etc., all possible 'targets' of enemy blows? No, Neffe; whoever behaves in this way is pure and simple, a good man, but not a good warrior: he will never come to fulfill his mission; the Enemy will stop him, striking behind his back, threatening or destroying that which 'outside' he loves, that to which he is really connected, tied, or attached, even if he does not admit it or recognize it."

I perfectly comprehended his point of view and I immediately agreed with him: in truth, I was still remaining tied to many things and my trip could not have been more improvised. Nevertheless, little was the time that I had to decide my Fate. Rather, Fate decided for me, without giving me time to change, to awaken, to "prepare myself" as Uncle Kurt was in-

tending. Everything had happened so fast! What was I to do now? It is what I would ask Uncle Kurt:

"What else could I do given the circumstances, considering how the events occurred?" I questioned more to myself than to Uncle Kurt, trying to justify myself. "It's true, I still have my job, but it hadn't occurred to me that I may not return. And as for money: I'm not rich and you know it; and I really don't know how I'll be able to get what I need if this adventure is prolonged too much. Affectively, on the other hand, the love for my family and friends, I suppose that I will not know to what extent I master it until put to the test: you never know with the heart, Uncle Kurt! Yes, the reproaches are fair, but you must be the one who orients me at this time, otherwise I'll have no other remedy than to continue in the same 'naïve' way as I began."

Uncle Kurt was contemplating me with pity, no doubt amazed to see the irresponsibility with which I was taking things. According to him, the Druids were fierce enemies whom one ought not fear but neither underestimate. I was not fearing and that was good; but it was seeming evident that I was underestimating the enemy, that I was not noticing that I could be destroyed at any moment, that I was throwing myself to challenge a powerful adversary "without being prepared for it." I do not know if my attitude was then reaching such a degree of foolishness, but Uncle Kurt was believing so, and that was despairing him. Thence he was ready to consider me an inexpert soldier, a soldier in training of his particular army, and instead of suggesting and discussing with me what I should do, he returned to order the measures that in his opinion I would have to take without delay.

"You will immediately send a series of telegrams canceling all your commitments. Resign from your work, your studies, clubs, libraries, or any organization to which you are connected. Say goodbye to whomever you have to, communicating to them that you are embarking on a long journey: if you discourage their expectations of seeing you or saying goodbye, they will soon forget you. If you have any property, appoint a proxy, someone whom you do not know and whom does not know you, a law firm for example, and order its liquidation. Proceed in the same way with everything that links you to your old life: cut all ties, erase all traces, remove all tracks. It is not

enough that you have died to yourself; you must also die to the World!

"Money will not be a problem for now: I will provide you with enough to carry out this mission. I have spent more than thirty years amassing money and the day has arrived to use it. And it is as much yours as it is mine, Neffe (Do you know that I had you named in my will?). Of course, my money solves the problems for the time being, but it is not a definitive solution: I will try, in the future, to teach you the operational tactics so that you can always get the money or the things that you need. These are techniques, methods of self-reliance, techniques that every Hyperborean Initiate must know how to apply."

Of course, I did everything that he had ordered me. I was carrying it out while my convalescence lasted, during the days in which Uncle Kurt was narrating to me his extraordinary history. Finally, the day that we had to leave, nothing of my previous life was left intact in Salta. Everything I had done in years of effort and work, was now undone: sooner or later, Dr. Arturo Siegnagel would be only a memory; and then not even that would exist, a possibility that was exciting Uncle Kurt. I was not wanting to think about the impression that those measures would have made on Papa and Mama, on Katalina, because "my heart would slacken" and I was fearing that Uncle Kurt noticed it: in front of him, I was wanting to appear stronger than what I was, I was wanting to reassure him about my poise and courage. I was wanting to put myself at his level, at the level of his demands, because, almost without noticing it, I had begun to admire Uncle Kurt, to value his great aptitudes, to appreciate and understand him.

Chapter VI

The day after he finished reading the letter, at 21:30 hours, Uncle Kurt settled into a comfortable hammock chair, next to my bed, and after remaining pensive for a few minutes, he began to narrate to me his life.

"Just as it occurs to you now, a series of 'strange' coincidences influenced the first years of my life in a determinant manner. To appreciate this assertion with greater perspective, I must begin the story many years before my birth, at the precise moment in which my father, Baron Reinald von Sübermann, came into the world, that is to say in the year 1894, in the city of Cairo, Egypt. In the same year, in Alexandria, 130 kilometers from Cairo, was born a person who would be more important in my life than any other. I refer to Rudolf Hess, whose birth occurred on April 26, 1894.

"Despite the distances between both cities, my father and Rudolf Hess soon met, since Hess' parents sent him to study at the ***Lycée Français*** d'Alexandrie—the school Papa was attending—from the age of six until twelve. Childhood companions, they were united by a tender friendship that strengthened over the years.

"Upon finishing their primary studies—just as many well-to-do Germans were doing with their children—the two were placed at the ***Evangelisches Pädagogium*** in ***Godesberg am Rhein,*** a town ten kilometers from Bonn.

"When they were both sixteen years old, that is to say in 1910, they separated to pursue different careers. Papa enrolls at the ***Polytechnical Institute*** of Berlin for Industrial Engineering. Rudolf Hess travels to Switzerland, to the ***École supérieure de commerce*** in Neuchâtel, at the behest of his father, a wealthy exporter from Alexandria, who was desiring to introduce the young man to the world of commerce. Rudolf's intention was, as far as possible, to pursue a Doctorate in mathematics.

"The war of 1914 ruins all their plans. Papa is reclaimed by my family to Cairo, where he returns when the conflict breaks out and definitively remains there, since upon taking charge of the Sugar Cane Refinery he will no longer be able to finish his studies.

"Rudolf Hess, who only remained a year in Switzerland, was in Hamburg perfecting himself in Foreign Trade and did not

hesitate to enlist in the 1st Bavarian Infantry Regiment. He was wounded twice, in 1916 and 1917, receiving the Iron Cross for acts of heroism. In 1918 he entered the newly formed Imperial Air Corps, being instituted as a qualified pilot, but without intervening in aerial combat, since the armistice is signed in November of 1918 and he is demobilized.

"He returns to Egypt carrying a twin sorrow: defeated Germany is torn apart by the Treaty of Versailles and his parents have died during the war. The family businesses are taken care of by his siblings, the eldest Alfred, who is an accountant, and a married sister.

"He does not wish to occupy himself with commerce and thus makes it known: he intends to return to Germany to study, no longer mathematics, but History or Philosophy.

"He dedicates the time that he spends in Egypt to seek answers to so much misfortune. Answers that only the Initiates of the great Islamic or Gnostic Sects, of which Alexandria in particular and Egypt in general is a fertile hotbed, can give.

"But I will leave for another day the account of the Esoteric Current in which Rudolf Hess was going to enter in those days of 1919, in Egypt, which would bring him alongside Adolf Hitler in 1920 and to England in 1941. I will continue with the chronological unfoldment of the principal events that interest the story and, then, we will analyze these things."

Uncle Kurt was, apparently, a precise narrator, who knew what he was wanting to say and was not straying from it. I was realizing that several days would pass until he completed his recollections, and this prospect was filling me with delight.

"In February 1919," Uncle Kurt was imperturbably continuing, "Rudolf Hess traveled to Cairo to visit Papa and another friend, Omar Nautais. They met for the first time in six years, with the consequent mutual joy and that of my mother, who also knew Rudolf from childhood.

"Papa had married in 1917 and on 11/17/1918 I was born, so on that date, February of 1919, I was three months old. Since they had not yet baptized me, Papa asked Rudolf to be my Godfather, to which Rudolf gladly agreed because he was loving my parents and wishing to give them a show of his affection.

"The ceremony was held at the Cairo Lutheran Church, on a cool February morning in 1919, the 17th to be exact.

"Here you have, Neffe, a first coincidence," Uncle Kurt was saying in a reflective tone, "for that 25-year-old war hero who

was holding me in his arms, would fifteen years later be Germany's Minister of State and Chancellor Adolf Hitler's right-hand man, his ***Stellvertreter***.[7]

"In Egypt, as in all foreign countries, the German community organized for the training of its children, the ***Hitlerjungen,*** Hitler Youth, with the veiled supervision of the military attachés to the German Embassy. Within this movement, there was a 'junior' group for children from 10 to 15 years of age called ***Jungvolk***, to which I entered at the age of 10, when I was still attending primary studies at the German School in Cairo.

"I graduated in 1932 and Papa decided to send me to Germany to continue higher education. I was then 14 years old and holding the title of ***Fähnleinführer*** in the ***Hitlerjungen.***

"The following year, in July 1933, we set off from Alexandria on a merchant ship which, with a few stops, was going directly to Venice; from there we would continue to Berlin by train.

"In those days, Rudolf Hess was a very important personage in the Third Reich and incredibly popular among the members of the German community in Egypt who were feeling gratified with the triumph of one of their own. Rudolf worked hard all those years to contribute to the Führer's victory and, except for a few trips every one or two years, he had completely abandoned his first Egyptian homeland. However, he never forgot his friends, who were not many, nor his Godson Kurt von Sübermann.

"We were invariably receiving a Christmas card every year and when in the Jungvolk we needed a drum, I remember that Papa urged me to write a letter to my prestigious Godfather, who not only kindly responded with a missive in which he was encouraging me to study and persevere within the Hitlerjungen, but took care of my childish request.

"One day we received a summons from the German Embassy to pick up a parcel, of which its dispatch note was to be signed by ***Fähnleinführer*** Kurt von Sübermann, that is to say by me. It was the official drum of the Hitlerjungen, painted with black and white flames, a ***Rune*** 'ᛋ' (s) from the old Germanic Futhark alphabet, in the shape of a lightning bolt. The Hitlerjungen was using one Rune 'ᛋ' but the ***Schutzstaffel***[8] was authorized to use two (ᛋᛋ). There was also a letter from ***Reichsjugend-***

7. Deputy

8. "Protective Echelon"

führer[9] Baldur von Schirach in which he was confirming that at the request of the Private Secretary of the ***Führer,*** Rudolf Hess, he was sending a drum to the distant Comrades of the Jungvolk in Egypt. It was following a long list of concepts and was ending recommending to use the ***Hymn of the Hitler Youth:***

> ***Vorwärts! Vorwärts!*** *[Forward! Forward!]*
> ***Schmettern die hellen Fanfaren,*** *[Blare the bright fanfares,]*
> ***Vorwärts! Vorwärts!*** *[Forward! Forward!]*
> ***Jugend kennt keine Gefahren.*** *[Youth knows no dangers.]*

"There was Baldur von Schirach's signature and three words: ***Heil und Sieg.***[10]

"That drum and that letter gave me an unwarranted fame among the German children in Cairo, while stimulating my vocation to continue in the line of the Hitlerjungen.

"In 1933 news arrived in Egypt that the Führer, on celebrating his 44th birthday, would open the ***NAPOLA*** schools that were dissolved by the Allies in 1920.

"They would be training schools for the future German Elite and in them the Hitler Youth cadres would be prepared. Thinking of the difficulty of getting into it as a German-Egyptian, Papa, who was possessing the bitter experience of not being considered 'true German' during his studies in Bad Godesberg, considered the possibility of turning to Rudolf Hess to facilitate my admission.

"To this end, before leaving, he sent him a letter requesting an interview and informing him of the approximate date of our arrival in Europe.

"The ports and strange cities that we were passing through were fantastic sites for a proud 15-year-old Fähnleinführer who was torn between the joy of going and the anxiety of arriving. Arriving, yes, because how marvelous was the final destination of the magical journey: Germany.

"You look at me with incredulity, Neffe," Uncle Kurt was apologizing, "and I understand you; it is difficult to understand what we young Germans, even foreigners like myself, were feeling in those days. Egypt was the beloved homeland, the land where I was born and grew up.

"But Germany was something else.

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9. National leader of the Hitler Youth.

10. "*Hail and Victory*"

"The Land of Siegfried and the Führer; of the Rhine River and Lorelei; of the Valkyries and the Nibelungen. It was a 'Fatherland of the Spirit,' where the myth, the legend, and the tradition of our elders were being nurtured.

"An eternal and distant fatherland that would suddenly become real through that fabulous voyage. We had been educated in a mysticism, the formulation of which was: 'Blood and Soil'; we were acting accordingly.

"At the end of July, in the middle of the European summer, we arrived in Venice, the end point of our sea voyage, from where we would take a combination of trains toward Berlin. We were about to get off the ship when the Captain announced to us that we would have to stop by the offices, which the company has in the port, to pick up a message.

"We arrived there, our hearts heavy thinking of bad news from Egypt, to instead find a letter with the Third Reich's official letterhead. In it, Rudolf Hess was notifying us that he would be absent from Berlin until the second week of August but that, if we were wishing to visit him right away, we could go to Upper Bavaria. The cause of this was that the Führer had decided to rest a few days at his Chalet ***'Haus Wachenfeld,'*** on the ***Obersalzberg,*** in ***Berchtesgaden,*** and part of his cabinet accompanied him staying in nearby inns. Rudolf Hess and his wife Ilse would be delighted to receive us if we were deciding to go there.[11]

"Papa could not hide his satisfaction, for this situation was very beneficial to our plans. On the one hand, we were saving ourselves from traveling hundreds of kilometers, since from Venice to Berchtesgaden there are only two hundred kilometers, while to Berlin, more than a thousand. On the other hand, we were having the possibility of meeting Rudolf, outside of any official protocol, without putting up with the interference from secretaries or assistants and having the time to converse and remember the good old days.

"The sight of legendary Venice, the passage through Austria, and the arrival to the Bavarian Alps, were the threshold of my entry into a new and marvelous world.

"From the moment in which I stepped on Bavarian soil, I noticed that the air was as if electrified, as if a hidden engine

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11. In Reicholdsgrün, Bavaria, was the "German" house of the Hess family, constructed by Rudolf's father. However, the Stellvertreter's vacations were usually taking place in Berchtesgaden, near the Führer's residence.

sent powerful vibrations through the ether. It was something so evident in those days—or years—that anyone who was moderately predisposed, was able to perceive it.

"These vibrations, which could not be picked up by a physical organ, were carrying a message to the receiving spirit: Germany awake![12] But this two-word translation is crude; it sounds like an elementary patriotic proclamation, it does not fully transmit what that mysterious force was evoking in our Spirit. I will try to explain it. It was saying 'Germany awake!' and whoever was listening was not thinking of geographical Germany, not even of the Third Reich, but was clearly feeling himself in another world, without borders, in a Germany without Time or Space, the ***only limits*** of which were precisely those fixed by this same vibration.

"Germany would end only where the unifying vibration was no longer perceived, for, now everyone knew, Germany was also that immanent inaudible sound called ***Volkschwingen***.[13]

"Germany awake! the transcendent message was saying and Germany, like the phoenix, was being reborn from the ashes of its last defeats; it would become the epicenter of a new ***Weltanschauung***[14] in which the infamies of the world Jewish conspiracy and Marxist-Leninist subversion would have no place.

"The Brown revolution would bring about a New Order that would only admit the hierarchy of the Spirit into its ruling Elite; those who were really superior in their own right, regardless of any other condition, would be superior. This perspective was stimulating healthy competition, insufflating new hopes, and encouraging everyone to share in the adventure of the 'German awakening.' And no one was to doubt, for the New Order was guaranteed, ensured in its purity by the figure of the ***Führer***.

"Yes, at last Germany had its Führer. He was the true architect of the New Order, the Chief who would lead the German people to victory.

"The year was 1933, Germany was awakening, Adolf Hitler was the Führer."

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12. "*Deutschland erwache!*"

13. Vibration of the people.

14. Conception of the world; ideology.

Chapter VII

I was fifteen years old, my soul full of illusions and the clear perception of ***volkschwingen*** when, by Papa's hand, we arrived at Rudolf Hess' lodging in Berchtesgaden.

"The news had been spread that the Führer was in Haus Wachenfeld and the area was overrun with journalists and onlookers, so it was difficult for us to get settled. We finally made it to the modest 'Kinderland' inn about two kilometers from Rudolf Hess' house.

"We spent the night there and early in the morning we athletically set off on a snowy trail that was following the nearby hill in its curves. Papa, dressed in Bavarian style, was wearing the narrow cuff of his mountain pants tucked into thick wool knee-high socks. Haferlschuhe,[15] shirt, and collarless jacket were completing the outfit. I was sporting a brand-new dark gray Hitlerjungen uniform, comprised of shorts, pocketed jacket with sailor collar; belt buckle with Rune ϟ, strap crossed over the chest and a small dagger on the belt with the inscription ***'Blut und Ehre'***[16] engraved on the blade; neckerchief with woggle, lace-up boots, and gray socks.

"The house where the Hess family was lodging, was an old wooden building in classic Alpine style; small but comfortable. When knocking at the door, we were attended by a sleepy officer of the ϟϟ who was keeping guard, sleeping in the living room, next to the burning fireplace. His name was Edwin Papp and he was ϟϟ ***Obersturmführer***.[17]

" 'Herr Hess is still lying down,' said the ϟϟ officer. 'He will be glad to see you, since he has been waiting for you several days. Sit in the living room, please, while I prepare coffee.'

"Half an hour later Rudolf Hess was appearing, impeccably dressed in a gym outfit: pants, windbreaker, and blue sneakers. Tall, well-built, with a quadrate face and bushy eyebrows, his black and brilliant eyes were clearly striking and were seeming to attract attention to him.

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15. Traditional Bavarian shoe.

16. Blood and Honor

17. Lit. ϟϟ*-Senior storm leader.*

"Barely smiling, he paused for a moment to look at Papa and then they merged in an embrace that elicited exclamations of joy and spontaneous laughter from both of them. It was many years since I had seen him and, therefore, I was only keeping a very vague memory of him, but it surprised me to discover a timidness that I could not even imagine in the Führer's powerful deputy.

"He turned toward me and admiringly observed me.

"'***Dieser mein Patenkind?***'[18] he said as if to himself. 'How time flies! He is already a man. A new man for a new Reich.'

" 'Tell me Kurt,' this time he was addressing me, 'don't you want to stay in Germany? Here you could study and serve the Fatherland.'

" 'Yes, ***Taufpate***[19] Rudolf,' I responded overjoyed, 'that's what I want. My greatest ambition is to enter the ***NAPOLA*** School.'

" 'Now that's a big ambition,' Rudolf Hess said, 'we'll see what we can do.'

"At that moment Ilse Pröhl Hess entered, whom Papa did not know, but after making the introductions, she was seeming to be a lifelong friend. This was because Ilse was a simple and energetic woman, but a lady of great kindness. A former National Socialist militant, she was moving away from politics since her marriage to Hess in 1927 and was expressing, shortly after speaking with us, the desire to have children, which God was seeming to deny. Just five years later, Rudolf Hess' only son, Wolf, was born, but that is another story.

"We spent a week in Berchtesgaden during which Rudolf, Ilse, and Papa became close on several occasions, when they were not going to Haus Wachenfeld to see the Führer, who was otherwise besieged by Göring and other party members.

"On those evenings, when Papa and the Hesses were exchanging memories and anecdotes, I used to interrogate, for hours, the officer in charge of keeping guard. According to my judgment in those days, there was no goal more worthy of a young German's efforts than to arrive at belonging to the ϟϟ Elite Corps.

"One of the first days that we spent in Berchtesgaden, Papa and Rudolf withdrew to speak on an exterior veranda, located on a hillside and protected by a railing that was surrounding

18. *"This is my Godson?"*

19. Godfather in German.

the house. Normally I would have ignored them, but something in their gestures, a whispering tone in the conversation, alerted me to the possibility that they were talking about me.

"I thought they were referring to my admission to the ***NAPOLA*** School and a growing anxiety got the better of me. Unable to resist the temptation—an unpardonable offense, my father would say—I did something repudiable: I spied on them.

"Pretending to be standing against a window that was opened in the vicinity of Papa and Rudolf Hess, I tried to hear their conversation, which effectively unfolded around the topic of my person. But it was not about admission to the ***NAPOLA*** School, but about a question that filled me with astonishment.

" '...You can leave Kurt with me then,' Rudolf was saying. 'Did you speak to him about the Sign?'

" 'I didn't think it was convenient,' answered Papa. 'Besides, I wouldn't know how to explain that Mystery with the sufficient profundity. You know more about these things than I; you are the best person to speak to him.'

"Rudolf Hess was affirmatively nodding his head while he was maintaining that timid smile, so characteristic of his person, etched on his face.

" 'Let's wait a few years,' said Rudolf Hess, 'if Kurt doesn't ask first. Hasn't he ever suspected anything? Hasn't he been involved in any abnormal occurrences?'

" 'No, Rudolf, except for the ***Ophite*** matter, which I already told you about in my letters, nothing strange occurred to him afterward, and he even seems to have forgotten it, or at least, the memory does not affect him.'

"At this point in the conversation between Rudolf Hess and my father, what I was understanding was little, but at the mention of the ***Ophites*** an incredible childhood episode instantly came to my memory. When I was about ten or eleven years old, I was the victim of a kidnapping! It was not a criminal kidnapping with the aim of collecting ransom, but an abduction perpetrated by fanatics of the Ophite Order that only lasted a few hours until the Police, thanks to the data that a professional informer provided, could thwart it.

Chapter VIII

hings happened like this: my parents had traveled to Cairo—the familial sugar Refinery is a few kilometers away from that city—in order to go shopping.

"While Mama was entertaining herself in the vast departments of the English Store, I, eager for mischief, was slyly slipping away toward the street. A moment later I was running several blocks from the Store, innocently attracted by the hustle and bustle of the 'Black Market,' a labyrinthine neighborhood of miserable street stands and a safe haven for beggars and petty criminals.

"That day the human tide was dense in the narrow streets in which the distance between two vendor stands was barely leaving a walkway for pedestrian traffic. Pottery, fruits, carpets, animals, everything imaginable was being sold there and my curious eyes were stopping before each piece of merchandise. I had no fear because I had not drifted too far and it would be easy to go back or for Mama to find me.

"Following an alley, I came to a wide cobblestone plaza, with spouting fountain, into which was leading a myriad of streets and alleys that only the irregular layout of these Cairo Neighborhoods can justify. There were hundreds of vendors, vagrants, beggars, and women with their faces covered by the ***niqāb,*** who were collecting water in earthenware pitchers.

"I approached the fountain trying to orient myself, without noticing a group of singing Arabs who were surrounding a snake charmer. This spectacle is very common in Egypt, so it would not have caught my attention, except for the unusual fact that upon seeing me, the Arabs were lowering the tone of their singing until completely silent. I did not notice this at first, for the charmer was continuing playing the flute while the green eyes of the cobra, hypnotized by the music, was seeming to only look at me. Suddenly, the flutist also joined the group of silent Arabs and I, realizing that something abnormal was occurring, one after the other, was taking cautious steps back.

"The spell was broken when one of them, giving a frightful shriek, shouted in Arabic, 'The Sign!' while awkwardly pointing at me. It was like a signal. All at once they were excitedly

shouting and running toward me with the revealed intention of capturing me.

"There was a terrible commotion because I, being a child, was running through the crowd with greater velocity, while my pursuers were being held up by various obstacles, which they were eliminating by the expeditious system of throwing to the ground whatever crossed their paths. Fortunately, the crowd was large and many witnesses to the episode were later able to report it to the police.

"The pursuit did not last long, for the frenzied fanaticism that was animating those men was multiplying their strength, while mine was rapidly being consumed.

"Initially I took a street full of merchants, escaping in the opposite direction to the one used to reach the plaza, but after a few blocks, attempting to avoid a multitude of vendors and customers, I entered into an alley. This was not straight, but was getting narrower and narrower, until it became a path of a meter wide between the walls of two Neighborhoods that had advanced from different directions, without respecting the street.

"As I was running, the alley was seeming more clear of obstacles and, consequently, my pursuers gained ground, until a protruding stone from the uneven ground caused me to defeatedly tumble. I was immediately surrounded by the excited Arabs, who did not take an instant to wrap me in one of their cloaks and carry me imprisoned in their powerful arms. The shock was great and unpleasant and, no matter how I was shouting and crying, nothing was seeming to affect my captors, who were now running faster than before.

"A while later we arrived at our destination. Although I could not see, I was perfectly understanding Arabic and I comprehended then that the fanatics were loudly calling out for someone whom they were referring to as ***Master Naassene***.

"At last they freed me from the cowl wrapping that was blinding me, depositing me on a soft silk cushion, of regular size. When I accustomed my eyes to the gloom of the place, I realized that I was in a large room, dimly illuminated by oil lamps. The floor, covered with rich carpets and cushions, had the presence of a dozen kneeling men, with their foreheads on the floor, who from time to time were looking up at me and then, folding their hands over their heads, were raising their eyes to the sky, crying out, ***'Ophis! Ophis!'***

"Of course, all this frightened me, for although I had not suffered harm, the memory of my parents, and the fact that I was a prisoner, was producing great distress in me. Seated on the cushion, surrounded by so many men, it was impossible to think of escaping, and this certainty was wrenching painful sobs from me. Suddenly, a good-natured voice arose from behind me, bringing momentary hope and consolation to my sufferings. I turned around and saw an old man with a white beard, wearing a turban, coming toward me.

" 'Do not be afraid son,' the old man said in Arabic, whom they were calling Naassene. 'No one will harm you here. You are an envoy of the Serpent God, ***Ophis-Lúcifer,*** whom we serve. The Sign that you bear, marked for His Glory, proves it.'

"He indicated in an affectionate gesture that permitted me to be held in his arms, in order to thus 'show me the image of God.' I was really needing affectionate treatment because those fanatics were not noticing that ***I was a child.*** I hugged the old man and he started to walk to one end of the room—which turned out to be a cellar—where a column was rising on which pedestal was shining a small sculpture of highly polished stone. It had the shape of a cobra raised on itself with refulgent[20] eyes, perhaps due to the incrustation of more intense green stones. The image fascinated me and I would have touched it if the old man did not pull back in time.

" 'Did you like the image of God, "little envoy"?' said the Master.

" 'Yes,' I responded without knowing why.

" 'You have the right to possess the jewel of the Order,' continued the Master as he was rummaging in a small pouch of fine leather that was hanging around his neck. 'Here it is!' exclaimed Master Naassene. 'It is the consecrated image of the Serpent God. To obtain it, men pass through hard tests that sometimes take them their whole lives. You, on the other hand, need not pass any test because you are the bearer of the sign.'

"With a sharp dagger that he pulled from his belt, he cut a green cord from a bundle that was hanging on the wall and, stringing the silver replica into a loop, he placed it around my neck. Next he looked into my eyes, so intensely that I have never been able to forget it. Neither did I forget his words,

20. shining brightly

which he pronounced in a very loud voice, ***ritually***. He had grabbed me with his left arm and was lifting me up so that I was seen by all, while with the index finger of his right hand, he was pointing to the Serpent God. He said this:

"Initiates of the Liberating Serpent! Followers of the Serpent of Uncreated Light! Worshipers of the Avenging Serpent! ***Behold the Bearer of the Sign of the Origin! He who can comprehend the Serpent with His Sign; he who can obtain the Highest Wisdom that the Man of Mud is given to know!*** In the interior of this Divine child, in the bosom of the eternal Spirit, is present the Mark of the Enemy of the Creator and of Creation, the Symbol of the Origin of our God and of all the imprisoned Spirits of Matter. And that Symbol of the Origin has manifested itself in the Sign that we, and no one else, have been capable of seeing: Divine child; he will be able to comprehend the Serpent ***from within!*** But we, thanks to him, to his liberating Sign, ***have comprehended it outside,*** and nothing can stop us now!"

" 'Yes, yes! Now we can depart!' the unbridled Ophite Initiates were shouting in chorus.

"The minutes passed and everything was calming down in the refuge of the Ophite Order. The Arabs were engaged in some kind of preparation, and I, enthusiastic about the serpentine gift and reassured by the good treatment from Master Naassene, was not suspicious when he brought me a glass of refreshing mint. A few minutes later I was falling into a deep stupor, probably because of a narcotic laced into the drink.

"When I awoke I was with my parents, in the British Sanatorium in Cairo, next to a doctor, in white scrubs, who was uselessly trying to convince them that I was simply sleeping.

"With the passing of the years, I was reconstructing the actions that led to my release. Apparently, the Chief of Police moved quickly, fearing that the kidnapping of a member of the wealthy and influential Von Sübermann family would lead to a purge in the Police Department, the head of which—would be the first to roll—was him. Through confidants, beggars, vagrants, or simple witnesses, they learned, without a doubt, that the perpetrators of the kidnapping were the fanatical members of the millenary 'Ophite' Gnostic Order, considered as harmless and even very wise.

"At first this puzzled the policemen, who were not managing to glimpse the motive for the kidnapping but, following some

clues, they arrived at Master Naassene's house. The Arabs, in the euphoria of transporting me there, had imprudently behaved, all penetrating together amid shouts and exclamations. A beggar, an eyewitness to the strange procession, as eager to earn the reward that my family had offered, as to avoid the police batons, gave the particulars of the house where the abductors entered. This was surrounded by the authorities, but, as no one was responding to the calls, they proceeded to break in the door, finding a humble home, totally empty of people. After an exhaustive inspection, it was discovered, concealed under a carpet, the trap door that was leading, by means of a musty stone staircase, to the hidden temple of the Serpent God.

"A macabre spectacle surprised those present because, stretched out upon a silk cushion, was lying my lifeless body surrounded by cadavers with convulsed expression that, as a last gesture, were directing their rigid arms toward me.

"All the kidnappers had died by cobra venom. Master Naassene and the idol had vanished.

"The impression that the newcomers received was very bad because they thought that I was also dead, but they immediately realized their error and I was transported to the British Sanatorium together with my parents.

"I was still keeping the silver serpent hanging around my neck, it being jealously guarded by Papa, although at times, years later, he used to show it to me when we were remembering that adventure.

"At that moment, while I was listening to Papa and Rudolf Hess talking about the Ophites, all these events were crowding together in my mind.

"I had situated myself sideways against the window, so that I could only see them conversing out of the corner of my eye, but the voice was arriving clear to my ears.

" 'This is the silver jewel,' Papa was saying, 'with the image of ***Ophis-Lúcifer***. I kept it with the original cord; here, now you must guard it.'

"It was an extraordinary revelation—I could not help but turn a little to see better—for Papa never gave importance to the little idol and neither was I, who was not realizing its significance. It had even been erased from my mind years ago.

"And it was clear there that Papa had pretended and played down the importance of the matter, but in reality was attribut-

ing some unknown value to the silver idol! And the strangest thing was that he had brought it hidden to Germany, offering it to the custody of Rudolf Hess. This made no sense to me.

"On the other hand, they were speaking of the Sign like the Arabs. What Sign? Years after the kidnapping, I was still looking at myself in the mirror searching for the blessed Sign that had led those unfortunate ones to their deaths; and I never found anything abnormal. Neither did I suspect that Papa believed in the existence of that mark—or stigma?

"In my head a whirlwind of ideas were spinning in disorder, as I was distractedly seeing Rudolf Hess examining the silver serpent.

"Suddenly, inserting his hand through the neckline of the windbreaker, he pulled out a cord that was encircling around his neck. Hanging from it was a silver serpent, exactly like mine!

"Rudolf Hess had gathered them in his hand for my Father's contemplation and, after a few minutes, he put on his own and pocketed the other. Moments later they were both entering the warm living room without mentioning the subject of their preceding conversation.

"This reserved attitude convinced me of the inconvenience of approaching the matter in any way, since it would give away the censurable espionage committed. I did not give it much thought: I would keep quiet until I was directly spoken to, but I promised myself to do the impossible to obtain information about the mysterious Sign.

It was two in the morning and Uncle Kurt stood up with the intention of going to his room. I was not reproaching him for that attitude since he had been talking for several hours, but the story awakened inquietudes and questions in my Spirit, turning me impatient and inconsiderate.

"Uncle Kurt," I said, "I know it's late, and I also know that we can continue our chat tomorrow, but I really need that you respond to two questions before you go."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha," he laughed his terrible guffaw, "you're just like me at your age: you need to get answers in order to live. It's like a thirst. I understand you, Neffe. What do you want to know?"

"Only two things, I said. First: Is there a possibility that that Sign that the Arabs were seeing in you, is the same as that which Belicena Villca saw on me?"

"Without any doubt, Neffe," he responded. The Sign signifies many things, but it is also a ***Sanguine Signum***[21] and we both have the same blood. Blood is not a determinant factor for the appearance of the Sign but it is a 'condition of quality'; if a sign appears on members of our family, ***it is the same sign.***"

I had been unaware until today that there was another Von Sübermann alive with such a mark. Papa, with whom I finally spoke about it, told me that according to a familial tradition, an ancestor of ours "demonstrated" to his contemporaries by means of certain marks, "to be a chosen one of Heaven," by virtue of which King Albert II of Austria granted him the title of Baron in the fifteenth century. From that Epoch, the familial annals were recorded, everything prior to it being obscure and unknown. In the subsequent centuries, the family was always dedicated to the production of sugar, as Belicena Villca says in her letter, and remained attentive to the appearance of descendants with "special aptitudes." In fact, there were several members of the Stirp who demonstrated to possess supernatural gifts, but no one managed to solve the familial enigma. Only the last generations of the Egyptian branch were able to approach the solution of the mystery, upon discovering the existence of a mark or sign of cyclical appearance among the members of the family through the ages. But except for this news, obtained thanks to the contacts made with certain ***ulamā,*** wise men of Islam, little is what could be known with more precision."

To my despair Uncle Kurt was still approaching the door, with the firm intention of leaving.

"I'll ask you the second question," I said. "Have you been able to find out what the Sign is?" Uncle Kurt made a gesture of annoyance.

"Do you think that an answer that I myself searched for years can be summarized in two words? I suppose your question points to the Symbol of the Origin, which is the metaphysical cause of our sign. If it is so, I will only tell you that everything I could find out in this respect is less than what Belicena Villca exposes in her letter. I fully agree with her, and according to what was revealed to me in the ϟϟ Black Order, that the Symbol of the Origin is linked to the Mystery of the spiritual enchainment. The Symbol of the Origin, Neffe, ***is***

21. Mark of blood.

analogous to a Charismatic Mark: whoever is encompassed by said mark, conscious or not, "oriented" toward it or not, remains inevitably enchained to Matter; whoever instead succeeds in embracing the mark, comprehending it or transcending it, succeeds in liberating himself from enchainment, 'is free in the Origin.' And those who procure to keep the Eternal Spirit enchained under such a mark, or Symbol of the Origin, are the Masters of the Kalachakra, the White Brotherhood of Chang Shambhala. And those who try to make the Spirit transcend the Symbol of the Origin, perhaps by comprehending the Serpent, are the Initiates of the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Liberating Gods of Agartha.

"This is, in synthesis, what I know about the Symbol of the Origin. Now, if your question refers to the Sign as a mark, I will tell you that I know even less, for the Sign, only those who already ***know*** *it* can ***recognize it.***

"It is basic, Neffe, to distinguish one thing from another, one must first know it; the same principle applies to the Sign; only those who have the Truth in their interior, 'see' it, for only in this way is it possible to recognize the exterior Truth, that is why you and I cannot see the Sign even though we carry it with us, because we have yet to arrive at the Truth."

I was listening to Uncle Kurt devastated, for I had harbored the secret hope that he would know about the Sign and that perhaps he would agree to confide his secret to me, but his negative answer was simple and logical: the revelation of the Sign must be interior.

My face was reflecting discouragement and this made Uncle Kurt laugh again.

"Don't worry, Neffe, it is not so important that we see the Sign but that those who must help us recognize it. And this always occurs as your own experience proves.

"But there is something that perhaps compensates the curiosity that you feel. In the years that I spent in Asia, I obtained precise information about our Sign: its bodily location."

"Where is it?" I asked with undisguised impatience.

"In a curious place, Neffe," he answered with evident glee, "on the ears." He looked at the clock and without waiting for a response he said, "See you tomorrow, Neffe Arturo," and he went out.

At first I thought Uncle Kurt was making fun of me, but then I went to the bathroom, to the mirror, to look at my ears. There was nothing abnormal about them, small, lobeless, at-

tached to the head, they were, mind you, the same as Uncle Kurt's.

Definitively, I was not able to "see" the famous Sign; and I went to sleep.

Chapter IX

The next morning I awoke with the present memory of the last concepts set forth by Uncle Kurt the previous night, which were slowly but effectively clarifying the Mystery in which I was finding myself immersed. For one thing, it was already certain that my uncle was sharing the same occult philosophy of Belicena Villca, the "Hyperborean Wisdom," and that the same was revealed to him during his career as an officer of the Waffen-SS: this was more than I could dream of when coming to Santa María!

And there was also the question of the Sign: not only was Uncle Kurt knowing the existence of the Sign, but he was confirming to me that both he and I were bearers of it! There was then no doubt that, like the Ophites, Belicena Villca had perceived it, on my ears or wherever that it was plasmated, and it had made her decide to write her incredible letter. And in the case of both the Ophites and that of Belicena Villca, death had implacably intervened, as if She were an inescapable actor in the drama of those marked by the Sign!

"Good morning, Señorcito, I come to cure your head," said old Juana, the circumstantial nurse. "I brought what you asked me for. Look, Señorcito..."

She was brandishing a shiny-edged razor, a utensil that she had requested with the intention of shaving my head, already partially depilated around the wound by Dr. Palacios.

After the treatment, which consisted in washing the scar and dyeing it with an iodine-based tincture, old Juana devoted herself to the task of shaving my head, a concession made upon realizing the impossibility of being able to do it myself, with only one hand.

Half an hour later, sporting a perfectly shaved skull like a bonze from Indochina, I was having the hearty breakfast that the solicitous old woman served me.

"At this rate you will soon be fine, Señorcito," said the old woman, delighted by the way in which I was devouring the victuals.

"Yes, but with several extra kilos," I replied without stopping eating.

At nine o'clock, Uncle Kurt came up to my room.

"How are you, Neffe? Ready to hear another part of my story?"

"Yes, Uncle Kurt," I responded, "I'm anxious, really anxious to hear what you have to tell."

He settled into his hammock chair and began to speak.

"Well, we had left off that after catching my Father's conversation with Rudolf Hess about the Sign, I decided not to speak of it until one or the two of them took the initiative."

I nodded as Uncle Kurt was picking back up the thread of the story.

"At the end of the first week of August 1933, we left toward Berlin by train. Rudolf Hess and Ilse, on the other hand, would go to Munich by automobile and from there they would arrive in Berlin by plane, together with the Führer, Göring, and several personalities of the Third Reich, who were finishing their vacations.

"In Berlin we stayed at the Hotel ***Kaiserhof,*** former headquarters of the ***NSDAP***[22] and awaited, as agreed in Berchtesgaden, news from Rudolf Hess. It arrived in mid-August in the form of a summons to meet Rudolf Hess at the Ministry of Education and Science. We had to be ready at 07:00 hours the following day at the hotel, since we would be picked up by an official vehicle.

"At seven o'clock, ϟϟ Officer Papp, whom we knew from being Rudolf Hess' guard in Berchtesgaden, arrived in a uniformed SA car with chauffeur.

" 'Herr Hess awaits you at the Ministry of Education and Science. I left him there before I came to pick you up,' said the ϟϟ man.

"In a few minutes we arrived and were led by the ϟϟ man to a door on which was reading, '***NAPOLA*** National Directorate.' We entered.

"In a spacious, soberly furnished room, we found Rudolf Hess in SA uniform, a stern-looking man and a secretary who was typing on a typewriter. They all stopped when we arrived.

" 'Professor Joachim Haupt, I introduce to you Baron Reinald von Sübermann,' said Rudolf Hess.

" 'Baron Von Sübermann, you are before Joachim Haupt, National Director of the ***NAPOLA***,' Rudolf Hess completed the introduction.

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22. Initials of *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei,* which means: *National Socialist German Workers' Party.*

"While they were shaking hands, Rudolf took the floor.

" 'I have been discussing Kurt's induction with Herr Professor and, despite the lack of vacancies, we arrived at an agreement. He will be incorporated into the first ***NAPOLA*** in ***Lissa***[23] to join the "Selective Corps of Oriental Studies." '

"My Destiny was apparently resolved. Professor Haupt was carefully observing me; at last he spoke.

" 'Young Von Sübermann, it is my understanding that you are fluent in several languages. Could you tell me what they are?' he asked.

" 'Yes, Herr Professor. Apart from my native languages Arabic, English, and German, I speak French and Greek,' I timidly answered.

" 'Five languages is more than sufficient to enter ***NAPOLA*** in Lissa,' said Professor Haupt, 'but your mastery of Arabic interests us. Would you be willing to study other languages of the Middle East or of Asia, let us say for example, Turkish or Russian?'

" 'Yes, I would like to learn other languages and I am willing to study that which best suits to serve my country,' I responded, somewhat perplexed, for it never occurred to me that I would receive such specific training in the ***NAPOLA***.

" 'Then there is no more to discuss,' said Professor Haupt. 'I will issue you an order of incorporation. Next Monday you are to present yourself in Lissa.'

"He turned to Papa.

" 'We have agreed with Herr that this would be the best career for your son. Normally at the ***NAPOLA*** School the official secondary school curriculum is taught with specialization in the arts, natural sciences, modern languages, etc., but by a reserved decree of the Führer, we have just created a special division for Asiatic studies. This division will be called the "Selective Corps of Oriental Studies" and there the future ***Ostenführer***[24] will be trained who, later on, will serve in special missions in Asia. ***Reichsführer***[25] Himmler has proposed a curriculum plan, and one of the requisites to fulfill is the mastery of Asiatic languages. We already have Professors of Tibetan and

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23. Leszno, Poland

24. Literally, "leader of the East."

25. Lit. *Reich leader.* Highest rank of the ᛋᛋ.

Mongolian dialects, and of Sanskrit. Young Kurt can be a good assistant to the Arabic Professor, which is an advantage for all.

" 'There will be three intensive years in the NAPOLA, which will then be supplemented, if our plans are realized, by a subsequent training in the ϟϟ. This is confidential information that I disclose to you by the sole fact that Herr Hess vouches for your discretion.

" 'I understand that being in Egypt, you will not be able to duly look after your son's well-being. Have you given thought to whom you will delegate the responsibility of Guardianship?' asked Professor Haupt.

"Papa and Rudolf Hess looked at each other and the latter nodded his head in mute acceptance.

" 'I will take care of young Kurt,' said Rudolf Hess. 'Arrange the necessary papers to fulfill this formality.'

" 'Then everything is settled,' said Professor Haupt, 'Do you agree, Baron Von Sübermann?'

" 'I totally agree. I could not find another guardian better for my son, nor is there anyone in Germany in whom I trust more than Rudolf,' said Papa, who was still moved by Rudolf Hess' gesture.

"Moments later, an efficient secretary was preparing a Personal File in my name, archiving the affidavits of Rudolf Hess and of my father, and handing me a sealed envelope that I was to deliver in Lissa when presenting myself the following Monday.

" 'Heil Hitler!' said Professor Joachim Haupt and Rudolf Hess in unison, upon dismissing themselves, exchanging the old Roman salute, consisting of raising the right arm and clicking their heels together.

"On the stone stairs of the Ministry of Education and Science, another farewell took place, but this time more painful, because Papa and Rudolf Hess were deeply fond of each other. The multiple occupations of Rudolf Hess were making it very difficult for him to concretize another meeting, so they decided to say goodbye there and then.

" 'See you soon, esteemed Reinald,' said Rudolf to Papa, incapacitated by his habitual timidness to be more expressive. 'I will miss you. You're one of the few true friends that I have and it's always a great joy to be with you. Don't worry about Kurt, I'll take care of him; as his guardian, I'll be immediately notified of any news that may arise.

"'And you, Kurt,' said Rudolf Hess addressing me, 'do not fail to let me know of any necessities or problems that you have. Take this card,' he extended to me a rectangle of cardboard with the embossed eagle of the Third Reich. 'You can call the telephone number there and request my presence or transmit your request to ϟϟ ***Obersturmführer*** Papp, whom you already know.'

"He descended a step, according to his custom of making distance to observe his interlocutors, and gazed at us with sad eyes, while he was barely giving a timid smile on his mouth.

"'See you soon, Von Sübermann family, Heil Hitler!' he said and, after a hug with Papa, we departed in opposite directions.

"We spent the rest of the week acquiring clothes and various items that I would need for my internment into the ***NAPOLA*** in Lissa. The following Monday, after making the appropriate introduction to a secretary in a brown SA uniform, I said goodbye to my father in order to start a new life."

Chapter X

Three years I remained in ***Lissa,*** perfecting myself in the 'Selective Corps,' during which I only saw my family on the occasions in which I was able to travel to Egypt, that is, once a year on summer vacations. I made it a point to bother Rudolf Hess as little as possible, but the few times that I called the telephone number that he gave me, I did not manage to speak to him directly, but through the intermediary of ϟϟ Officer Papp.

"In any case, I was never neglected in my scarce requests, all of which the said officer kindly acceded to. But Rudolf Hess was my guardian and, therefore, the one responsible for signing report cards and other bureaucratic paperwork, as befits any parent. I never heard that this was not fulfilled, so I was supposing that Rudolf Hess would have foreseen an automatic mechanism, by which he would be informed about the development of my studies. I finally verified that this theory was correct.

"For some Christmas and special celebrations, which the Hess family was spending in privacy, I was invited to be with them, which was producing in me much joy, as they were constituting my only family in Germany.

"During those three years, apart from the normal secondary school instruction, I learned religions, languages, and customs of Asia and received intense training in expeditionary and exploration practices. Mountaineering, horsemanship, and survival techniques were separating us from the practices of conventional sports that the other student bodies of the ***NAPOLA*** were performing.

"It was ***'vox populi'*** among the students of the 'Selective Corps of Oriental Studies,' that we were being trained for future missions in Asia, but no one knew anything of the character that those would have.

"In 1936, the third year of studies in a career that was lasting four, I was selected to receive aerial instruction and transferred to the ***Flieger-HJ (Flieger Hitlerjugend)*** division of the Hitler Youth specialized in glider flying. However—there were twenty of us in the same conditions—we were instructed in the operation of ***Messerschmitt*** planes and perfected our deficient practice with offensive weapons.

"We also received at that time a course on 'The Gral and the destiny of Germany' dictated by ϟϟ Colonel Otto Rahn, prestigious scholar in History of the Middle Ages and author in 1931 of the book 'Crusade Against the Gral.'

"The 1937 graduation from ***NAPOLA*** finally arrived, and the subsequent possibility of directing a successful professional career.

"The options that were being offered to the graduates were ranging from pursuing a career in the army or the party, to the incorporation into the administration, industry, or academic life. Those who were going on to non-military careers were studying at the University and earning doctorates in Philosophy and Arts, in Law, or in Mathematics and Exact Sciences.

"A great part of the graduates were aspiring to be incorporated into the ***Waffen-ϟϟ***, for which they had to undergo rigorous entrance tests. But for the Selective Corps, this entrance was automatic, since very great had been the effort that the Fatherland deposited into our training. And, besides, we were only ninety graduates, those who were aspiring to the degree of ***Ostenführer*** of the ***ϟϟ***.

"One might think that a great joy was overwhelming everyone, and that was true with respect to my eighty-nine companions. I, on the other hand, was feeling my happiness marred by a strange event that deserves to be mentioned in this account, because of the subsequent implications that it had.

"Upon completing the curriculum, the first year class of the Selective Corps—part of which I was forming—one of our Professors, Ernst Schäfer, focused himself on the task of selecting a small group for a 'special operation.' It began to circulate among us, the rumor that said operation was in reality an important mission in Asia, so a consequent state of general excitement was produced. There was no one who did not long to participate in the ultra-confidential mission that, it was being said, had been commissioned by ***Reichsführer*** Himmler in person.

"Professor Ernst Schäfer was dictating lectures on Eastern religions, especially Buddhism, Vedism, and Brahmanism with singular erudition, but he was not an officer of the ϟϟ but of the ***Abwehr,*** the Secret Service of Admiral Canaris. For this reason the conjectures were indicating that the mission in Asia would be an espionage operation, perhaps in India or Russia.

"Our small group of ***Flieger-HJ*** pilots had not been included in the selection for some reason that we were unaware of, and although the rigid internal discipline was demanding absolute obedience and subordination, I was not believing to break any regulation if I was offering myself as a volunteer. I was not knowing the destination of the mysterious mission, but the enthusiasm for being admitted was making me think that the knowledge of ten Oriental languages would be a good argument to achieve my purposes.

"In accordance with this conviction, one day I went to meet with Ernst Schäfer. He was in a classroom with a group of six comrades from the Selective Corps, giving them some type of instruction. A single glance at the blackboard, from where were hanging sheets with drawings of human bodies covered with lotus flowers, was enough for me to know that he was giving explanations on the very ancient physiological concepts of ***Tantra Yoga.***

"The look of disgust that he made upon seeing me was like an omen that I was wrong about something in supposing that the Professor could include me in his plans. Notwithstanding the bad feeling that I had, I decided to play my card.

" 'Heil Hitler,' I said for every greeting.

" 'What do you want, Von Sübermann?' he said, ignoring the political salute.

" 'Pardon me, Herr Professor. I have learned that you select personnel for an important mission in Asia and, although I do not know much about it, I wish that you consider the possibility of including me. That is to say, I voluntarily offer myself.'

" 'You, Von Sübermann?' He was looking at me, narrowing his eyes, with a cynical expression. 'And why do you want to go to Asia, Von Sübermann?'

" 'I believe that you have not understood me, Herr Professor. I wish to be useful to the Fatherland and this is a way to demonstrate it. Perhaps my knowledge of the customs and languages of the Middle East may serve your mission. Or my pilot's license. Or the languages of the Far East. I am willing to serve and that is why I offer myself,' I said with conviction.

"The gesture, at first sardonic, on the Professor's face, was turning aggressive and in his eyes was showing a gleam of anger. I was not entirely myself either and was already feeling the blood boiling in my veins. After all, in that year of 1937, I was 19 years old and the proud Professor, no more than 25 or

26, that is to say, ages in which it is suitable to measure words and gestures...

" 'Von Sübermann,' he said with violence, 'I must thank you for your good will, but you are the last person that I would bring to Asia, understand?'

" 'No, Herr Professor,' I contested, for I was really not understanding the reason for which Professor Schäfer was hating me to the point of not being able to conceal it.'

" 'You don't understand, Von Sübermann?' he began to uncontrollably shout. 'Well, I'll spell it out for you. You are a sinister person, bearer of an ***infamous mark***. Your presence is an affront in any spiritual realm, an affront to God, who in His infinite mercy permits you to live among men. You should be marginalized, separated from us or, better, exterminated like a rat, because you, Von Sübermann, contaminate everything around you with sin, you...' Ernst Schäfer was continuing with his insults, totally out of his mind and I, who at first had been astonished upon hearing an allusion to the Sign, was rapidly reacting.

"Without thinking, I fired my right fist into the Professor's face, squarely striking him in the chin. The blow was quite strong, for it sent him staggering several meters further, onto the desks of the classroom. The six students, alerted by Schäfer's shouts, hurriedly went to his aid and, while four of them were helping him to get up, two others were holding me in order to prevent me from hitting him again.

"I was enveloped in fury, for the Professor's aggression had wounded me to the deepest depths. I was innocent; I knew nothing of Marks or Signs; I was studying with my efforts set on seeking the good of the Fatherland and that was undoubtedly a noble end.

"I was not understanding Professor Schäfer's hatred or his desire to have me 'exterminated like a rat.'

" 'No doubt he's crazy,' I was thinking as I was dragged to the door by Ernst Schäfer's chosen pupils.

" 'Take him away! Get him out of my sight!' he was shouting, completely out of his mind. 'He is a liar and a murderer! He claims not to understand but in the depth of his heart he knows everything, because he is the image of the tempting Lúcifer! His purpose is to destroy our mission with his accursed presence...!'

"Minutes later, in my ears were still ringing the absurd accusations from Ernst Schäfer: Murderer, liar, infamous mark, Lúcifer... 'God, what is this?'

" 'Are you all right, Kurt?' One of the 'chosen ones' was shaking me by the shoulders, trying to make me react. I looked at him, still blinded by the fury and bewilderment that the Professor's attitude had provoked in me, and only just recognized him. It was Oskar Feil, a good comrade from ***Vilnius, Lithuania***. We both struck up a friendship in the early years of ***NAPOLA***, when we were the object of ridicule by our German comrades because of our 'foreign' character.

" 'Kurt, calm down,' said Oskar. 'I have to go back to the classroom, but I have to speak with you. Wait for me in the gymnasium in half an hour.'

"I watched him walk away and shook my head trying to wake myself from this nightmare. I did not know that Oskar was forming part of the group selected by Ernst Schäfer nor was I suspecting what he was wanting to talk about, but I would wait for him, since he was one of the few friends that I had in Lissa. However, that half-hour wait would be as long as a century, for my animic state was impulsing me to immediately leave from there and return to Berlin, the seat of the ***Flieger-HJ***.

"After washing my face with cold water and ready to wait for Oskar, I situated myself in a secluded corner of the enormous gymnasium. I was more calm when my ***kamerad*** arrived.

" 'Hello, Kurt,' he said, 'I see that you're better.'

" 'Yes, Oskar. It's all over now. I'm sorry for getting out of control, but the Professor's insults left me no other alternative. What did you want to speak to me about?' I coldly asked, as I was unaware of his position on what occurred.

" 'Listen well to me, Kurt,' he said. 'You are my friend, the only one in whom I can confide. I have been chosen by Ernst Schäfer probably by mistake, for nothing binds me to him and his group. Every day that passes, the more I realize that there is something odd in all this, but I live pretending, led by the selfish desire to share the mission in Asia and obtain the professional benefit that it will bring to all its members. I would like to talk to you in full confidence so that you advise me, but you must promise me that you will not say to anyone what I tell you. Will you do it, Kurt? Can I trust you?'

" 'You know that you can, Oskar,' I said relieved, 'rest assured that no one will find out about our conversation or its contents.'

" 'I accept your word, Kurt,' he shook my hand to seal the pact. 'There are several extraordinary points in this whole affair. The first is the place of the mission: Tibet. Evidently we were wrong when we were assuming that it would be about espionage. In Tibet there is nothing to spy on; one goes there to seek something else. And that is not all. Neither is it clear the criterion put into the selection of our group, for the best have not been chosen, but those most obsequious to Professor Ernst Schäfer. What do you say to all this, Kurt?'

" 'After the incident that I have had today, I could not impartially give an opinion about Professor Schäfer, but I admit that there is something abnormal in all this,' I said, reflecting on what Oskar was confiding to me.

" 'If I was having any doubt,' he continued, 'it was dispelled a while ago, when he argued with you. He did not reject you for some professional reason, but because something in you, something spiritual, could derail the mission. And that something is for him extremely hateful. I don't like any of this madness at all. Do you think that I should resign from the group?

" 'I no longer distinguish the good from the bad,' I said with sadness, 'but I see a good reason for you to continue in the mission to Tibet: you are the only sane person of that group and someone has to tell it like it is upon returning from the journey!'

"Oskar laughed at my answer.

" 'I think I'll take your advice,' he said, 'but it'll be you to whom I keep abreast of everything that occurs.'

"I was feeling flattered by Oskar's trust.

" 'Another thing, Kurt,' he continued. 'I know that you'll let today pass and soon forget it, for such is your generous character, but this time I will be the one to advise you: talk to your Guardian and tell him everything that occurred today! Incredible things are said about the spiritual powers of Rudolf Hess; no one better than him to analyze the unspeakable attitude of Ernst Schäfer. Promise me that you'll think about it, at least.'

" 'I'll think about it, I'll think about it,' I said, surprised by Oskar's suggestion. 'I promise you, although I'll see Taufpate in only a month's time, for graduation.'

"We said goodbye and an hour later, I was boarding the train to Berlin, immersed in somber musings.

Chapter XI

The end-of-school ceremony was being held, together with other schools, in a large festival, with multitudinous parades of the Hitler Youth, which were culminating in the Berlin Stadium. There, the top brass of the Third Reich, headed by the Führer, were establishing direct contact with the youth by means of speeches and proclamations.

"Papa had come from Egypt especially to witness the graduation, being invited by Rudolf Hess to attend a party to be held that evening at the Chancellery. It would be, in my opinion, the long-awaited opportunity to clear up many unknowns.

"At 10 on the dot at night we climbed the marble stairs of the Chancellery. Papa, elegantly dressed in a jacket, and I, in the uniform of the Hitlerjungen, were not out of place among the large gathering that was already filling the great Hall of the Eagle, forming distinct murmuring huddles of voices and laughter. We crossed the hall in the direction of the gigantic fireplace of carved marble, looking for Rudolf Hess, while over our heads a chandelier of colossal dimensions was pouring torrents of light, softly dimmed by thousands of pieces of Baccarat crystal. I had never seen so many distinguished and important people together. All the leaders of the New Germany were there, Dr. Goebbels, Marshal Göring, Reichsführer Himmler, Julius Streicher... In a secluded corner we distinguished a group formed by Rosenberg, Rudolf Hess, and Adolf Hitler. Papa, fearing to interrupt a private conversation, told me to wait a few steps away, while we were drinking a glass of champagne that solicitous waiters had handed us.

"After a moment, Rudolf Hess noticed us and, after exchanging a word with the Führer, approached smiling.

" 'How are you Reinhold, Kurt?' he said. 'Come, I will introduce you to the Führer.' "

"It was the first time that I was seeing Adolf Hitler up close, a rare honor for a foreign student, and although I was coming prepared knowing that the Führer would be at the party, it had not occurred to me that we would be introduced.

" 'Adolf: Baron Reinhold von Sübermann,' said Rudolf.

"The Führer greeted Papa by effusively shaking his hand but without uttering a word.

" *'Mein Patenkind Kurt von Sübermann,'* Rudolf continued. 'Brand-new graduate of ***NAPOLA,*** pilot and polyglot soldier, future ***Ostenführer*** of the ***Waffen-ϟϟ.***'

"I could not help but blush at Taufpate Hess' laudatory introduction.

"The Führer stretched out his hand, as he was fixing an icy gaze into my eyes. I felt that an electric current was running down my spinal column, while a kind of stomachic emptiness was tickling at the level of my navel. It was a sensation of an instant, but of a terrible effect. That gaze, and the contact of the Führer's hand, had worked like an acidic agent in a bucket of milk, breaking down and dissolving my state of mind. It was an instant, I repeat, a single instant in which I felt myself explored from within.

"Once recomposed, I observed with surprise that—something unusual for him—an enigmatic smile was appearing on the Führer's face.

" 'From Egypt, eh?' said Hitler. 'I adore Egypt, a marvelous land that fascinated Napoleon and has produced an invaluable Comrade like Rudolf.' "

"Meanwhile, Rosenberg, who had already been introduced, was observing the scene with an amused expression.

" 'When seeing you, young Kurt,' Hitler continued, 'I realize that it is not a coincidence about Rudolf. Egypt really is a "Center of Spiritual Force"; the enigma of the Sphinx still holds true. You are the proof,' he took Rudolf Hess and I by one arm each, 'that a Higher Order guides the fate of Germany. Two German-Egyptians, who have breathed the Gnostic effluvia of Alexandria and Cairo, led here by Unknown Superiors, to place your great spiritual capacity at the service of the National Socialist cause.

" 'Seeing you,' continued the Führer, 'I realize how Sacred is the task that we have taken upon our shoulders, in founding the Thousand-Year Reich. Our cause is not only the best ideal for which a Germanic[26] can live and die, it is also the cause of humanity's freedom, of the struggle to save the world from the dark forces, of the final combat against the ***elementarwesen***...'[27]

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26. Here the Führer uses the word *Germanic* as a noun, atypical of its common diction in English as an adjective, in order to convey that he is not only referring to the citizens of Germany, but those descendent from the Germanic peoples.

27. Demonic elemental beings who attack the heroes in the Edda saga.

"Rosenberg and Papa were nodding their heads at each affirmation of the Führer, who was continuing to pour out mystical concepts without permitting anyone to interrupt his monologue. I distracted myself thinking about the strange power that I had experienced when greeting the Führer. A powerful Force was emanating from Hitler, I did not know whether voluntarily or spontaneously, and I was wondering to myself if he had acquired this charism by means of some secret technique, of some occult knowledge to which a privileged few can access.

" '... then tell me, young Kurt, who are ultimately the enemies of Germany? Against whom are we fighting?' Hitler was asking, addressing me.

"I reacted to the unexpected question, with the desperation of having ignored a part of the conversation. Three pairs of eyes, of Rosenberg, Hess, and Papa, were set on me, waiting for my answer. However, what I had managed to hear was sufficient for me, because the answer sprang by itself from the depths of my unconscious.

" 'The Enemy is only one,' I categorically affirmed, 'it is ***YHVH-Satan.***'

"I answered intuitively and in so firm a manner that there was no room for rectifications. I looked at Papa, who instantaneously became livid, and I saw the surprise portrayed on all faces.

" 'Very good, young Kurt, very good,' Hitler was saying with an expression of intense joy. 'You have given the best answer. You could have identified as our most terrible enemies Judeo-Masonry, Judeo-Marxism, Zionism, etc., but those names only represent different Aspects of one same reality, different Faces of one same ferocious Enemy: ***YHVH-Satan,*** the Demiurge of this World. Only an Initiate or an enlightened one like you or Rudolf could give so precise a response. Right, Alfred?'

"Rosenberg was smiling with pleasure.

" 'I congratulate you, young Von Sübermann,' said Alfred Rosenberg, 'you are a person of clear concepts.'

"Of course, I was completely stunned by what had occurred. Suddenly, in this meeting with those notable persons, I was discovering that I was possessing an 'inner ear,' a mysterious organ that was enabling me to 'hear' concretely formulated answers. And these answers were correct! I had never experienced anything like this and could only attribute this sudden

illumination to the presence of the Führer. He, with his strange magnetism, had 'awakened' my 'inner ear.'

"Adolf Hitler returned to take the floor.

" 'People who are not attuned to the ***Occult Philosophy*** of National Socialism, usually commit gross errors of assessment when judging many of our affirmations, believing to see in them a stupid superficiality, when generally they are synthetic ideas, ***slogans,*** extracted from deep systems of thought. For example, before young Kurt's affirmation that "the Enemy is Jehovah Satan," which is a synthetic idea of deep philosophical content, many ignorant minds would be tempted to suppose that such a concept stems from a crude antisemitism. They would put forward elementary arguments like these: "Jehovah is the God of Israel, a God of Race, one among hundreds of ethnic Gods; it is then exaggerated to take him for the only God or Demiurge (objection, this one is indeed antisemitic)." Or this other one: "Jehovah is the God of Israel but, because of his monotheistic character, he is the only God; then why identify him with the Demiurge? Is it because of a heretical belief of the ***Gnostic*** type?" (questions of those who believe that being "Christian" implies the worship of Jehovah and that his rejection signifies an "anti-Christian heresy.") Another banal argument is the following: "if we are to reject the Demiurge considering his material work as essentially "evil," why only identify him with the Jewish Jehovah, having hundreds of alternative denominations in ethnological mythology and in the religious pantheons of all the peoples of the Earth?" (questions that those usually suffer who totally ignore what Israel signifies in the History of the West and what the secret of Jewish racial dynamics is).

" 'When hearing of Jehovah Satan as "the Enemy against whom we fight," our critics would raise objections like the preceding, and, of course, the word "Satan" attached to Jehovah would surprise them, which would undoubtedly draw ironic conclusions from them.

" 'Well, such arguments rest on a common circumstance: the ignorance of those who formulate them! Of course, ***we know*** that the Demiurge received other names throughout History. But if we choose, among them, that of Jehovah, it is because it is the ***most recent name*** by which He has called Himself. And with said name His "Chosen People," Israel, which are nothing

more than a psychic unfolding of the same "Jehovah Satan," still designate Him.

"These words of the Führer vividly surprised me by their metaphysical implications: Do the Jews not constitute a Race like the others, comprised of ***individuals?*** ... It was a disturbing theory that I had just heard.

" 'Are you surprised, young Kurt?' asked the Führer, who no doubt immediately noticed my disturbance. But he did not give me time to respond and continued his explanation:

" 'Well, you haven't heard anything yet: Israel is a "Chakra" of the Earth, that is to say, it is a ***collective*** psychic manifestation of the Demiurge Jehovah and that is why we affirm that the Jew ***does not exist*** as an individual; that he is not a man like the rest of those who make up humankind.

" 'But the manifestation of Jehovah in a Chosen Race is a more or less recent event, of a few thousand years, and the ***ordering of Matter*** or "Creation" dates from millions of years ago. That is why, because of the "novelty" that the name "Jehovah" represents compared with other names of the Demiurge, which more ancient and culturally more important peoples were using in History, and because of the geological antiquity of the Universe, it seems ***excessive*** to designate a cosmic God with the name "Jehovah." But it is only an appearance. Here it is necessary to imagine a Primordial Demiurge to which we can comfortably call ***The One,*** just as the Stoics did. This is who orders chaos and pantheistically diffuses himself throughout the Universe (He is also the Hindu Brahma or the Arabian Allah, etc., these denominations taken in their exoteric religious sense).

" 'But the Cosmic Plan, it is necessary to somehow name ***the idea of the material Universe***, is based on the dream of the Demiurge, a state of quietude that nevertheless dynamizes the Cosmos, like the "Unmoved mover" of Aristotle in that Great Day of Manifestation, which is also called, mahamanvantara. But so that everything "functions" without requiring the intervention of The One, "who ***sleeps*** while everything lives in Him," it is necessary to have an "automatic correction system." This is the role fulfilled by the so-called ***cosmic Hierarchies,*** myriads of conscious entities ***emanated*** by The One to maintain the impulse given to the Universe and to carry forward its Plan. The first step of the "emanation" are the ***monads,*** higher

Archetypes that fundament the whole cosmic structure and serve as the ***matrix*** of The One's plan.

" 'These ***conscious entities,*** Angels, Devas, solar Logos, galactic Logos, planetary Souls, etc., ***are not individual beings*** but form part of the same One and possess, then, the ***mere appearance of existing*** due to the degrees of freedom with which they are endowed during the manvantara. In order for something to individually ***exist,*** an entity for example, it is necessary to ***suppose*** (or sub-pose) the act of existing to its real being, which also supposes the ***subsistence*** of the entity, which prevents the communication of its substantial essence with other entities or its metaphysical participation with other beings, that is to say, it puts a formal end to the entity or grants it its natural form. The recourse to achieve said illusion of existence is the extreme mechanicity of the material reality founded on the ***evolutive laws,*** both referred to continuous and discrete phenomena, which maintain the progressive movement of matter and energy in the exact attainment of The One's Plan.

" 'Said evolutive laws are ***preserved*** by the "conscious entities," already mentioned, and ***directed in the direction of the Plan.*** Thus we can distinguish, for example, "solar Logos," that is to say, "conscious entities" capable of "creating" a solar system following the Plan of The One, but that in reality are ***temporary unfoldments*** of The One. The same can be said of the galactic Logos or "planetary Souls" and even of the simple Angels or Devas: none of them exist as such, although they "evolve" subject to universal laws. The important thing here is to comprehend that this whole grandiose spectacle that we are recreating is ***pure illusion,*** a metapsychic conception of colossal characteristics devised by The One for his intimate contemplation. Because the truth is that all that exists disappears in the end, when the Great Pralaya comes, the night of Brahma, in which everything is once again confused in Him, after a monstrous phagocytation.

" 'But we said that the Universe is ruled by evolutive laws. Said laws, which determine the Material Universe, according to a true "heavenly architecture," as the satanic Masons say, occasion the existence of the different planes of space or Heavens in which reality is constituted. Just as there are various "Heavens" (five? seven? nine?) there are "Kingdoms of nature" (three? five? seven?) or "planets" (five? seven? nine? twelve?) or "Root races" (three? five? seven?) etc. These decep-

tive aspects form part of the Plan of The One, and the Demons in charge of carrying forward said Plan form a ***precise hierarchical order,*** based on the famous "law of evolution" that rules the Heavens—all the ***Heavens,*** from the atomic, chemical, or biological to the cosmic—in which each monad "evolves" following the Archetypes of each Heaven. It is the famous "law of cause and effect" that the Synarchy teaches and that the Vedic religions of India call Karma and Dharma, but which is convenient to synthesize as the "law of evolution." This law directs the "round-trip path of the monad," which takes various bodies in the different Heavens to which it descends to "evolve"; said "path" is usually represented as the serpent that bites its own tail or "ouroboros." Of course, the famous ***monadic individuation*** is never reached, for that would be an authentic mutilation of the substance of The One and before such a thing happens, the whole Universe will already be phagocytized in His Holy Belly.' Here, strangely, the Führer smiled as he was looking at me intensely. I was inwardly struggling with conflicting sentiments. On the one hand, I was horrified by the theory that I was hearing, already familiar from having studied it in the ***NAPOLA,*** but now endowed with an impressive meaning of reality when being vehemently expounded with the Führer's irresistible eloquence. And on the other hand, I was feeling flattered by the honor of receiving from the lips of the Führer of Germany, a personal, terribly extensive, and curiously out-of-place explanation at a mundane party at the Chancellery. In any case, my exterior attitude was of respectful attention to each one of his words, for I was not wanting to distract myself again.

" 'I suppose that you already know this theosophical theory that the Synarchy teaches in its Masonic or Rosicrucian sects, and that you must ***feel frightened*** before a deterministic conception in which there is no ***foreseen*** place for ***eternal*** individual existence, that is to say, beyond the pralayas and manvantaras. And precisely that fright, that cry of rebellion that you ***must perceive*** welling up from your Pure Blood, constitutes an exception to all the rules of the deterministic mechanics of The One, because it speaks of ***another reality*** alien to His material Universe. How can that be if we have said that everything that exists in the Cosmos has been thought and made by Him, according to His Plan and through the intermediary of His cosmic and planetary Hierarchies? Well, young Kurt, I will tell

you briefly: because a part of Humanity, which we integrate, possesses an element that ***does not belong to the material order*** and that cannot be determined by the Demiurge's law of Evolution. That element, which is called Spirit or Vril, is present in ***some men*** as a ***possibility of eternity.*** We know of it through the ***Blood Memory,*** but as long as we are not capable of freeing ourselves from the ties that bind us to the illusory reality of the Demiurge and retracing the Path Back to the Origin, ***we will*** not really ***exist*** as Eternal individuals. You will ask me how it is that in a Closed Order like that which I have described, ***spiritual elements*** foreign to it can coexist, and why, if they cannot be determined by the laws of matter and energy, they remain subject to the Universe of The One. This is a great Mystery. But you can consider as a hypothesis that, for ***a reason that we do not know*** but that we can suppose to be ***an order*** from a Being infinitely superior to the Demiurge, or an ***incomprehensible negligence,*** or a colossal ***deception,*** once a myriad of beings belonging to a spiritual Race, that we call ***Hyperborean,*** entered the material Universe. Let us suppose that such beings had penetrated the Solar System through a "gate" opened on another planet, for example Venus, and that here, thanks to a ruse, a part of their Hyperborean Guides had enchained them to the law of evolution. This enchainment, we have already said, ***cannot be real*** but, nevertheless, the Traitorous Guides manage ***to confuse*** the Eternal Spirits by anchoring them to matter. Why do they do this? Another Mystery. But what is certain, what is true, is that, from the arrival of such Guides to the Solar System, a collective mutation will take place ***throughout the Galaxy*** that ***modifies*** the Plan of The One. This modification is built on the treason of the Guides and on the fall of the immortal beings. In order so that you see it clear, young Kurt, I will tell you that here, on Earth, there was a primitive human being who "was evolving" following the laws of the "planetary chains" and the "Kingdoms of nature."

" 'This evolution was very slow and was pursuing the final adaptation to an absolutely animal racial archetype, endowed with a rational mind, logically structured by cerebral functions and possessing a "Soul" made up of energy from the other, more subtle, material planes. This "man" is that whom the Traitorous Guides found, at a still primitive stage of their development, when arriving on Earth millions of years ago. Then, by means of an ingenious system called Chang Shamb-

hala, which you will have the opportunity of studying in our Order, they decided to mutate the human Race, enchaining the Eternal Spirits to the illusory and material human beings of the Earth. From that moment on there are three classes of men: the primitive animal-men or ***Paśus,*** the semi-divines or ***Viryas,*** to whom a Spirit was attached, and the Divine Hyperboreans or ***Siddhas,*** who are all those who manage ***to return to the Origin*** and escape from the Great Deception. A part of the Guides are also called Hyperborean Siddhas, those who ***did not betray*** and who, headed by Khristos Lúcifer, attempt ***to save*** the Viryas through the Hyperborean redemption of the Pure Blood, which consists in awakening the primordial memory of one's own lost divinity. These are the Lords of Agartha... But we deviate a little from our main theme that was about Jehovah Satan, the Enemy against whom we combat to win the right to return to the lost Origin. Then this question will become clear to you, young Kurt, for if you recall that The One was delegating to some "conscious entities" the execution of His Plan, we can now add that the Solar System has been constructed by one such "consciousness" to which we call Solar Logos, seconded by Devas of lesser hierarchy who ***occupy*** determinate positions in the mechanics of the system. On Earth, a "planetary entity" was infusing life into the planet and impulsing the "evolution" of the Kingdoms of nature according to the Solar Plan, inserted into the Cosmic Plan of The One. It is clear that these are hierarchically linked emanations of The One: The One ➟ Galactic Logos ➟ Solar Logos ➟ Planetary Angel ➟ Collective or group soul, etc. Who is God here? Depending on the level of consciousness and the cultural and religious norms of men, it can be any of such "conscious entities," but it is always The One. If one says that God is the Sun or conceives a "creator" God of the whole Universe, The One is being spoken of. It is the same if one believes that God is "nature" or the "Milky Way" or the Earth. The different gnoseological cosmologies that men present in their different stages of "evolution" in order to conceive the world, do not invalidate the fact that one always alludes directly or indirectly to The One when God is spoken of.

" 'But let us return to Earth. When the Traitorous Guides arrive on Earth, they establish themselves in a "center" to which they call Shambhala, or Dejung, and found what has come to be known as the Great White Brotherhood or Occult

Hierarchy of Earth. It is not a physically locatable place on the terrestrial surface, a matter about which you will have to learn more later, but is situated in a topological fold of space. But what is of interest here is to point out that the chief of the Traitorous Guides titles himself King of the World, going on to occupy the place of one of the twelve Kumaras of the Solar System. What is a Kumara? A planetary Angel, one of those "conscious entities" enchained by The One that make up the "idea of a planet." It is here where the key to the name Jehovah and his "Chosen Race" is to be found. Because the planetary Spirit was called Kumara Sanat, who after the constitution of Shambhala and the coming of the King of the World, decides to act as ***regent*** of The One in the execution of His Plan, now modified. For it he incarnates, in the name of The One, in a "Chosen Race" to reign over the enslaved Hyperborean Spirits. That is the Hebrew Race. That is to say that we have on the one side the Occult Hierarchy of Chang Shambhala, with its Demons: the Traitorous Guides and their chief: the King of the World, who now carry forward the "evolution" of the planet and are those who "guide" the Races by means of a sinister organization called Synarchy. And on the other we have the Hebrew Race, which is nothing but the modification of Sanat Kumara on Earth in order to occupy the highest echelon of the Synarchy, in the name of The One. The Hebrews themselves in their Kabbalah study that "Israel is one of the 10 sephiroth," the sephirah Malkuth, which is to say one of the emanations of The One. Finally, Jehovah is the kabbalistic name of The One Demiurge that Sanat Kumara represents on Earth and is, as I said at the beginning of this pleasant chat, the ***most recent historical name*** that we know of ***Him***. That is why we, ***the Ancient Hyperborean Beings*** who still remain enchained in Hell, must keep in mind that "the Enemy is Jehovah Satan, the Demiurge of this World," as the young Kurt said well.'

"The Führer was enthusiastically continuing his long monologue and, although a long hour had already passed and the curious glances of many people who were wishing to be seated at the table were raining down upon us, no one in Germany would have been capable of interrupting him for so prosaic a reason as having dinner. I, for my part, was only wishing to continue listening to his incredible revelations and that is why, when he asked me if I had understood him, I did not hesitate to let him know my doubts:

" 'There is something that now worries me,' I said immediately. 'All that you have said, mein Führer, about The One Demiurge, I perfectly comprehend and accept, but I cannot help but then wonder who God is, the ***true God,*** or...?'

" 'That is a question that you must not ask yourself, young Kurt,' the Führer categorically affirmed. 'Not while your mind is subject to rational logic, for then you will only arrive at irreducible paradoxes. But it is evident that doubt has already germinated in you and that you will continue meditating on it. I will then give you a provisional answer: God is ***incognizable*** for anyone who has not conquered the Vril. Always bear this truth in mind, young Kurt: from the miserable condition of a slave of Jehovah Satan it is not possible to know God, for He is absolutely transcendent. It is necessary to go a long way of blood purification ***to know*** something about God, about the "true God," as you rightly say. The majority of the great religions, when speaking of God, refer to The One Demiurge. This occurs because the Races that currently populate the world have been "worked" by the Demons of Shambhala, implanting in them synarchic ideas in the ***genetic memory*** of their members, in order to be able to direct them toward the great collective Archetype called ***Manu.*** Thus, perceiving reality behind a veil of deception, one arrives at these conceptions of a pantheistic, monistic, or trinitarian God, which are only appearances of The One, the ordering Demiurge of matter.

" 'Note what occurs with the concept of God that the different peoples of the ancient family of Indo-Germanic languages possess: almost all the names derive from the same words and it is certain that these, in the remote past, denote a God, "Creator of all that exists," that is to say, the Demiurge, The One. In Sanskrit we have the words "Dyaus Pitar," which in the Vedas are used to name the "Father which art in Heaven." Dyaus is the root that in Greek produces Zeus and Theo, with a meaning similar to Sanskrit and that becomes Jupiter, Deus Pater, or Iovis in Latin. The ancient Germanics were likewise referring to Ziu, Tyr, or Tiwaz as the "Creator" God of existence, words that also come from the Sanskrit Dyaus Pitar.

" 'Words that designate God in the Turanian and Semitic language families possess the same etymology. In this last family, of important relationship with Hebrew, we find "El" as an ancient denomination of the Demiurge in his planetary representative, "The Strong." In Babylonia, Phoenicia, and Palestine

were worshiped El, Il, Enlil, names that the Arabs transformed into Ilah or Allah, etc. This etymological unity should not surprise you, young Kurt, for what is alarming is the "unity of concept" that is discovered behind the mentioned words, since in all religions and philosophies one always arrives at two or three apparently irreducible ideas of God, but that in reality refer to different aspects of the Demiurge: such is the preference for a "pantheistic and immanent God": The One; or "transcendent" but "Creator of the Earth and the Heavens": Jehovah Satan, Jupiter, Zeus, Brahma, etc.'

"The Führer was now looking at me with shining eyes and I guessed that his next words would have truly important content:

" 'There was a war, young Kurt. A dreadful war, of which the Mahabharata perhaps retains a distorted memory. That war involved ***various Heavens*** in its theater of operations and produced as its most external expression, what has come to be called "the sinking of Atlantis." But no one knows in depth what is referred to when "Atlantis" is spoken of, since it is not only a matter of "a sunken continent." Said war has already been going on for more than a million years on this physical plane, during which several physical, continental Atlantises have sunk, and now, in our twentieth century, we can say that Atlantis is ready to "sink" again. But let us leave this Mystery for now, for you will have to return to it during your studies.

" 'To conclude this conversation I will tell you one last thing, young Kurt. You should know that in that Essential War, in which one fights for the liberation of the captive Spirits, for the collective mutation of the Race, against the Synarchy and against Jehovah Satan, the Third Reich has committed all its spiritual, biological, and material potential.'

"With these terrible words, the Führer seemed to end his explanation. I looked around me and saw that Papa, Rosenberg, and Rudolf Hess were still at my side.

"An elegant waiter indicated to the Führer that when they were ready they could go into the inner courtyard for a cold supper. It was eleven at night. The Führer and Rosenberg bade us farewell and went to join Göring and Dr. Goebbels at the head of the table. Rudolf Hess invited Papa and I to join him for dinner, but I had not come out well after the conversation with the Führer and, at the risk of being offensive, I decided to speak frankly with both of them.

Chapter XII

t's so difficult to get the two of you together,' I said. 'The last time that we were together was four years ago, when entering the ***NAPOLA***. Perhaps tomorrow or the day after we leave for Egypt and I don't know when there'll be another opportunity to share a conversation. Could we not withdraw a moment?'

"Papa had started to utter a protest but Rudolf interrupted him.

" 'You are absolutely right, Kurt. Come this way,' he was pointing to a door, 'I have to talk to you too.'

"A moment later we were settled in Rudolf Hess' study, who, behind an immense ministerial desk of carved oak, was rocking in a springy chair. I hurried to initiate the conversation.

" 'First of all,' I said, 'I wish that one of you clarify for me a question on which everyone seems to be in agreement, including the Führer as I could see today, but of which I have only obscure references. I refer to a kind of spiritual quality that I would have, unknown to the majority of people, but that some persons are able to distinguish. It may be the mysterious Sign that the Arab Ophites who abducted Me as a child in Egypt were mentioning or the "great spiritual capacity" of which the Führer spoke earlier. I don't know what it is, but some seem to know it... and don't like it, like for example Professor Ernst Schäfer.' Rudolf Hess arched his eyebrows when hearing the name of the ***Abwehr*** man. Next I related to them the bitter experience lived days ago.

"I perceived a glint of anger in the dark eyes of my Godfather.

" 'The ***Abwehr*** has only produced traitors! This is something that you must bear in mind from now on, Kurt. I'll tell you a secret that only four persons in the Third Reich know, including the Führer and myself; a secret that relates to you and to what you've just told me: Professor Schäfer is not wrong to distrust you; indeed, he couldn't be sure of carrying out the ***altwestenoperation*** if you were included in it! But you're inevitably linked to that expedition, whether Schäfer wants it or not, and you have intuitively grasped it and approached him at a bad time. I cannot now reveal to you the reasons for such a link, but perhaps another person whom you will soon meet,

one of the participants in the secret, will explain them to you. With certainty, in the future you will be a personal representative of ***Reichsführer*** Himmler, the fourth person in the secret, in front of Ernst Schäfer. And he can do nothing to prevent it! These were our plans but, suggestively, you have beaten us to it. Nothing that can't be repaired!

" 'You may wonder how it is that the Führer or the Reichsführer knew about you. Although you have not noticed it, all these years you have been the object of intense surveillance by me and other persons whom you do not know, for the Third Reich has prepared a path for you, appropriate to your possibilities, which will enable you to serve the Fatherland like no one else has done, while you will develop your spiritual faculties. Soon, very soon you will know everything and you will understand us!'

"I had not yet received an answer to my questions, but I was moved and excited by the promising future of successes that Rudolf Hess was announcing to me. Mind you, one thing was unconsciously intriguing me: why the curious name of Ernst Schäfer's expedition '***Altwestenoperation,***' that is to say, ***Operation Old West?*** The memory of this question, and its incredible answer, would take place only two years later, in the heart of Tibet.

" 'You want answers and you have every right to it,' Rudolf continued speaking, 'but it is not the appropriate time or place to discuss spiritual mysteries. In these years you will have missed my presence, but it was better for you that I did not directly intervene in your life, so that the psychological development would take place normally; we even agreed on that with your Father,' Papa nodded his head. 'Now it will be different, you will have your position and you will be close to me. But first you must know ***our Philosophy***. I do not refer to the National Socialist doctrine the way it appears in the Führer's book "Mein Kampf" or Alfred Rosenberg's "The Myth of the Twentieth Century," but to an ***"Occult Philosophy"*** to which we, a small group, adhere, as you no doubt will too. You must understand that here we are not dealing with a sterile knowledge that can be reduced to a "code of principles" or an "operational manual" by means of which to rule our actions; on the contrary, it is about acquiring a knowledge that dynamically acts on the Spirit, internally transforming us, endowing us with a

millenary Wisdom that makes us transcend the merely human plane of existence.

" 'You are especially gifted to access that semi-divine state,' Rudolf continued, responding in part to the question about the Sign, 'because you have something interior that few men possess: *"the possibility of Being."* You will soon comprehend this better, when knowing the secrets of the Order, but I can anticipate that, just as the Führer has said a moment ago, not all men are equals, not all exist, not all can "be." On the contrary, for those who have ***the possibility of Being,*** the struggle and effort must be put into transcending this world of illusory images and perpetuating themselves in eternity, on another plane of existence to which we can only arrive if we awaken from the demonic dream in which we are immersed. The majority of the men that you see in the world, do not really exist, or if you prefer, they live a "relative existence," illusory, which is a breath for eternity. Their consciousness is diluted by death, although many believe otherwise, and nothing survives them. Eternity, dear Kurt, is for a few, for an Aristocracy of Spirit, founded on semi-divine Heroes, on Supermen who, at the cost of fighting a hard combat with the Prince of this World, YHVH-Satan, as you have justly called him, transmute their lower nature and win their place in ***Valhalla.***[28]

" 'All will be revealed to you, Kurt, because you are a semi-divine Hero, a Virya, the mark of Lúcifer, which concerns you so much and that only indicates the purity of your spiritual lineage, proves it.'

" 'But, Lúcifer? Is he not the Devil?' I cautiously asked.

"I should have posed this question to the Führer, but I did not have the valor for it.

" 'Lúcifer, the bearer of Uncreated Light, the Devil?' Rudolf Hess was indignant. 'That is the blasphemous calumny that Jehovah Satan has foisted upon him through his disciples, the Jews and some unenlightened Christian and Muslim imbeciles. Lúcifer is Khristos. The Khristos of Atlantis...'

"Rudolf Hess breathed deeply before continuing.

" 'Let us leave those Mysteries for now and talk about you, Kurt,' said Rudolf, changing the subject. 'You have successfully

28. Abode of Wothan or Odin in the Eddas. The place to which warriors killed in battle go. Celestial paradise of the heroes. For the Hyperborean Wisdom, Valhalla is a center inhabited by the Liberating Gods or, as the Führer was saying, by the "Hyperborean Siddhas."

completed a hard stage of studies and another cycle of endeavors opens for you. It is our will,' he looked at Papa who again nodded his head, 'that you enter the ***Waffen-ϟϟ,*** for your military and political perfectionment. But that is, let us say, an exoteric training, that is to say external, at least until you arrive at the Restricted Circle of ***Wewelsburg.***[29] There is another parallel route that you will have to take and that also entails efforts and sacrifices. It is an occult, esoteric path, which will enable you to spiritually surpass yourself and will resolve your most secret doubts. Have you heard of the ***Thulegesellschaft?***'[30]

I thought a moment, more out of commitment than anything else, for I had the certainty that I had never heard that name mentioned before.

" 'No,' I responded.

" 'It is a secret group of Wise men,' said Rudolf Hess in a respectful tone. 'I will facilitate your entrance into the Order and they will help you to progress, but you must understand, from the beginning, the following: Hyperborean Orders like the Thulegesellschaft follow a circular layout. In worldly organizations of the Freemasonry type, or if you want to simplify: like any administrative bureaucracy, one vertically advances, step by step, from the base of a triangle to the vertex, which occupies the highest Hierarchy. In a Hyperborean Order, on the contrary, one advances by overcoming concentric circles. You, for example, when entering the Order, are a wide circle, perhaps the outer circle. I am not saying that you form part of a circle or that you occupy a place in a circle, but that "you are a circle." Like you, there are other members who are circles of greater or lesser diameter, concentrically organized around a center of Power occupied by the maximum level of Wisdom. That is why I say that one advances by "overcoming circles" and not "passing through circles" of different levels, because the Hyperborean Wisdom consists in narrowing one's own circle toward the center; in "restricting the circle" as far as our capacity permits. Do you understand, ***Patenkind?***'

" 'I believe so,' I said without much conviction. 'But all this that you so kindly explain to me, brings me peace and tranquility. Rest assured that I will do everything possible not to disappoint your confidence or Papa's faith.'

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29. It was an Ordensburg or ϟϟ training castle, as will be seen further ahead.

30. Thule Order. Esoteric Secret Society, the affiliation of which is dealt with in another part of the work.

" 'Well, then there is nothing more to speak of. Remember Papp, the SS officer whom you met in Berchtesgaden? He is now SS ***Oberführer***.[31] You will address yourself to him when you come back from Egypt to find out the steps to follow.'

"Rudolf Hess pressed a button, obtaining the hurried arrival of a custodial officer as a response. He ordered him to arrange for champagne to be brought into the important office. He was not drinking but this was different, he said, for we were to toast to my graduation and the future of Germany. Then he engaged in a frank chat with Papa, remembering common anecdotes from their student days and Egypt.

"Thus concluded the student stage of my life, Neffe Arturo. On returning from Egypt, things took a different course, and while I was complying with the various stages of training in the Waffen-SS in order to arrive in 1939 at ***Wewelsburg*** Castle, I was also overcoming various circles of the ***Thulegesellschaft***. As the events that will really surprise you, since they connect with your own experience, immediately occur, starting from 1937, I will try to summarize them in some detail. Only in 1939, upon returning from a terrible, infernal mission, which was Operation ***Altwesten,*** I received the instruction that in part allowed me to understand everything. The following years, especially from 1941 onwards, I spent them fulfilling missions in Asia, missions similar to that which I had carried out in Operation ***Altwesten*** and analogous, also, to the ***esoteric mission*** carried out by Rudolf Hess with his historic flight to England in 1941; missions of the same strategic characteristic as that fulfilled by Belicena Villca and her son Noyo, that is to say, missions of tactical diversion to confuse and divert the Enemy; but missions that require, for their execution, the prior Hyperborean Initiation of their agents.

"But this part of the story we will leave for later. It is 12:30 hours and good Juana must already have lunch prepared."

31. Lit. *SS-Senior leader.*

Chapter XIII

Effectively, an instant later, the old woman entered, bringing on a tray an appetizing native stew. Chiquizuela,[32] red chorizo, bacon, garbanzos, beans, potatoes, carrots, leek, onion, and corn, all boiled and steaming, accompanied by oil, vinegar, and mustard.

Uncle Kurt's last story filled me with expectations and curiosity. While I was spreading the corn on the cob with the yellow homemade butter, I kept thinking about the particular experiences lived by Uncle Kurt in the Third Reich and especially his predestined relationship with Rudolf Hess, Adolf Hitler's strange deputy. That period of recent history, which goes from 1933 to 1945, to me as to the majority of those who were born after the war, was escaping me in its vital dynamic. The Allies, victors in a war that is, without exaggeration, the greatest that Universal History remembers, present us a puerile image of the losing nations and of the Epoch before the war. The spokesmen of the victorious alliance, morally and intellectually unable to refute the Great Nationalist Ideologies of the prewar period with even credible arguments, resort to the irrational system of utilizing lies, calumny, disinformation, etc. With the malicious intention of confusing and devaluing the significance of words, any South American tyrant is called, for example, "Fascist," closer to a Mafia ***boss*** than to a genial statesman like "Il Duce." Fascism, National Socialism, Japanese Traditionalism, complete Systems of Political Philosophy, appear in the pen of the Revenge Publicists, stripped of their mystical, spiritual, and intellectual content, reduced to crude totalitarian schemas, and the leaders of these movements are presented as pathological cases.

For these reasons, Uncle Kurt's story had the double virtue of enlightening me about a dark period of recent History, which he intensely lived through, and of allowing me to verify what I was suspecting ever since I began to doubt the "spiritual virtues" of some "Allied Potencies" that have plunged the world into materialism and decadence. That is: that the Great Nationalist Systems mentioned, especially National Socialism, were hiding a powerful and secret spiritual current behind the

32. Kneecap of cattle.

facade of their respective political organizations. In an esoteric undercurrent, jealously hidden by the ferocious victors, there was a spiritual light, an unrevealed purpose that was now coming through in Uncle Kurt's story. What did the Führer and other leaders of the Third Reich intend to do? What was Rudolf Hess trying to carry out when he flew to England in May of 1941? Many questions like these danced in my brain throughout lunch and I was shuddering with joy when considering the possibility that Uncle Kurt had the answers.

On the other hand, a modest sentiment of humility was assailing me every time that I was remembering how I had arrived there, persuaded of being embarked on a unique adventure, of being a privileged protagonist in a cosmic drama. For what had occurred to me, without underestimating the real danger that it was entailing, was child's play in light of the experience lived by my ϟϟ Uncle. And upon thinking this way, I was feeling that new forces were coming to my aid to fulfill Belicena Villca's request.

Since some days ago, I was wanting to abandon my sickbed, since I was feeling quite recovered. However, something was blocking my will when I was deciding to dress myself and go down to the lower floors of the house. At first I did not know that it was what was preventing me from doing so, but later I was discovering with amazement that the idea of confronting the mastiffs that were freely roaming around the park surrounding the house was simply terrifying to me. On more than one occasion, I had observed them through the window and, despite their colossal size and fierce appearance, they were not seeming to be really aggressive. I should unreservedly accept Uncle Kurt's explanation that they attacked induced by him, but it is one thing to say it and another to face those animals after such an unpleasant previous experience.

But this time I was firmly decided to abandon the sickbed. After dressing myself, for the first time in fifteen days, in clothes that I took from my baggage, I slowly descended the beautiful onyx staircase that was leading to the spacious living room, unknown to me up to that moment. I found no one in sight and, without much desire to explore the house on my own, I seated myself on a sofa—it was the same one where I laid fainting the first night—in front of the wide windows that were overlooking the park.

I was supposing that Uncle Kurt would still be having lunch, but I soon came out of my mistake when seeing him arrive from the exterior of the house. He was at the same time surprised and glad to see me up.

"Well, well," he said, "I see that you feel good!"

"Yes, Uncle Kurt, I believe it's time to get back to a normal life," I gave a pat to the casted arm, "at least while I wait for the cast to come off."

I was smiling, with an approving expression.

"If you really feel comfortable here, we'll chat all afternoon, and then we'll have dinner in the dining room."

I nodded my head. I was happy, waiting for a new story from my Uncle and thinking that things were finally getting back on track.

Uncle Kurt sat across from me in a single armchair and chatted about a trivial topic to give time for old Juana to serve us two steaming cups of coffee.

Finally he said:

"In August of 1937, I returned from Egypt and made telephone contact in Berlin with ***SS-Oberführer*** Papp, whom I had become, after four years of pleasant dealings, particularly fond of.

" 'Hello Edwin,' I greeted, after the operator put me through to Papp. 'Is there anything for me?'

" 'Yes, Kurt. You must come to the Chancellery to receive instructions. Where are you?'

" 'At the Central Railway Station. I can be there within thirty minutes.'

" 'Well, go to the Security Office and identify yourself to ***SS-Oberscharführer***[33] Krüger. He will lead you to me.'

"I deposited my baggage in a chest at the station and left to meet ***SS-Oberführer*** Papp. I did not take lodging in a hotel, because I was wanting to make sure that I would not have to continue my journey to some military department (as effectively happened).

"***SS-Oberscharführer*** Krüger led me through a maze of corridors and hallways to the office from where everything concerning the Führer's security within the Chancellery was being decided.

33. Lit. *SS-Senior squad leader.*

"It was a small world apart that was occupying a back wing of the Chancellery Palace, passing an interior courtyard, and that was gathering under the command of ***SS Oberführer*** Papp, several sectors of which specific activities, so different, were converging in the common objective of Security. There they were operating a Gestapo squad, a Communications and Radio Direction Finding team, a small group of the SS Secret Service, a chemical laboratory, an infirmary with a doctor on permanent call 24 hours a day. All mounted, equipped, and attended to by the SS with personnel from the ***1st SS Panzer Division Leibstandarte SS Adolf Hitler***.

" 'Hello, Kurt! I'm glad to see you, young man. Sincerely,' said ***SS Oberführer*** Papp. 'Sit down, please.'

"I placed myself in a chair in front of the desk occupied by Papp. The office was a recent construction of reinforced concrete so the very low ceiling was contrasting with the great height of the hallways traversed to arrive there. ***SS Oberführer*** Papp was observing me with visible friendliness, seated in a swivel chair. Above his head a picture was showing the Führer gazing into the distance; metal filing cabinets were flanking both sides of the desk.

" 'I, too, am glad to see you again,' I responded. 'I am tremendously happy to be in Berlin again.'

" 'Well, it won't be for long,' Papp said, smiling. 'I believe that you depart at once for the ***Ordensburg Krössinsee***. I have the orders for you here. They are two envelopes...' he started to look through a file.

" 'Krössinsee is in East Prussia, is it not?' I asked.

" 'Yes, in Pomerania. Here are your orders!'

"He handed me two manila envelopes. One, larger on which was written in large letters ***'Krössinsee'*** was containing all the enrollment papers for the ***SS Ordensburg***. On the other a handwritten inscription, in delicate Gothic characters, was ordering that the envelope was to be opened in the presence of ***SS Oberführer*** Papp. I proceeded to break the seal and extracted from the interior of the envelope a letter in the handwriting of Rudolf Hess. It was reading:

Berlin – August, 1937
Herr Kurt von Übermann
Dear Patenkind,

I have arranged for you to enter the ***Ordensburg of Krössinsee*** and then, upon receiving the minimum instruction, be transferred to the other ***Ordensburgs.*** You must leave at once for Pomerania and incorporate and adapt yourself to the new life. Only when you have fulfilled this part—let at least one month pass—you will put yourself in communication with the ***Thulegesellschaft.***

Your contact in Berlin is named Konrad Tarstein; you will find him at ***Gregorstraße 239.*** He is already informed of your entry into the Order; you only have to introduce yourself, giving your name. In principle you will join the ***Thulegesellschaft*** in Berlin so you will have to travel from Pomerania to Berlin on weekends, but if you should come at any other time you can go to ***SS Oberführer*** Papp so that he arranges the corresponding permission. Good luck, ***Patenkind;*** remember my advice: "advance in circles, restricting the circle."

Rudolf Hess

Note:

Memorize the name and address of your contact and handover this letter to ***SS Oberführer*** Papp, who has the order to destroy it. Nothing must be written that could compromise you, compromise us, or compromise the ***Thulegesellschaft.***

Heil Hitler

"I read the letter twice and then handed it to ***SS Oberführer*** Papp who destroyed it before my eyes, setting it on fire with a lighter.

" 'Rudolf Hess is in Berlin?' I asked.

" 'No. He is in Berchtesgaden with the Führer.'

"I immediately remembered that on that very date, four years earlier, we were with Papa and Rudolf Hess in Berchtesgaden. There was, therefore, nothing more to do in Berlin and, after bidding farewell to ***SS Oberführer*** Papp, I departed toward the train station to start my journey to East Prussia as soon as possible.

Chapter XIV

n hour later, from the window of the northern train, I was watching the last neighborhoods of Berlin pass by. I was engrossed thinking about Rudolf Hess' letter and lamenting not having been able to meet him to transmit to him some questions that were urgently requiring an answer. Something extraordinary was happening to me for some time and, except for Rudolf Hess, I was not daring to confide it to anyone.

"Since the night of graduation, when I was introduced to the Führer, I began to experience a curious psychological phenomenon. On that occasion I responded, '***YHVH***-Satan' to the Führer's questions: 'Who is the Enemy of Germany? Against whom do we combat?' and I believed to recognize that said answer had not been reasoned by me, but 'grasped' or as something 'heard' by an inner ear.

"For me it was beyond doubt that the 'Voice' I heard was alien, that is to say that it was coming from outside my consciousness. But I was also realizing the impossibility of transmitting this experience to another person without running the risk of inspiring distrust about my sanity. During the journey to Egypt, I meditated on this and arrived at the conclusion that the presence of the Führer had triggered a phenomenon of unconscious discharge, the Voice heard being simply a formal intuition. That is, I somehow 'knew' the answer and, at a time in which I was psychologically blocked by the Führer's overpowering personality, I 'guessed' it or believed I did, taking an intuition for an extrasensory perception. It was a skeptical conclusion, but I had the certainty that said phenomenon would be purely circumstantial, that it would not take place again. I was clinging to this certainty with the hidden fear that its repetition implied a loss of rational equilibrium.

"It is understandable: in a society that considers 'normal' what is common to all, that is to say, collective, and represses with alienation the one who deviates from the 'normal,' feeling different can be dangerous in many ways. Mainly because the lack of 'patterns' or 'models'—systematically eliminated or self-eliminated by fear—to compare our 'abnormality' induces us to fear a loss of reason. This fear to possess gifts or virtues that make us different from others is considered a 'saintly pru-

dence' in a world that glorifies the mediocrity of the average man and distrusts the individual.

"So, fearful of the implications that I would have to consider that experience as a real phenomenon, I was attributing the heard Voice to a projection of the unconscious onto the conscious.

"However, the phenomenon was repeated not once but several more times, with the consequent alarm on my part, who was fearing to suffer from some kind of schizophrenia.

"But, as soon as I was discarding my doubts and serenely meditating, I could not help but recognize that this phenomenon was far from being dangerous, and I would even say that it was pleasant. The reason for such a conclusion was in the 'certainty' that I was now feeling that the Voice I heard was totally alien to my own being. Of course, one may argue that the 'certainty' that a man can have in the perception of phenomena belonging to his own sphere of consciousness is totally subjective. And it is true because, in general, 'certainty' in no way guarantees the truth of his affirmation.

"For example, when the hunter feels 'sure' of hitting his prey and misses the shot or when the student, 'sure' of having given the right answer, finds that the teacher has graded him with a zero, one can say that certainty has 'failed.' What does success then depend on if, when I am 'sure' of obtaining it, I can fail?

"To respond, one must first distinguish between 'subjective certainty' and 'objective certainty.' The former is closer to imagination and the latter to reality. Subjective certainty rests on faith; objective certainty rests on reality. He who believes to take an apple in his hand and what he really takes is an apple, undoubtedly has objective certainty. If, instead, he believes to take an apple and in reality takes something else, his certainty is subjective. There is then a gap between subjective certainty and objective certainty, which, depending on the individuals, can become a chasm.

"But it is desirable that the certainty experienced in what one does or thinks is as objective as possible. Then: what must one do to close the gap that separates subjective certainty from objective certainty? Barring the case of a natural predisposition to objective reality, the answer would be that prior 'experience' ensures greater probabilities that 'certainty,' in the concretion of an act, is objectively realized.

"If one wants to better comprehend the subject, one must also distinguish between the certainty of the dilettante and of the expert. Before the same test, both feel 'sure,' but with greater probability, only the expert arrives at success, while the dilettante fails. The 'certainty' of the expert is founded on prior experience; that of the dilettante on faith in himself; but as every expert at some initial point must have been a dilettante, it is possible that the dilettante, if he perseveres, sometimes becomes an expert.

"So certainty is all the more objective the more it is accompanied by experience. But if subjective certainty is betrayed by objective reality, if it fails, the disappointment of defeat ensues. One must conclude, then, that the capacity to overcome failures is a conditioning factor to capitalize on experience in favor of objective certainty.

"Certainty, on the other hand, is a fundamental psychological attitude to face the trials of life. He who faces the challenge of a test must count on success in advance, he must be 'sure' of winning and a failure must not discourage him from trying again. In the above cases, neither the hunter stops hunting because he misses a shot, nor the student stops studying because he fails an exam; both overcome and capitalize on the experience, increasing their objective certainty, being more 'expert.'

"Considering these concepts, my attitude toward the Voice phenomenon can now be understood: I was concluding that 'being psychically prepared for several years in a rigorous intellectual training, the certainty that I was having in the accuracy of my judgments was quite objective.' That is to say that, intellectually, when I was 'sure' of a concept, it was 'surely' correct. And with that objective certainty in judgments, I was telling myself that the Voice that I was hearing was not coming from my unconscious, was not part of my Ego, was alien to my Spirit or was, perhaps, another Spirit.

"I must emphasize that the certainty that I had of being right was accompanied by a profundity of analysis in which I was considering, among other things, the fact that the Voice was capable of emitting concepts that I was in no way familiar with. This may have a more or less psychological explanation but some concepts were very specific and yet the Voice was utilizing and structuring them with great precision. Ergo, the Voice was 'Wise' and this really has no far-fetched explana-

tion, unless one accepts what it really is: that the Voice was belonging to a psychic entity alien to me.

"Another element of the phenomenon that I was taking into account for my analysis was the fact that I had not been spiritually 'invaded' by another entity as occurs in diabolic possession or in spiritism, but that the Voice was only arriving to my consciousness, clear and energetic, without psychosomatic consequences of any kind.

"That is to say that when the phenomenon was occurring I was not 'seeing,' or 'feeling,' or 'tasting,' or 'smelling' anything strange; I was only hearing the Voice and it was, I repeat, as if my inner ear had been 'opened.'

"The first times that I heard the Voice, I was surprised by the unexpected message that was arising in leaps, energetically and swiftly, rhythmically shot like a lightning bolt. It was not always appearing, but only when I was meditating on some question that was requiring a certain concentration. To better understand the quality of the phenomenon that was happening to me, I will give some examples. You are a psychiatrist, Neffe, and I do not want, within reason, that you doubt my sanity because what was occurring should be interpreted as an enlargement of the capacity to perceive, rather than as an 'illness.'

(I made a sign of assent and confidence to Uncle Kurt because no one as I knew how many arbitrarinesses are made about the authentic psychic virtues of man, those that develop "alone" or self-develop and exalt him without affecting his rational equilibrium at all, because they are "naturally" integrated into the personality. Psychic virtues that are spontaneously obtained, without resorting to absurd "occult methods" or "gymnastics of transcendental meditation" that end up breaking the delicate mental order and leading the disciple to madness and death.)

"I remember one day," continued Uncle Kurt, "in which I was reading the ***Bhagavad Gita,*** a Vedic writing belonging to the great epic of the ***Mahabharata,*** a mythical war that involved men, Angels, and Gods in the struggle and the memory of which the ancient Aryans of India wrote and compiled.

"The Gita is about the battle that the hero ***Arjuna*** must wage to regain the throne, usurped by his cousin. Arjuna is a member of the warrior caste or a ***Kshatriya*** and next to him is ***Sri Krishna,*** incarnation of the God ***Vishnu.***

"In the first part called 'Arjuna's Grief,' Arjuna moves with his chariot in front of the enemy army and finds that along with his cousin, a large part of his relatives and friends have lined up:

26

Then Arjuna saw, arrayed in both the armies, fathers and grandfathers, maternal uncles and brothers, sons and grandsons, comrades and friends, fathers-in-law and teachers.

27

Casting his eyes on all these kinsmen stationed on opposing sides, Arjuna was overcome with deep pity and sorrowfully spoke.

28–30

Arjuna said: O Krishna, at the sight of these my kinsmen, assembled here eager to give battle, my limbs fail and my mouth is parched. My body is shaken and my hair stands on end. The bow Gāndiva slips from my hand and my skin is on fire. I cannot hold myself steady; my mind seems to whirl. O Keśava, I see omens of evil.

31–34

Nor do I perceive, O Krishna, any good in slaughtering my own people in battle. I desire neither victory nor empire nor even any pleasure. O Govinda, of what avail to us is empire, of what avail are enjoyments and even life itself? Our fathers and uncles, sons and grandsons, fathers-in-law and brothers-in-law, teachers and other relatives, for whose sake we desire kingdom, enjoyments, and pleasures, are arrayed here in battle, having staked their wealth and lives.

35

These, O ***Madhusudana*** (Krishna), I would not kill, though they should kill me, even for the sake of sovereignty over the three worlds—how much less for this earth!

36–37

O ***Janārdana*** (Krishna), what joy can be ours in killing these sons of ***Dhritarāshtra***? Sin alone will possess us if we kill these felons. Therefore we ought not to kill our kinsmen, the sons of ***Dhritarāshtra***; for, O ***Mādhava*** (Krishna), how can we ever be happy by killing our own people?

38–39

Though they, their understanding overcome by greed, perceive no evil in the decay of families and no sin in hostility to friends, why, O ***Janārdana,*** should not we, who clearly perceive the evil in the decay of families, learn to refrain from this sin?

47

Arjuna, having spoken thus on the battlefield, cast aside his bow and arrow and sank down on his chariot-seat, his mind overcome with grief.

"In the second part of the Gita, called 'The Way of Ultimate Reality,' Sri Krishna responds to the disquieting and anguished questions of Arjuna.

1

To Arjuna, who was thus overwhelmed with pity, and whose troubled eyes were filled with tears, ***Madhusudana*** (Krishna) spoke these words:

2

The ***Lord*** said: In this crisis, O Arjuna, ***whence comes such lowness of spirit, unbecoming to an Āryan, dishonorable, and an obstacle to the attaining of heaven?***

3

Do not yield to unmanliness, O son of Prithā. It does not become you. ***Shake off this base faint-heartedness and arise,*** O scorcher of enemies!

"Sri Krishna then advises Arjuna to follow the 'Way of Action' (or Karma yoga) and comply with his Dharma, that is, with the destiny of the Kshatriya, which is to enter battle and fight for justice without worrying (a priori) about the outcome of the battle, nor about the fate of the enemy (even if they are relatives and friends).

31

Considering, also, your own dharma, you should not waver; for to a kshatriya nothing is better than a righteous war.

32

Happy indeed are the kshatriyas, O Pārtha (Arjuna), to whom comes such a war, offering itself unsought, opening the gate to heaven.

33

But if you refuse to wage this righteous war, then, renouncing your own dharma and honor, you will certainly incur sin.

"This must be so, says Sri Krishna, because reality is Maya, illusion, and the 'confrontation' is circumstantial, only perceptible to those who feel 'confronted.' On a superior, spiritual plane, oppositions are resolved, confrontations are pure illusion. ***The Spirit can neither kill nor die,*** that is why Sri Krishna says:

19

He who looks on the Self as the slayer, and he who looks on the Self as the slain—neither of these apprehends aright. The Self slays not nor is slain.

20

The Self is never born, nor does It ever die, nor, having once been, does It again cease to be. Unborn, eternal, permanent, and primeval, It is not slain when the body is slain.

21

He who knows the Self (Spirit) to be indestructible, eternal, unborn, and immutable—how can that man, O son of Prithā, slay or cause another to slay?

22

Even as a person casts off worn-out clothes and puts on others that are new, so the embodied Self casts off worn-out bodies and enters into others that are new.

23

> Weapons cut It not; fire burns It not; water wets It not; the wind does not wither It.
>
> 24–25
>
> This Self cannot be cut nor burnt nor wetted nor withered. Eternal, all-pervading, unchanging, immovable, the Self is the same for ever. This Self is said to be unmanifest, incomprehensible, and unchangeable. Therefore, knowing It to be so, you should not grieve.
>
> 26–27
>
> But if you think the Self repeatedly comes into being and dies, even then, O mighty one, you should not grieve for It. For to that which is born, death is certain, and to that which is dead, birth is certain. ***Therefore you should not grieve over the unavoidable.***

"It then only counts to face the conflict following the 'Way of Action,' confronting the opposed and complying with the Dharma. ***'Fear not to kill,'*** says Sri Krishna, ***'they are already killed by Me.'***

"I was meditating on the preceding paragraph of the Gita, on the extraordinary moral implications that arise from this very ancient Indo-Aryan text when I again 'heard' the Voice:

" 'You must not deceive yourself by the superficial meaning of the concepts, O Kurt, man of Pure Blood. Krishna's message is addressed to Arjuna's two natures, the animic and the spiritual. To his animic part, to his animal-man nature, Krishna advises to continue with the dramatic argument in which he is involved by reason of his Karma: Arjuna is human, he is incarnated and lives karmic circumstances; he must fulfill the Dharma and resolve the conflict of the opposite Archetypes; that way he will realize the condemnation imposed a priori by the Lords of Karma of Chang Shambhala, the incomprehensible condemnation of the familial war that weighs on his heart. But to his spiritual part, to his Aryan-Hyperborean nature, the Siddha Krishna suggests transcending the opposites, not by means of their synthesis, which could be war, but by situating oneself in the absolute instance of the Eternal Spirit. The Spirit, "the Self," in effect, is Eternal or Uncreated, ***alien*** to all created opposites, which are nothing but Maya, Illusion. ***For the Spirit, there is neither Created life nor death but Illusion and,***

therefore, there is neither sin nor guilt, there are no debts to pay or Karma: if the decision proceeds from the Spirit, the action will not produce a subsequent effect on Itself because the Illusion lacks the capacity to act on the Reality of its Being; and this, whatever the action performed, even killing relatives and friends. However, the Kshatriya must fulfill an essential condition so that his spiritual nature predominates over the animic or animal part: ***he must harden his heart, he must "cast out that non-Aryan weakness," that is to say, he must divest himself of all compassionate sentiment toward those who are but actors of a karmic storyline, pure Illusion; they do not really exist, they do not live, or as Krishna says "they are already killed by Me."*** This is the Wisdom of the Lords of Venus of Agartha: ***only a true Kshatriya is one who possesses a heart as hard as Stone and cold as Ice; and only such a Kshatriya can perform any action, even killing, without Karma touching him.*** That is the Power, O Kurt, man of Pure Blood, of the Hyperborean-Kshatriya-Initiate, the semi-divine man who has his Uncreated Spirit enchained to the Created Soul!'

"Those words burst like lightning into my consciousness, filling me with perplexity for several reasons. First, because I was taking hold of the certainty—as I already said—that the Voice was external to my being. Second, because of the tone of the Voice: firm and energetic, it was at the same time a trustworthy and friendly Voice. I was feeling in its presence that it was not possible for me to distrust or doubt its words because that Voice was emitted by Someone superior to myself. Someone who was 'coming' to help me and guide me. And third, because the 'content' of those words, the 'concepts' poured into my conscience, were not always clear and comprehensible.

"The latter should be understood not in the sense that they were obscure or veiled, but that said concepts were alluding to things and situations unknown or forgotten by me. I say 'forgotten' because in that sentiment of truthfulness that was inducing me to listen to the words of the Voice was coexisting as a reminiscence of a lost Knowledge, of a forgotten Truth.

"Shambhala, Agartha, Lords of Venus, briefly familiar concepts that once formed part of some vaster knowledge but that, inexplicably, I had forgotten without being able to pinpoint where or when, certainly not in this life and perhaps not in 'another life' but in a 'state of Spirit' outside of all life and manifestation.

"Of one thing I was sure: the Truth was in the past, a remote past that, nevertheless, I could almost touch with my fingertips.

Chapter XV

When I was reacting, after receiving one of these 'messages,' my first impulse was 'to ask' something else to the Voice, to question about the 'interpretation' of the message, or about the Voice itself.

"But it was useless because the Voice was disappearing as mysteriously as it had appeared and I was only getting silence for an answer. However, when I was not thinking about it, and finding myself meditating on some question in the field of History, Philosophy, or Religion, the Fleeting Commentary was appearing, the Wise and Fulgurant Word, like a Spark of Wisdom.

"That difficulty to communicate with the Voice, far from disappointing, was stimulating my curiosity and I embarked on a brief search for information about such a strange phenomenon.

"The inner ear had been opened when I was introduced to the Führer, due to the powerful influence of his presence, and then I departed with Papa toward Egypt for a vacation, as I already said. It was during those days that I attempted to unravel the mystery of the Voice's furtive appearances. To do so, I began to read everything that was relating to cases similar to mine, finding with horror that, until a few years ago, any person who was experiencing the hearing of voices was suspected of witchcraft or demonology. The image of Joan of Arc, the 'Maid of Orléans,' burning at the stake for following the dictates of an internal Voice was not a very pleasant incentive to delve into the matter.

"But I was encouraging myself thinking that we were in another century, in an epoch open to investigation and knowledge. In spite of the fact that I was verifying at every step that in the field of psychic experience, superstition or skepticism was abounding.

"Reading the works of Allan Kardec, the founder of modern Spiritism, I verified that among the multiple forms of ***Mediumship*** described as 'common to many gifted people,' was an ***Auditory Mediumship,*** which I believed could be equated with the phenomena that I was experiencing.

"According to Allan Kardec, a ***Medium*** is a person who can put himself in contact with the 'World of the Spirits': 'What is

a medium? It is the being, the individual who serves as a link between spirits, so that they can easily communicate with men: [...] Consequently, without a medium, there can be no tangible, mental, written, or physical communication of any kind.' And he also says: 'a Spirit is a man without a physical body.'

"Mediumship as a human faculty is presented in 'relation to the senses,' being an extension of these, such that it permits to embrace part of the 'Other World.' There is thus an Auditory Mediumship, a Writing Mediumship, etc. Without accepting the Spiritist Cosmogony that affirms, as does Gnosis, Alchemy, etc., a triple composition of man: body, Soul (or perispirit), and Spirit, one can stop to analyze the phenomena that the Spiritists mention, which are almost always real.

"That was what I uselessly did in those days in Egypt, touring various Spiritist Centers and interviewing numerous Mediums.

"The disillusionment could not be greater because, in the majority of the cases, the Medium was a person of low intellectual capacity, incapable of clearly explaining the nature of the marvels protagonized by him, or on the contrary, the Medium was a scoundrel, too clever to provide explanations and rather fond of surrounding himself with a halo of 'mystery.'

"The conclusion that I was drawing from these explorations was summarized in that, when the subject was the true protagonist of a Mediumistic phenomenon, he could not exercise any control over it, being a 'mentecatto' in the majority of the cases. The Writing Medium was not conscious of what he was writing, an abject situation that was nevertheless filling with joy the witnesses, who were affirming that it was constituting the 'proof' of the truthfulness of the marvel. The same could be said about the other kinds of Mediumship.

"The Talking Medium, totally 'possessed' by the Spirit or 'disincarnated entity'—according to the Spiritist jargon—was speaking, laughing, bellowing, or contorting himself before the contemplative ecstasy of the acolytes, as ignorant as they were insensate. And the Listening Medium, who was arousing my particular interest, was hearing, not one, but a concert of voices. And these were invading him at all times, ordering, requesting, or supplicating certain actions, many times dishon-

orable or rude. Something depressing that had nothing in common with my superior experience.

"Convinced that by that path I would only find sick people or fanatics, I did the most logical thing that one can do in those cases: I set out to seek a solution to my problem, using myself, my own analysis and experience.

"That way, rigorously reviewing the psychic processes that were culminating in the appearance of the Voice, I verified that the key was not in mental ***questioning,*** in 'asking' the Voice this or that. In my confusion, to which the contact and observation of Spiritists contributed not a little, I was believing that the Voice was responding to questions raised in my consciousness during meditation. Arbitrarily taking this belief for a truth, I was concluding that it would be possible to consciously interrogate the Voice, that is to say, that I would ask and the Voice would respond: a crass error... as you will very soon see.

"Meditation on all this allowed me to realize that 'questioning' is an intrinsically rational attitude; that is to say, that it is only possible to interrogate on the basis of that ordering that we call reason. Of all existent creatures, only man interrogates, and he does so in order to know, to obtain knowledge.

"Expression of his miserable ineptitude and of the drama of his ignorance, the questioning, from reason, from his logic, enables him to emit inferences, propositions, and to establish judgments. But the knowledge exclusively obtained from reason, through the questioning of the reality of the world, entails a violence and a concealed rebelliousness. The questioning implies the possibility of the answer and in this implication there is something haughty and arrogant. The one who interrogates proudly 'knows' that he will be satiated in his knowledge. This rebelliousness, this pride, this arrogance, in short, this violence that underlies the questioning is, of course, totally useless, since it ***does not facilitate the liberation of man from his enchainment to the illusory forms of matter.***

"The moral error of questioning as a 'means to know' is evident in all its absurd contradiction when man affirms the 'right' to ask, that is to say when he establishes that obtaining knowledge by questioning is juridically and morally licit. Because if it is licit and even advisable to practice questioning, without limits or moral barriers toward the questioned thing (without taboos), we will not take long to see man fiercely standing face to face with God, interrogating Him, an absurd

possibility that inevitably leads to the denial of God (atheism), to confessing the impossibility of this question (agnosticism), or to the most disturbing hypotheses that are just that, probable answers but not true answers.

"Gnosis, a philosophical current to which Belicena Villca referred quite a lot, was affirming the possibility of 'saving oneself' by means of knowledge (gnosis), but this 'knowledge' was not to be obtained in a rational manner. As Serge Hutin said: *'Gnosis,* privilege of the initiates, is opposed to the vulgar ***pistis*** (belief) of the simple faithful. It is thus less a "knowledge" per se than a secret and mysterious ***revelation.'*** '... gnosis is – once it is attained – a total, ***immediate*** knowledge, which the individual possesses entirely or not at all; it is "knowledge" in itself, ***absolute,*** which encompasses Man, the Cosmos, and Divinity. And it is only through this ***knowledge*** – not through faith or works – that the individual can be ***saved.***'

"There is then another way to 'know' and, although an obscurantist conspiracy has erased Gnosis and its Initiatic Wisdom from Official History, it was in the 'gnostic' way that I found the solution to communicate with the Voice.

"Effectively, there is a way to obtain knowledge 'beyond' reason, without falling into the mechanics of question and answer, comparison and conclusion, analysis and synthesis, in short, dialectics. And it is extremely simple. It consists in ***disposing***[34] ***the Spirit to remember,*** in a way analogous to the attitude assumed by the consciousness when it 'seeks' a recollection in the memory.

"In this case, it is not about adopting a contemplative posture, of a 'blank mind,' but of a dynamic action, which 'seeks' without 'asking.'

"The wisdom of comprehending this lies in accepting the fact that the consciousness is 'orientable,' 'directable' toward areas of the mind.

"When we wish ***to recollect*** something, reason may or may not interrogate, but the remembrance inexorably ***comes.*** For example, what tie did I wear at John Smith's party? And the answer automatically comes—the green tie. But let us be sincere; is the obtained a true 'answer'? Or when we wanted to know what tie we wore, we dispose the mind to 'seek' the recollection of the party at John Smith's and this recollection ***ap-***

34. To bring into a certain state; to incline toward.

peared in the consciousness as an image that was promptly translated by reason in the form of a proposition: the green tie.

"Because if in place of asking, we simply evoke the recollection of the worn tie, it 'will appear' without necessarily being the answer to a question or even a proposition.

"When I proved this and reliably verified that when 'remembering,' the consciousness is 'directed' toward the recollection, I analogously disposed my Spirit to 'direct' itself to the Voice.

"At first I had no success, mainly because reason was interfering with doubts and skepticism, but when I concentrated well and was able to recreate in my mind the fleeting moments in which the Voice burst in, then I began to make progress. The Voice had appeared and disappeared in an instant, with a velocity greater than the swiftest of my thoughts, to the point that, at times, I could not clearly distinguish its words.

"That is why I had to concentrate a lot, and evoke the recollection, only evoke, not interrogate, dispose the consciousness so that the recollection comes and remain in total spiritual immobility. The one who understands will comprehend that it was not a contemplative attitude but an energetic attitude (of energy), similar to that of the warrior an instant before drawing his sword, full of potential strength. In contemplation there is peace (quietude), in evocation, expectant energy.

"The successfully used procedure can be explained as follows: I was recreating in my Spirit the moment in which the Voice appeared. I was trying to make sure that this recollection was as 'exact' as possible, that is to say, that it psychologically transported me to the climax lived during the experience. Then the Voice, the recollection of the Voice, was presenting itself as quickly as 'I was remembering' that it had appeared. But then, utilizing the recently discovered 'orienting' power of the consciousness, I 'was directing' the latter 'toward' the Voice (I repeat: like one who remembers) and was thus achieving to imperceptibly 'extend' the manifestation Time of the Voice. The Voice would emerge in the recollection, and I was trying to limit the recollection around it, cutting out the incidental, concentrating only on it, trying to convert the fleetingness into permanence, without losing any of its vocal dynamics. Thus I was managing, more and more, 'to follow' the message of the Voice from its appearance to its extinction.

"The appearance (beginning) was not concerning me, but the extinction was, because I was increasingly extending the last moment of the Voice, until I came to 'hear' with total clarity the final tone, the precise limit between the Voice and the Silence. Arriving at that point, I was feeling in my consciousness—so directed toward the Voice—as if there were a ***sharp conical prominence,*** like a funnel seen from the side into which the liquid is poured.

"The Voice had penetrated my mind through a point—the inner ear—and toward there was pointing the vertex of the psychic cone into which my consciousness was being converted when tenaciously pursuing the instant of the final extinction of the 'message.'

"I was practicing this kind of selective evocation when, while 'examining' (one must say it somehow) the psychic cone, I suddenly saw myself precipitated into a slightly spiraled and vaporous tunnel, like a vortex of bright and milky energy that soon concluded with a perfectly defined and sharp image. ***I could see it and hear it at the same time,*** for from it the Voice was emanating.

"Following the Voice in its extinction, like an echo, I had arrived at its source of origin and it was dazzling and blinding. Now not only equipped with an inner ear but also with an internal vision, I was absorbedly participating in a sublime igneous image. Because that marvelous and wise Verb was not emitted by any throat, or coming from a human or even an anthropomorphic entity.

"It was simply springing forth from a tongue of fire that was rhythmically flickering, accompanying the becoming of the Verb.

" 'O icy and glowing fire, God is witness that in you I have recognized the Divinity of the Hyperborean Spirit!'

"Facing that Divine Presence, made of Fire, Voice, and Wisdom, I did not commit the folly of interrogating, neither had I any surprise or desire to know or comprehend.

"A savage and primordial joy was invading me while the igneous logos was shining under my interior gaze. And that ineffable jubilation was due to a certainty: I had recovered something lost long ago, I could not say when or where. But with certainty, that was what it was all about, for the flaming Presence was not unknown to me, although in some mysterious way I had forgotten it until that moment. And the joy of the

reencounter was filling my Spirit with an indescribable pleasure.

"I do not know how long that first ecstasy lasted, but I clearly remember the knowledge that 'remained' in my consciousness as a sedimentary stratum at the end of the experience. I say 'knowledge' because when telepathically connecting myself with the mysterious Voice, I accessed a Torrent of Wisdom—I would not know how else to call it—that upon penetrating into the Spirit, was dissolving all doubt, rendering useless any question and reuniting and synthesizing the opposites. This was happening because the Voice—authentic Logos—the substance of which was constituting the Fire and the Verb, was transmitting His Word by the mere fact of entering into contact with Him.

"And what was the Voice saying on that occasion? It would be a clumsy pretension to attempt to describe in words such a transcendent experience, but I will run this risk and briefly and imperfectly summarize the essential parts of the message:

" 'I am a Being belonging to the Ancient Race that arrived on Earth with Lúcifer millions of years ago. I have been called an Angel, but that is an ambiguous denomination. I have been one of the Great Hyperborean Guides and you have known me as such in a remote past that, nevertheless, is always present in the Mystery of the Pure Blood. By my Hyperborean name you must call me: Kiev; for so shall Humanity again "know" me at the end of the Dark Age or Kaly Yuga. You are united to me, like innumerable other Spirits enchained by the Symbol of the Origin, the tie that binds the Created to the Uncreated: you, and any of them, can arrive to me and to the Origin of the Race of the Spirit, solving the Mystery of the Labyrinth, crossing the Illusion of the Created Forms, going back along the Path of the Pure Blood, as you have now done without realizing it. There, in the Origin, there are other Beings like Me, belonging to the Race of the Spirit, whom you have also called Angels. But, in truth, we all come from Venus, from the ***Gate of Venus***.'

" 'You can communicate with me whenever you want now that you know how to return to the Origin following the Path of the Pure Blood, ***but you must not do so*** as long as you have not managed to comprehend the Mystery of the Labyrinth and are not a master of Space and Time. Otherwise my presence will act as a drug that will numb your incipient spiritual consciousness. You are a victim of the Great Deception. You be-

lieve yourself to be and you almost do not exist beyond the whim of Jehovah Satan. As long as you do not ***consciously*** return to the Origin, where you are now without knowing it, you must not come to me, for you could lose your way. First you must be what you already are, you must return to the Beginning from where you have never departed, recover the Paradise that you never lost. When you solve this Mystery, marching along the path of the Labyrinth and arriving at the ***exit,*** you will at last be able to say I Am. But fear not, you will not be abandoned, you will be charismatically guided to the end. Follow the Closed Circles of the Order of Thule but do not stop in any; always advance, until you reach the Penultimate Circle; there we will see each other again. And finally, try to wisely interpret this, my counsel and guidance: ***in the planetary order, the Führer first; in the individual order, Rudolf Hess first.*** Therefore, follow Rudolf Hess, be inspired by Rudolf Hess.'

"I had managed to solve the Mystery of the Voice, arriving to its hidden source, the Divine Kiev, but immediately after achieving this marvelous psychic feat, I was forbidden to reestablish contact, causing me a rare sensation of sadness. Respectfully self-prevented from contemplating the sparkling sphinx of Kiev because—I was tacitly accepting—of my imperfection, I was only wishing to overcome the obstacles that were separating me from the Penultimate Circle of the Thulegesellschaft where I would be authorized to reestablish the telepathic link with the Origin.

"I was thinking about all this while the train was quickly taking me to Pomerania, lamenting not having found Rudolf Hess in Berlin in order to confide to him what had happened and to consult him about the Divine Hyperborean Kiev."

Chapter XVI

Uncle Kurt, what you have told me is marvelous! You alone, internally, that is to say, without anyone's help, reached one of the Liberating Gods!" I exclaimed, impressed by the similitude of his experience with my perception of that infinite instant, the night of the earthquake, during which I contemplated the Divine image of the Virgin of Agartha.

"And tell me, Uncle," I added, ignoring the protesting gestures of Uncle Kurt, who was intending to linearly continue with his story. "Were you able to preserve the faculty of communicating with Capitán Kiev? I mean: did you manage to listen to him later on? Do you still hear him today?"

"Yes, Neffe," he affirmed with resignation. "Although several years passed until I dared to address Him directly, His Voice guided me at all times, saving my life a short time later, in Asia, as you will see if you let me continue the story. But I anticipate an affirmative answer to your last question: I still hear Him; He still guides me. He ordered me to come to Santa María and to remain here. And even though I complied with His mandate, I did so reluctantly, and all these years, these thirty-three years, I spent in open rebellion against my Unknown Superiors. Yes, Neffe: He spoke to me many times, and still speaks to me, as He did before you arrived, when vibrated the buzzing of the bees, the sound of the Dorje of the Druids, and warned me that I would be attacked; but I have not responded to His messages. I have never done so since 1945."

"My God! Why, Uncle Kurt? How have you been able to keep silent, to remain indifferent to the Voice of the Gods?" I was not understanding his attitude and I was letting him know it, almost shouting. Pursued by the Druids, by the White Brotherhood, by a whole Hierarchy of infernal beings: how could one disregard the only possible help, the help of the Liberating Gods? Oh mein Gott, how difficult it was then for me to understand Uncle Kurt.

"I know that you cannot understand me, Arturo. But you would have to put yourself in my place, to be in my shoes in 1945, seeing Germany destroyed by the Synarchy of the Allies

and verifying that the Wisest men, the Initiates of the Black Order, were disappearing without a trace in the Antarctic Oasis or through the Expanded Gates. And while They were leaving, until the Final Battle or who knows until when, I was receiving the order to stay in Hell, alone, to fulfill a mission of which I knew nothing at all and in which I was not believing. Yes, Neffe, you can call it lack of faith or whatever you want, but I was not believing that my remaining here was really important: I felt abandoned, betrayed by the Gods, left to fend for myself. What could I do in the face of the triumphant Great Conspiracy? And yet I was wrong. Now I know, and I hope it is not too late to correct my stupid position. Belicena Villca's letter has shown me an unsuspected part of History, a side that gives final meaning to my life. Because, naturally, the only thing left for me is to die with honor in order to wash away the stain of these years of ignoble quietude."

Uncle Kurt was uselessly torturing himself and, once again, I was the cause of his pain. I cursed having asked and would have wanted that the ground swallow me up right there. And there was no way of stopping his subjective self-criticism.

"I am an ᛋᛋ man, Arturo! An Initiate of the ᛋᛋ Black Order!" he said with desperation. "And I have maintained myself in a comfortable situation; hidden all these years, but safe, comfortably secure! Damn me and all the ᛋᛋ officers who have acted in the same way! We should have fought, educated young consciences, revealed the Hyperborean Wisdom! But we preferred to keep quiet, to assume a cowardly attitude that was pretending to be prudent: Imagine, Arturo: if not even the Gods were able to respond, how much less will would I have to enlighten anyone! And do you know why? Because deep down we did not believe in the new generations, or in the Triumph of the Führer, or in the Final Battle! Perhaps, and I only say 'perhaps,' we are partly excused because the hand of the Enemy, the Power of Illusion of the White Brotherhood, must have intervened in our conviction. We were incredulous and selfish, and we should not expect forgiveness from the Gods for They are not judges. In truth, we are bound by ourselves, by our honor...

"Until today, I lived adopting the role of victim, affirming with intransigence that nothing could be done against the Synarchy except to await the Final Battle, the End of the World, the Apocalypse, a Divine intervention. And this I was

saying with irony, without believing that the Parousia was to occur, that I would ever live to see it. And in my disdain, and in the indifference of so many others who were perhaps acting like me, we condemned to ignorance those who shall surely participate in the Essential War, in the Final Battle of the Essential War. Oh, Gods, what fools we have been! I had not realized it until today, until you came and explained to me your predestined life, until you recounted to me your years of search and showed me the impossibility of finding the Truth somewhere: how much blind walking you could have avoided if you had known me before! Me, Oskar, or any of us who knew the Truth! Oh, Arturo, what have we done! We saved our miserable lives but at the cost of losing our honor, of abandoning the youth to their own forces, of allowing them to be corrupted and destroyed by the Enemy..."

"But Uncle Kurt," I said, trying to calm him down, "you received an order from Capitán Kiev: you were to remain hidden for strategic reasons, perhaps awaiting the letter from Belicena Villca. It may be that other ᛋᛋ men have acted selfishly, as you say, but I find your story, mine, and Belicena Villca's very significant. I see everything very synchronized, very coincidental, and it occurs to me that the Gods had calculated it beforehand. So, then, you must not embitter yourself in vain: things will make sense, your thirty-three years in Santa María will make sense, if we comply with Belicena Villca's request and find her son and the Wise Sword, if we show her letter to Nimrod de Rosario and incorporate ourselves into his Order of Wise Constructors."

"Perhaps you are right. But I have realized my error, and nothing will prevent me from paying the debt of honor that I owe to those who were coming up after me. The debt is to you, Arturo, I know it! And that is why I am ready to die if necessary; to die with honor, as an ᛋᛋ officer dies. Yes, Arturo, consider it as an oath: I will protect you from the Druids, I will put at your disposal all the faculties and powers that I developed in the Black Order, and I will die for you if necessary, so that you fulfill the mission entrusted to you by Belicena Villca!"

It was useless that I attempted to persuade Uncle Kurt that the situation was not so grave, that no one was going to die. I only managed to convince him of my naivety. Anyway, one thing was clear: incredibly, he was possessing the faculty of telepathically communicating with Capitán Kiev, one of the

Lords of Venus who Belicena Villca repeatedly mentioned in her letter.

Chapter XVII

I promised myself not to interrupt Uncle Kurt anymore. His story went on like this:

"According to the signed and sealed papers that the envelope delivered by ϟϟ ***Oberführer*** Papp was containing, I was already a member of the Schutzstaffeln (Protective Echelon or ϟϟ) and was to receive training at ***Ordensburg Krössinsee*** incorporated with the degree of ϟϟ ***Obersturmführer***. The ϟϟ was normally entered, for a career as an officer, with the degree ϟϟ ***Untersturmführer,***[35] but ***NAPOLA*** graduates, due to their previous military preparation, were incorporated with an additional degree. For this reason I was entering as ϟϟ ***Obersturmführer*** of the legendary ***1st*** ϟϟ ***Panzer Division Leibstandarte*** ϟϟ ***Adolf Hitler*** because the ***Ostenführer*** of the ***NAPOLA*** Selective Corps of Oriental Studies had their natural seat in the ***Leibstandarte.***

"The ϟϟ officers were receiving instruction in specially prepared centers in various places in Germany for this effect. These were the ***Ordensburgs,*** castle-monasteries surrounded by forests and parks, self-sufficient with respect to the pedagogical purpose for which they had been arranged. Three Ordensburgs were depending on the ***NSDAP*** and one, ***Wewelsburg*** castle, was exclusively belonging to the ***Waffen-ϟϟ.***

"***Krössinsee*** in East Prussia was in charge of physical and mental training and of completing purely military instruction. ***Vogelsang*** in the Rhineland was imparting political and mystical teachings and, finally, ***Sonthofen*** in Bavaria, was in charge of the higher education of the ϟϟ officers in Politics, Diplomacy, or Military Arts. To these three burgs, ***Krössinsee, Vogelsang, and Sonthofen,*** one was attending in that order, being able to remain one or more years in each one of them according to the particular followed career. But to ***Wewelsburg*** was only entering an authentic Elite, extraordinarily selected, who were aspiring to receive the Initiation to the Most Occult Knowledge of the ϟϟ Black Order, of which Grand Master was the ***Reichsführer*** Heinrich Himmler.

"In my particular case, there were express orders, from Rudolf Hess, to accelerate my stay at ***Krössinsee*** and ***Vogelsang,*** so I only attended three months at the first burg and three

35. Lit. ϟϟ*-Junior storm leader.*

months at the second. I was at ***Sonthofen*** for six months and then I spent three months in ***Bernau,*** near Berlin, a secret center of the ***SD*** where counter-espionage techniques were taught. In total, fifteen long and hard months of study that culminated at the end of 1938 when, with the degree of ϟϟ ***Hauptsturmführer,***[36] I definitively abandoned the official classrooms and libraries as a student.

"Since my arrival to Germany in 1933, six years had passed during which I received an Elite education, so specific and well conceived for what I was wanting to obtain from myself, that it is difficult to imagine how it could have been improved.

"At that date," continued Uncle Kurt, "Germany and her allies were going to enter into Total War against the Potencies of Matter, a war that was more terrible than that of the Mahabharata, and, as time ran out, I had an opportunity to act for the good of my Fatherland and Humanity. In effect, Neffe: before the conflict broke out, I received my first mission, an undertaking so strange that it would be difficult to categorize it as a military operation, especially nowadays, when 'professional' armies are well-oiled machines and soldiers simple robots. But the Waffen-ϟϟ was not merely a military organization but the external expression of the Black Order, an Order of Hyperborean Initiates: there were, then, alongside the classically military operations, missions of a clearly esoteric character. One of them was Operation Altwesten that Professor Schäfer had undertaken in 1937, financed and directed by the ϟϟ. Just as Rudolf Hess had anticipated, my Fate was tied to that expedition to Tibet and no one, not even the traitor Schäfer, would be able to prevent me from participating in it. However, in 1937 the group had already departed and only a year later I joined them in Tibet.

"The previous circumstances were no less strange, but I'll narrate them to you after we have dinner," Uncle Kurt surprisingly said. He glanced at his watch and brought his hand to his forehead with astonishment. "I am inconsiderate! For five hours I have been keeping you without contemplating that this is the first time that you left your bed in fifteen days. Are you really well? Tell me the truth, for perhaps it is better that you go to bed and I'll have your supper brought up."

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36. Lit. ϟϟ*-Head storm leader.*

"I am very well, Uncle Kurt," I said, "and if you want to know the truth, what I now feel is hunger. So, let's have dinner!"

Uncle Kurt was joyfully laughing as we led ourselves to the dining room. An hour later we were back sitting on the armchairs after having a cold, light dinner, based on cold cuts and salads, during which we talked about diverse subjects completely unrelated to the interrupted narration.

At last, while we were drinking a cup of coffee, Uncle Kurt decided to continue the story.

"It's a beautiful summer night," he said. "Clear skies, pleasant temperatures, silence, and the fragrances of the countryside. I propose that we sit under the willows, Neffe! You'll enjoy the coolness of the evening as we advance with the story."

"Oh no," I responded. "It'd be better that we return to the living room. We'll be more comfortable there."

I was regretting spoiling Uncle Kurt's enthusiasm, but I was not wishing to confront the mastiffs. I knew that sooner or later I would have to do it, but I would procure that it was in the daytime. The mastiffs at night again? The idea was filling me with apprehension, but Uncle Kurt must not have noticed because he shrugged his shoulders and headed into the living room, followed by me.

"Three or four weeks after arriving at Krössinsee, I returned to Berlin," Uncle Kurt continued narrating, "to meet Konrad Tarstein, my contact in the Thulegesellschaft.

"Gregorstraße 239 was a very old two-story mansion that had more than two centuries of eventful existence, and its only inhabitant, Konrad Tarstein, turned out to be a typical small bourgeois Berliner, bald, of short stature, with a big belly, who was perfectly matched with the decrepitude of the place.

"It is probable that such a place and subject—I thought—had the object to mislead possible spies or to disappoint restless aspirants. I suffered the second effect when banging a moldy door knocker that was spinning within a bronze fist dubiously fixed to the rickety door.

" 'Yes?' asked a shrill voice that emerged from some undefined place.

" 'I am Kurt von Sübermann,' I said, turning to the diminutive peephole that I had at last discovered in one of the door panels, from where a pair of evasive eyes were impatiently observing me. 'Herr Rudolf Hess sends me...'

"The door opened and a chubby and small figure appeared, with his hand courteously extended in salute.

" 'I am Konrad Tarstein,' he said. 'Come in, I was expecting you.'

"The interior was not at all improving the initial impression. Furnished with manifestly bad taste, in a careless mixture of forms and styles, a few minutes in the house were enough for anyone to be discouraged that there was or could be anything important going on there. And yet I was expecting a lot from the Thulegesellschaft in which, according to Rudolf Hess, I would find the answer to all my questions.

"Seated in a ridiculous Louis XV armchair, which was seeming to have nothing to do there, in front of a Norman table and some friar chairs, I was observing with surprise that Konrad Tarstein was getting ready to fill out a form. It was the furthest thing from a spiritual activity that I was able to imagine and that is why I hesitated to give my personal data, an attitude that Tarstein erroneously interpreted as a product of fear.

" 'Fear not,' said Tarstein, 'the books of the Order would never be able to be found. I can assure you, Herr Von Übermann, that a major leak about details of the Cult or the identity of our members has never occurred. We have suffered defections and some minor betrayals, but always at the superficial levels of the Order, and by people who were not possessing a very precise knowledge of the internal organization.'

" 'Do you receive many aspirants, Herr Tarstein?' I asked.

"Konrad Tarstein lifted his gaze from the file and observed me for a few long minutes with curiosity. Finally, as if becoming aware of an oversight or omission, he put a hand to his forehead as his face was lighting up with a smile.

" 'The paucity[37] of Rudolf Hess!' he said as if he were thinking aloud. 'His eternal and timid paucity. I should have assumed that you wouldn't be advised that this interview forms no part of any regular practice in the Thulegesellschaft. Tell me, Kurt von Übermann, what information did you receive from Rudolf Hess to arrive here?'

"I responded to him in full about everything I knew about the Thulegesellschaft: what Rudolf Hess had said in our Chancellery chat, the night of the graduation, and the refer-

37. Sparingness in giving information.

ence to a 'contact' in Berlin, Konrad Tarstein, stated in his letter that arrived to my hands through ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp.

"While he was speaking, the doubt was assailing me that an unexpected misunderstanding had arisen, due to some error committed by me in the interpretation of the instructions. But no matter how much that I was reflecting, I was not finding any reason that could have provoked Tarstein's surprise to my question about the receiving of other aspirants to the Thulegesellschaft. Or is it that, effectively, no other aspirants were ever coming to Gregorstraße 239? Konrad Tarstein, finally, confirmed this for me a few minutes later. Everything I said he approved with a nod of his bald head and, after putting away the file in a leather briefcase, he invited me to go into an interior room of the enormous mansion.

"The room where we were was connecting with the street door by means of a corridor from the small hall. To the right was a staircase of fine polished and carpeted wood, which, by a ninety degree curve, was leading to the upper floor and was continuing at the banister, which was laterally extending along a hallway, perfectly visible from below. Toward the front of the room, two doors with large carved wooden frames were opening. Taking the door on the right, we gained access, with Tarstein, to an open courtyard, surrounded by galleries with small columns under Norman arches, in each one of which doors were opening. Following the veranda on the left, we went the distance of one side of the tiled courtyard and continued through a cross door that led to another courtyard, this one enclosed with a glass window, while the veranda was extending along the length of this courtyard to end at the back wall.

"Before arriving there, we entered into the last of the countless doors that were leading to the rear verandas. The site to which we had arrived, after such a labyrinthine excursion, was in truth surprising. When closing the door that was leading to the veranda, you would say that we entered a modern apartment, more characteristic of being in a high-rise on Bernauer Straße than there, in the heart of a decadent mansion of the eighteenth century.

" 'Are you surprised, Herr Kurt?' asked Konrad Tarstein smiling. 'I had to remodel a wing of this old house in order to live in some comfort. Nothing fancy, rather simple, but comfort-

able for anyone who has already traveled a great part of the final road.

" '...See Kurt, this is the kitchen, modern and well installed; this is the dining and living room. This way, please. See, these are the dormitories, there are two because I usually receive a couple of old friends as guests. Come this way, Kurt; see, this is the main room, where I spend most of the day and night.'

"We were before a room of large dimensions, with the four walls covered with shelves of books. In the center, under a square, height-adjustable lamp that was hanging from the ceiling, a table covered with books, some open, others stacked, and various manuscripts, was leaving me to guess Konrad Tarstein's place of work or study.

"Somewhat overwhelmed by the particular spectacle that I was witnessing and restraining my desires of immediately going to examine the spines of the books, which were evidently very old, I curbed my anxiety and asked:

" 'Why here? Why construct a house within a house? Wasn't it more feasible to acquire another, more comfortable property in a more respectable neighborhood?'

" 'Calm down, calm down, Kurt,' said Tarstein, 'this has been done for one important reason: we cannot abandon this property that is very dear to us. Very important things for Germany and Humanity have happened on it. That is why, even though those who usually visit it are few, we maintain it intact, without changing any of its old and bewildering furnishings. Thirty years ago, in 1908, a secret group, the members of which founded, in 1912, the Germanenorden, which would later give rise to the Thulegesellschaft and the ***NSDAP,*** was operating here. Do you now understand why we must keep this house?'

" 'Because it all began here,' I said with admiration.

" 'Exactly, the history of the next millennium began to be written here. Here, only here, the Unknown Superiors came one day to seal the foundation of the Third Reich!! Sooner will Berlin fall from its foundations than can a pin be touched in this sacred house.'

"When Konrad Tarstein was speaking in this way, his shrill voice was acquiring prophetic tones and was becoming magnetic and attractive, at times causing one to forget the odd appearance of the one who was emitting it.

" 'Let's have a cup of tea,' Tarstein proposed, 'and I will impose on you some things that you should know about the

Thulegesellschaft and the arrangement that we have made with Rudolf Hess about your admission.'

"I accompanied him, regretting to leave that fascinating library, to the brand-new kitchen. We abandoned the library through another door, adjacent to that which we had entered, and went out again on the veranda and into the courtyard. I thus understood that Konrad Tarstein's house was extended throughout that wing of the old mansion, opposite the second floor.

" 'How many rooms does the house have?' I asked while sweetening the aromatic Shanghai Tea.

" 'Counting both floors, about... thirty or thirty-two rooms,' he enigmatically responded. 'Who could know?'

"He looked at me a long moment, as if hesitating whether he should stop himself there or complete the answer. At last something in him seemed to relax, and he opted for the second alternative.

" 'Look Kurt, I don't know if you are now prepared to accept certain facts that escape the normal comprehension of the common man. Anyway, since we intend to make of you a Hyperborean Initiate, sooner or later such facts will not at all be surprising for you: it's only a matter of time before you understand them. So, I'll give you a piece of information that for any rational mind would be logically incredible, but it will not be for us because it corresponds to the most rigorous truth, perfectly verifiable by every Initiate: ***in this house, today it may have 32 rooms but tomorrow, perhaps, have 35, 40, or more; or perhaps less, 20, 25, 30, who could know?***'

"Naturally, Neffe, that revelation produced in me the incomprehension that Tarstein was foreseeing. Do not forget that I was only 19 years old and that I was still shocked by my recently acquired faculty of hearing the Voice of Kiev, the Lord of Venus. However, I was not startled and took his words in stride. Konrad Tarstein continued, apparently satisfied by the null effect that his data was causing.

" 'This is not an ordinary house, Kurt. No sir, you are inside what we call a ***liberated plaza,*** an ***oppidum,*** that is to say, a space ***won*** from the Enemy. Although you only see walls surrounding the built-up area, they only conceal a ***strategic fence*** called ***Archemon*** or ***vallo obsesso,*** which separates and isolates the plaza from the ***Valplads*** or enemy territory, that is to say, from the ***campus belli.*** You cannot perceive the Archemon because

you are not yet Initiated and your Soul blocks your spiritual vision: only your Uncreated Spirit is apt to grasp the ***charismatic fence*** of the Archemon. But you will see, Kurt, you will see. And then you will understand that what seems impossible is real, and that the house ***is not geometrically stable*** because its structure does not exclusively participate in the Created Archetypes, like every house, but that in it intervenes an uncreated element, ***the Actual Infinite!***'

"After that announcement, Tarstein sighed and said:

" 'Here, Kurt, Time passes in another way, desynchronized from exterior Time, from the Time of the World. That is why, in this liberated space of the plaza, and with this time of its own, the construction ***cannot be stable*** and not only its sectors vary, but they do so in synchrony with the ***interior Time: centuries and millennia of distance could be bridged by passing through one of these doors.*** Through one of such openings of time and space, once arrived my Ancestors, the Seigniors of Tharsis of the Germanic branch, those who were belonging to a medieval Order historically known as ***Einherjar:*** you should know that my surname Tarstein, means ***"stone of Tharsis,"*** in memory of a legendary House that traces its racial origins to the White Atlanteans, the White survivors of Atlantis. I know that this will seem fantastic to you, but I descend from a Stirp that remained hidden for centuries due to the tenacious persecution, mortal persecution, to which the Potencies of Matter subjected it, that is to say, that Occult Hierarchy directed by tenebrous extraterrestrial beings based in Chang Shambhala.

" 'I will be more clear: my family, the Germanic branch of the Seigniors of Tharsis, was native to Swabia, the land where they had settled in the thirteenth century with the greatest secret, fleeing from a legendary attack of the Demons that almost exterminated our whole Stirp. There they remained for four centuries, preserving the Hyperborean Wisdom that had been entrusted to our House in ancient times. In the sixteenth century, a Hyperborean Pontiff coming from England, founded at the court of Emperor Rudolf II, in Prague, the Einherjar Order, which had as its objective to develop and apply at every moment of History an exact method to locate the advent of the Lord of Absolute Will, the Envoy of the Lord of War, that is to say, the Führer of the White Race. At that time, the Pontiff decided that the best Strategy for the sustainment and perdurability of the Order was demanding that its members always

belonged to eight lineages chosen among the Pure Blood Stirps of Europe. It was the case that one of the Princes convoked by the Pontiff was belonging to my family, while another was coming from the House of Brandenburg, from a collateral lineage of the Hohenzollerns. The Order worked in secret during the following centuries, forming Hyperborean Initiates and awaiting the times of the arrival of the Great Chief of the White Race. Its most important base of action constituted the ***Margraviate*** of Brandenburg, which was, since the twelfth century, a hereditary principality enfeoffed to the Emperor. And justly, the presence of the Order is not alien to the subsequent rise of the House of Brandenburg over the other principalities of Europe, until obtaining the investiture of King achieved by Frederick William III in 1797. Prussia was then born, the State where the national guiding principle was honor, where the family was being organized around the authoritative and exemplary figure of the father, where order was prevailing in all social classes, nobility, bourgeoisie, and peasantry, because it was being affirmed in the strongly rooted notions of the fulfillment of duty, of saving, of the unconditional obedience of the subalterns, in the entire subordination of the functionaries, and in the most rigid military discipline.

" 'But, above all, Prussia was a military State from the beginning: two-thirds of its budget was being dedicated to the support of the powerful national army that inflicted defeats on France, Austria, Russia, etc., and imposed respect and admiration for the austere and seigniorial Prussian "way of life." And along with the art of war, philosophy, literature and music were cultivated here. But none of this revolution was occurring by chance: the Order was rehearsing, in a society of Pure Blood, the New Order that the Führer, in his next coming, would apply to all Germany and the World. That is why the Führer has never hidden his debt to Prussia and has made public his sympathy for Frederick II of Prussia and for Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor.

" 'Well, Kurt: the ancient Einherjar Order was so strong in the nineteenth century that one of its Initiates arrived to be crowned King of Prussia in 1840. I refer to Frederick William IV, courteously called "Damian of Brandenburg" for his love of Eloquence and in remembrance of the famous rhetorician of Ephesus. It was the same King who had Marienburg rebuilt, the castle which served as residence in the Middle Ages to the

Grand Masters of the Teutonic Order; this work of restoration, as you will know, is presently continued by a special division of the ϟϟ, fulfilling direct orders from ***Reichsführer*** Himmler. And it was that same King who, considering that the old danger had ceded, and that the Demons would no longer be able to prevent the New Order from imposing itself on the World, authorized the creation of the surname ***Tharstein*** or ***Tarstein,*** contraction of ***Tharsisstein,*** accompanied by the noble title of Count and the right to exhibit the familial coat of arms in the Castle of the House. The Castle of Tarstein is very near here, Kurt, about 100 kilometers from Berlin, but I have not frequented it for many years, since I am totally devoted to work for the Thulegesellschaft and the ϟϟ Black Order.

" 'Come, Kurt; I will show you something very secret, and related to this subject.'

"Next, he led me along the exterior corridor to a nearby room, hermetically closed with a double lock. Once inside, another rich library was revealed before my eyes: on two walls were deposited some four thousand books, many of them of evident antiquity; on another wall, a bookcase was overflowing with documents and scrolls.

" 'All this material has a common characteristic,' he explained, 'it refers to the "Druids" and "Druidism." Several of these documents are very secret and have been obtained at a high price: they come from throughout Europe and correspond to all Epochs, up until today. It is, with certainty, the most complete collection that anyone has ever assembled on the Druids.'

" 'But,' I exclaimed in surprise, 'were not the Druids already disappeared historical personages? You speak as if they still existed!'

" 'A moment ago I mentioned to you the fact that my family, the House of Tharsis, was forced to flee seven centuries ago because of "an attack from the Demons"; well, those "Demons" were Druids, or "Golen," as my ancestors were calling them. And since then, as far as I know, their power has never diminished. On the contrary, one could affirm that today it is stronger than ever. But keep this in mind, Kurt: if the Führer's Strategy triumphs, and someday the Third Reich ends up reigning over humanity, we will have to wage one of our great esoteric battles against the Golen, who in Europe constitute the pillar of the Synarchy.'

"'But who are they? Where are they?' I asked astonished.

"'In the Middle Ages, their center of action was the Catholic Church,' he pensively answered, 'where, apparently, they were fiercely combated by members of my family. After the fourteenth century, more concretely after the destruction of the Knights Templar that was obeying their inspiration, they were disseminated and strengthened in various strata of European society. Nowadays, there is hardly an organization where the Golen are not infiltrated.

"'I know that with this response I don't clarify much for you. But later on I will describe to you the complex structure of the Synarchy and then you will be able to functionally understand the role that they presently play and be able to easily identify them. If I have now shown you this library and mentioned to you the Golen, it is not to respond to the natural curiosity that it would arouse in you, but to make you a serious warning. Have you heard of ***hunting by species?***'

"'Well, I think so. Isn't it that which consists of each hunter having to bag a catch of a determinate species? Like a game, in which one hunter has to bag, for example, a hare, another a rabbit, a third a pheasant, the fourth a turkey, etc.?

"'Exactly, Kurt,' confirmed Tarstein. 'Listen to this, then, and engrave it well into your brain: analogously to the hunt by species, ***from among the hunters of the Synarchy, the Druids are in charge of bagging the catch of your species.***'

"I was staring at him without comprehending; or without wanting to comprehend. He repeated: '***...of your species, Kurt von Sübermann.***'

"I could not say what was more astonishing to me, if it was the story that Tarstein had narrated, undoubtedly true, or the knowledge that I was in front of a Count, a Nobleman of very ancient lineage: by his civic appearance, by his humble and chivalrous manner, by his outfit of dubious quality, I had hardly suspected it. I also was inheriting a noble title; however, something internal, an inexplicable intuition, was telling me that his Blood was more Pure, that his Stirp was more ancient, that his nobility was superior to mine. Of his warning, about the danger of the Druids, of course, I paid not the slightest heed.

"Before leaving he took some typed sheets of paper from the shelf of documents and handed them to me. 'They are,' he said to me, 'the transcription of the article ***"Druidism"*** from the En-

cyclopædia Britannica: read it; it will refresh your memory.' He locked the Druidic library and we returned to the kitchen.

"I was drinking another cup of tea, still confused by Tarstein's revelations, when he, who had exited a moment before, returned.

" 'I went to my study to look for this manuscript,' he showed me a book, skillfully bound, and handwritten in exquisite Gothic characters. 'Its title is "Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft." I have written it using knowledge that is entirely secret and that in Germany only a few Initiates know in part. You will be able to read it later on, but you should not take it out of this house because it is the only copy that exists and the secrets contained therein could change the political organization of the Planet if they fell into the hands of the Enemy. Here it explains, for example, what the Initiates of the Einherjar Order did to determine that Adolf Hitler was the Führer of the White Race and how they guided him to Power; and the intermediate Orders that they had to found, like the Germanenorden and the Thulegesellschaft, until arriving at the Order possessing the Hyperborean Wisdom in the Highest Degree, that is, the ᛋᛋ Black Order.

"One can imagine the avidity with which I observed that manuscript, wishing to have the possibility of reading it there and then. The words were sounding mysterious in Tarstein's mouth, and this impression was being accentuated due to the unreality of the place, in where centuries were being traversed just by walking a few meters of corridor.

" 'Your Taufpate Hess,' Tarstein continued, changing the subject, 'I've known him since he appeared in Munich in 1919. He was a young student of geopolitics when he joined, that year, the Thulegesellschaft. Yet we recognized in him one of the great Spirits of Germany, to whom was coming to be the Squire of King Arthur. A Parsifal whose mission this time would not be the search for the Gral but the sacrifice of sitting in the dangerous seat during the crisis of the Kingdom, that number thirteen position at the round table that only a Pure Madman can occupy, a Knight capable of performing a Madness of Love to save the Kingdom.

" 'That is why Rudolf has always been close to the Führer, awaiting his hour, as the faithful Knight.

" 'And we must all hope that his opportunity never arrives, for when Parsifal undertakes his mission it will mean that King Arthur is wounded, and that the Kingdom is ***terra gasta.***'

"I nodded at Tarstein's inquisitive gaze, but this mute response did not impress him in the least.

" 'You don't completely understand what I say, do you? So it must be, for: who will be capable of comprehending the pure madman? His mission is not earthly; the victory, if he triumphs, can only be celebrated in other Heavens. Few will be, indeed, those who applaud the anonymous hero that there is in Rudolf Hess. And, yet, the triumph of the Führer depends in great measure on him.'

"How much significance these words would have, which Tarstein was saying to me on that first visit to Gregorstraße 239, four years later, when in 1941 Rudolf was preparing to valiantly confront the ***elementarwesen!*** But that Saturday in 1937, the war, and all the horror that was coming, was still far away, in a future that I could not suspect.

"On the other hand, Tarstein's comments were causing me a certain pride, in my status as godson of the praised Rudolf Hess, and with a pleasant sensation I was foolishly smiling, without delving into the hidden meaning that was behind the symbolism of the Arthurian legend.

"I will not dwell on this first visit because that which we spoke about was not much else. After an hour, as I recall, I left there immersed in a sea of doubts but with the firm resolution to continue to the end.

"Rudolf Hess had interposed his influence to get me to Konrad Tarstein, whoever he was, and I was not about to let him down.

"An hour later, on the train, I was reading the Encyclopædia Britannica article: what the English were saying about the Druids was not much.

" '***Druidism*** **was the faith of the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul until the time of the Romanization of their country, and of the Celtic population of the British Isles either up to the time of the Romanization of Britain, or, in parts remote from Roman influence, up to the period of the introduction of Christianity. From the standpoint of the available sources the subject presents two distinct fields for inquiry, the first being pre-Roman and Roman Gaul, and the second pre-Christian and early Christian Ireland and Pictland. In the**

present state of knowledge it is difficult to assess the interrelation of druidic paganism.

" 'Gaul.—The earliest mention of druids is reported by Diogenes Laertius (*Vitae,* intro., 1 and 5) and was found in a lost work by a Greek, Sotion of Alexandria, written about 200 B.C., a date when the greater part of Gaul had been Celtic for more than two centuries and the Greek colonies had been even longer established on the south coast.

" 'The Gallic druids which were subsequently described by Caesar were an ancient order of religious officials, for when Sotion wrote they already possessed a reputation as philosophers in the outside world. Caesar's account, however, is the mainspring of present information, and it is an especially valuable document as Caesar's confidante and friend, the Aeduan noble Divitiacus, was himself a druid. Caesar's description of the druids (*Commentarii de bello Gallico,* vi) emphasizes their political and judicial functions.

" 'Although they officiated at sacrifices and taught the philosophy of their religion, they were more than priests; thus at the annual assembly of the order near Chartres, it was not to worship nor to sacrifice that the people came from afar, but to present their disputes for lawful trial. Moreover, it was not only minor quarrels that the druids decided, for their functions included the investigation of the gravest criminal charges and even intertribal disputes.'

" 'Himmel!' I exclaimed, while suspending my reading a moment: Could it be that I find myself so influenced by the doctrine of the Führer, that I see Jews everywhere? Well, why deny it! Those Priest-Judges, with their white ephod, to me were appearing to be Levites of pure Hebrew Race.

" 'You are not mistaken!' affirmed the Voice of Kiev in my mind. 'The Druids are Hebrews! Someday you will know the Truth!'

"I kept reading:

" 'This, together with the fact that they acknowledged the authority of an archdruid invested with supreme power, shows that their system was conceived on a national basis and was independent of ordinary intertribal jealousy; and if to this political advantage is added their influence over educated public opinion as the chief instructors of the young, and, finally, the formidable religious sanction behind their decrees, it is evident that before the clash with Rome the

druids must very largely have controlled the civil administration of Gaul.'

"This omnipotent power, both in peace and in war, this intermediation between Heaven and Earth, this capacity to 'train the people' in all their strata, this power to legislate and judge, was it not analogous to that of an Aaron, a Joshua, a Samuel, some Levites, that is, that tribe of Israel to whom Jehovah entrusted the mission to ***officiate the Cult of the Law?*** Unanswered questions for now; but questions that were giving rise to very suggestive intuitions. The article was thus continuing:

" **'Of druidism itself, little is said except that the druids taught the immortality of the human soul, maintaining that it passed into other bodies after death. This belief was identified by later writers, such as Diodorus Siculus, with the Pythagorean doctrine, but probably incorrectly, for there is no evidence that the druidic belief included the notion of a chain of successive lives as a means of ethical purification, or that it was governed by a doctrine of moral retribution having the liberation of the soul as the ultimate hope, and this seems to reduce the druidic creed to the level of ordinary religious speculation.'**

"Very contradictory, I was thinking on the train. It is quite improbable that some barbarous peoples, as were the Celts, would submit themselves, by the millions, to the religious, moral, and judicial leadership, of Priest-Judges, withdrawn into the forests, who were only sustaining a 'mere common religious speculation.' The Druids had to exhibit something patent, something superior to a mere rational speculation, something that to the Celts was the Truth.

" **'Of the theology of druidism, Caesar tells us that the Gauls, following the druidic teaching, claimed descent from a god corresponding with Dis in the Latin pantheon, and it is possible that they regarded him as a Supreme Being; he also adds that they worshiped Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter and Minerva, and had much the same notion about these deities as the rest of the world. In short, Caesar's remarks imply that there was nothing in the druidic creed, apart from the doctrine of immortality, that made their faith extraordinary, so that it may be assumed that druidism professed all the known tenets of ancient Celtic religion and that the gods of the druids were the familiar and multifarious deities of the Celtic pantheon.'**

"Here the English author of the article was overstepping the line. Nowhere, prior to this last paragraph, had he said or suggested that the Druids were anything different from the Celts, except "that they were forming an official Order of Priests." But now, clearly, he was implying that in truth he was ignorant of the beliefs of the Druids and ***was supposing*** that they were the same that the ancient Celts were holding. So who were the Druids, if they were not Celts? And why would the Celts have changed their Religion after the, now very probable, arrival of the Druids? Unanswered questions. Questions for Konrad Tarstein.

" '**The philosophy of druidism does not seem to have survived the test of Roman acquaintance, and was doubtless a mixture of astrology and mythical cosmogony. Cicero (*De Divin.,* i, xli, 90) says that Divitiacus boasted a knowledge of *physiologia,* but Pliny decided eventually (*Natural History,* xxx, 13) that the lore of the druids was little else than a bundle of superstitions. Of the religious rites themselves, Pliny (*N.H.,* xvi, 249) has given an impressive account of the ceremony of culling the mistletoe, and Diodorus Siculus (*Hist.,* v, 31, 2–5) describes their divinations by means of the slaughter of a human victim. Caesar having already mentioned the burning alive of men in wicker cages. It is likely that these victims were malefactors, and it is accordingly possible that such sacrifices were rather occasional national purgings than the common practice of the druids.**'

"Was I wrong, or was the Encyclopædia trying, with a subjective argument, to make the murderous Druids look good? Because it is one thing to be an executioner, an unpleasant but socially necessary task, and quite another to be a sacrificing Priest of human victims: man can justify the executioners, since the executed is guilty of breaking the law; to kill the one who breaks the common law is commonly comprehensible: one simply eliminates that one who is incapable of living in a community; but the Priests kill to placate a God of whom they are his representatives, and propitiate a human sacrifice that is commonly incomprehensible; only They present it as necessary and only God can justify them. I was realizing, then, that it was a great favor that which the English were doing Him by presenting the crimes of such sinister Priests as natural acts of justice.

" '**The advent of the Romans quickly led to the downfall of the druidic order. The rebellion of Vercingetorix must have ended their intertribal organization, since some of the tribes held aloof from the conflict or took the Roman side; furthermore, at the beginning of the Christian era their cruel practices brought the druids into direct conflict with Rome, and led, finally, to their official suppression.**'

"And the contradictions were continuing. A juridical people like the Romans, how were they not comprehending that the ritual murders by Druids were positive acts of justice, according to the conviction that the contributor was expressing lines before? Or perhaps the writer, a connoisseur of History, was struggling between his duty to expose the true facts ***and an order from the Directors of the Encyclopædia, or from other persons of singular influence, by which he was being forced to exalt the good of Druidism, very little indeed, and to hide the bad, which was too much, or to sweeten the undeniable?*** As you will see, Neffe, this was Konrad Tarstein's theory.

" '**At the end of the 1st century their status had sunk to that of mere magicians, and in the 2nd century there is no reference to them. A poem of Ausonius, however, shows that in the 4th century there were still people in Gaul who boasted of druidic descent.**

" '***British Isles.*—There is one mention of druids in Great Britain as contemporaries of the Gallic clergy, and that is the reference to them by Tacitus (*Annals,* xiv, 30) from which it is learned that there were elders of that name in Anglesey in A.D. 61; but there is no mention of the druids in the whole of the history of Roman England, and it may be questioned whether there ever were any druids in the eastern provinces that had been subjected, before the Roman invasion, to German influence.**

" '**On the other hand, there were certainly druids in Ireland and Scotland, and there is no reason to doubt that the order reaches back in antiquity at least to the 1st or 2nd century B.C.; the word *drai* (druid) can only be traced to the 8th century Irish glosses, but there is a strong tradition current in Irish literature that the druids and their lore (*druidecht*) were either of an aboriginal or Pictish origin. As to Wales, apart from the existence of druids in Anglesey there is little to be said except that the earliest of the bards (the Cynfeirdd) very occasionally called themselves *derwyddon.***

" 'The Irish druid was a notable person, figuring in the earliest sagas as prophet, teacher and magician; he did not possess, nevertheless, the judicial powers ascribed by Caesar to the Gallic druids, nor does he seem to have been a member of a national college with an archdruid at its head.

" 'Further, there is no mention in any of the texts of the Irish druids presiding at sacrifices, though they are said to have conducted idolatrous worship and to have celebrated funeral and baptismal rites. They are best described as seers who were, for the most part, sycophants of princes.

" '*Origin.*—Some confusion is avoided if a distinction is made between the origin of the druids and the origin of druidism. Of the officials themselves, it seems most likely that their order was purely Celtic, and that it originated in Gaul, perhaps as a result of contact with the developed society of Greece; but druidism, on the other hand, is probably in its simplest terms the pre-Celtic and aboriginal faith of Gaul and the British Isles that was adopted with little modification by the migrating Celts. It is easy to understand that this faith might acquire the special distinction of antiquity in remote districts, such as Britain, and this view would explain the belief expressed to Caesar that the *disciplina* of druidism was of insular origin.

" 'The etymology of the word druid is still doubtful, but the old orthodox view taking *dru* as a strengthening prefix and *uid* as meaning "knowing," whereby the druid was a very learned man, has been abandoned in favour of a derivation from an oak word. Pliny's derivation from Greek *δρυς* is, however, improbable.

" 'A great revival of interest in the druids, largely promulgated by the archaeological theories of Aubrey and Stukeley and by romanticism generally, took place in the 18th and 19th centuries. One outcome of this interest was the invention of neodruidism, an extravagant mixture of helioarkite theology and Welsh bardic lore, and another result is that more than one society has professed itself as inheriting the traditional knowledge and faith of the early druids. The United Ancient Order of Druids, however, a friendly society founded in the 18th century, makes no such claim.'

"Uncle Kurt had handed me an article from the Encyclopædia Britannica, identical to that which Tarstein had made him read in Germany in 1937. Considering what I had recently

learned about the Druids, since they assassinated Belicena Villca, and after reading her letter and receiving the magistral explanations of Professor Ramirez, it is natural that I shared Konrad Tarstein's opinion that that article was extremely summarized and ambiguous to justify its inclusion in so prestigious a work: the first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica was dating from 1771, so it was to be expected that in 1930 they would have gathered sufficient material on the Druids to compose a more extensive and complete article. But it was obvious that the English were not wishing to delve into the history of some ancient and forgotten Priests, who could today kill with renewed efficacy.

"On the second visit that I made to Konrad Tarstein," recalled Uncle Kurt, "he approved my reasonings and assured me that what occurred in the article was the most common event, and that he was wishing to alert me to it; that is why he had given it to me: to put me on notice that an incredible European conspiracy was denying the information or distorting it, with the purpose of preventing that undesirable eyes could fall on a subject that the most powerful synarchic forces were interested in concealing. And he alerted me again to the, at the time incomprehensible, circumstance that ***I was the prey that They were proposing to hunt***.

"All in all, Neffe, with respect to the information, it was easy to see that Tarstein was right and that he was not admitting a simple explanation for the Druidic concealment that was being carried out in England. This will become apparent if you make a clarifying comparison. For example, read the ***'Druid'*** article in the Encyclopedic Dictionary of Montaner and Simón, which was published in Barcelona at the end of the nineteenth century, and you will be left with no doubt that the English publication is affected by a strange rachitism,[38] although in the Spanish essay one can see the same purpose of leaving the Druids in good standing."

Immediately afterwards, Uncle Kurt put in my hands Volume VII of the Encyclopedic Dictionary, a 25-volume work that was undoubtedly smaller in size than the Encyclopædia Britannica. I looked up the aforesaid article and read:

38. "Softening" (usually of the bones).

DRUID (from lat. *druida;* from the Cymric *druiz or deruiz,* from *dervo,* oak): m. Priest of the ancient Gauls and Britons.

– **Druid:** *Hist.* Much has been discussed about the etymology of the word *druid.* Etymologists have even turned to Hebrew dictionaries to see if they could find in them something that gave them some idea about it. The name druid is an appellative like most of the radical nouns of all languages. In the Gallic language *draoi* or *druidas* means diviner, augur, magician, and *druidheatch* divination and magic. It has also been said that this word is derived from the Greek word **δρυς** that means oak, because they dwelled and taught their doctrines in the groves, and because, as Pliny the Elder says, they were not making their sacrifices except at the foot of an oak tree; but this etymology, although it has in its favor the reason of antiquity, since it is from the time of Pliny, does not stop it from seeming purely capricious, for it is not very natural that the Druids were to take their name from a foreign word. Others maintain that the word *druid* is derived from the British word ***dru*** or ***drew,*** which also means oak, and that the Greek word **δρυς** is derived from this. Of the many Oriental etymologies that have been presented, the Sanskrit form *druwidh,* which means *poor indigent,* seems the most acceptable, because the Druids, like the priests of all nations, had to take a vow of poverty. The arguments in favor of the Oriental origin of the Druids are very worthy of being attended to, and not because it has been accepted by many writers of antiquity. Diogenes Laertius and Aristotle place the Druids and the Chaldeans side by side with the Persian Magians and the Indians, an opinion that they share with a great number of writers. The divinity of the Brahmins bears a great resemblance to Druidic divinity. The importance that the Druids were giving to oxen is another singular coincidence; the Druidic mysteries also have great analogy with the mysteries of India. In the magic rod of the Druids one sees the sacred staff of the Brahmins. Both had the same consecrated objects: they were wearing cloth tiaras, and the symbolic circle of Brahma, like the crescent moon, symbol of Shiva, were Druidic ornaments. Great were also the analogies between the idea that the Druids had of a Supreme Being and that which is found in the sacred works of India; so it does not seem very adventurous to suppose great relationships between Druids and Indian and Persian priests.

There were Druids not only in Brittany inhabited by Gallic peoples, but also in Cisalpine Gaul and in the southern valley of the Danube, also inhabited by Gallic peoples; but there were none in Germania, as those who say that the Germans are the brothers of the Gauls and denominate them with the imaginary appellation of Celts claim without any foundation; or, more clear and categorical, the priests of the Germans were not bearing the name of Druids.

According to Caesar, in his work *De Bello Gallico,* Book VI of which deals with the habits and customs of the Gauls and the Germans, the Druidic science was invented in Brittany and from there passed to Gaul. Although it is evident that Gaul was inhabited before Brittany and Ireland, it is, strictly speaking, possible that the hierarchical organization of the Druidic body and the system of its doctrine was invented in Brittany. However, it is more credible that there were several schools of Druids on the Continent and on the isles, and that one or some in Brittany enjoyed greater celebrity because of the more complete instruction that was given in it or in them. In effect, Caesar does not say that all those who were wishing to enter into the Druid class were obliged to go to study in Brittany, but that those who were wishing to receive a more complete instruction were going there. A new proof that Brittany was not the principal center of the organization of the Druids, is that they were holding their general assemblies in a consecrated forest, in the land of the Carnutes, which was considered as the center of Gaul. It has been believed that this forest was in the vicinity of Dreux, and that this city was taking its name from the Druids; but this is no more than a supposition, since the name of Dreux *(Duro-Cath or Caz)* means *a fort near a river.*

In the already cited work *De Bello Gallico,* Caesar says that all the men who were belonging to the upper classes in Gaul were either among the nobles or among the Druids. These were in charge of the religious direction of the people, as well as the principal interpreters and guardians of the laws. The Druids had the power to impose the most severe punishments on those who were refusing to submit to their decisions.

From among the penalties that they could impose, the most dreaded was that of expulsion from society. The Druids were not forming a hereditary caste, they were exempt from service in the field and from the payment of tribute, and because of these exceptions and privileges, all the young men of Gaul

were aspiring to be admitted into the Order. The trials to which a novice had to be submitted were sometimes lasting twenty years. All Druidic instruction or science was orally communicated, but for certain propositions they had a written language, in which they were using Greek characters. The president of the Order, whose office was elective and for life, was exercising supreme authority over all the individuals who were forming it. The Druids were teaching that the soul was immortal. Astrology, Geography, Theology, and Physical Sciences were their favorite studies. The Gauls were not making human sacrifices except in very rare cases, and in them great criminals were being sacrificed. All that is known about the religious doctrines taught by the Druids is reduced to a few fragments that are found in various works by writers of antiquity, and particularly in Caesar, Diodorus of Sicily, Valerius Maximus, Lucan, Cicero, etc. From these fragments it results that they were believing, as has already been said, in the immortality of the soul and its existence in another world, death being no more than the point or moment of separation of two existences. It is natural that from this belief was derived that of reward and punishment in the afterlife, a belief that naturally explains the indomitable valor of the Gauls and their contempt for death. They were teaching the position and movement of the stars and the magnitude of Heaven and Earth, that is to say, they were devoting themselves to the study of Astronomy, and undoubtedly to that of Astrology. Cicero says that they were also devoting themselves to the study of the secrets of nature and Physiology. From this was born their claim of possessing the science of Divination and Magic. Their most important study was theological study, but about it no certain data are possessed, their theological system being very little known, because the Greek and Latin writers, when speaking of the name and the functions and attributes of the Druidic divinities, referred them to their own theogony; so that only conjectures can be made to which the etymological study can give some probabilities. Caesar says that their principal divinity was Mercury, who was presiding over the Arts, travels, and Commerce. Then was following, in order of importance, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva. Lucan and other writers place Teutates at the head of the gods, and after him Hesus, Belenus, Taranis, and Hercules Ogmios. Caesar adds that the Druids were claiming to descend from *Dīs,* a name that he was trans-

lating as meaning Pluto, and that it was owing to this origin that they counted by nights and not by days. This opinion is evidently erroneous, and the error was born of the fact that *Dīs* or *Dia* was, among the Gauls, one of the names of the Supreme Being, whom they were also calling *Aesar* or the Eternal, and *Abaïs* or *Aiboll,* the Infinite. *Belenus* or *Beal,* was one of the names of the Sun, to which they were also calling *Atys* or *Atheithin,* the hot one, and *Grannus* or *Grian,* the luminous one. *Teutates* or *Toutatis* was the god of fire, death, and destruction.

When dealing with the religious beliefs of Gaul, it is necessary to cite the opinion of the distinguished writer Thirrey. According to him, the religious beliefs of the Gauls were related to two bodies of symbols and superstitions, to two completely different religions: one very ancient, founded on a polytheism derived from the worship of natural phenomena, and the other Druidism, recently introduced by the immigrants of the Cymric race, founded on a metaphysical and mysterious material pantheism. The main divinities of the Celtic peoples were those already mentioned and *Ogmios,* god of the science of eloquence, represented under the figure of an old man armed with mace and bow, followed by captives held by the ears with gold and amber chains that were coming out of the mouth of the god. In addition to the main divinities, the Druids had other divinities assimilated to Mars, as *Cumall, Camulus, Segomo, Belatucadros,* and *Caturix,* and to Apollo, as *Mogounus* and *Granus,* and also other divinities that were the deification of natural phenomena, as *Taran, Taranis,* the thunder; *Kerk Caecius,* impetuous wind of the Northeast, or the deification of mountains, forests, cities, like *Poeninus,* god of the Alps; *Vosege, Vosegus,* god of the Vosges, *Arduinna, Arduinnae,* assimilated to Diana, goddess of the forest of the Ardennes; *Nemausus, Vesontio, Luxovius, Nérios, Bornonia, Damona,* local divinities of Nîmes, Besançon, Luxeuil, Néris, Bourbon-Lancy. Epona was the protecting goddess of stable hands and horsebreakers.

The druids were highly venerated by the people; they were leading an austere life and far from the consortium with the other men; they were dressing in a singular way; they were commonly wearing a tunic that was reaching below their knee. Endowed with supreme power, they were imposing penalties, declaring war and making peace; they could depose magistrates and even the king, when their actions were contrary to the laws of the State; they had the privilege of appoint-

ing the magistrates who were annually governing the cities, and the kings were not being elected without their approval. Caesar says that only nobles could enter the Druidic order, while Porphyry maintains that it was enough to enjoy the right of citizenship. It is, however, difficult to believe that a body as powerful as the Druidic order admitted individuals into its bosom who were not belonging to a determinate caste. The Druids formed the first order of the nation; they were the judges in most public and private matters; they knew all crimes, murder, hereditary questions, questions of property, and those sentenced to this penalty were considered as infamous and impious; they were abandoned by all, even by their relatives; everyone fled from them, so as not to be seen tainted by their contact, and they lost all their civil rights and the protection of the laws and of the Tribunals. The veneration that was given to the Druids was so great, that if they presented themselves between two fighting armies, the combat immediately ceased, and the combatants submitted to their arbitration.

As was said before, according to the opinion of the writers of antiquity, the Druidic doctrine was not written, it was orally transmitted, and the novices were obliged to study for twenty years in order to possess the science. It seems, however, that this assertion is erroneous, and that the error comes from the care with which the Druids were concealing their science from the profane. With age the memory inevitably weakens, and if nothing had been written it would result, perforce, that the chiefs, that is to say, the oldest, would find themselves inferior to the youngest in the details of their doctrine. The Druids had a sacred writing which, according to tradition, was called ***Ogham***. It is, then, probable that they had books written in those characters, which were perhaps, as indicated above, Greek characters, but this does not mean, as some have believed, that they wrote in Greek. Unfortunately, none of those books have come down to the present time. Those that escaped the edicts of the Roman emperors in Gaul and Britain were destroyed by the first Christian propagandists, by Saint Patrick in Ireland and Saint Columba in Scotland.

The body of the *Druids* was divided into several classes: the *Druids* proper, the *diviners,* the *Saronidae,* the *Semnothei,* the *Siloduros,* and the *Bards.* With respect to the latter, some authors are of the opinion that they should not be included

among the Druids, and others affirm that the Bards were a corporation of ministers dedicated to religious worship, which preceded the order or corporation of the Druids. The *Bards,* like the *Skalds* of the Germans, were but poets attached to the chiefs, and who were commissioned to sing the great deeds of heroes, to improvise praises and eulogies, funeral orations and war songs. Did they also celebrate the mysteries of their religion as did the Skalds? This is a question to which it is not possible to answer, because among the songs of the bards that have been preserved there is none that contains anything relative to the dogmas or ceremonies of any religion. Divination was the common attribute of the Druids, they were all diviners, and there is no reason to divide them into classes, under this aspect, except for the exercise of the different functions they performed. The Semnothei, a word derived from *sainch* (ecstasy) were the ecstatics or contemplators; the *Siloduros* were the instructors or institutors, and took their name from the word *réaladh,* which means teaching, and lastly the *Saronidae* must not have formed a special class, but the chiefs must have been thus named, for the name Saronidae is derived from *sar-navidh* or *sar-nidh,* which means highly venerable; it is then to be believed that *Saronide* was a title and not a new class in the Druidic order.

There were also *Druidesses,* whether they were the women or daughters of the Druids, or simply added to the corporation, since it is not possible to admit that the Druids allowed the exercise of magic, divination, and priesthood to women who did not belong to the Druidic body and were subject to its discipline. And it is doubtless that there were, since history speaks of Gallic vestals of the Île de Sein, diviners and magicians. Those who predicted to Aurelian and Diocletian that they would be emperors, and to Severus Alexander his disastrous destiny, were Druidesses. An inscription found in Metz gives the name druidess to the priestess Arete *(Druis Antistita).*

According to the opinion of Thierry, Druidism was already in decline before the epoch of Caesar. For some time, the nobles on the one hand and the people on the other, jealous of the great power of the Druids, managed to gradually reduce their political influence.

Reynaud, one of the writers who have been best studying Druidism, maintains that the ancient Druids were the first who taught with great clarity the doctrine of the immortality

of the soul, and that they had as perfect a conception of the true nature of God as the Jews themselves. If they afterwards compromised with the worship of other divinities, it was with the object of reconciling Druidism with the ideas professed by the uneducated classes more disposed to believe in demigods and divinities than to conceive of a single God. According to Reynaud himself, Druidism declined and finally disappeared, because it lacked an element of life necessary in any religion: love or charity. Christianity gave that element and Druidism disappeared; but it disappeared after having fulfilled an important mission: the preservation in a part of Europe of the idea of the unity of God. Whether this theory, supported by very incomplete data, or by reasonings more or less accurate to prove certain ideas among the Gauls about the true nature of God and his relations with man, which later degenerated into gross superstition, is or is not true, is a question that should not be discussed here.

Chapter XVIII

s you will imagine, Neffe Arturo, it is only now, upon reading Belicena Villca's letter, have I come to understand that reference made by Konrad Tarstein to which his family was constituting the 'Germanic branch' of the House of Tharsis. Evidently, he was one of the descendants of Vrunalda of Tharsis, and, according to his later confidences, which were very sparing with respect to this subject, he was also the last offspring of his House; but whether, by it, he was meaning 'the last Initiate' or was really alluding to the last member of his lineage, which he was representing, I could not say. But one thing is certain: that Capitán Kiev's prophecy, which Belicena Villca transcribes on Day 50 of her letter, had been strictly fulfilled, given that the Einherjar Order, not only administered to the Führer the Hyperborean Initiation, but that someone belonging to the 'Vrunaldine branch of the House of Tharsis,' ***'What Honor theirs is!'*** would be ***'next to the Great White Chief when he declares Total War on the Potencies of Matter. Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Stirp, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the First Coming of the Envoy of the Lord of War!'***

"Yes, Arturo, the prophecy of Kiev was mathematically fulfilled, and there is no reason to doubt that the second prediction, which refers to the descendants of Valentina of Tharsis, has not also been fulfilled. It is worth saying that the mission of Belicena Villca and her son Noyo must succeed so that the Second Coming of the Führer propitiates: ***'that Stirp of Tharsis, "what Glory theirs is!" will actively participate in the Final Battle. Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Stirp, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the Second Coming of the Envoy of the Lord of War!'***

"Belicena Villca, the last Initiate descendant of Valentina of Tharsis has been assassinated by the Druids. But her son Noyo, according to all indications, has managed to carry out his mission. If this is so, Arturo, how close we are to the Final Battle! How near is the Second Coming of the Führer! The Essential War will be waged once more upon the Earth and the Liberating Gods will return to guide the awakened men toward the Infinite Origin of their Eternal Spirit! Oh, Arturo, your presence, and the message of which you are bearing, has

closed a circle of my life, opened more than forty years ago, and has restored my faith in the ideals of the Black Order! For it, I will never stop thanking you!"

"Calm down, Uncle Kurt, calm down," I supplicated. "It is not me whom you should thank but the Gods, those mysterious brothers of Race who have guided us toward the triple coincidence between Belicena Villca, you, and I. It is clear that we all participate in the same story, we play roles in the same script, we are personages in the same plot. You must finish telling me about your life in order to attempt, afterward, to plan the actual shape of our movements, to adjust ourselves to the Great Strategy of the Gods, who undoubtedly expect something from us and that is why they have brought us together, in order not to commit irreparable errors."

"You are right, Neffe. But we will continue tomorrow, for the time has passed without noticing it and it is already 2 o'clock in the morning. I will only add something about the strange reference that Tarstein made to the mystical 'madness' of Rudolf Hess. I will tell you in advance that, in effect, when my Taufpate decides to carry out his historic flight and parachute into England, his act can only be qualified as 'madness.' This from the political, and even military strategic point of view. But different will be the opinion of anyone who observes the facts with an esoteric and initiatic perspective. Because Rudolf's 'madness' is analogous to the madness of Belicena Villca when she decides to develop a distraction tactic to make the movements of her son Noyo possible: she perfectly knew that her act was extremely risky, that it would attract the persecution from the Golen and they would end up capturing and executing her: she knew it and yet she did not hesitate to act, to sacrifice her life, so that the Strategy of the Loyal Gods triumphed. In the same way, Rudolf delivers himself to the Golen Druids of the Order of the Golden Dawn, that is to say, to their representative, the Golen Duke of Hamilton, because he proposes to distract the Enemy in order to favor the movements of the Führer. What would the Führer gain after the 'madness' of Rudolf Hess? Well, ***a humanly invaluable objective: after the 'capture' of Rudolf Hess, the Druids would no longer be able to 'open' a Gate to Shambhala in England, they would be left isolated from the Abodes of the Traitor Gods and the White Brotherhood, and only from Asia would they be able to reestablish that contact.***

"You will ask yourself why such an effect was produced, by virtue of what Power Rudolf achieved this miracle, and I will anticipate that it occurred ***by his presence alone,*** thanks to the Sign of the Origin that he, like you and I, was showing without realizing it. So it was, Neffe; and later on I will narrate to you in detail the true esoteric operation that Rudolf's journey to England signified, an event that has been stupidly interpreted after the war. But much earlier, perhaps tomorrow, will you learn the Doctrine that was sustaining the Black Order, about the Power of the Sign of the Origin."

We retired to our rooms in the greatest silence, each one of us immersed in our own thoughts. I, of course, was not coming out of my astonishment at seeing how perfectly the stories of Belicena Villca and Uncle Kurt were fitting together. And I kept wondering how that adventure would end, now that I would indubitably count on Uncle Kurt's support to seek out Belicena Villca's son.

Chapter XIX

It was 9 in the morning and a light drizzle was falling outside.

We had both slept little and we knew it. But we were both, also, sensing that we were running out of time, that that tranquility that we were enjoying would not last long.

Uncle Kurt sipped the last of his coffee and continued with the story.

"In the Nordic ***Ordensburg Krössinsee,*** as I already said, I stayed for three months. After one month of being there, I visited Konrad Tarstein for the first time, and the following two months I attended Gregorstraße 239 every Saturday, thanks to the fact that ***SS Oberführer*** Papp had arranged a permanent commission for me in Berlin on weekends. Thus it was not difficult for me to make the trip from Prussia to Berlin, but I was fearing, in those days, I would not be able to do it with the same ease from the Ordensburg ***Vogelsang*** farther away, in the Western Rhine.

"In those two months, as Tarstein was instructing me in the secrets of the Thulegesellschaft, I was experiencing toward him a growing affection and admiration. Soon the poor initial impression of his fascinating personality was totally buried and I must say that I would not have hesitated in striking any insolent person who dared to express aloud anything of what I myself, the first day, had thought about Tarstein. Such is the impetuousness of youth!

"The 'arrangement' that Rudolf Hess and Konrad Tarstein had made about my person consisted in that I was to attend Gregorstraße 239 for a certain time with the aim of being instructed in the ***Hyperborean Wisdom,*** which was the 'Occult Philosophy' of the ***true*** Thulegesellschaft. This preparation, which would capacitate me to receive the ***Hyperborean Initiation,*** would be given by Tarstein himself, a rare honor, as was made known to me many times, which was never granted to anyone. Tarstein was, as I was comprehending with time, one of the most important men in Germany because of his secret hierarchy in the Thulegesellschaft.

"According to Konrad Tarstein, in order to receive the Hyperborean Initiation, I had to previously purify myself. To this end, he was introducing me to the marvelous knowledge that

is the Hyperborean Wisdom. But, I must clarify, this teaching does not constitute a mere knowledge, an information suspended in the memory to be utilized in rational judgments. On the contrary, Tarstein was recommending not to memorize in the least and, if possible, to forget what was discussed, since the objective of the instruction was aiming ***to awaken the Blood Memory,*** a phenomenon that one could only achieve if the acquired knowledge was gnostically acting on the primordial Hyperborean stock that constitutes the ***Divinity of the Virya.***

"This is how I was an astonished witness, astonished in all degrees of astonishment, even fright, of accounts and explanations that were surpassing the imaginable, at least what I could imagine, in that fantastic Hyperborean Cosmogony of the Thulegesellschaft. If there were a heresiological scale to measure those ideas that were profoundly deviating from 'Western Culture' in its Judeo-Christian conception, I could affirm that many of Tarstein's expositions would occupy a prominent place in that scale of heresies. Because if a heresy is what contradicts a Dogma (that is why there are Catholic, Buddhist, Islamic heresies, etc.), what to say of a philosophy that questions the ***totality*** of human existence with all its Dogmas, Philosophies, Religions, and Sciences, that attempts to change the historical course, that affirms the possibility of the transmutation of the semi-divine man or Virya into an immortal Siddha, that, in short, has declared war on the material potencies of Jehovah Satan, owners of the World, of History, and of the majority of men? Let us agree that in Heresiology, such ideas would occupy a distinguished place.

"I say this because when embracing concepts that depart from or oppose 'Western Culture,' one must be aware of the degree of 'departure' or 'opposition' in which one is situated with respect to it, in order to conduct oneself prudently and avoid future evils...

"And I was aware that the things that I was hearing and the effect that they were causing in me were preannouncing irreversible changes in conduct. However, that was not worrying me because I had a goal that was eclipsing all personal precaution and was making any intention of turning back appear as pure selfishness. That goal, that objective for which I was

pouring all my yearnings, was the German Fatherland: ***Ein Reich, Ein Volk, Ein Führer***.[39]

"You will now comprehend, Neffe, that I was living and acting ***within*** a ***Hyperborean Mystique*** and that the ***charismatic bond*** with the Führer was ever increasing, to the extent that it was deepening the Mystery of the Thulegesellschaft.

"On my first visits to Gregorstraße 239 I felt so confident in Konrad Tarstein, that one evening I did not hesitate in recounting to him my strange experience with the Voice of the Hyperborean Kiev. This confidence did not seem to impress him, for he observed me a long time in silence and then said to me:

" 'Tell me Kurt, have you spoken to anyone else of that perception?'

" 'No, I responded. I was thinking of speaking to Taufpate Hess about it but I have not yet been able to see him since I returned from Egypt.'

" 'Then we will make a deal,' affirmed Tarstein, 'to no one will you reveal that you are in possession of that charism outside of ***your own Circle*** in the Thulegesellschaft.'

" 'I promise,' I hurriedly said, 'but who makes up my Circle?'

" 'Alas, young Kurt, you should know that a Circle in the Thulegesellschaft is not determined by the ***number*** of persons, as in the exoteric organizations that the Synarchy fosters, but by a ***qualitative relationship*** called ***charismatic bonding***. Charismatic bonding is independent of the number and, as every closed Circle of the Thulegesellschaft exists as such thanks to the charismatic bonding, those who ***experience*** that relationship are members of the Circle.'

" 'But how are the members of a Circle actually recognized?' I asked a bit puzzled at such gobbledygook.

" 'The recognition is interior. ***One*** simply ***knows*** that this or that Virya belongs to his own Circle. Of course, in external Circles, constituted by ***non-initiated*** members, some traditional forms of Secret Societies are practiced for reunion and recognition, that is to say "the Sanctuary" and "shibboleth";[40] but this is done provisionally, attending to the urgency that certain investigations require. The true Spirit of the Thulegesellschaft is not in the external Circles, which will be promptly eliminat-

39. "One Reich, One Volk, One Leader."

40. A word or sign to distinguish someone belonging to a particular group.

ed after the Total War, but in the internal Circles, those that are rigorously Hyperborean. In them, I repeat, the recognition is interior, ***one knows with the blood***.'

" 'So I would not be able to ***recognize*** the members of my Circle...'

" '... as long as you do not receive the Hyperborean Initiation,' Tarstein completed.

" '... and as I promised not to talk about ***my charism***...'

" '... you will not do so,' Tarstein continued again, 'as long as you do not receive the Initiation."

" 'Well, I feel somewhat cheated,' I said, smiling.

" 'You mustn't take it the wrong way Kurt, but this is a matter of the ***highest reserve***.'

" 'You ought to thank the confidence that you inspire in us for not arranging ***your immediate separation and internment*** while the instruction that we are giving you lasts. If the Enemy, that is to say, the Synarchy, simply suspected your charism, you would be executed without awaiting confirmation. And that is something that neither the Thulegesellschaft nor the ϟϟ can allow. What's yours is important, Kurt.'

" 'Is it so important?' I asked, impressed by the veiled threat that I was discerning behind Tarstein's kind words.

" 'Very important, Kurt. Look at it this way: you have the Sign of Lúcifer, you possess notable psychic qualities, and you are an ***Ostenführer*** of the ϟϟ. Doesn't it seem too much to be by chance? Well, it's not by chance!'

"He observed me a long time as if doubting about whether he should continue. At last he said:

" 'The person that we have been waiting for twenty years to head a special mission is you. So important, Kurt, so important, that perhaps the fate of the Third Reich and, why not, that of the Aryan Race depend on it.

"I was stunned by this revelation and, in my confusion, I thought to be the victim of a joke. But no matter how closely I was scrutinizing Konrad Tarstein's impassive face, I was finding nothing that confirmed this supposition.

" 'I...' I stammered, 'I never dreamed to take part in such a mission. Besides, I don't believe I deserve it.'

" ***'Take part in?'*** excitedly interrupted Tarstein, 'Take part in, you say? ***Ha-ha-ha,***' he frantically laughed, 'you won't ***take part*** Kurt, ***you alone will carry out the mission.*** Who else could do it?' he asked as if to himself.

" 'You'll find out everything, Kurt,' he continued, now looking at me in the eyes. 'But bear in mind that here it is not about choosing. Neither you, nor I, nor anyone, can choose because ***the choice has already been made,*** in another sphere of consciousness, in another World. We have nothing left to do but face our Destiny, which is also the destiny of humanity, and to be grateful for having been marked for such an august task. Our God, Khristos Lúcifer, is the Most Beautiful Lord, but he is also the Most Intrepid, the Father of Valor; we must not even dream of letting him down.'

" 'I would want nothing more than to serve the Fatherland and humanity,' I dazedly said, 'but it's just that everything you say surprises me. I don't understand how I can be so important a piece in this game and the responsibility overwhelms me. How to live knowing that obtaining something that is precious to the Third Reich and the Aryan Race is in my hands? I, like every Comrade, and more so being an ϟϟ Officer, am ready to die for our motto when so disposed but, from now on, I would not wish to live with the anguish of failing before the time, of not being able to comply. Do you understand, Tarstein? The time that remains until the dénouement terrifies me. If there is something so important to do, I would like to carry it out as soon as possible.'

" 'Then you must have patience!!' affirmed Tarstein, almost shouting. 'Even if there is a minute or a century left, you must not demonstrate any agitation or conduct unbecoming to a ***Kshatriya.***

" 'Remember, you are a Knight, a ***Monk Warrior,*** you must behave accordingly. Soon you will be Initiated and then you will fulfill your Destiny.'

"I nodded, disturbed by the deserved reprimand that I received from Tarstein. But that day we spoke no more of the matter.

Chapter XX

Well, Neffe," said Uncle Kurt after lunch, with his strangely brilliant eyes, "we are approaching the most important part of my life, the moment in which I received the Initiation and was entrusted with that unusual mission, that operation that Tarstein was so highly valuing and that was still incomprehensible to me.

"At that time, with Tarstein as my instructor, I learned a lot. He was seeming to know everything and I used to feel ashamed because, after so many years at ***NAPOLA,*** I was only capable of attentively following him in his expositions, but I was feeling incompetent to complete anything he was saying on my own. However, Tarstein was coming to console me in his own paradoxical manner:

" 'Don't worry Kurt, it's just ***confusion,*** blood impurity. But you are going faster than you believe. Soon you'll know everything, ***you will awaken*** and, then, if you wish, you will be able to master as much Science as the greatest Sage. Of course, our Hyperborean Science is an accursed Science for this satanic world. But that should not worry you, for the Siddha is truly ***one*** and has no necessity for anything but Himself. For the Hyperborean Wisdom, there are three classes of men. The ***Paśu,*** who was conceived by the ordinating Demiurge of matter, Jehovah Satan, and who only under certain conditions can be considered "man," being more accurate to call him animal-man. There is also the ***Virya,*** who is basically a Paśu of ***Hyperborean lineage,*** that is to say, a Paśu who ***has mingled his blood*** with an immortal Siddha, a Mystery that you will comprehend in the course of your instruction. The Viryas are to a greater or lesser extent ***astray or lost*** by the confusion of Blood and only the ***memory contained in the Blood*** would be able to purify them. That is what the Führer's ***Strategy*** aims at; that and ***to put an end to the Kaly Yuga*** or Dark Age.

" 'Keep in mind that a Paśu can never be a semi-divine Virya, but that a Virya can ***completely descend*** to the level of Paśu by a definitive blood confusion. And finally are the Loyal Siddhas, those who came with Khristos Lúcifer to Earth millions of years ago and belong to a "Hyperborean" Race, another Mystery that you will comprehend with clarity later on, for

the terms "Hyperborean" and "Thule" have almost nothing to do with the legends of Antiquity.

" 'Thus are Siddhas, Viryas and Paśus, in the Hyperborean meaning that I have given you and not as these terms are vulgarly understood in Tibet, the three "categories" of men with whom you will have to accustom yourself to reason out from now on. Add to this an important concept: "the Synarchy organizes and plans the world for the Paśus and lost Viryas. The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches how the Virya must purify himself in order to recover the Vril and transmute himself from a semi-divine mortal into a Divine Hyperborean Immortal.

" 'I have to tell you something, Kurt, that ought to fill you with legitimate pride. Your parapsychic analysis of "hearing the Voice of Kiev," even if you have not followed the guidelines of the Hyperborean Wisdom to conquer said charism, has led you to the correct conclusion. I refer to your affirmation that it is necessary to ***"dispose the Spirit to remember,"*** as the best attitude, before the danger of rationalizing the psychic phenomenon by formulating an equivalent question, strictly coincides with our philosophy. It is by "disposing the Spirit to remember" that one accesses the Blood Memory. And this previous step, unavoidable to obtain the Hyperborean Initiation, you have taken it alone, a feat that should, as I already said, fill you with pride.'

"From these last words one might think that Tarstein, versed in matters of Occultism, was a dreamer and unworthy of credit in rigorous matters, as is generally the case. And nothing would be more erroneous than such an appraisal, for although I have not met anyone like him who knew about Occultism, Hermetic Philosophy, or Religions, that was only a part of his immense knowledge. In those years of the 1930s, Germany, in full industrial deployment, was a giant of Science. And Konrad Tarstein knew it all. He was a scholar of Germanic knowledge in all its nuances: he was mastering advanced mathematics at its highest level, chemistry, physics, biology, the multiple industrial technologies, etc. Not to mention the humanistic field where his dominion of ancient and modern philosophies, logic, philology, psychology, etc., was fearsome. How to define such a man? And the most difficult: how to transmit his thought without distorting it? Effectively, Neffe, I would not have been capable of explaining the Hyperborean Wisdom to

you; and if I can now speak with you about it, it is thanks to those extraordinary Initiates, Belicena Villca and Nimrod de Rosario. Remember that Oskar Feil was affirming that only the Hyperborean Wisdom of Nimrod de Rosario could compare to that of Tarstein: I am sure that Belicena Villca would have said the same. Thanks to them, Neffe, I will be able to confide to you this part of my life, which would be incomprehensible to any interlocutor who did not know the *Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom.*

"I will be brief, then, given that you perfectly understand to what I refer. Konrad Tarstein profoundly instructed me in the Hyperborean Wisdom and one day, in a subterranean room of the Castle of Wewelsburg, I received the Hyperborean Initiation. In the Hyperborean Chamber specially constructed for such ceremonies, a High Initiate of the Black Order, I suppose a Pontiff, performed the ritual in front of an audience of only eight Initiates. And there I was confronted with Death, with the Kālibur Death of Pyrena, as Belicena Villca would say. That is to say, with the Archetype of Death, the Death that kills the Warm Life; and then with the Cold Kālibur Death, the Naked Truth of Oneself that is found after the End of the Warm Life. And returning to the Warm Life, after sinking into the infinite blackness of Oneself, I found that the anguish of Death had fled from me forever. The animal fear of dying, the instinct of preservation was definitively overcome by the Wisdom of Eternal Life. A will of steel definitively took hold of my animal nature and I knew that nothing could stop me, that is to say, nothing that involved Death, the threat of Death. It was pure Resolute Will: I would advance toward wherever I was ordered and, I repeat, nothing could stop me.

"It was then when the objective of the mysterious mission for which they had prepared me for so many years was revealed to me. And once again, the one in charge of the revelation was Konrad Tarstein.

" 'It will not be difficult for you to understand in what the mission consists,' Tarstein told me, 'when I acquaint you with certain facts that are occurring. Tell me, Kurt, do you know where the forces that sustain the Synarchy, the Jewish World Conspiracy, come from? I refer to the psychic forces, naturally, since the economic or political forces are only exterior expressions of them.'

" 'Well, according to what I heard the Führer affirm, and just as you yourself have explained it to me, such forces come from an Occult Center called Chang Shambhala, where dwells a Hierarchy of Infernal Beings dedicated to impose the Plan of Jehovah Satan on Earth. In the Black Order exist proofs in this respect. For example, the participation of the Hierarchy in the foundation of Masonry, the Rosicrucian Order, the Theosophical Society, etc., is proven with documents. Without going any further, we have a copy of the letter that the High Priest of Chang Shambhala, Rigden Jyepo, sent to Lenin through Nicholas Roerich, congratulating him on the success of the Bolshevik Revolution: behind Lenin and the October conspirators, the Transhimalaya Lodge was acting, founded by the White Brotherhood. Yes, Comrade Tarstein: behind the Synarchy is Chang Shambhala, the Masters and Priests of the Occult Hierarchy or White Brotherhood of Chang Shambhala.'

" 'Correct, Kurt. And now complete the concept, please: what is Chang Shambhala? A physical place on Earth, or an extraterrestrial Construction?'

" 'As you well know, Shambhala is an extraterrestrial Construction, extended between the Earth and the Sun, over dimensions of Space that make it invisible to the ordinary man,' I responded somewhat astonished by such obvious questions. 'Its Constructors were the Traitorous Gods, the founders of the White Brotherhood, and the Initiates of the Hierarchy learn a Science called "Kalachakra" that allows them to open the Gates of Shambhala, Gates that are found everywhere.'

" 'Perfect response, Kurt! Now you will realize what your mission is: you, Kurt, ***are the Key that can close those Gates***.'

"I certainly understood less then than ever before. But Tarstein was about to clarify the enigma.

" 'Strictly speaking in truth, Kurt, the Key that locks those Accursed Gates is the Sign of the Origin, the Sign that has the Power to remind the Traitorous Gods of their Primordial Treason, the Sign that can communicate to them the Symbol of the Origin and confront them with the Absolute Truth of the Spirit, the Symbol of the Origin that can dissolve the absolute Lie of Material Creation that they sustain. By that Power to reveal the Absolute Truth, those who sustain the Absolute Lie, have resolved to never confront the Sign of the Origin, that is to say, as long as the Lie of the material Universe lasts. And that is why the Sign of the Origin is the Key to the Gates of Shambha-

la, a Key that closes the Route of the Demons with its impassable seal. And you, Kurt, manifest the Sign of the Origin like no one else, even if you are not able to notice it by yourself; but that does not strategically affect your mission: ***your presence alone is enough to close the Accursed Gates; the Demons are not willing to contemplate the Sign that you are capable of projecting.*** Of course, they would kill you when approaching the Gate, ***were it not for the fact that you are now beyond Death.*** Do you understand me, Kurt? ***If you situate yourself in front of a Shambhala Gate, and keep yourself out of the Demons' reach by practicing the Way of Strategic Opposition that makes you independent of Time and Space, the Gate shall be inexorably closed!***'

"Now I was understanding something: with my presence alone, I would cause the closing of one of those Gates that was leading to the Accursed City, abode of the Demons of the White Brotherhood. But I was still not comprehending the objective of the mission. To which gate was Konrad Tarstein referring? A moment later, Tarstein's explanation would fill me with astonishment.

" 'And now that I spoke of your faculty, of being a Key Sign, I will go directly to the details of the mission, to what the Black Order, the Third Reich, and the Führer expect of you. Do you remember Professor Ernst Schäfer?' he asked with irony; but he gave me no time to respond. 'Yes, I don't believe that you have forgotten. Not after the incident that you protagonized last year by offering yourself as a volunteer for Operation ***Altwesten*** and of which I am informed in all its details. You could not know it then, but your participation in that operation is the last thing in the world that Ernst Schäfer would accept. You will verify this if you take into account the faculty that you have, to close the Gates of Shambhala, and possess the answer to this question: do you know what Operation ***Altwesten*** consists in?'

" 'Comrade Tarstein, Ernest Schäfer already departed toward Tibet a year ago. I suppose that you'll know that a good friend of mine, Oskar Feil, who supplied me with all the information that I possess, was going on the expedition,' I said, warned on the spot that it was not a good idea for me to lie to the well-informed Tarstein. 'I'm sorry if I broke any rules, for I know that the operation is top secret, but I must not deny that my distrust toward Schäfer could not be greater: even my Taufpate Rudolf Hess confirmed that certain suspicions were

weighing on him and suggested to me that, in spite of everything, I would form part of the expedition. But lamentably that has not occurred, whether for better or for worse, I do not know, and it is now beyond repair due to the time that they've been in Asia. In any case, I would like to assume full responsibility for any fault Oskar Feil may have committed by mentioning Operation ***Altwesten*** to me, for only my curiosity and the doubts that I harbor about Schäfer's conduct are to blame for his confidences.'

" 'Relax, Kurt, no one is accusing you of espionage. Answer me, simply, what do you know about Operation ***Altwesten?***'

" 'Well, almost nothing, Comrade Tarstein. I am only aware of the path traveled by the expedition up to now, thanks to the secret letters which Oskar has managed to send me from different parts of Asia. The last one was dispatched three months ago in Lhasa, Tibet, by a messenger who had it arrive in Germany through one of our consulates in India. In it he was informing me that they were preparing to depart toward the Northwest, guided by two mysterious "lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet," and that they were carrying safe-conducts from the Dalai Lama. That's all I know. I did not manage to find out the final destination, since not even Oskar knows it, but it is evident that it is not an exploration toward the west, as its name indicates, but toward a site directly located in the opposite direction. It seems that Schäfer was not fully trusting him and has even isolated him from the rest of the Officers.'

" 'That is all I was wanting to hear, Kurt. I will tell you without further ado where Ernst Schäfer is headed: ***toward the Shambhala Gate. He goes to request to the King of the World, in the name of the so-called "sane Forces of Germany," his intervention to put an end to the Third Reich.***'

" 'Treason!' I shouted.

" 'Ha-ha,' he nervously laughed at my exclamation. 'You would be surprised if you knew the magnitude, the multiplicity, and the scope of the betrayals that corrode the Third Reich and conspire against the leadership of the Führer. But it is natural that it occurs this way, since the confrontation that National Socialism poses to the Potencies of Matter is Total: every man is subjected to the essential tension between Spirit and Matter; and many will be those who will give in to the Illusion of Matter, facing the ***Judaic form*** of the Illusion of Matter, that is to say, money, peace, democracy, freedom, law, etc. Only

spiritual men will be capable of overcoming this Illusion: they will overcome it with the sole force of their Gracious Will, with the act of their Honor, with the valor of their Pure Blood.

" 'That of Ernst Schäfer is one more of such betrayals. It just particularly affects us because it is an esoteric fact, of a circumstance that we can eminently understand. Yes, Kurt: that of Schäfer is an enormous treason, but it is not the greatest of the betrayals that the Führer must face. However, you are right in taking it seriously, ***because it depends on you whether his disloyal Plans triumph or fail.***'

" 'How would I be able to intervene and influence Schäfer's plans, from Berlin?' I asked in a daze.

" 'For it will not be Berlin from where you will act, Kurt, but from Asia. You will immediately depart toward India! Tomorrow you will present yourself to the SD and receive orders from ***ϟϟ Oberführer*** Papp: he will demonstrate to you how it is possible to catch up with Schäfer's expedition before it arrives at the Kunlun Mountains! But now I will anticipate something that, I do not doubt, will deeply motivate you. Above all, I will tell you that the Black Order has, since the beginning, excellent spies in Ernst Schäfer's group: it is through their reports that we have found out about the "incident" with the professor and of your friendship with Oskar Feil. Well, it is about the latter that I was wishing to speak to you:

" 'Take it easy, Kurt, but the truth is that Oskar Feil is in mortal danger. Certainly, Schäfer has never trusted him, and if he has permitted him to join the operation it is because he plans to eliminate him in Asia: only you, if you arrive in time, will perhaps be able to save him!'

" 'But why take him to Asia? If he was distrusting Oskar, why didn't he get rid of him in Germany?' I desperately cried out.

" 'Oh, Kurt. I regret having to give you this news. Hold tight, for what you are about to hear is shocking: ***your Comrade has been chosen to be sacrificed.*** Yes; don't look at me like that: it is confirmed! Although it is still possible to avoid it. The fact is that, on his route to Gyaring Lake,[41] beyond the Blue River,[42] Schäfer will have to cross ***the Boundary of Shambhala, the last portico before arriving at the Gate of Chang Shambhala.*** And said portico has been watched over for millennia by a tribe of cruel

41. Zhaling Lake

42. Yangtze River

guardians, those who are led by the malevolent ***Jafranpa*** lamas or "lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet," members of the White Brotherhood. In Tibet, the Dalai Lama does not exercise true religious authority, but his instructor at the highest hierarchy in the ***Gelugpa*** sect: a ***Rinpoche,*** that is to say, a ***"precious"*** lama. All other Lamaist groups, including the Jafranpa, are subject to the Gelugpa, or "lamas of the Yellow Bonnet": only the Bodhisattvas, the Mahatmas, the Immortals, are above them. The Gelugpa protect the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet and that is why Schäfer has safe-conducts from the Dalai Lama. However, such passes have relative value, for while the Dalai Lama's religious power encompasses all of Tibet, his political power is limited by Chinese borders: ***and The Boundary of Shambhala is currently in Chinese territory.***

" 'The lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet are experts in the Science of the Kalachakra, or "Wheel of Time," the Wisdom that enables them to understand and master karmic connections, ***rten 'brel,*** and to synchronize the Wheel of Life, Bhavachakra or ***srid pa'i 'khor lo,*** to the rhythm of the Plans of the White Brotherhood. They are, then, fervent worshipers of the Lords of Karma and of their chief, Rigden Jyepo, the Lord of Shambhala, the King of the World, Jehovah Satan. They require every pilgrim lama who requests authorization to pass through the Boundary of Shambhala, the ***Yajnavirya,*** that is, a ***human sacrifice.*** As you will realize, Ernst Schäfer gave no reason to be exempted from such an obligation.

" 'In synthesis, Kurt: ***Oskar Feil was selected by Ernst Schäfer to be handed over to the Lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet. They will offer his life to Rigden Jyepo by means of the ritual beheading, Yah-Sa.'***

"Hours after this conversation with Konrad Tarstein, while traveling to the Rhineland to collect my belongings from Wewelsburg, I looked at myself in a mirror on the train and my eyes were still bloodshot. During the meeting, when Tarstein revealed to me the death that was awaiting Oskar, I would have destroyed Ernst Schäfer with my hands, had I been able to reach him at that moment.

"Konrad Tarstein took care to warn me that the conduct that the Black Order was requesting of me was not that. On the contrary: my orders were to locate Schäfer's expedition as soon as possible and to join it without violence. For that I would go equipped with the corresponding official authorizations: a se-

cret decree from the Führer and a pass from ***Reichsführer*** Himmler. In addition, two secret agents of the ϟϟ would accompany me. These were two ϟϟ ***Hauptsturmführers*** who were combining the paradoxical virtues of both possessing a doctorate in law, and having served for five years in the Gestapo, where they converted themselves into expert assassins.

"According to Tarstein, the best Strategy was demanding that I fold myself into the expedition and there ***manifest*** the Sign of the Origin. Such a demonstration would be sufficient to cause Operation Altwesten to fail. ***And it would be achieved without performing any esoteric maneuver, without using any magical technique: the mere act of my presence would be enough for the Demons to close the Gate of Shambhala.***

Chapter XXI

berführer Papp, an old acquaintance, filled me in on the details of the mission. The departure would be in four days, since everything was ready: provisions, equipment, weapons, false documentation, etc. In truth, only then did I clearly see it, that the operation was prepared a long time ago and, apparently, was only depending on me to be put into execution. That is to say, that all those who were participating in the operation, or in its secret, the Führer included, were awaiting my Initiation, waiting for the moment in which I acquired spiritual awareness of the Key of the Sign and could explain to me the mission in Asia. I do not believe that I ever felt as much shame as I did then: I, the stupid and arrogant apprentice Initiate, had lost months, precious months, trying to rationally delve into the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Black Order; at last, realizing that I was going down a dead end, that I was prey to a trap of logic, I sought in my Spirit the ultimate Truth that reason, and rational knowledge, were denying me; ***and I thus propitiated the Initiatic Kairos,*** according to the confirmation made by the Initiates of the Black Order; then I was Initiated and Konrad Tarstein explained to me the character of the mission of the ***'First Key,'*** such is its codified denomination, and described the faculty that I should use to 'close the Gate of Shambhala,' a gate that Ernst Schäfer was proposing to open and that perhaps was opening at that moment.

"Those thoughts, and this possibility, were greatly distressing me, and I would tell the truth if I affirmed that even those four days to depart seemed interminably long to me.

"The first stage was by plane. We would fly from Berlin to Tanzania, on the east coast of Africa, making stopovers in various African countries or colonies of German allies, such as Spain and Italy. In Tanzania, in the region of what was, until World War I, the State of Zanzibar, we would parachute onto the farm of a former German settler family who were now working for the Secret Service. Such a route had to be followed because the mission was qualified as a 'top-secret Waffen-SS operation' and because the flight was being made in a military aircraft specially adapted for the job: it was a Dornier,

or *'flying pencil,'* which had its classic bomb load replaced by supplementary fuel tanks.

"In Tanzania, then, we descended without problems, alongside the load of weapons and equipment. The settlers were expecting us for some time and had acquired for us a shipment of cotton thread, in which they hastened to hide the compromising objects. A day later, and wearing an outfit of evident Levantine tailoring, very appropriate for the role of Egyptian traders that we were to play, the settlers led us to the island of Zanzibar in a barge of regular dimensions. In the port was anchored the Italian ship, Tarento, which was secretly participating in the operation and would transport us to Dacca, in the NE of India.

"In Zanzibar our identity completely changed. Both I as well as the two ***SS Hauptsturmführers,*** would be 'Egyptian traders' from then on. It was a risky move, since Egypt was in the hands of the English, but our passports and forged histories had few flaws and it was seeming unlikely that we aroused so much suspicion as to initiate an investigation. I myself was truly Egyptian and was speaking English as well as Arabic, a language that my comrades were also mastering, although not so the English, to which they were giving a strong German accent. However, should the need arise, it would be enough that they correctly expressed themselves in Arabic, since in Egypt no one was forced to know English.

"The Tarento crossed the Indian Ocean, with a single stopover at Ceylon, and then entered the Bay of Bengal bound for Calcutta and Dacca. She finally ascended the Dhaleswari River, which is an arm of the Brahmaputra, and anchored off its left bank, in the port of Dacca, an important city of what was once the Presidency of Bengal Proper, then the Province of Bengal, later the Islamic State of East Pakistan, and today Bangladesh. The shipment of African thread, with its precious contraband, could be unloaded without inconveniences and stored in a warehouse that we rented for that purpose.

"We weren't planning to stay too long in Dacca: just long enough to sell or trade the threads for the rich Bengali silks and muslins, stock up on supplies, and hire porters. Our next goal was the city of Punakha, the Winter capital of the Country of Bhutan. There ***SS Standartenführer***[43] Karl von Grossen and

43. Lit. SS-Standard leader.

his deputy, ***SS Obersturmführer*** Heinz Schmidt, both from Division III of the ***RSHA,***[44] called 'Foreign Information Service' or 'External SD,' were waiting for us. Von Grossen was the head of 'Operation First Key' and, although he had Schellenberg and Heydrich as immediate superiors, for this mission he was placed under the direct command of ***Reichsführer*** Himmler. He had already gone ahead many months ago and was keeping, in a strange way, the caravan of Ernst Schäfer under permanent observation. He had a reputation as an intelligent and tough man. He had also been a policeman, like my assistants Kloster and Hans, serving several years in the Bavarian Gestapo. Later he requested a transfer to the External SD in order to make use of his doctorate in History. He was an expert in the History and Geography of Asia, as well as a specialist in rapid deployment tactics, knowledge that explains why ***Reichsführer*** Himmler chose him to command Operation First Key.

"Three days later we left Dacca toward the north, taking a road that skirts the left bank of the Brahmaputra up to Bonarpara and then turns off in the direction of Rangpur, the residence of the Raja of Assam. We were in the Autumn of 1938 and the stifling climate of these boggy regions, furrowed by countless rivers and apt only for rice cultivation, was making us long for the ascent to the high, cold areas of Bhutan. The two ***SS Hauptsturmführers,*** Hans Lechfeld and Kloster Hagen, were marching in front, preceded by fifteen pure Aryan porters, of the Kalita Race, with all the cargo; I was at the end of the column. We were exhibiting only three Mauser rifles from the First World War, weapons in keeping with our supposed profession as traders, while we were hiding our service Luger pistols in our clothes and in our backpacks, the dreaded Schmeisser submachine guns.

"We camped a day in the Garo Hills and crossed Assam without stopping more than what was indispensable. Soon we found ourselves at an altitude of over 2,000 meters, glad to leave behind the tropical regions, infested by wild animals and by the no less savage bandits of the Aka, Mishmi, Daphla, Abor, etc., tribes. A path that was serpentining along the eastern slope of the Himalayas was slowly leading us toward Bhutan.

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44. *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* or Reich Security Main Office.

"In the village of Daga Dzong, we were received with great jubilation, as if we were ambassadors of some Western potency, which caused us great annoyance, since we were not wishing to draw the attention of the English or any true diplomat from the nation that we were. However, the mystery was soon cleared up, upon finding that two envoys of Von Grossen were awaiting our arrival for months to guide us to Punakha: they were two Lopas, functionaries of the Deb Raja of Bhutan.

"Accompanied by the slender but vigorous Lopas, also of Aryan race, we crossed numerous small valleys, nestled between mountain ranges of enormous altitude. After each step of the Himalayan slope, we were ascending hundreds of meters, the passes, or dvara, of 4 or 5 thousand meters, not being infrequent. The Lopas spoke Khams Skad, the Tibetan language, which I, as ***Ostenführer,*** was perfectly understanding. In the Khams dialect they explained to us that we would not go directly to Punakha because there, next to the Deb Raja, was an English garrison: Karl von Grossen was in a nearby monastery, under the protection of the spiritual head of the Country, the Dharmaraja.

"Finally, we arrived at the Taoist monastery, constructed on a mountain covered by eternal snow and from which was starting a rough path, apt only for pedestrians, that was crossing the Himalayas and leading to Tibet. Von Grossen and his assistant came out to meet us.

" 'Heil Hitler! I was fearing that you wouldn't make it in time,' he said to us out of all greetings.

" 'Heil Hitler!' I responded, '**ϟϟ *Hauptsturmführer Doktor*** Kloster Hagen and **ϟϟ *Hauptsturmführer Doktor*** Hans Lechfeld,' I introduced my accompaniers, 'and I, **ϟϟ *Sturmbannführer*** Kurt von Sübermann. Sieg Heil, mein ***Standartenführer!***'

Von Grossen attentively observed me, with scientific curiosity.

" 'So you are the mysterious Initiate on whom the Fate of the Third Reich may depend?' he asked with amazement. 'I was imagining you differently!'

" 'How?' I exclaimed, perturbed by the ***Standartenführer's*** indiscreet frankness.

" 'Don't take it the wrong way,' he said, smiling for the first time, 'but it's just that much has been said about you here, perhaps more so than in Germany. You know, these people have highly developed psychic faculties, and for several weeks

they have perceived you as you were approaching, and I wouldn't be exaggerating in the least if I affirm to you that the whole of spiritual Tibet at this moment knows of your arrival in Bhutan! Well, Von Sübermann: you've been psychically observed and described in many diverse ways, ***hence my doubts.*** There are those who maintain that you're a Great Saint, and others, on the contrary, that make of you a terrible Warrior.' Again, the question mark was painted on his face. 'But ***we know*** you're the latter, don't we?'

"There was a hint of doubt in Von Grossen's voice that greatly annoyed me.

" 'Indeed, Kamerad Von Grossen! According to the Rule of the Black Order, ***I am*** a Warrior, a ***Wise Warrior.*** I don't know what appearance I was supposed to have, but have no doubt that ***I am capable of killing in the most terrible manner. And that I will kill in this way anyone who attempts to thwart my mission.***'

" 'Bravo!' exclaimed Von Grossen with evident sincerity. 'I repeat: You must excuse my surprise but, after so many months of waiting, and hearing the most absurd stories from the lamas' mouths, I no longer knew for sure what kind of man I was expecting. I am glad that you are a complete ϟϟ officer, Von Sübermann!'

"Karl von Grossen and Heinz Schmidt, who said not a word, nor would he later, for he was too sparing, had caught up with us five kilometers before the monastery. At that moment we arrived and were invited into a comfortable room, where wood and guano were burning on a stone hearth; outside the temperature was ten degrees below zero.

"In reality, we were not in a simple monastery of lamas, as I had supposed, but in a small citadel surrounded by a dissuasive wall: behind the walls were three buildings of very different architecture. The most imposing was the Palace of the Dharmaraja, where the spiritual Head of Bhutan was residing in Winter. The second in importance was a very ancient Pagoda, perhaps the oldest construction of the whole. 'It is a ***temple*** magnificently carved from a single, colossal piece of stone,' Von Grossen explained as we walked through the outer courtyard. 'It dates from the times in which this region was dominated by the ***Buddhist Priests*** of Manipur: the Temple was dedicated to the Cult of Vaivasvata Manu, who rules the present manvantara or ***Manuantara,*** that is to say, ***the cycle of existence of a Humanity of animal-men.*** Subsequently, the Land was con-

quered by a Lopa tribe under the command of Taoist Initiates, who were profoundly iconoclastic and were hating ***all*** Priests, without distinction of Cult. They, naturally, closed the temple after putting its last dwellers to the sword. Had it not been so, Maitreya, the next reincarnation of Manu, who would be none other than the Messiah that the Jews await, would now be venerated here. But the Buddhist Orders of Priests have not forgotten this place and permanently lie in wait, seeking the opportunity to reconquer it.'

"The third building, in which we were, was the Monastery proper and consisting of a labyrinthine building where a large community of Tibetan monks and nuns were equally inhabiting. That composition of mixed Initiates surprised me and so I let Von Grossen know it.

" 'It is that the present occupants constitute a Secret Society that is neither Hindu, nor Buddhist, nor Taoist, but is "beyond" such religious systems: and "beyond" does not mean "above" or "over," but ***outside.*** That is to say, the Wisdom that they possess is ***outside*** of the religious systems. They do not hold, then, a mere syncretism but a true spiritual Wisdom, possibly the same that you in the Black Order, and we in the Ahnenerbe Institute, call ***Hyperborean Wisdom.*** In fact they totally adhere to National Socialism, although politics do not interest them so much as the philosophy of the ᛋᛋ and the terrestrial presence of the Führer, whom they call "The Lord of Will." '

"The five ᛋᛋ officers were sitting in chairs around the end of a table of notable length: a minuscule group in a place where there was room for more than fifty guests. Von Grossen was seated in the center, his back to the crackling hearth. Kalita porters were resting at a nearby dormitory. The conversation was interrupted when three monks in black yak wool tunics made their entrance. They were wearing head coverings with a hood sewn to the same tunic, which was casting a shadow over their faces, although one could detect that the three had long hair and were of Tibetan race, possibly Lopas. Two were appearing to be very young and strong, and were of different sexes: a yogi and a yogini, Initiates in Martial Arts, who were moving with feline grace. The third, an old man of indefinite age, addressed a few words to Von Grossen in Khams Skad.

"The ᛋᛋ ***Standartenführer*** hastened to introduce him:

" '***Kameraden:*** before you is ***Guru Visaraga,*** head of this Monastery, together with his two principal ***sadhakas.***'

"They greeted us with a nod of the head, to which we absurdly responded with the Nazi salute.

" 'Despite being the hosts,' Von Grossen clarified, 'they request permission to stay by our side. I have answered them in the affirmative, for they are people of absolute trustworthiness. Let us proceed, then, about our business.'

"The monks sat down and Von Grossen calmly continued speaking in German. And for as long as the conversation lasted, I could ascertain with displeasure that they were not taking their eyes off me, as if something in my appearance irresistibly attracted their attention and had hypnotized them.

" 'As I was saying,' explained Von Grossen, 'these monks constitute a Secret Society known as the "Kaula Circle." Their Wisdom is the Kula, the tantrism "of the Left Hand," a system of yoga that enables the transmuting and harnessing of sexual energy, but which requires the physical participation of the woman. Hence the mixed population that has surprised you, Von Sübermann. The Kaulikas are feared in Tibet, for they are considered "Black Magicians," but the way I see it, the only black thing that they have is the tunic. Jokes aside, it is evident that such a qualification comes from their bitterest enemies, the members of the White Brotherhood, a mysterious organization that is behind Buddhism and other religions, and that is very powerful in these regions: it is by opposition and contrast to the ***"white"*** Brotherhood that the Kaulikas are called ***"blacks,"*** since they are ascetics of high morals. All the men and women that you have seen here are ***vamachari***[45] sadhakas.

" 'The Initiates on the Path of Kula periodically perform a Ritual called "the Five Defiances," in which they practice "five acts forbidden to the Masters of the Kalachakra," which explains why they are hated by the Gurus of Shambhala. Vulgarly, the secret Ritual is also known as ***"Panchamakara"*** or "the five Ms," because with that letter begin the five names of the "forbidden things": ***madya,*** wine; ***mamsa,*** meat; ***matsya,*** fish; ***mudra,*** parched grain; ***maithuna,*** sexual act. According to their Buddhist enemies, by practicing this Ritual, the Kaulikas situate themselves on the ***vamamarga,*** or "Path of the Left," the path of the Kshatriyas, which leads to War and not to Peace, to

45. Kaulika Magician or Initiate of the Left Hand.

Agartha and not to Shambhala, to the absolute unification of the Self and not to the nirvanic annihilation of the Ego identified with The One Parabrahman. What is certain is that by means of secret techniques of their sexual Tantra, the Kaulikas develop incredible power over the animal nature of the human body and, even, manage to obtain spiritual liberation.

" 'Summarizing, Von Sübermann, the Kaulikas are perfect yogis, Initiates capable of reaching, in the ecstasy of the sexual act, the Infinite and the Eternity of the Spirit, and of situating their nucleus of consciousness beyond Maya, the Illusion of the material forms.

" 'Of primitive Taoism little has remained, although formally, in order to avoid persecutions, the monks define themselves as "Taoists," a more passable religion for the Buddhist and Hindu princes of the neighboring lands. But in the shastras of Lao Tzu, which are preserved in this monastery, ***the word "Tao" has been substituted by "Vrune,"*** that is, by ***Shakti,*** the Eternal and Infinite Spirit of man. Do not forget, Von Sübermann, that here we are before a Wisdom that comes from a source other than Chang Shambhala, and that is why Shakti means "Pure Spirit," a concept similar to the "Grace" of Western theology.

" 'Vrune is an ancient Indo-Aryan word that means "Eternal, Infinite, and Uncreated Spirit": from it derive the signs that represent such meanings, that is to say, the ***Runes,*** revealed to the Aryans by Wothan; also the God Varuna registers the same root. However, and according to the most remote traditions of the White Race, the same "Vrune" comes in turn from the Atlantean word ***Vril,*** which had the same meaning. You see, Von Sübermann, that the "Vril" proposed in Germany as the spiritual ideal of the ᛋᛋ Initiate Knight, is a state represented here by Vrune, the tantric power of situating oneself beyond Kula and Akula, and as the authentic spiritual Tao is beyond Yin and Yang. ***For the spiritual man, the Vril as Vrune always takes the form of an Ancient Goddess, a Divine Shakti, who is none other than the forgotten image of the Partner from the Origin.*** The Kaulikas believe that once the Vrune is attained, which is only achieved after passing through ritual death, the free Spirit finds itself facing the Truth of the Origin, is reunited with its original partner, and the Wedding of the Spirit is consummated, after which Eternity is regained. The Kaulika, living or dead, from then on experiences an icy Love that is not of this

Universe and is reintegrated into a Race of Vrunic Gods, Lords of the Vril.

" 'In synthesis, ***here the Kaulikas follow the Kula Path, which begins in the woman of flesh and ends in the Original Partner, in the depths of Oneself: at the end of that dangerous path, the Kaulika, definitively confronted with the Truth, drawing back the veils of all the Mysteries, is Shiva, the Destroyer of Illusion, the Warrior par excellence. For us, Von Sübermann, Shiva is Lúcifer, is Cain, is Hermes, is Mercury, is Wothan: for us, Shiva is the prototype of the ϟϟ Knight.***'

" 'Guru Visaraga and his sadhakas were continuing observing me with delectation. The extraordinary report given by Karl von Grossen had just revealed to me why he had been chosen to preside over that operation: to his military skills and knowledge, the ***Standartenführer*** was adding a great comprehension of the customs and religious beliefs of Asia. I decided to ask him a concrete question, about the principal objective of the mission.

" 'I thank you very much for your valuable data,' I said, 'but there is something that worries me since we arrived. You then said: "I thought you wouldn't make it in time." How much time do we have, Herr Von Grossen?'

" 'Little, very little, Von Sübermann. But it'll be sufficient, if we depart as soon as possible and redouble our march, to reach Schäfer before Gyaring Lake. Are you aware that one of the members of the expedition, Officer Oskar Feil, will be handed over to a sect of murderous fanatics there?'

" 'Yes,' I responded. 'I was informed in Berlin. What intrigues me is how you have been able to know it, and what means you use to know the location of Schäfer's expedition at all times.'

" 'It is not a secret, nor is it any mysterious or supernatural procedure: it is espionage, plain and simple; the most classic case of espionage that you've studied in the Security Course. As you already know, since Operation ***Altwesten*** was conceived in Germany, it was infiltrated by the SD: we have two Secret Service men there who haven't aroused any suspicion in the untrusting Ernst Schäfer. However, they would not have been able to do anything if we did not count on the support of the Kaula Circle, whose tentacles extend throughout Tibet, in our favor. The faithful Kaulikas are those who transport the messages of our spies across the Himalayas and permanently pro-

vide us with the location of the expedition. I already told you, Von Sübermann, that in these lands the Kaulikas are greatly feared, and their reputation favors the collaboration of the superstitious inhabitants. A reputation that, in this sense, they are by no means undeserving of, for rather than ascetics they are warrior monks, and the traitors can be sure that sooner or later they will die at their hands. Thus, a vast network of espionage has been set up around our target.

" 'You should know, Von Sübermann, that the Dharmaraja, the spiritual Leader of the whole country of Bhutan, is a secret partisan of the Kaula Circle and that is why he has assigned the adjoining Palace as a Winter Residence. He intensely hates the English, whom he considers "representatives of the Demons," and has ordered that the greatest possible assistance be provided to us as long as we remain in his Country. The second important man is the Deb Raja, who has been in charge of the Administration and State affairs, so he must remain in Punakha and endure the English, whom he hates as much as the Dharmaraja does. In any case, we have official safe-conducts that will permit us to arrive in Tibet and even to move about in that country, presenting ourselves as functionaries and merchants in the service of the Raja.

" 'According to what was said,' continued Von Grossen, 'we have very little time. We should leave tomorrow if possible. Ernst Schäfer has left Lhasa three weeks ago, following the route to Chamdo, but his progress is slow because he does not want any misunderstanding to spoil his visit to Chang Shambhala: he knows that his movements are permanently surveilled from Kampala Tower. His caution becomes more understandable, too, if one considers that he had to stay a year in Lhasa, in the Palace of the Dalai Lama, until he received the authorization to approach Chang Shambhala: he must still cross the Boundary and persuade his Guardians that, in effect, they have the support of the Masters. It is understandable, then, that he tries to avoid errors and slowly approaches his infernal destiny.

" 'For our part, we must leave as soon as possible because Winter approaches and soon the Himalayan passes will be converted into glaciers. However, once in Tibet, we will deviate from the commercial route taken by Schäfer and go forward until we catch up with him.'

Chapter XXII

Karl von Grossen had everything immediately ready to go when we arrived. However, despite our efforts, we could not initiate the march until two days later. The day following our arrival I spent, then, entertaining myself in touring the Monastery and examining the marvelous sculptural work of the Pagoda. There, a pleasant event occurred to me that, astonishingly, has affected you, Neffe Arturo, more than forty years later...

"Upon penetrating into the nave of the cyclopean carved rock, I was suddenly surrounded by a group of Kaulika monks. Up to that moment they had been chanting a mantram in front of a gigantic statue of Shiva dancing on the Yah Dragon: when noticing my presence they were gradually silencing their bījas and then, just like the Arabs who kidnapped me in Cairo, they rushed beside me as if spellbound. But then I was prepared, for I had spent too many years in the Ordensburg and in the Black Order under the instruction of Konrad Tarstein to be ignorant of what was happening to those Initiates. It was the Sign of the Origin, the Sign invisible to me that in the Kaulikas was causing the charismatic effect of spiritually elevating them toward the Origin of the Self: that is why they were wishing to situate themselves close to me, to contemplate me, to sustain the perception of the Uncreated. They were wanting nothing more than that and that is why I remained immutably in place, while those Initiates were raising themselves from the unreality of the World and accessing the Reality of the Spirit.

"We remained like that for a while, in absolute silence: a new section of statues for that icy pantheon. I was understanding their language and I had attempted to speak to them, but it was useless, for in their mystical state they were almost considering it a sacrilege to address me. After a reasonable time I began to think of a way to free myself from them, when I noticed that Guru Visaraga, unusually smiling, was approaching. All the monks moved away as he passed by and he, taking me by the left arm, led me out of such a difficult situation. Slowly he led me into the courtyard, followed at a regular distance by the amazed monks.

"In the courtyard were awaiting him the sadhakas that we saw the night before, each one holding the rein of an enor-

mous mastiff. They were wearing a leash around their necks, without muzzles, from where the rein was attached, and yet they were not uttering even a bark: mute, silent like the monks who were surrounding me, those terrible dogs were observing me without batting an eye.

"Then Guru Visaraga spoke. And his words still resonate in my ears with strange clarity.

" 'O Jowo: For us you are a ***Shivatulku,*** that is to say, a manifestation of Shiva. These dogs that you see here, are a gift from our community for whoever so clearly exhibits the Sign of Bhairava: the female is called "Kula," and the male "Akula." '

"It was the last gift I would have expected to receive from the Kaulikas. I was going to protest but the Guru was not accepting a reply: I only said 'Vielen Dank!'

" 'Your colleague Von Grossen, who shared our table for several months, has confided to us that the Initiates of the ϟϟ are capable of stopping an enraged mastiff by means of a shout.'

"I nodded:

" 'Indeed,' I said. 'Every ϟϟ Initiate must demonstrate that he is capable of imposing the Lordship of the Spirit over all the animal creatures of the earth, no matter how wild they are.'

" 'Ah,' sighed the Guru. 'It is difficult for us to imagine your world, just as it is almost impossible for you to imagine ours. More than Races, a Universe of Symbols separates us, a Wall of Illusion erected by the Great Deceiver. You are often satisfied with empty words, that is to say, you are content with words that represent ideas, ideas that have little weight in reality, ideas that are as illusory as the other forms of Maya. The Sign that you bear makes you different from the rest of mortals. Yet neither you, nor your Gurus, know how to demonstrate that supremacy. Well, with this simple pair of mastiffs, O Bhattaraka, you will do what no one, unless he also bears the Sign of Shiva, is capable of doing in this World: ***We will reveal to you a Kyilkhor***[46] ***that will enable you to mentally command both mastiffs at the same time.***'

"Directing a dog with the mind would be effectively incredible for any rationalist mentality, but I was considering it pos-

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46. ***Yantra*** or ***Mandala*** (Tibetan: kyilkhor). Geometric figure for ritual or magical use. It means ***"fence."*** The term ***"khor"*** gives the idea of "enclosing" or "imprisoning." More broadly, a kyilkhor can be a wall or fortification, a meaning that also corresponds to the Sanskrit "mandala."

sible and taking it with naturalness; what was incomprehensible to me was that of controlling ***'both mastiffs at the same time.'*** Guru Visaraga, who was continuing explaining the characteristics of the sinister gift, did not take long to clear up all my doubts.

" 'Do not be deceived by their fierce appearance,' he vehemently affirmed. 'They are not common animals but a very special pair of ***daiva***[47] dogs, ***balanced*** in our Monastery thanks to very ancient formulas that the Kaula Circle possesses: the daiva dogs are manifestations of the archetypal couple of celestial dogs; each one is the exact reflection of the other, and both perfectly emanate from the Dog of Heaven; even their etheric bodies belong to the same Group Soul. They are like ***pairs of manifested opposite principles*** and, normally, one would neutralize the other without remedy. During a very ancient war, perhaps prior to that which the Mahabharata narrates, the Gurus were training the daiva dogs as a weapon, so that they attacked in pairs and could not be stopped by the lower varna enemies: ***only the Kshatriyas, the spiritual Heroes, those who by their Pure Blood were "beyond" the opposing principles Kula and Akula, were able to stop the daiva dogs.*** It is what you, who bear the Sign of Shiva, can do today with Kula and Akula!'

" 'You see,' concluded the Guru, 'that although your power to stop an enraged mastiff by means of commanding voices may seem to you an inimitable feat, and perhaps it is in the West, you could do nothing against a pair of daiva dogs. Of course, I speak of ϟϟ Initiates in general. Because you, ***Sweet*** Pilgrim, are different from all, you possess the ancient Tao, the active quietude of meditating Shiva: ***You can dominate the daiva dogs with the mind because Your Spirit is beyond Kula and Akula!***'

"Imagine, Neffe Arturo, eight rods with a ***triśūla*** or trident at each end, that is to say, eight rods and sixteen tridents, arranged parallel to each other and separated by small distances. Then imagine another equal set, but with the rods ordered perpendicularly to the previous ones. Finally apply one set on top of the other to form a grid, and you will obtain the basic form of the Yantra that Guru Visaraga taught me: a quadrangular grille with eight tridents on each side and forty-nine interior squares.

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47. "Divine" dogs; dogs of the Gods.

"After the aforementioned explanation, the Guru, always accompanied by the pair of sadhakas and the ferocious dogs, led me to a room illuminated by hundreds of candles and of which floor was not paved in any way. From one of the multiple shelves covered with candles, he took some sacks filled with fine sand of various colors and, with singular mastery, he was pouring them on the floor until forming the described Kyilkhor.

"He asked me if I would be capable of remembering it. I nodded and then he said:

" 'Son of Shiva: do not be surprised that we know your secrets, that we know more about you than you yourself apprehend. You come from a far-off land, far more distant than the Assam Kamarupa that seems to us very remote, but you have quite a lot in common with the Kaulikas: you are of our same Race and varna, you are a Kshatriya; you fight on our same side against the same Enemy; you are Initiated in the same ancient Wisdom of Shiva, the Lord of War and Destruction of Maya, the Wisdom that is the foundation of the Kaula Tantra. And, for us, who are Initiates in the Kaula Tantra, you are a ***Tulku*** of Shiva, as I called you a moment ago. Do you know what a Tulku is?

" 'I believe so: I responded without much conviction, the reincarnation of a God.'

" 'No!' Guru Visaraga firmly denied, although he was compassionately smiling. 'You ought to say, in any case: one of the ***simultaneous*** reincarnations of a God. According to the Tantric Doctrine, when a God, in a determinate Epoch, decides to reveal himself to men, he can do it, and generally does so, in a multitude of physical manifestations: the God then possesses a plurality of bodies, he simultaneously exists as a man in different places and circumstances. These men, ***like you,*** express the signs of the God but sometimes ignore that they are ***Tulkus.***

" 'There are, then, several Tulkus at the same time. Our Tibet was always rich in Tulkus due to the elevated spirituality of the Aryans and other Races who were also mastering the ancient Wisdom; we are perhaps the only Initiates in the World who know how to read the signs of the Tulkus. But now, at the end of the Era of Kaly, the Gods have moved to the countries of the region that you come from and to others that lie behind the dark oceans. Your homeland, Germany, where the strongest descendants of the common racial stock have gathered to-

day, is one of the last earthly scenarios in which the Tulkus will enact the Drama of the War of the Heavens. You, you are a Tulku of Shiva! It is not by chance that you are fulfilling this mission or that we assist you: ***it is the other Tulkus, who live with you in your Nation, who, with great Wisdom, have sent you to block the passage of the Asuras of Shambhala.***

" 'And because we recognize you as Tulku, we will give you the diksha in the svadi[48] Kyilkhor.'

"You can suppose, Neffe, the doubts that the beliefs of the Kaulikas were causing me. I, a Tulku? The truth was that I was feeling myself the manifestation of ***a single Spirit,*** but I could by no means affirm or deny that I was also its ***sole manifestation.*** It had never occurred to me to think of such an unsettling possibility but, in fact, at that moment I was not believing in it. Although I would not have been displeased, for example, to participate as Tulku in the essence of the Führer and thus share in his Destiny of Glory.

"The Guru offered me a cup constructed from a human skull, artistically lined on its interior with silver leaf and studded with emeralds, which was brimming with an unpleasant potion. It was containing ***nang mchod,*** the tantric version of ***soma, amrita,*** or ***mead,*** that is, the elixir of the Rituals of Initiation, the beverage of the Gods (Siddhas) or demigods (Viryas); nang mchod is mainly used in the Ritual of the Five Defiances, for it is made from the five 'forbidden things': five kinds of meat, including human; five fish; five grains; five wines; and five substances connected with sex, such as urine, semen, blood, feces, and marrow.

"I drank it with evident distrust and Guru Visaraga, perhaps to reassure me, expanded a little more in his explanation:

" 'There are many classes of Kyilkhor: of Death, of Liberation, of Enchantment, of Power, etc. And they all require mastery in Mantram Yoga and the perfection in the pronunciation of the magical formulas that ***vivify them.*** That is why there are three degrees or ways to affirm the words of power or ***bījas:*** the ***Vachika Japa,*** which consists in ***shouting*** the ***bījas,*** as ***acoustic orders,*** in the manner of your military "commanding voices"; this is the lowest of the japas and is that which the ϟϟ utilizes to subdue the mastiffs; the ***Upamsu Japa,*** which requires ***expressing*** the bījas without shouting or speaking, as astral or-

48. Initiation in the svadi Kyilkhor, or "Kyilkhor of the dog."

ders; and finally, the highest of the japas is the ***Manasa,*** the effect of which is not causal but synchronistic, that is to say, that it makes the bījas ***charismatically coincide*** with the event that one wants to affect, as ***uncreated orders.*** As the sticks of the *I Ching* ***form*** an uncreated meaning that reveals or uncovers the designs of the Gods, a meaning ***not willed*** by the Gods, a meaning that ***was not*** in destiny, a meaning that emerges by acausal coincidence between the Higher Unknown and the Lower Known, a meaning wrested from the Traitor Gods by the force of the Magi, in the same way the Manasa Japa acts by the sole determination of the Initiates, of those who are beyond Kula and Akula.

" 'You should know, O Shivatulku, that only great Initiates are capable of acquiring mastery in the Upamsu Japa, that of the second level. They are those who possess the ***tulpa*** power, or ***mudratulpa,*** the capacity to grant reality to ordered ideas and to make them arise in the world: with the right Kyilkhor and the right Upamsu Japa, it is possible to make all kinds of material objects appear or to produce an infinity of phenomena. Right here, these daiva dogs that you see, are only ***tulpas*** created by us to demonstrate your Tulku power.

" 'Indeed, do not be astonished; we have mentally created the mastiffs so that you put into practice the superior japa, the Manasa Japa, which is a particular virtue only of the Siddhas or viryas and that the Tulkus naturally possess. The daiva dogs of the tulpamudra are indeed real, but only you, O Shivatulku, can govern them with the japas of the svadi Kyilkhor. The Kaulikas require a dangerous diksha and only achieve to express the Upamsu Japa, but you, who are a Virya, only need that ***we transmit to you the vīryayojanā Power that make it possible to "give life" to the tulpa mental projections, the angkur of the Manasa Japa.*** You are not a Kaulika, but you are a Tantrika; and you already have the power of the Manasa Japa.'

"Next, ***he proceeded to provide me the key to the 49 bījas that were in the corresponding sectors of the Kyilkhor.***

"The 'magical' procedure of control was the following: I was to imagine the grating of the Kyilkhor and situate in each square a bīja or ***word of power;*** and each bīja ***was an order*** that the dogs would automatically obey: one bīja was meaning 'Silence!'; another 'Advance!'; another 'Stop!'; another 'Attack!'; etc., etc., until completing forty-nine.

"Despite my initial skepticism, and to the delight of the monks, I was able to verify that the system was certainly infallible: once I had memorized the Yantra, the dogs became an extension of my own mind and the slightest insinuation from the bījas was enough for them to obey without making a sound, or better said, without barking.

"As that effect was logically surprising, I could not help but question the Guru about the way in which the mental control was being made effective.

" 'For us it is very simple,' he clarified. 'We have plasmated a Kyilkhor similar to this one in the subtle body of each dog and have established an analogical correspondence between each bīja and certain vital or motor functions of both animals. If this were done with only one animal, of any species, the Guru or the Kaulika Initiate would be able to master it without obstacles. But, as I told you before, the pair of daiva dogs is different: they participate in a single dog Archetype and both are normally equilibrated; ***if the mental order is issued "below" the archetypal Plane, one neutralizes the other and it lacks effect; only he who is capable of thinking "above" the archetypal Plane, beyond the Archetype Created by the Gods of Matter, above the relative duality of the manifested and the absolute unity of the unmanifested, can make his will prevail in the action of the daiva dogs.*** Never forget: neither a Master of the Hierarchy nor anyone whose thought is comprised of opposing principles, can stop the daiva dogs!'

"Kula and Akula, Neffe Arturo, were the great-great-grandparents of Yin and Yang, the mastiffs who attacked you when you so furtively entered onto the finca and I took you for an enemy. Like their ancestors, they obey the mental orders of the Yantra and ***both move at the same time,*** perfectly synchronized."

Chapter XXIII

That morning Dr. Palacios removed the cast. My arm was healed but a horrible sensation of weakness was still subsisting that reminded me of the terrible efficacy of the Tibetan dogs. Uncle Kurt's last stories were clarifying everything... while plunging me into a greater Mystery. His Initiation, the mission in Tibet, the Power of the Sign of the Origin, the incredible relationship of his Instructor Konrad Tarstein with Belicena Villca, and the matter of the mastiffs. Yes, everything was clearing up, but at the same time the Mystery of my own existence was growing. At every moment new elements were being incorporated into the context of my life: unknown relatives, remote countries, unknown Doctrines, implacable enemies. But what was I? Of one thing I was now sure: I had never had the slightest chance to escape from history, I had never been free to choose my Destiny, I had never had a shred of free will. It was all illusion, all a farce. I was feeling played, like a chess piece, by inhuman beings who were evidently knowing the rules of the game and the position of the pieces: the board was the Mystery, which I was barely glimpsing, but which I could not see because I was inserted onto it.

I was comprehending that I had to get these pessimistic ideas out of my brain in order to not go mad. And paradoxically, when Uncle Kurt was not making me participate in his narration, I was entertaining myself by observing the daiva dogs, which I was no longer fearing: I was waiting, however, for Uncle Kurt to fulfill his promise to reveal to me the bījas of the Yantra. According to him, I could also control them with my mind.

Chapter XXIV

By this time," continued Uncle Kurt that afternoon, "the three days had passed and an icy dawn saw us leave the monastery en route to Tibet. The caravan was now comprised of the five ϟϟ officers, five of the Kalita porters from Dacca, who accepted the porterage toward Tibet, and ten Kaulika Lopas, experts in Martial Arts and Tantric Magic. The Himalayan crossing was made by a path only known to the monks, which was avoiding any population until well into the Kangri valley but that was climbing to more than 5,000 meters and passing alongside the slope of Kula Kangri, a majestic peak of 7,600 meters.

"Already on the plateau of Tibet, the land of ***Pay-Yul,*** we were having to march straight toward the north; Von Grossen's plan was seeming outlandish at first, although, carefully examined, it was not; and in fact it produced the expected results. It consisted in reaching the banks of the Brahmaputra, which in the Kangri valley runs parallel to the Himalayas, from west to east, and to embark on a raft to navigate on its furious current: the indicated point to descend (if we were not sinking before) would be at 30°N and 95°E where the 'Son of Brahma' river violently twists its course to the south and heads to the Bengal valleys. With such a tactical procedure, we would recover part of the time that Ernst Schäfer's expedition was ahead of us.

"According to Von Grossen's information, Schäfer and his men traveled on the Jung-lam[49] road, which was ending its 2,000-kilometer route in China and only its mail or official Tibetan functionaries were being permitted to use it; traders, on the other hand, were utilizing the Chang-lam road. But Schäfer's operation, backed by the Dalai Lama, was almost an official mission. However, the transit along that path would not be easy because, before reaching Gyaring Lake, seat of the Boundary of Shambhala, dozens of obstacles had to be overcome; to give you an idea, Neffe Arturo, of how rugged those communication routes were, I will tell you that in only 600 kilometers of its route, from Lhasa to Chamdo, the Chang-lam road was crossing more than forty mountain ranges, through

49. Two important roads lead to Lhasa, one called Jung-lam or "official road" (935 miles long), and other the Chang-lam or "northern road" (890 miles).

passes that were rising between 3,000 and 5,500 meters; And that's not counting the innumerable torrents and rivers, often lacking bridges, that were briskly flowing through the intermediate valleys.

"At Chamdo, Schäfer's caravan would depart from the official road and take a pilgrim lama path, parallelly opened to the right bank of the Mekong River, which would take the travelers directly to Gyaring Lake. Once there, they would head toward the Monastery, or ***Gompa,*** of the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet, of the Duskha tribe, Guardians of the Boundary of Shambhala. That Monastery, known since Antiquity as 'Jafran Ashram' and that we burned down, was behind the city wall of the Duskhas, a people of Tibetan race famous for the variety of saffron, or kurkuma, that they were cultivating, from which they were extracting a narcotic drug of Ritual use and a dye with which they were staining the bonnets or tiaras of their lamas. If all was going well, that is, after they had accepted the Necessary Victim and ***opened the Boundary,*** the expedition would continue its journey to the vicinity of Lake Kokonor,[50] where exists one of the southern extremes of the Great Wall of China and also, ***or precisely for that reason,*** one of the Gates of Chang Shambhala. Our strategy, of course, was requiring that we caught up with Ernst Schäfer before his arrival at the Jafran Ashram, otherwise we would have irremediably lost Oskar Feil.

"In any case, the operation we were going to carry out had been meticulously studied by Von Grossen and Schmidt, and, although the anxiety to rescue Oskar was filling me with impatience, I had no other alternative but to trust that they were right. Thus, while Schäfer's expedition was heading toward the staggered plateaus of Eastern Tibet, crossed by dozens of mountain ranges that were extending from north to south and many other linked valleys, we were advancing at maximum velocity toward the plain of the Gangri Valley heading north, procuring to arrive as soon as possible at the Yarlung Zangbo river or Upper Brahmaputra. By that river, we would only sail four hundred kilometers but, according to Von Grossen's estimation, in four or five days we would cover a distance that, by land, along the Jung-lam road, was requiring a time five times longer.

50. Qinghai Lake

"At a prearranged point on the coast, two sturdily built rafts were awaiting us, capable of transporting 10 persons and a ton of cargo each: more than enough to cover our necessities. The Kaulikas had arranged for them and the price was high, for they had to be paid for the trip to Sadiya and the cost of the tugboats that would bring them back to the Upper Brahmaputra.

"The skillful boatmen, stimulated by the promise of extra remuneration, or frightened by the dangerousness of the Kaulika monks, were deftly steering the rafts down the center of the channel, taking maximum advantage of the river's speed. And while the mighty current was rapidly bringing me closer to the objective of the mission, I was admiringly contemplating one of the most extraordinary landscapes on Earth, only comparable, to a lesser extent, to the plateau of Tiahuanaco in America. Because that 'Son of Brahma' river, which was longitudinally furrowing a cold valley situated at 4,000 meters of height, had its banks guarded by two mountain ranges as famous for the elevation of their mountains as for that of the concepts that it was owing to the most ancient religions of humanity: to the right was stretching the Himalayas, in of which system the Asiatic tradition affirms that Mount Meru, the Olympus of the Indians, is found; and to the left were rising the Kangri mountains, a range that culminates in the west with Mount Kailash, the Abode of Shiva.

"A week later we were on our way toward Yushu, in the NW, trying to accelerate the journeys through the acquisition of yaks, as there was an itinerary of passes and openings that was allowing us to advance by such animals. After traveling through an uninterrupted series of small valleys, crossing numerous mountain ranges, crossing the mighty Salween River and many other minor torrents, we arrived one day on the banks of the Mekong, about 80 kilometers from Chamdo. By this time, the Kaulikas had already found out that Schäfer's expedition was only fifteen days ahead of us: not much time for those latitudes where the duration of travel was being measured in months; a lot if it was a matter of saving Oskar Feil's life.

"Fortunately, good weather accompanied us throughout the journey and it would stay that way until the end. We passed to the right bank of the Mekong and took the Path of the Lamas, in the hope of shortening the distance that was separating us

from Schäfer, marching faster than his column and only stopping to rest. Anyway, progress was slow until exasperation, for the famous 'Path' consisted of a narrow and elevated roadway that was barely letting the yaks pass, which we often were having to unload. Somewhere on that path, at an altitude of more than 4,000 meters, we crossed the Chinese border. At last we arrived in Yushu, finding that the other group of Westerners had abandoned the city ten days before. The news, instead of cheering us for the time gained, made us despair, because that city was a point included on the Chang-lam path, through which most of Tibet's trade with China was being channeled and along which one could transit quite quickly.

"Since the previous year, July of 1937, China was suffering the invasion of the Japanese, who were already dominating Korea and Formosa since the war with Russia in 1905. In those days at the end of 1938, Japan had conquered Manchuria and the entire southern coast, threatening to extend toward the interior: Canton, Nanking, Shanghai, Peking, etc., had fallen into its power; with a formidable pincer movement they were now procuring to occupy the enormous strip between the Yangtze-kiang and Huang Ho rivers, that is to say, between the Blue and Yellow rivers. Social decomposition was reigning in the country, and, in the regions that the Japanese were not yet controlling, civil war had broken out with singular violence.

"Yushu, situated on the western border, was far from the Japanese, but not from the civil war. There was quite a lot of unrest in the city and it was by no means convenient to make ourselves too visible, so we stayed hidden in the house of a Kaulika family. They were those who provided us with information about the ten days of lead that the German expedition was ahead by.

"It would be impossible to reach them traveling by caravan as before. According to Von Grossen, only one alternative was left to us: to separate ourselves from the cargo, and to go forward on horseback; the five Germans and eight monks would carry out the advance, while two Lopas would remain to guard the five Kalitas, the daiva dogs, the yaks with their cargo, and the recently incorporated ***zhos,*** which are the hybrid male product of the crossbreeding of the yak with the cow. Following this variant of the plan, the Kaulikas acquired the largest specimens of small Tibetan horses that they managed to obtain, and each one took the minimum provisions for ten days,

since on that traders' road, villages and resting and provisioning posts were frequently alternating. The greatest weight we were having to transport was our weapons, for which we allocated two horses.

"That same day we left from Yushu, having slept only a few hours in shifts. The next day we forded the Yangtze-kiang or Blue River and found the best road after forty days of travel, giving the horses, from then on, considerable speed.

"I suppose that to an experienced officer like Karl von Grossen, it had not escaped his attention in Yushu that we would never catch up with Schäfer before Gyaring Lake if he was ten days ahead of us. He undoubtedly procured to gratify my wish of rescuing Oskar Feil alive in the best possible way, perhaps secretly trusting in the probability that, for some imponderable reason, our pursuers would stop more than necessary at some point on their route. But no such thing occurred and they held the lead long enough to arrive at the Jafran Ashram, hand over Oskar Feil, and set off again for Lake Kokonor.

"When the Chang-lam road crosses the Huang Ho, or Yellow River, which successively forms the Gyaring and Ngoring lakes, it is only about 20 kilometers from the west bank of the former. Next to that bridge, we encountered a man who immediately got the attention of the Kaulikas monks: he was one of the spies whom the Kaula Circle had infiltrated into Schäfer's expedition and who was just escaping from a certain death at the hands of the Duskhas. From him we learned that the Germans had left the Ashram three days earlier, guided by Master Djual Khul, a hierarchical member of the White Brotherhood, who would lead them to the Shambhala Gate of Kokonor.

"According to the account of the valorous Tibetan, Ernst Schäfer sent Oskar Feil in advance, so that he explored the region of the Jafran Ashram. As soon as he left, he was captured by the Duskhas, who confined him in a temple dedicated to the Cult of Rigden Jyepo, where he would be sacrificed only four days later, when the moon made its transition to the waning quarter. Oskar was still alive! Unexpectedly, we now had precious time to study the rescue.

"Naturally, everything had been planned by Schäfer in combination with the Duskhas: in order to avoid the awkward position of openly handing Oskar over, he made him fall into

an infamous trap, to such an effect that the latter was unaware that he was betrayed by his Leader. But it would not be Oskar whom Ernst Schäfer was intending to deceive, since he would die anyway, but some German officers who were evidently unaware of his plans. The scoundrel was thus ensuring a brilliant alibi, as they would report upon their return to Germany that 'Kamerad Oskar Feil had gone missing in action,' in the course of Operation ***Altwesten!***

"This was what shortened the expedition's stay at the Ashram, for Schäfer was not wanting to run the risk that the deceived would by chance discover that Oskar was a prisoner of the Duskhas. Precisely, with the complicity of the Duskhas, who hypocritically lent themselves to the farce, eighteen of his Comrades searched the whole area inch by inch for two days trying to find him. Apparently, only four officers were sharing Schäfer's secret objectives.

"The efficacy of that Kaulika to spy on Schäfer was coming from the fact that he was not a mere Tibetan porter, although he acted as such by order of his Gurus, but a South African of Nepalese origin who was perfectly understanding English, German, and Dutch. His family, of the Gurkha Race, that is to say, Indo-Aryan, deserted during the Boer War and took refuge in German territories, finally fleeing to Bhutan after 1918, when Germany was stripped of its colonies. Both he, whose name was Bangi, as his brother Gangi, were entrusted as children to the care of the Kaulika monks, who initiated them in Tantra and finally stationed them in Lhasa, as secret agents at the service of the Dharmaraja of Bhutan. There they managed to be hired by Schäfer, who took them for Sherpas, without noticing the difference of Race. But they were not Sherpas but two Gurkha warriors who were professing a fundamental hatred toward the English and who were patiently awaiting a new British war in order to enlist themselves on the opposing side.

"The spies were able to hear the demands that the traitor was making to the Lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet and heard how Master Djual Khul was intervening in his favor, agreeing to cross the Boundary of Shambhala as soon as possible. They also learned of the existence of 'an offering to Rigden Jyepo' by Ernst Schäfer and realized that Oskar Feil had been handed over by means of a stratagem. Since their Kaulika companions were not arriving in time to prevent the sacrifice, they would

try to find out where the prisoner was in order to provide him with help, something very difficult in that village inhabited by 2,000 Duskhas and 500 Lamas.

"Both brothers devoted themselves to observing the surroundings of the Monastery with the utmost care, correctly presuming that the prisoner had been locked up at a different site from which the expeditionaries were occupying. In effect, they found that one of the exterior Temples, situated on an islet of Gyaring Lake, was closed and watched over by armed guards.

"They communicated the news to the German spies in the SD, requesting their support in order to uncover the maneuver and free Oskar Feil. The response of one of them, a typical response of a Western secret agent, took the Gurkhas' breath away:

" 'We informed Germany of the plans Schäfer had for Oskar Feil months in advance, and the orders that we received were clear and conclusive, as you well know: "to await special reinforcements that will prevent Ernst Schäfer from concretizing Operation ***Altwesten.*** Signed: Heydrich, Himmler, Hitler." ' That is to say that nothing was indicated to us regarding Oskar Feil. We were very fond of our Comrade and felt very sorry about his fate, but in such cases the regulations of the Secret Service prevent us from acting on our own initiative, since it has been established with absolute precision that the priority of our mission is Operation ***Altwesten.*** The rescue of Oskar Feil conspires against the discretion that we must maintain until the end of Operation ***Altwesten,*** besides contradicting express orders and constituting a suicidal action, after which it is most likely that there will be three instead of one victim sacrificed by these savages. We, in synthesis, will do nothing and request that you proceed in the same manner, for there is still a long way to go and we need your help to send information through Tibet.'

"The Gurkhas assured to the satisfaction of the ϟϟ that they would not intervene, but upon discussing the case among themselves they concluded that the orders of the Germans were not reaching them in the same manner as the vows made to Shiva to combat treason and cowardice. What was the infraction to a cold bureaucratic rule meaning in the face of the wrath of Shiva, who was punishing the poor warriors by preventing them access to the Supreme Shakti? And had they not

sworn to combat the members of the White Brotherhood to the death? Their duties as spies of the Dharmaraja, authorized by the Kaula Circle, was dispensing them from many religious obligations, but to allow that a human victim be sacrificed in holocaust to the leader of the White Brotherhood was beyond measure. No Siddha could justify that sin and they would surely be punished in the Bardo. No. If for the Germans the priority was to arrive at the Gate of Shambhala, the abode of the Demons, for them the priority was the Kula, the manifestation of the Divine Shakti. And the Kula would be lost if they were not acting as authentic Akula warriors. They would be taking a risk, then, in order to help Oskar Feil.

"On the second and last night that Schäfer's group would spend at the Jafran Ashram, the Gurkhas decided to act. Without hesitation, they slid into the icy waters of Gyaring Lake and were silently swimming around the islet to emerge at the back part of the Temple. The sentinels had noticed nothing. They quickly climbed up to a skylight in the shape of a six-pointed star that, by facing east during the day, was allowing that the sun's rays illuminated the enormous statue of Rigden Jyepo, but that, on the exact day of the summer solstice, was directing the sunlight directly at the Heart of the King of the World. Fortunately, that horrible opening, which was taken advantage of by Gangi, was allowing the passage of a man to descend by throwing a rope toward the interior; his brother would remain on guard on the exterior cornice.

"Once inside, he found that the Temple was illuminated by torches, and that, tightly bound with ropes of hemp, Oskar Feil was sleeping on the sacrificial stone. In front of him, the Chief of the Lords of Karma was anticipatingly enjoying the ***yajnavirya*** of his pain, as the intruder thought with a shudder, upon observing the rictus and diabolical gaze of the sinister sculpture. But he saw something else: in the interior was also a guard. It consisted of four Duskhas, although they were at quite a distance, next to the only door of the Temple: two were sleeping on a mat, while the other two were animatedly chatting. The Gurkha began to stealthily crawl, trying to make it so that the sacrificial stone intercepted the Duskha's vision and carrying in his mouth a sharp dagger to cut the bindings.

"Momentarily hidden behind the stone altar, the Kaulika Gurkha gently sat up and watched, over Oskar's body, the behavior of the Duskhas: they were still completely distracted,

now engaged in playing dice. He slid a hand over Oskar's face and tightly pressed it against his mouth, with the purpose of preventing that he spoke or emitted some unnecessary sound upon awakening. However, in spite of shaking him with singular violence, the prisoner was not coming to. He finally opened his eyes, but Gangi saw that they were white, with his pupils rolled back, and he realized with dismay that the German was suffering from the effects of a narcotic.

"Nothing could be done, except to retreat and abandon the Temple. Shiva would know how to forgive the one who had at least risked his life to rescue the victim of the Demons. But it was clear that the Gods arranged another Destiny for the Gurkha; when removing his hand from Oskar's mouth, believing him completely unconscious, the unthinkable occurred: he let out a high-pitched wail and convulsed for an instant, to immediately fall into the previous fainting spell.

"The body went inert again, but it was already too late: the sentinels were running toward the altar, hurling exclamations. The Gurkha jumped on the first one and stabbed him, but then had to surrender facing the threat of two dissuasive rifles. Another guard opened the door of the Temple and soon there was an angry crowd of Duskhas surrounding the intruder. If Gangi had had the weapons of the Kaulika warriors he would have presented a better fight, but given the role of porter that he was playing in the expedition, the most that he could carry was that knife hidden in his clothes. In that terrible moment, the only thing he wished was that his brother managed to flee.

"And his wish was fulfilled, for the other Gurkha swiftly descended from the cornice and entered into the lake, reaching the shore without being seen. Hiding behind a small wall that was following the contour of the beach, he observed how minutes later Ernst Schäfer was arriving, accompanied by two of his most faithful collaborators and six lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet. His brother's fate was sealed.

"In case of being captured, both agreed on declaring that the raid on the Temple was solely for the purpose of robbery: 'they were supposing that in the Temple,' they would say, 'would be objects of value that could be stolen from the custody of the Duskhas in order to then trade them in China or India, thus producing a favorable change in the lives of two poor Sherpas.' They would be executed, of course, for the sacrilege committed and, especially, because Schäfer could not

leave witnesses to Oskar Feil's presence in the Temple. But the version of the robbery would dispel their suspicions and not endanger the task of the German spies.

"Now one of the Gurkhas, Bangi, was free, but there was no room to raise hopes about the fate that his brother would suffer: he would be assassinated to prevent him from talking and to thus present his cadaver to the rest of the expedition, affirming that he was killed when being caught ***red-handed*** committing a robbery in a temple, not that of Rigden Jyepo's, but another to which his cadaver would be transported.

"He was not mistaken, for after a while two guards came out carrying Gangi's lifeless body, followed by the Germans and the lamas: by the light of the moon, he could see his neck severed from ear to ear, and he had to grit his teeth to avoid a cry of pain. He consoled himself thinking that his brother was possessing the Kula and that he would soon dance the dance of immortality alongside Shiva.

" 'Kaly, O Kaly:' he mentally invoked, 'communicate to me thy Power of Death, turn me into ***Shindje shed,***[51] the Lord of Death, into ***Dorje Jikje,*** the Lord of Terror, into ***Shiva Bhairava;*** grant me, O Parvati, the Honor of avenging the blood of my brother, thy faithful servant; help me to regain the Kshatriya dignity; transform me into ***Kalybala,*** the Force that destroyeth the Enemies of thy Kula Path; put into my hands a Triśūla, the Trident of Shiva, a Vajra, the Thunderbolt of Indra, and a Gandiva, the Bow of Arjuna, with Isudhi, his two quivers of arrows that never misseth the target!'

"While he was praying that way to the Black Goddess, the Gurkha was feverishly swimming to get away from the cursed Jafran Ashram, aware that he would soon be sought as his brother's accomplice and condemned to the same execution.

"Once outside the walls, he climbed a nearby mountain from where he observed the hurried departure of the expedition the following morning.

" 'The Germans,' Bangi thought, 'were now making up a retinue of Demons. Together with Schäfer, in effect, were Master Djual Khul and the ***Kushok*** of the Gompa, a kind of Tibetan Abbot, as well as four lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet.'

"At that moment, he realized that he had two alternatives: either to follow the caravan at a distance, risking to die of

51. Yamantaka

hunger and cold in a few days; or to return to the Chang-lam road and await the announced reinforcements, then risking to lose the trail of the expedition, since the Boundary of Shambhala was signifying the entrance onto a secret path, which was perhaps crossing unknown dimensions of Space or extending into other Worlds. Nevertheless, he opted for the latter variant, only three days having passed since he was by the Huang Ho bridge.

Chapter XXV

Such was, more or less, the story that the Gurkha told us. I believe that to Von Grossen, as to his spies in the expedition, Operation ***Altwesten*** was more important to him than the life of Oskar Feil. According to his orders, orders that were subscribed by the highest authorities of the Third Reich, but which I was unaware, were coming from the 'éminences grises' of the regime, among them Konrad Tarstein, it was an absolute priority 'to make contact with Schäfer's expedition,' 'to get Kurt von Übermann to incorporate himself into it.' That is to say, if it had been up to Von Grossen, we ought to have abandoned Oskar to his fate and concentrated on following in Schäfer's footsteps: that was the best strategy to fulfill the orders. But the life of Oskar Feil was mattering more to me than the blessed orders, and I would not move from there until having obtained his freedom.

"Paradoxically, the 'key' of Operation First Key was I, my ***voluntary*** collaboration to divert Operation ***Altwesten*** from its occult objectives. And my collaboration was demanding, now, the prior release of Oskar Feil. Therefore, displaying great pragmatism, Von Grossen accepted the facts without arguing and prepared to plan the rescue.

"The five Germans, the eight Lopa monks, and the Gurkha monk, camped in a narrow glen, away from the main road but situated barely five kilometers from the Jafran Ashram. There Von Grossen interrogated the Gurkha for hours about the details of the enemy plaza, finally elaborating a plan of operations in which we were all in agreement. Basically, the strategy would be the following: ***the rescue would take place in the middle of a surprise attack.***

"According to local traditions, the first thing that man worshiped in that place was the islet where was later erected the Temple consecrated to Rigden Jyepo. A popular legend was assuring that in remote Epochs, Jagannath, the King of the World, the Hogmin Dorje Chang, had left Shambhala in order to travel the World under his Crane Aspect. Upon his return, he chose that half-sunken crag in Gyaring Lake to rest before embarking on the last leg of his journey to Chang Shambhala. The myth tells that on the beach, which was joined to the is-

land by a thin stone corridor, was a Holy Lama named Dusk[52] who, taking pity on the exhausted bird, approached to feed it with the only thing that he had at hand: a sack of kurkuma flowers. Grateful, the Blessed Lord decided to reward Dusk by making him the father of a people of worshipers of the King of the World and granting them, to all the Initiates who emerged from his Stirp, the guardianship of the Boundary of Shambhala, which was precisely starting on that sacred island.

"Another version of the legend, undoubtedly more ancient, was affirming that the Divine Crane had loved the Dusk lama and was wishing to give him descendants before departing. The problem was residing in that the Crane was a male specimen, of the same sex as the lama, so there would be no possible fertilization. Then the Shambhala Crane, which in this story was fed by the blood of the lama, remembered that only intercourse with a male naga serpent is capable of achieving the miracle of procreation between members of the same sex. Still on the islet of Gyaring Lake, the Crane mentally activated his Dorje of Power, which was on the King of the World's Throne in Chang Shambhala, and transformed the lama into a male naga serpent. Then they ardently mated, leaving the Rigden Jyepo Crane pregnant by the naga serpent. After that homosexual act, before departing, the Divine Crane laid two saffron-colored eggs.

"Subsequently incubated by the Dusk lama, under the Naga Serpent Aspect, both eggs bore a pair of hybrid twins, one-third Crane, one-third man, and one-third serpent, who would be the Great Ancestors of the Duskhas.

"It should not be surprising, then, that with such a belief they claimed their kinship with the King of the World and converted themselves into his most fanatical worshipers, demanding from anyone who attempted to cross the Boundary of Shambhala the pain offering of a human victim, a welcome gift for the one who holds the titles of 'Father of Human Pain,' 'Lord of the Lords of Karma,' and 'Supreme Master of the Kalachakra.'

"Since then, the Duskhas, people descendent from the mythical Dusk, zealously looked after the region and built the Rigden Jyepo Temple on the 'White Island,' thus called in memory of Chang Svetadvipa, the 'White Island of the North,'

52. ***Dusk*** means ***Pain***. The Duskhas were constituting "the family of Dusk," that is, the Sons of Pain.

invisible to human eyes and seat of the Gate of Shambhala, the Mansion of the Bodhisattvas. With the passing of the centuries, the people of the Duskhas grew, as well as the number of their community of lamas, seeing themselves obligated to erect the enormous Gompa Jafran Ashram, which they surrounded with beautiful Pagodas, dedicated to the cult of various Deities of the White Brotherhood. The island, with its Temple, was very close to the western shore of the lake; opposite to it, the Monastery with its ring of Pagodas was erected on the mainland; and further back, forming a wide semicircle that was covered and at the same time protecting the group of religious buildings, was the village of the Duskhas.

"The Huang Ho, or Yellow River, has always constituted in that region a triple border between the Kingdoms of Tibet, Mongolia, and China. For thousands of years the invading armies, coming from this or that Kingdom, passed by the Jafran Ashram, frequently respecting its status as a religious community but on some occasions attempting to occupy the village or subjecting it to sacking. That reality forced the Duskhas to fortify the plaza, constructing an elevated stone wall in the shape of a 'U,' which was going from shore to shore of Gyaring Lake: at the opening of the 'U,' facing the open space on the lake between the ends of the wall, was the White Island with the Temple and the prisoner that we were procuring to liberate.

"And at the base of the 'U,' which was the front of the walled city, was an enormous wooden gate, framed by two elevated towers that were serving as watchtowers, permanently occupied by armed lookouts. In the two angles of the 'U' were also towers with their respective sentinels.

"It is good to clarify that such security measures had arisen by force of circumstances, that is to say, by the necessity to protect the Temples and the Ashram from possible invaders, since the Duskhas, despite their ferocity for the Ritual Sacrifice, were absolutely lacking warrior vocation. They were, however, a people of born Priests, whose members were entering, from an early age, into the practice of the Cult and were always living ascetically, displaying an ultramontane rigorism. Not only were they not warriors, but war was causing in them an essential horror, and they were imagining it as an effect of human error, of the blindness of man, who was not seeing, as they were, the Goodness of the Creator Gods of the Universe.

"Their firearms were reduced to a scant hundred Martini-Henry rifles from the nineteenth century and six small pieces of fixed artillery, mounted on the towers of the wall: they were completely lacking handguns. On the other hand, the cutlery was abundant and varied, and they were handling it with regular dexterity.

"To these material deficiencies was being added the scarce strategic vision of those wretches, who had quartered the totality of their garrison, about one hundred troops, in two barracks situated on both sides of the main gate. Evidently, the whole weight of their defense was being based more on psychological factors than real ones, that is to say, that they were trusting in the dissuasion of their walls, and the scarce plunder that was behind them, to discourage possible attackers. The artillery pieces themselves were rather representing a dissuasive object than a real danger for the besiegers, since they would hardly function: and that is, if the ideal conditions of dry powder, ammunition, and fuse were present, and if these elements were placed in the correct way.

"In synthesis, as the region was tranquil for the moment, and they had no reason to suspect any attack, the guard was reduced to its minimum expression: one man at each tower, that is to say, six watchmen; two at the main gate and one behind each of the other four side doors, that is, six more guards; another six guards at the Temple of the White Island, two outside and four inside; and forty troops sleeping in each of the barracks, but ready to come out at the slightest alarm.

"That night, Kaly would make the Gurkha's prayers a reality. It would not be the strikes of Shiva's Trident, or the Fire of Indra's Thunderbolt, or the certainty of Arjuna's arrows, but Bangi's vengeance would be instrumented by means of other similar powers: the strikes of the bullets from our rifles, the fire of the grenades, and the certainty of the arrows of the Lopas.

For the number of troops that he was counting, the formation that Von Grossen was commanding was hardly a squadron; but, for combat morale and the awareness of its own strength, it had to be qualified as a phalanx or legion. A legion, one would say, because of its great mobility for blitzkrieg. From the outset, we would attack divided: Von Grossen would lead the bulk of the squadron, while a team led by me would operate in the Temple. In a second phase of the plan, the

squadron would bifurcate into two platoons, to then all reunite, at a prefixed point, and execute the retreat.

"Only the Germans would go to the assault supplied with firearms: a Luger pistol and a Schmeisser submachine gun per head, plus two of the obsolete Mauser 1914 rifles, which would be seen what use they were going to serve. In those days, the 9mm Schmeisser were secret weapons, and only an Elite corps like ours had been permitted to carry them outside of Germany. We were counting on fifty magazines with thirty rounds each, but I would only carry two, leaving the rest for my Comrades who would sustain the bulk of the attack. Naturally, we were all carrying the ϟϟ Knight's dagger, with the legend 'Blut und Ehre' carved into the blade.

"The Kaulika warriors, for their part, were using three kinds of weapons: bow and arrows, scimitar, and dagger. As I said before, those monks were experts in martial arts, and their archery skills were unrivaled in Tibet, where no one was hesitating in attributing a magical power to their arrows and it was being affirmed that they could hit the bull's eye by day as well as by night, with their eyes open or blindfolded, etc. They were all carrying fifty arrows, not one more or one less, in a quiver that they let hang against their right leg: each arrow corresponding to one of the skulls of Kaly's necklace and that is why one of the letters of the sacred Aryan alphabet was engraved on its shaft. The scimitar was a short sword, about 80 centimeters long, with a single-edged blade, curved, convexly truncated and edged, and widened at that end; the crossguard was protecting the fist with two quillons that were imitating the eagle's talon, and the hilt, made of black ivory, had an exquisitely chiseled pommel, which was representing the Face of Kaly as Mrtyu, Death. The scimitar, sheathed, was hanging from a swordbelt on the left side. And finally, in a small scabbard, fastened by the sash, was the dagger with a flamed blade and ivory hilt, similar in size to the medieval ***Panzerbrecher*** or its contemporary ***'Misericorde.'***

"The members of the Kaula Circle were calling Shiva in their Tantra, ***'Rudra'***, a word that was emerging from the contraction and agglutination of ***Ru*** and ***Duskha,*** and that was meaning ***'He who destroys Pain.'*** Shiva was thus the Enemy of Pain, or the Enemy of Dusk; and His disciples, by extension, would be the Enemies of the Duskhas. I make this clear, Neffe, because I could not fail to consider, in the balance of one's ar-

mament, the profound hatred that the Kaulikas were experiencing for the Duskhas, as an important tactical element in their favor. The Kaulikas were regarding the Duskhas as little less than vampires who were living on human pain, and were psychologically predisposed to act with maximum rigor against 'the family of Dusk': Shiva Rudra would approve and reward the valorous demonstration of His Kshatriya Kaulikas.

"The sun went down behind the formidable Bayan-Kara mountain range and the night, impenetrable due to the scarce lunar light of the waning quarter, descended over Gyaring Lake. At zero hours, we left the well-secured horses one kilometer before the Jafran Ashram and began to advance on foot, carrying the material necessary for the attack. This had been set for one sharp, the hour at which the two groups were to be at their posts.

"The Gurkha, knowing the way toward the Temple, one of the Lopas, and I, would be in charge of rescuing Oskar, at the exact moment at which Von Grossen and the others would initiate the frontal attack. The surprise was the determinant factor of the success of our Strategy and that is why we were moving with extreme caution.

"At a quarter to one, and about three hundred meters from the watchtower, we entered into the lake. We were three Initiates and knew how to release the heat of the igneous Kundalini energy to avoid freezing, but without any doubt, in that aquatic environment of high mountains, the Kaulikas were ahead of me: the Hatha yoga practices of the ϟϟ were mainly focused on resisting, with the naked body, the low and dry temperatures of the Bavarian Alps. Thus, I was still shivering from the cold, when we arrived at the White Island a few minutes later, without the Duskhas hearing us.

"At the back of the Temple, the three of us invaders climbed up to the starry opening through which the unfortunate Gangi entered four days earlier. It was almost one in the morning. From then on we had to act with mathematical precision, for there was the possibility that the interior guards might try to kill Oskar upon recovering from the surprise of the attack.

"At five seconds past one, with Germanic exactitude, a powerful exterior explosion vibrated the Temple and left the guards paralyzed with terror. At that instant, while Hell was breaking loose outside, I jumped from the window, rolled across the floor in the direction of the altar, brusquely stopped,

and with a single blast from the Schmeisser I got rid of the four guards. The four received bullets in the back and died without knowing what was happening, finished off against the door of the Temple toward which they were turned. The horrible idol, behind which I had taken cover in case the door was opened and other guards entered, was now receiving a fairer offering than Oskar Feil.

"The Kaulikas, who arrived seconds later at the altar, took care of cutting the ties and removing the gag that was preventing Oskar, whose narcotic wore off, from speaking.

" 'Kurt! Kurt von Übermann!' he shouted in a daze. 'Is it really you or am I dreaming?'

" 'It's me, it's me!' I impatiently affirmed. 'Prepare yourself, because we have to get out of here as soon as possible. I'll explain everything to you later.'

"Poor Oskar couldn't stand up.

"For seven days, they kept him tied down on the altar and only fed him enough so that he arrived alive on the day of his execution. The Lopa and I each put a shoulder under each of his arms and retreated to the back of the Temple, hoisting him up in the air. Meanwhile, the Gurkha was pressing his ear to the door and, when not noticing any danger, made sure with his dagger that the guards were good and dead.

"In truth, we could have exited through the door of the Temple, since the exterior guards ran toward the village upon hearing the explosions; but we did not know it then, and were not wanting to risk sustaining an unequal combat. What we did, instead, was climb, the four of us, through the window: first, the Lopa climbed up; then Oskar, standing on my shoulders, received help and went to the exterior cornice; and, finally, Bangi and I climbed up.

We surrounded the Temple and found that the front was unguarded. We then crossed the corridor that was joining the White Island with the beach and we hid behind the small wall to observe, fifty meters ahead, what was happening at the Monastery. In the following minutes, we would meet with our Comrades again!

Chapter XXVI

The surrounding wall had been stripped of rocks, so they had to crawl fifty meters. At five minutes to one, Von Grossen, the three SS officers, and three Lopas, were clinging to the ground twenty meters from the main gate. The remaining four monks were in charge of eliminating the lookouts, deployed in positions suitable for that purpose.

"Their action was very swift and the lookouts 'saw nothing' when the Lopas emerged from the earth with the speed of the cobra, down on one knee, and shot four arrows. Four arrows in the night, four sure targets! One would say that those sacred arrows sought the heart of the worshipers of the Lord of Shambhala.

"Von Grossen and his group then ran in the direction of the gate, joining two of the archers; the other two were marching, separately, to liquidate the sentinels of the far towers of the wall, those that were on the waters of the lake. They all pressed themselves to the wall, while Kloster and Hans were fastening, to the hinges and locks, the four demolition petards. The main entrance to the village was guarded by a heavy and enormous single-leaf gate, constructed of assembled boards and covered with iron fittings that were totally covering the cracks. It was certainly a strong barricade, which would have withstood more than one battering ram charge, but certainly ineffective in modern warfare, in the face of artillery or bombs like those that we placed. Kloster looked at the time: two minutes to one; then he ignited the two-minute delayed detonator and pressed himself against the wall, beside Von Grossen.

"Psychologically, two minutes can last an instant or an eternity, especially if there is the possibility that one dies at the end of them. The Germans, to avoid thinking about anything that was not combat, dedicated themselves to verify that the submachine guns had the safety off; in order to make sure for the umpteenth time that the magazines would easily come to hand, from the canvas cartridge compartments; and to ensure that the stick grenades would slide out of the belt and from the throat of the boots without problems. Thus, for the Germans, the two minutes were closer to the instant than to eternity. The Kaulikas, on the other hand, remained absolutely motionless,

with the mind concentrated on the infinite unity of the Kula. For them, who had divested themselves of the awareness of duration, the two minutes were akin to Eternity.

"But they all equally ran when the bombs exploded. And, literally speaking, ***they tired themselves out from killing***.

"The charges, distributed with singular expertise, completely blew off the main gate and destroyed it, scattering the pieces around for dozens of meters. The smoke from the entrance had not yet dissipated and already Von Grossen and Heinz were stood in front of the only two gates of the barracks.

"A great confusion was reigning inside, and only a small few managed to take up their weapon and try to get out; but such a reaction came too late to save their lives. Kloster and Heinz were running around the barracks since a minute before, throwing the grenades through the embrasures: at the fifth grenade, simultaneously, both hovels began to crumble. Desperate, those who were miraculously unharmed, were struggling to gain access to the doors and get out, only to fall over the cadavers of their predecessors, struck down by the inclement bursts of the Schmeissers. Not a single one escaped that mortal trap.

"When no more guards were appearing at the doors, Von Grossen gave an order and two Kaulikas penetrated into the ruins and dedicated themselves to finishing off the wounded and survivors with accurate stabs. The ***Standartenführer*** consulted his wristwatch with its luminescent hands: eight past one. In only eight minutes, and without giving them time to fire a shot, the three ϟϟ officers exterminated the Duskha garrison!

"From the main entrance, and up to the spacious plaza where the Monastery stood, was running a wide avenue, 300 meters long, along which Von Grossen had planned the next advance. Except for the two Lopas who were left outside, and whose mission consisted of climbing the towers, the Kaulikas were entrusted to 'clear' the way for the Germans. With that purpose in mind, as soon as the gate blew up, three of them headed directly toward there, brandishing their scimitars and, with notably mastery, slit the throats of all the Duskhas who crossed their path. The distance had been divided up and each one was going back and forth for about a hundred meters, delivering blows left and right. The first to die were, of course, the inhabitants of the houses facing the avenue, and who

committed the irreparable error of going out into the street when hearing the explosions: the elderly, men, women, children, the Kaulika scimitar was sparing no one. After ten past one, when the two Lopas, who were returning from finishing off the wounded from the garrison, were summing them up, the bodies of dozens of entire families were lying lifeless in the vicinity of their dwellings.

"But, at that point of the events, after the explosion of the bombs, the grenades, and the submachine gun fire, chaos was master of the Duskha village. In the midst of the infernal shouting, a multitude of disconcerted people were converging on that street, some in order to arrive at the walls, and others to make their way toward the Monastery. And although many were coming armed with daggers and sabers, and were offering a fleeting resistance to the Kaulika monks, the latter were inexorably cutting short their miserable lives.

"When the four ϟϟ officers marched off at a run toward the Monastery, the avenue had turned into a river of blood. But the road was effectively 'clear.' They fired only a few rounds when passing, over the crowd that was flowing through the side alleyways. Behind them the Kaulikas also advanced, admirably fulfilling their function of ensuring the mobility of the Germans.

"At ten past one, while the Germans were marching down the avenue, the two Lopa archers returned from the exterior and climbed up a stone stairway to the towers that were guarding the destroyed entrance gate. There they separated: one would take the corridor on the left and the other on the right, corridors that were connecting all the towers to each other and that were consisting of narrow projecting platforms, peripherally distributed on the interior side of the wall. In each tower there was a primitive stove, which was now useless to heat the definitively frozen bodies of the guards. The Kaulikas, from the first towers, were observing the conglomerate of houses that were compactly spread out in a strip of three hundred meters wide, parallel to the wall. Utilizing the different towers, it was possible to take in every detail, block, alley, house, or Temple, of the Duskha village.

"They had spent the previous day making the flaming arrows. It was not difficult: it was enough to wind a woolen thread soaked in a mixture of combustible oil and sugar on the tips of the common arrows. They had one hundred of those

arrows because, according to Von Grossen, no more were required; the important thing, the ***Standartenführer*** explained, was not the quantity of arrows but the quality of the selected targets and the degree of accuracy of the shots. According to said tactic, the Kaulikas chose the hundred targets one by one, procuring to aim at flammable materials such as wood and cloth.

"Doors, windows, canopies, curtains, sacks of food, forage piles, and looms assembled under wide corridors, began little by little to take on different categories of combustion. In some places, the flames soon exceeded the height of the houses and sparks invaded the vicinity; the fire inexorably spread and the blaze became general.

"When the two Kaulikas reached the final towers, at twenty past one, the Duskha village had been transformed into a gigantic bonfire. The uncontrolled mobs were mostly trying to escape from the suffocating heat and get to the lake or outside the walls. The sentinels of the side gates, trapped between the flames and the crowd, cleared away and were unable to prevent the passing of hundreds of terrified villagers. At that hour, the two Kaulika monks assumed very different attitudes. The one who was in the tower on the far right lowered himself with a rope outside the wall and resolutely headed toward the place where the horses were hidden, ruthlessly cutting down, with deadly strikes of the scimitar, the disconcerted Duskhas that he was encountering in his path. The one in the tower on the left prepared the rope to descend to the exterior, but then went down the stone stairway to the interior and, converted into a whirlwind of deadly thrusts, cleared the vicinity of that place of enemies: he was awaiting the arrival of Von Grossen's squadron, which should already be there.

"Fifteen minutes past one. The large crowd of Duskhas, gathered at the entrance of the Monastery, was demanding with loud voices the presence of the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet. Ignoring the clamor of their brethren, the monks had barricaded themselves and were, probably, reciting prayers to Rigden Jyepo and the Gods of the White Brotherhood.

"It was improbable that there were any firearms in the interior of the Gompa, the physical headquarters of the Jafran Ashram; and it was even more improbable that any lama was willing to defend his refuge with weapons.

"The appearance of Von Grossen and the ϟϟ officers on the run was surprising and caused the panic of the villagers. Two grenades fell among them and completed that picture of nameless terror. The explosions, in the midst of the multitude, mutilated the nearest bodies and projected dozens of shards in all directions, metal teeth eager to bite and wound the flesh, blind and winged beasts that were killing at random. Von Grossen only had to fire twice with the submachine gun, so that the rain of bullets dispersed the maddened crowd.

"The whole group took preventive shelter under the gallery of a beautiful Tibetan-style Buddhist Pagoda, in order to prepare for the next action. Kloster and Hans, in the center of the circle of Kaulika scimitars, lowered their packs and took out the forty rifle grenades. They then took the Mauser 1914s and inserted two of them into the barrel adapter.

"The rifle grenades had a phosphorous charge, which was exploding on impact, and were constituting a highly effective tactical incendiary bomb. Fired with a rifle similar to the Mauser, it was possible to hit precise targets at 300 meters. Their targets, the windows of the Monastery, were inviting them to launch the projectiles only 25 meters ahead.

"Seated on a square base of seventy meters on each side, the Gompa was showing three rows of windows on the level above the entrance door, the main façade that we were seeing from the front. It was housing, as I said, some 500 lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet, many of whom were peering out and haranguing the Duskhas, either supplicating, or commanding, to resist the enemy, to reorganize the defense, not to flee, etc. Perhaps the most paradoxical of such dramatic intimations was that which was assuring, in the Name of the Blessed Lord, that the intruders were not Demons but simple mortals.

"There was also a large back door, which was facing the White Island, and two small doors on either side of the building, all of which were locked from the inside. The roofs, covered with brown tiles, were inclining in a gentle hyperbolic slope, and there was a central courtyard surrounded by verandas and fine columns.

"At that moment, the lamas noticed the fire that was consuming the village and exhorted the people to combat it by using water from the ponds and interior canals, which they could flood in a matter of minutes by opening locks that were containing the pressure of the lake. One must admit that some

Duskhas kept calm in those tragic moments and ran to fulfill the orders, which the lamas were not daring to carry out by themselves; and there were others who vainly attempted to oppose the voracity of the fire. But it is one thing to stop an occasional fire, arisen by accident in this or that place, and quite another to face a hundred deliberately ignited spot fires.

"The fire became uncontrollable in certain areas and their dwellers fled in terror, some heading to the exterior, and others in the direction of the Lamasery. Without noticing the riddled cadavers that were littering the plaza, mobs coming from various directions were converging at every moment to request Divine succor from their Gods, while the lamas were ordering them to immediately fight, against the fire and against the invisible-but-lethal enemies.

"However, although the lamenting and shrieking of the desperate was deafening, over the background noise that was producing the crackling of things when burning, the sound of firearms was no longer being heard. Encouraged by such silence, the lamas were now shouting prayers and mantrams from almost all the windows.

"Sixteen past one. Von Grossen's squad suddenly emerged from the darkness of the Pagoda and marched in close two-by-two order for a few meters. An instant later, Kloster and Hans were firing the first two incendiary grenades toward two windows on the second floor: one hit the chest of the lama who was circumstantially vociferating his discourse and made him disappear under a blinding light; another cleanly penetrated through the adjoining opening and exploded in the interior of the Gompa. And through both windows, after the brightness of the explosion faded, it was seen how the flames were scorching everything.

"But the ϟϟ were not stopping to evaluate the effect of their attack. After the first two, they continued sending grenades against the windows at the rate of ten per side, until completing the forty. Kloster ran on the right, followed by Von Grossen and two Kaulikas, stopping at intervals to load the grenade and fire. Hans did so from the left, protected by Heinz and three Kaulikas, firing in a similar manner.

"No one had counted on the possibility that the monastery had its own guard corps, which went unnoticed by the Gurkha observer. However, it was insignificant in number, although its members were well trained in the use of the saber. There they

suffered their first and only casualty, when a surprise stab wound cut short the life of a Lopa from Von Grossen's group. The guards, two or three per door, were remaining outside and tried, demonstrating a certain valor, to prevent the Monastery from being attacked. Of course, they had neither the dexterity nor the necessary knowledge to rival the Kaulikas and, when they were not eliminated by their scimitars, they fell punctured by the implacable German bullets.

"In a few seconds the Lamasery was, then, equally burned to the ground. As involuntary guests of an infernal furnace, as if the Thunderbolt of Indra had effectively fallen on the peaceful Jafran Ashram, the majority of the hypocritical Holy lamas met a horrible death in those first minutes of the attack. A death that was accompanied by a shuddering concert of howls of pain.

"After two minutes, both platoons reunited at the back door of the Monastery, that which was facing the White Island and the Temple of Rigden Jyepo. The clocks were showing eighteen past one, and down the beach a third group was approaching at a slow pace: it was the squad comprised of the Gurkha, the Lopa, Oskar Feil, and Me!

"Suddenly, the door opened and some lamas intended to exit to the exterior. They were coughing and crying from the smoke, and their simple Asiatic faces were representing the image of fright: Von Grossen mercilessly machine-gunned them and bellowed:

" 'To the other doors!'

"In effect, the remaining gates opened as well, but there were very few survivors that we had to suppress: the intense heat, and the collapse of the upper floors, wiped out most of them before they could reach the exits. Like the lookouts, like the garrison, the totality of the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet ended up annihilated because of our superiority in the art of war.

Chapter XXVII

Twenty-one minutes past one. Karl von Grossen, Heinz, Kloster, Hans, Oskar, and I, the group of five Lopas, and the Gurkha, covered the three hundred meters that were separating us from the left tower. We had to bloodily make our way through the sparse crowd that was still chaotically running without knowing what to do, but that escape route planned by Von Grossen demonstrated to be, if not the only one possible, one of the few that were left. Another course of evasion, for example, might have considered the aquatic environment of the lake; what would not be feasible to do was to go back the way we came, that is to say, along the avenue, since it was now resembling a high-temperature tunnel due to the effect of the general fire; an effect anticipated by the farsighted Von Grossen.

"In the center of a grisly circle of cadavers, at the foot of the stairs, we found the Kaulika monk. Preceded by him, we were climbing up in a column to the tower and quickly went down the rope to the exterior of the wall.

"With no obstacles worth mentioning, we embarked on our retreat to the north. Five hundred meters ahead, we found the Kaulika monk with the horses and completed the retreat, rapidly moving away from the destroyed Duskha village. The road was ascending the slope of a hill and I could not help but turn back for a moment to contemplate for the last time the consequence of our attack. The image that I perceived, as a corollary of the operation, was Dantesque: with the tenebrous frame of the dark night, the quadrate of the interior of the wall, illuminated by the reddish glow of the fire, which was still preserving its destructive vitality, was sharply distinguishable; the fire, like a famished beast, had decided to devour everything, and was still feeding on the sinister Monastery; the building, which was the tallest in the village, freely burned and its flames were projecting a multicolor fan on the immutable mirror of Gyaring Lake; under that light, it was even possible for me to recognize the accursed Temple of Rigden Jyepo, which was constructed entirely of white stones.

"The success of the attack would have been total had it been possible to follow the course of a variant planned by Von Grossen, which was contemplating the dynamiting of that sa-

tanic Temple. But no material time was available for it; that is to say, time was used to cover the doors of the Gompa in order to prevent the lamas from escaping: to the realist Von Grossen, it seemed more practical to kill all the lamas, living enemies, than to use violence on an 'inert' symbol such as the Temple. But I was disagreeing with such a criterion, since I was considering that the Lamasery had more real weight, as an adversary, than the lamas: it was going to be much easier for the White Brotherhood to replace the lamas than to rebuild the millenary Temple! However, I would never reproach Von Grossen, since, thanks to his doubtless professionalism, Oskar Feil was now galloping at my side.

"A few potent exclamations abruptly took me away from such thoughts. It took a while to realize that they all did the same as I and turned back a second to take in the final view of the Duskha village. And now, upon descending to the other side of the hill, they were letting out uncontainable and overjoyed shouts of jubilation. Naturally, I refer to the Germans, for the Asians were remaining as indifferent as ever. Von Grossen had to allude to the authority of his military degree to prevent Baldur von Schirach's song 'Hymn to the Banner of the Hitler Youth'[53] from being sung aloud. I, too, would have liked to sing it at that moment. And, remembering my childhood in Cairo, I was mentally repeating it, as my Comrades were undoubtedly doing:

> ***...Germany, you will stand shining,***
> ***Even if we go down.***
> ***Our banner flutters before us.***
> ***Our banner represents the new era.***
> ***And our banner leads us into eternity!***
> ***Yes! Our banner means more than death!***[54]

53. Fahnenlied

54. Deutschland, du wirst leuchtend stehn,
mögen wir auch untergehn.
Unsre Fahne flattert uns voran.
Unsre Fahne ist die neue Zeit.
Und die Fahne führt uns in die Ewigkeit!
Ja! Die Fahne ist mehr als der Tod!

"Yes, our Banners were superior to Death itself; and they were unleashing Death upon the enemy, as the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet were just finding out. We Germans were unleashing Death because History was convoking us to do so; the Enemy of our Banners would forever regret having sunk its vile claws into the Fatherland. I then remembered 'Sturmlied' by Dietrich Eckart, that founding member of the Thulegesellschaft of whom Konrad Tarstein had tirelessly spoke to me, for he had also been one of Adolf Hitler's Initiators:

Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm!
Ring the bells from tower to tower!
Ring, so that sparks begin to fly.
Judas appears to win the Reich.
Ring, so that the ropes turn red with blood.
All around, burning and torturing and killing.
Keep ringing the bells, so that the earth rears up
under the thunder of redeeming revenge!
Woe to the volk who still dream today!
Germany, awake! Awake!

Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm!
Ring the bells from tower to tower.
Ring the men, the old men, the boys.
Ring the sleepers from their rooms.
Ring the girls down the stairs.
Ring the mothers away from the cradles.
Let it roar and ring in the air.
Rush, rush in the thunder of revenge.
Ring the dead from their graves!
Germany, awake! Awake!

Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm! Sturm!
Ring the bells from tower to tower.
The serpent is loose, the worm of hell!
Folly and lies broke its chain,
greed for gold in the filthy bed!
The sky is on fire, red as blood.
The gables collapse with a terrible crash.
Blow after blow on the chapel!
The dragon howls as it whips it to ruins!
Ring the bells now or never!
Germany, awake! Awake!

"History was convoking the fittest to fight against Evil. And we were the fittest! At a unique moment in history we had raised the Eternal Banners, as Baldur von Schirach was calling for. And that is why the Führer was ringing the alarm bell, as Dietrich Eckart was requesting. Woe to the sleeping peoples, or those who, like the Duskhas, gave in to Evil! Woe to those who heeded not the Ringing of the Eternal Spirit! They would suffer the wrath of the Awakened Sons of Germany!

"What occurred in Tibet was constituting an example: five ϟϟ officers and eight Kaulikas Initiates, lamenting a single casualty, exterminated more than a thousand fierce enemies. One for a thousand! A just proportion for the life of the fallen Initiate and that of Oskar Feil, which they were proposing to take.

"Our enemies, or better said, the Enemy of our Banners, should definitively realize that ***We*** were not threatening in vain!"

Chapter XXVIII

I want to let the reader know that I did not have the same luck as yours, because Uncle Kurt's narration, referring to the rescue operation of his Comrade Oskar Feil, required several days. Without making mention of those interruptions, I have transcribed the main parts in correlative form so as not to cause impatience, an impatience similar to that which, as one might suppose, befell me in those days.

I will only add that, as will surely occur to the reader, that feat in which Uncle Kurt participated, immediately brought to my memory the "Feat of Nimrod," recounted by Belicena Villca. Undoubtedly, the adventure in Tibet had a stamp of ***magical heroism,*** a style of "intrepidness without limits," which was resembling the story of the Kassite King. Otherwise, the Enemy was the same: the Enemy of the Eternal Spirit, the Enemy of the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Enemy of "our Banners," as Uncle Kurt was calling it, that is to say, the White Brotherhood of Chang Shambhala and its earthly agents.

In the same way, I will collect, in the following chapters, Uncle Kurt's most interesting accounts without intervening. Naturally, I will use such a criterion as far as possible, that is to say, up to the Epilogue (Epilogue?), which was when Uncle Kurt's account, and every account, had to be interrupted. I, for my part, was already in good health at that point, and I was only awaiting the culmination of the story to fulfill Belicena Villca's request: every day that was passing, my determination was growing, because, at every moment, things were becoming irreversibly clearer regarding the Hyperborean Wisdom.

As I remember, Uncle Kurt continued like this one morning:

Chapter XXIX

We rode without stopping until crossing the Chang-lam road. Next to the bridge over the Yellow River, in the same place where we found him, we left the Gurkha. He would remain hidden, awaiting the rest of the expedition, that is to say, the two Kaulika monks and the five Kalita porters. We, on the other hand, would continue several kilometers to camp in the mountains to the NE.

"It was not in our best interest to be seen for the moment, since the attack on the Duskha village would cause the consequent alarm in the region and we were not knowing the reaction of the official authorities in Tibet, who perhaps suspected our intervention.

"It was beginning to dawn when we stopped, being evident that the good weather that had accompanied us until then had ended. Dense clouds were swiftly rolling in overhead and an icy breeze, which was chilling us to the bone, was unequivocally announcing the imminent storm. It was a snowstorm and the most protected place would be, paradoxically, the open country: camping against the rocks of a hill we could end up buried by an avalanche. We finally found an elevated depression, a small valley of 30 square meters surrounded by gentle slopes, and we quickly set up the high mountain tents.

"By midday, it was impossible to stay out in the open, for the breeze had turned into an outright blizzard, and we had to take refuge in the tents: only the Tibetan horses, as the sons of Zephyr that they were, were naturally resisting the inclemency of the wind. That offshoot of the NW monsoon was violently shaking the tents and whistling a high-pitched and forlorn lament, a moan that was perhaps arising from the soul of Rigden Jyepo upon mourning the fate of his worshipers.

"Within my tent, another storm was threatening to break out. But the wind was not causing this one, but Von Grossen's tempestuous attitude. For the ***Standartenführer,*** the operation against the Duskhas was representing a pure diversion, a waste of time. His mission, to catch up with Schäfer's expedition, had not been fulfilled; and time was uselessly passing. According to his logical assessments, we were now worse off than before: 'in the first place,' he was reasoning, 'we were not knowing the secret path that was connecting the Boundary of Shambhala

with the Gate of Shambhala, near Lake Kokonor; secondly, it was seeming evident that we could no longer follow them as before, that is to say, counting on the collaboration of the Kaulika network, since the Gurkha spies were left out of the expedition; and thirdly, it was to be expected that along that road, little or not at all frequented, there would be no villagers whom to inquire; but, fourthly, it would be very improbable that if there were, they would give us the information required, after the discovery of our affiliation against the White Brotherhood by destroying the community of lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet.

" 'How, then, how would we catch up with them, as the orders of Division III of the ***RSHA*** were reading?'

"I was pretending to ignore these questions and was keeping myself content explaining to Oskar Feil the true causes of his kidnapping at the hands of the Duskhas: in truth, he had fallen into an ambush; the trap was part of a plot between Ernst Schäfer and the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet, whose purpose was to provide a human victim to the Cult of Rigden Jyepo; however, such a conspiracy had its roots in Germany, in the traitors who were calling themselves 'the Sane Forces of Germany,' who planned that expedition and negotiated the price of their support with the White Brotherhood. And such a price would undoubtedly be very high: just to cross the Boundary required a sacrifice, the execution of a symbol of the New Germany, the death of an ϟϟ man, the burnt offering of an exponent of the Blood Aristocracy of the Third Reich. Then, in Shambhala, Schäfer would know the rest of the conditions: the Occult Hierarchy would support the conspirators with their magical powers and with their, more effective, synarchic organizations, in exchange for destroying the spiritual foundations of the Third Reich. Not only would the Führer and his top brass have to die, and the National Socialist party be dissolved, but the nucleus of the tumor would have to be extirpated; that is, it was necessary to disintegrate the ϟϟ and demolish the ϟϟ Black Order, mercilessly exterminating its Initiates. Yes, the scalpel of the Brotherhood would this time be interested in the depths of the wound, scraping, if it were necessary, the bone of the German social structure: only in this way, after the major surgery, could ***the Civilization of Love*** be built atop the ashes of the Civilization of Nazi Hatred.

" 'But, until now, it would only be a part of the price: with the fulfillment of these guidelines, the traitors would achieve nothing more than to demonstrate their willingness to collaborate with the Plan of the White Brotherhood,' I clarified to Oskar. 'Full support would come later, if the triumphant conspirators were demonstrating to be willing to go all the way and were undertaking a profound transformation of German society that erased all traces of the Nazi Culture and the Hyperborean Wisdom: a German society that is peacefully integrated into the Universal Synarchy of the second half of the twentieth century would demand, so that it was open and reliable to the White Brotherhood, a democratic and liberal form of government, and an Official Culture in which Zionism, Judeo-Masonry and Judeo-Marxism, or the ideologies born from those synarchic trunks, would have free expression. Then yes, if the reigning traitors were carrying out these conditions of the pact, Germany would be situated on the side of God, of Good, of Love, and of Justice; and the Germans would see themselves forever separated from their malevolent ancestral Deities.

" 'That's right, Oskar,' I concluded. 'Ernst Schäfer is one more of a numerous group of traitors. His function in the conspiracy is to sign, in the name of the "Sane Forces of Germany," a synarchic Cultural Pact with the representatives of the White Brotherhood. I cannot reveal to you in what our mission consists, how we are going to frustrate their plans, but I assure you that your fate was already decided in Germany. You would never pass through the Boundary of Shambhala!'

"Oskar felt ridiculous when he learned that Ernst Schäfer had condemned him to die in Tibet from the very beginning, that perhaps only permitted him to participate in Operation ***Altwesten*** for that purpose, and that the espionage that he carried out for me had in turn been supervised by two professional spies from the SD, also participants in the expedition. And to top it all off, he had to learn that he had involuntarily caused Gangi's death.

" 'I've been a fool,' he embarrassedly affirmed. 'And to think that ***I dared to advise you*** on how you should act and suggested you to consult Rudolf Hess. They have all made fun of me!'

" 'Don't torture yourself, Oskar, at that time I was unaware of these facts. And up to the last moment I was unaware of the existence of other spies among you. Now we must only think

of preventing the infamous traitor Schäfer from carrying out his infernal task. ***His plans are already failing:*** you are alive and that is what counts. You will come with us and will know the end of the story, you will see the failure of his vain efforts to destroy the New Order,' I assured with conviction.

" 'Very clear concepts and very admirable your faith, Von Sübermann,' intervened Von Grossen, returning to the heaviness. 'But you haven't yet told me how we're going to find Schäfer in this labyrinth of mountains, and with Winter almost upon us. How'll we find him? You believe it's possible to scour such a region at random?'

"Really, I had not even the slightest idea how to respond to these questions. Under pressure from the ***Standartenführer,*** I could only propose:

" 'We should inquire of the Kaulikas. Possibly they know how to locate those who move through territories that are well known to them.'

"Karl von Grossen put his head in his hands, upon realizing that his suspicions were founded: I was not possessing the solution to the problem of finding Schäfer. (Mein Gott: if they were failing in that objective, they could not even dream of returning to Germany!) That operation, Himmler and Heydrich had told him quite clearly, ***could constitute a journey of no return.*** Failure was not permitted. If he was failing, he had to protagonize a sort of harakiri or seppuku, the honorable ritual suicide of the Japanese Samurai.

"But Von Grossen, besides being tough, was a proverbially cold-blooded man. Despite his apprehension, he said:

" 'Good idea, Von Sübermann, we will immediately try to put it into practice.'

"Without waiting for an answer, he unhooked the tent flaps and rushed outside, vigorously leaping like a frog. Outside the snowstorm was raging. I followed him perplexed and penetrated with him into one of the neighboring tents of the Lopas. Unlike us, who were keeping ourselves warm in our sleeping bags, the five Tibetans who were ahead of us were only wearing the uniform of an English high mountain porter: green jacket, green pants, and half-boots.

"I contemplated with a blank stare as the snow on his clothes was melting and the water was dripping and running down the tarp on the floor into the waste disposal opening, while Von Grossen was interrogating the Tibetans in Khams

Skad. Naturally, inside I was invoking the Gods, reciting a prayer so that the miracle be fulfilled and that the Kaulikas knew the answers that the ***Standartenführer*** was obsessing over.

"Suddenly, and I can assure you that for the first time in the weeks that we were together, I saw all the Lopas smiling in unison. Yes, there was no doubt about it: they were looking at us and smiling! And after exchanging suggestive gestures of complicity among themselves, they were returning to observe us and laughing even harder. Finally they filled the tent with a chorus of uncontainable laughter.

"The stern countenance of the ϟϟ chief was showing stupefaction and mine must have shown something similar. Nevertheless, we both patiently waited for the Lopas to master the amusement that Von Grossen's question caused them, trying with hope to glimpse a positive answer in their astonished reaction.

" 'What do you think of this?' I said in German.

" 'I intuit that it's about you,' he enigmatically answered. 'I suppose they believe that you know how to follow Schäfer.'

"So it was. At the conclusion of the general hilarity, Von Grossen repeated the question: 'was there any way to find the Occidental expedition, now that they had already crossed the Boundary of Shambhala?' They again looked at each other, tempted to laugh, but at last one of the Kaulika monks took the floor:

" 'We do not mock you, although your question seems to be what you customarily call a ***joke***. For it seems to us nothing but a joke to find out how one can follow something or someone in the Universe, when the one who asks it is accompanied by the master of the daiva dogs. Answer you, seriously, who could hide, and where would be such a hiding place, once the daiva dogs obey the order of the Son of Shiva and run after his steps?'

"Von Grossen didn't know how to respond and looked at me in the eyes with a hostile expression.

" 'I swear I didn't know!' I apologized, shocked at the possibility that he suspected that I was not wanting to follow Ernst Schäfer.

" 'Tell me what I must do and I will comply!' I indignantly shouted to the monks. 'Your Guru has given me no more information than an incomprehensible Yantra and only 60 days

ago I had not even the remotest idea that the daiva dogs were existing. You explain to me how I should proceed to get that these beasts locate the German expedition.'

"Again the Lopas looked at each other, but their faces were now showing the usual indifference. The one who had spoken, and whom they were calling ***Srivirya,*** took the floor:

" 'Without a doubt you joke too, O Svami. For you must know better than anyone, you who are beyond Kula and Akula, how to direct the daiva dogs. And if you do not know it, or have forgotten it, it will not cost you much to learn or remember it by using the ***Śrotra Karṇa,*** the transcendent Ear of the Tulkus, with which you are endowed. Our Guru has revealed to you the svadi Kyilkhor, by means of which it is possible to form ***any word or name of Created things;*** and you know the ***name*** of your enemy. O Sahakaladai, Magic is Power: and words and names are the utensils of Magic. Reproduce the name toward whom you wish to direct the daiva dogs to with the magical language of the svadi Kyilkhor, and they will obey you.'

"Whether because he was really believing that it was a joke or some kind of test, or because he was not wishing to go on speaking on the subject, there was no way to obtain more information from the laconic Srivirya. His last words were:

" 'O Maheśvara, he who never argues, we fail to comprehend the reason that you have for confusing us with questions to which only you can know the answers. The Kaula Circle knows the Magic that enables the daiva dogs to exist, but no one who is not a Great Guru or a Tulku succeeds in mastering them with the mind, the only way by which they receive orders: they only listen to the Interior Voice of the Gurus and the Gods, those who are beyond Kula and Akula, those who are like Shiva; or ***have his Sign, like you.*** I was born in a Kaula Circle Monastery, and my father and grandfather were Kaulika Initiates; and neither I, nor my father, nor my grandfather, ever saw a Guru capable of speaking to the daiva dogs, until the Gods sent you to us. If you wish to confirm it, having known you makes us proud. But do not embarrass us further with questions that are proper to the Gods. We know of our weakness and confusion in the Hell of Maya and we do everything possible to remedy it. Believe us, O Kshatriya: some day we will emerge from the human misery into which the Spirit has sunk and be like you! We will then have the Śrotra Karṇa

open, like you, and be able to know everything; and the Gods will reveal to us the secrets of Tantra; and the svadi daivas will obey us like you!

"We returned to the tent deeply impressed, although for different reasons. It was surprising Von Grossen that the fearsome Kaulikas softened in my presence and almost treated me like a God. To me, justly, that deference was causing me unconcealable displeasure, perhaps because I was not completely understanding what was occurring around me: since I was kidnapped by the Ophites, during my childhood, up to then, the phenomenon had occurred that certain particular men were perceiving in me, or because of me, a spiritual significance that was pulling them out from the material World and elevating them toward the most exalted summits of the Eternal, Infinite, and Uncreated Spirit. And that significance was coming from a Sign that was revealing itself in me, or through me, a Sign that the Ophites were calling 'of Lúcifer,' Konrad Tarstein, 'of the Origin,' and the Kaulikas 'of Shiva.' The particular men who were perceiving it, according to Tarstein, and coinciding as I now see with Belicena Villca, were sharing with me the common Origin of the Spirit and were carrying in their Pure Blood, unconsciously, the Symbol of the Origin. That is why they were perceiving the Sign of the Origin in me; in truth, they were not just now ***finding out about*** it, but they were then ***recognizing*** it, projecting it on me, and then turning it conscious, discovering the Presence of the Spirit in Themselves, revealing the Mystery of the Origin. But that significance that I was manifesting, and that those particular men were realizing, ***was insignificant to me.***

"Strictly speaking, I should say ***non-significant,*** for the Sign was mattering very much to me in spite of not being able to comprehend it, of not being able to grasp its content with my conscious mind. And this intellectual impotence was the cause of the perturbation that was still causing me to see that certain particular men were perceiving it. I could tolerate it, as in the case of the Kaulika Pagoda, but I was always left unhappy with the experience.

"This time, to the perturbation of feeling transcended by the significance of the Sign, was added the effect of the incredible knowledge that the Kaulikas had about the Inner ear. How they learned that I was possessing that faculty, a product of the Führer's charismatic power, is something that I never found

out. But the subject was fascinating to Von Grossen, his doubts dissipated after Srivirya's unusual explanation, and the matter of the Inner ear had not escaped him. As soon as we were settled in the tent, he asked at point blank:

" 'What the Devil is this Śrotra Karṇa, Von Sübermann?'

" 'I am sorry mein ***Standartenführer,***' I said on the spot, and not without rudeness, 'but I cannot respond to that question. I will tell you, yes, that I will do all that I can to realize the Kaulika monks' idea. If it is true that the daiva dogs are capable of tracking Ernst Schäfer, you can be sure that we will find him. I will work from now on to find the solution of the problem, and I will use the Śrotra Karṇa if necessary. That is all I can say.'

"The eyes of Von Grossen sparked, but, as usual, he maintained his serenity and bothered me no more. Undoubtedly I could not talk to him, of the Inner ear, because Konrad Tarstein had taken my word that I would only do so with 'members of my own Circle'; and a sixth sense was loudly warning me that Von Grossen was not.

"That night, when all were asleep, I decided to 'use the Śrotra Karṇa,' that is, to communicate with the Voice of Capitán Kiev. Like the first time, as always, it did not take me long to be flooded with Wisdom. I thus realized that the bījas of the Yantra were not only allowing me to issue a set of fixed orders, as Guru Visaraga revealed to me, but that they were constituting an Alphabet of Power with which one could form 'any created thing's name': the Kaulikas, evidently, were knowing that property but were ignorant of the alphabetical key that was ordering the 49 bījas and making possible the codification of any word. However, it would not have been difficult for them to discover the Alphabet of Power by performing a cryptographic analysis of the 'command words' for the daiva dogs that were appearing in their magic formulas.

"Be that as it may, the truth is that the totality of the secret had been revealed to me. I was now knowing a symbol, similar to the plan of a labyrinth, which when applied over the Yantra was endowing the bījas with a certain order, the arrangement of which the formed words were to be adjusted to. I verified it several times with the Guru's 'command words' and, when I was sure of committing no errors, I applied myself to the task of translating the sentence ***'follow Ernst Schäfer'*** into the language of the svadi Yantra.

Chapter XXX

By night the storm subsided and in the morning the sky was clear, without traces of it. Even the wind had completely ceased and the vāyu tattva was showing itself serene: a total silence was now reigning in the diminutive valley. The warm rays of Surya, the Sun, were just managing to melt part of the accumulated snow. But I was more radiant than the sun, for although I had not slept throughout the night, I was sure of having the solution to lead the daiva dogs in the footsteps of Ernst Schäfer, and that achievement was stimulating and overexciting me.

"Upon seeing me, Von Grossen did not need to ask anything to know that the problem was solved. He occupied himself, instead, with sending a Lopa to relieve the Gurkha and notify him of the location of our encampment; then he concentrated on studying the deficient maps of Tibet and West China. I spent the morning conversing with Oskar and the other ᛋᛋ officers, and at midday we had tsampa for lunch, a pot cooked by the monks, all together forming a large circle of fellow soldiers. The recent adventure had brought us closer to danger and death, and left, as a positive result, a healthy camaraderie that was reminding me of the days of the ***Hitlerjugend***. Yes, I could even assure you, Neffe Arturo, that in those moments a carefree joy was overcoming us.

"It was already getting dark when arrived the Gurkha, the Lopas commanded by Von Grossen, the two Lopas that we left in Yushu, and the five Kalita porters with their yaks, the zhos, and the terrible Mastiffs. I don't believe that I ever in my life felt so content as on that occasion, upon getting back the daiva dogs. The arrival was much celebrated by the ᛋᛋ officers for, besides provisions, on the yaks were coming another fifty Schmeisser magazines and Luger bullets, just to replenish the ammunition expended against the Duskhas. The two Kaulika monks were bringing fresh news about the attack, picked up on the Chang-lam road.

"The whole region of Tibet was, apparently, shocked by the event. On the way, troops of a so-called 'Prince of Kokonor' had intercepted them, but after the received explanations, they permitted them to leave without problems. That incident was a consequence of the civil war: at some point in its history, the

country of Tibet was reaching as far as Lake Kokonor; subsequently, the Chinese formed the province of that name and pushed the Tibetan border back further to the south of the Yangtze-kiang River; and lately, after the incorporation of other small states, principalities, or Tibetan fiefdoms, they formed the great province of Ch'ing-hai.[55]

"At the beginning of the war between Japan and China, and because of the absence of central power because of the occupation of the capital of the Celestial Empire, the Tibetans saw the opportunity to regain their ancient Lordship and become independent from China and rejoin Tibet. In that particular case, the resurgent Prince of Kokonor was a fervent Buddhist of the Tibetan Lubum tribe, whose members form part of the lamaist aristocracy. His devotion and respect for the Dalai Lama was knowing no limits, and the attack on the Duskhas profoundly affected him: for such reason he sent several parties of armed men to search for the attackers.

" 'We are,' said the Lopas, 'servants of a rich merchant from Bhutan, who are on our way to Sining to exchange his merchandise.'

"They were traveling with the consent of the Dharmaraja, for whom they had to fulfill certain orders. And they showed the Tibetan soldiers a letter from the Dharmaraja in which was stating the list of objects to acquire.

"That was sufficient. The Lopas gave away a bottle of Bhutanese ***suja***[56] and the soldiers provided an abundance of information. 'You ought to be careful during the journey because there was a gang of heavily armed bandits who were operating in the Region. They had recently attacked and destroyed a village of peaceful and Saintly lamas, so it was clear that they were not Tibetans, not even religious people, but undesirable foreigners. Unless they were members of the clandestine Kaula sect, who were hating Buddhist or Hindu lamas in general; but they would never have dared to go so far. The surviving Duskhas were affirming to have been attacked by the Asuras, but the soldiers were not so gullible and were suspecting that the "Demons" would in reality be Western bandits, aided by Chinese thugs. If they were right, the miscreants

55. Also spelled *Qinghai.*

56. Fermented butter tea.

would attempt to return to China through the undefined eastern border, which they were intending to guard from now on.'

"So they were looking for us and, as Von Grossen rightly predicted, we could not be seen for quite some time. The Kaulika monks had other news.

"Their contacts with members of the Kaula Circle enabled them to learn that a deep underground sympathy movement toward us was articulating throughout spiritual Tibet. Many were admiring that group of Initiates who were mercilessly killing the disciples of the Lord of Shambhala. It would be very difficult to return to Bhutan by the same route, but our Tibetan allies were guaranteeing us a safe escape through China to the Japanese lines. Japan was then in excellent relations with Germany, and a delegation of the ϟϟ Secret Service was actively operating in the German consulate in Shanghai, and if we could get there, we could embark without inconveniences. The Kaulika community in Sining would help us in that endeavor.

"But it was still premature to talk about leaving Tibet. First we had to find Schäfer and neutralize his plans.

" 'Are we ready to leave at dawn, Von Sübermann?' Von Grossen courteously asked.

" 'Jawohl, mein ***Standartenführer!***' I responded with confidence.

"We left everything ready and, at dawn, we pitched our tents and set out. Von Grossen was expecting me to clearly indicate the course, but the only thing we could do would be to accompany the daiva dogs. I made him understand and situated myself in front of the column, taking the reins of the mastiffs with both hands. From the Infinity of the Spirit, beyond Kula and Akula, descended the order 'follow Ernst Schäfer' in the language of the svadi Yantra and penetrated into the Universe of Created Forms, passed through the Akasha tattva and implanted itself in the animic body of the daiva dogs. And the incredible animals, as if they were really sniffing a physical trace, stiffened and stretched their heads upward, and then departed like arrows heading north.

"We traveled several days in that way, always escorting the daiva dogs and these following the invisible tracks of the German expedition. At first Von Grossen did not make any objection, but then he began to be disquieted, to mistrust, and to openly insinuate the possibility that the dogs had gone astray.

In honor of the truth, I must say that he was not without reasons to doubt, for the erratic march of the mastiffs, which were either going toward the north, or toward the east, or returning to the south, or turning to the west, had completely disoriented him.

"His compass and maps were totally useless, he dramatically told me one day. 'We are lost in the heart of Tibet, in a place absolutely unknown to civilization! ***Perhaps in a place that is not of this world!***' It was not that the rational Von Grossen had suddenly become superstitious: it was occurring that the daiva dogs actually led us along a route that was seeming not of this world. At that moment we were finding ourselves in an enormous valley, ornamented with regular vegetation and endowed with spring-like weather; everything was tranquil and perfect there: ***only that that place could not exist where it was.*** I observed a small bird perching in a tree, I saw a bush with yellow flowers, I took a faraway glance at a swift hare, and I understood that the circumstance had no explanation. It was only then that I became concerned and I conceded that Von Grossen's claims were right.

" 'Where the Devil are we?' I thought, while stopping the mastiffs with a mental order. Von Grossen was contemplating me with annoyance.

" 'At last you've realized the problem! For a while I have been warning you that something's wrong, but you don't listen to me. You don't listen to anyone. You only pay attention to your damn dogs. I don't deny that in all this there are supernatural events, events that perhaps I cannot or should not understand: I accept it and do not even attempt to change things. I know that the dogs will guide us along strange, illogical paths to reach those who also transit along a magical road. I know that and I do not seek to understand how they do it. But hear me well, Von Sübermann; can it not happen that, in this or in another World, the dogs become disoriented, go astray, lose track of Schäfer or follow a false trail? Can there not be, perhaps, other Magicians, our enemies, who interfere with their course?'

" 'Absolutely not!' I said to him, but now he was the one who was not listening.

" 'We've been marching for a week, supposedly toward Lake Kokonor, that is to say, toward the NE. Do you know what region we should be in?'

" 'Yes,' I reluctantly affirmed. 'In Ch'ing-hai. This valley...'

" 'No, Von Sübermann! You know perfectly well that such a valley ***doesn't exist in Ch'ing-hai!*** You're an ***Ostenführer,*** if I remember correctly; I read it in your file. That is to say that you know quite a bit about the geography of Asia. ***We should be*** in Ch'ing-hai, and at times it was seeming that we were there, but ***this is*** definitely ***not Ch'ing-hai!*** We don't even know if it's Tibet!'

"Karl von Grossen hysterically laughed and continued. I decided to wait for him to calm down.

" 'Look at the compass. Toward there is the east, from where we came. Remember the large lake that we saw yesterday with the binoculars, and that we agreed could be none other than Kokonor? Well, the eastern shore of this lake faces the Ch'ing-hai valley, between the Nanshan[57] mountains to the north and the Kunlun mountain range to the south. Do you know the distance between the lake and the Kunlun mountains? If you want you can consult the map.

" 'Considering that the Kunlun range runs parallel from east to west, I believe that there are about 30 kilometers between the lake and its eastern end, the Amne Machin range,' he said from memory, 'and between the eastern edge and the western end of the Kunlun, the Altyn-Tagh range for example, there are instead about 1,000 kilometers.

" 'That's it!' he triumphantly confirmed. 'Now look to the south with the binoculars. Recognize those mountains, no more than fifteen kilometers away?'

" 'They're the Altyn-Tagh!' I exclaimed stupefied. 'The western end of the Kunlun mountain range!'

" 'And does it seem to you, Von Sübermann, that from yesterday to today we were able to cover 1,000 kilometers?'

" 'Nein!'

" 'Now you're being reasonable,' he approved. 'I'll tell you how far we walked, since I've made a precise calculation: ***only twenty-five kilometers.*** Understand? ***We've united in only 25 kilometers two places that are normally separated by 1,000 kilometers.*** What happened to the normal distance? Was it shortened? Be aware, Von Sübermann: ***on the planet that we were born and we studied, Lake Kokonor is not 25 but 1,000 kilometers***

57. Also known at the Qilian Mountains, which form the border between Kokonor (Qinghai) and Kansu (Gansu) provinces of northern China.

from the Altyn-Tagh Mountains. This place is Tibet and China at the same time!'

"Before that tangible reality, of finding ourselves facing the ***Altyn-Tagh*** Mountains, on the west of the Kunlun mountain range, the significance of the code name ***Operationaltwesten,*** which we were understanding as Operation Old West, was becoming unexpectedly clear: ingeniously, they had cut the Chinese word ***Altyn*** to form the German word ***Alt,*** old. But then, nearly at the end of the adventure, the true meaning was being realized: the ill-fated mission was actually called 'Operation ***Altyn-Tagh.***' I foolishly thought of this, while Von Grossen was insisting on proposing the necessity of revising the Strategy of Operation First Key: he, who forced me a week before to use the power of the ***Śrotra Karṇa*** and to throw the daiva dogs on Schäfer's tracks, was now affirming the necessity of revising the Strategy itself: ***Wahnsinn!***

"We began to talk apart from the rest of the caravan, but the three ϟϟ officers were silently moving closer and we were now surrounded by them. Von Grossen sighed and paternally put a hand on my shoulder.

" 'Look at the Tibetans,' he indicated. 'Doesn't their expression seem unusual to you?' Indeed, here Von Grossen was not exaggerating: the attitude of the Kaulika monks was undoubtedly out of the ordinary. The natural and imperturbable tranquility had disappeared and I was noticing them nervous and alarmed. Those warriors, who did not hesitate in the face of an enemy a hundred times superior, were tirelessly looking in all directions, as if they expected that Satan himself was to rush up behind their backs! I did not notice it before because the dogs attracted all my attention, as Von Grossen reproached me.

"I inwardly cursed and just mumbled: 'It's curious...'

" 'Curious? It's incredible. You just noticed it, but they've been like this for a day. I attempted to find out what was going on but they've responded with evasions, but to you, whom they respect, they won't refuse to respond.

" 'I want to know what's going on, Von Sübermann!' he continued. 'Before continuing this insane journey I want to know what's going on: whether we are lost, or in another world, or even what's happening to the Tibetans, I want to know everything. I will not oppose resuming the march guided by the

dogs, ***but I believe it necessary that you reflect and be aware of what occurs in your surroundings***.'

"Evidently, my abstraction of the last few days had affected him. But Von Grossen was wrong. If he was wanting to find Ernst Schäfer, if he was intending that the daiva dogs obeyed the correct order, the worst error that he could commit, would be 'to be aware of what was occurring in the surroundings' and 'to reflect.' Precisely, the secret to control the dogs consisted in the capacity to situate oneself ***far away from all 'surroundings,'*** outside of Space and Time, beyond Kula and Akula; and above all, it was required not to think, not to notice, ***not 'to reflect.'***

"Without realizing it, the ***Standartenführer*** was wanting to force me to fall into Maya, the Illusion of the material forms that were filling our 'surroundings,' which was making up the context of the Great Deception. But he was a very cultured man, who was speaking about the Vril with fluency and demonstrating to comprehend the terms of the Spirit: Eternity, the Infinite, Absolute Freedom. How to explain to him, then, what he already knew? I opted to keep silent. I was not wanting to hurt him, for I could only attribute his forgetfulness of the basic principles of the Hyperborean Wisdom ***to an intense sensation of terror***.

" 'I'll interrogate the Gurkha,' I proposed. 'It seems to me that it is he who has the greatest affinity with us.'

"Von Grossen agreed and we called him right away. As he supposed, Bangi did not refuse to respond to me.

" 'We are,' he said, 'in the "Valley of the Immortal Demons." Very close to here the Gate of Chang Shambhala is to be found. You have not developed psychic vision and that is why you do not see the Sanctuary of the Queen Mother of the West. But we approached it a day ago and we Kaulikas perceive it with greater clarity at every instant.'

"The Gurkha was pointing toward the Kunlun mountains. At times he was speaking in Khams Skad, and at times in English and German, which was demonstrating his perturbation.

" 'Yes: there is the shrine of Hsi Wang Mu, the Enemy of Kula!' he affirmed with a shudder. 'She is whom others call Dolma, Tara, Kuan Yin, and also Binah, the Mother of mortal men of mud. It is tradition that into this Valley of the Immortals only enter those whom She loves and wishes to preserve so that they worship Brahma, The Creator, and serve the King of the World, that is to say, only enter those who hate Kula,

those who reject the Eternal Wedding with the Absolute Shakti, the non-men, the non-virile. Never has a Kaulika set foot on this path contrary to the ***Tao, the Way, and the End at the Beginning;*** never has a Kula Bridegroom trodden so wretched a path, opposed to Vrune Herself!

" 'You and the daiva dogs have led us to Hell, to protagonize, in physical body, the greatest challenge of this life. ***She will try to convert us into animals, but we will fight here if necessary; for Shiva; and for you, Son of Shiva; and for your Führer, the Lord of Absolute Will. But, above all, we will fight because we know that you, who have guided us to the War against the Asuras, will not abandon us in Hell. You are a Warrior of Heaven and of Hell, a Man of Honor, and you will know how to get us out of here!'*** Such conviction, it is obvious to clarify, profoundly impressed me.

" 'We're in Hell? Yes, we've come a long way,' Von Grossen commented with irony. 'It's possible then that the son of a bitch Schäfer is close by, since this is the most appropriate place for him.'

"Of course, no one imagined that Von Grossen's joke was corresponding to the strictest reality: the traitor and the German expedition were close, very close by. However, the journey was not resumed until the following morning, on my initiative. I was wanting everyone to rest and I looked for trivial excuses to justify the stop. I explained, to the no-longer-so-hurried ***Standartenführer,*** that I was needing to 'reflect' on what I saw and heard, and to review the orders of the daiva dogs. And I believe that for the first time on the journey, since Bhutan, everyone was internally grateful to have to miss a day at the Threshold of the Valley of the Immortal Demons.

"Camaraderie is not a quantifiable ***bond,*** a measurable ***relationship,*** a ratio between companions. It is not a mere affective nexus, like friendship, but a ***spiritual coincidence, an identity of ideals that are simultaneously realized.*** Camaraderie is determined by absolute instants: the time and space of the event; but it lacks an extensive temporal dimension; that is to say, camaraderie admits no category of duration, a permanent Comrade, like a friend, is inconceivable. Camaraderie produces Comrades of the act, of the coincident circumstance; it implies the encounter of two or several, in the same instant, with a common ideal that ***is concretized.*** Friendship, on the contrary, is temporally extensive and spatially limiting and encompassing; it consists in a thick sentimental nexus, almost

measurable, which unites persons independently of the event in which they participate. Friendship is independent of any ethical norm because it springs from the heart, like every affective relationship. In camaraderie, on the contrary, Honor is always present. It is required not to question the moral conduct of a friend; it is an obligation, on the other hand, to observe the ethical attitude of a Comrade: ***one could betray the Fatherland, with the help of a friend. But it is only possible to die for the Fatherland, with the help of a Comrade.***

"From the opposition between affective friendship and spiritual camaraderie, it emerges with clarity why the traitor manages to extend his treason in time, 'forever,' analogously to friendship, and why the hero must demonstrate his valor in the act of an instant, an instant that Honor, and the ethics of humility, oblige to subsequently forget: that instant of the hero, which implicitly carries all the valor in the act of its occurrence, is the absolute instance of the Comrades, the perfect coincidence of those who go to fight in favor of the same ideal. Because, and the clarification is evident, the instant of the hero is a time proper to Kshatriyas, to Warriors, that is to say, to Comrades.

"In a trench, a chief and ten soldiers are sheltered. Suddenly, a deadly grenade falls within. A soldier throws himself on it and cushions the explosion with his body: he has died but he has saved all the others; he is a ***hero.*** One must note, in this example, that the hero, in his absolute instance, is the ***charismatic leader*** of the group. Let us well observe: it is a professional army, there are hierarchies and military ranks, superiors and subordinates, chiefs and soldiers. However, this exterior organization, that superficial order, does not count in the face of the imponderable Death; the internal forces of the human order are impotent to oppose the solvent potency of Death. When the grenade falls, in the trench, only Death and the men who are going to die are real: in that instant of terror there are no superiors and subordinates, chiefs and soldiers, but men who are going to die. But someone decides to oppose Death with his body. He thinks in an instant and decides: he will stop Death, he will not let it pass beyond him. It is not a suicide: it is an act of giving one's life in favor of an ideal. 'I die so that they triumph.'

"First act: The grenade falls into the trench and the grenade is Death: in front of it, a group of men are going to die.

"Second act: A man rises from his own humanity and decides to 'die alone and save them,' 'so that they triumph.' And he who does so is neither a chief nor a soldier, for valor requires no hierarchy, but the hero. Here is the miracle: ***a soldier seizes the absolute instance and stops being a soldier to become a hero. And there are no longer chiefs or soldiers, not even men who are going to die, but the hero and his Comrades.***

"His companions, chief and soldiers, are the Comrades who coincide with him in the act of Death. But, above all acts, is the objective of war, the warrior's ideal, the homeland or perhaps a national goal. The realization of the ideal necessitates, then, the event of life. Death, in that case, is the Enemy. Hence, to stop Death, to prevent it from taking the life of those who fight for the ideal, is an act of service to the ideal, outside all regulations. If it were not so, the hero's act would be a mere suicide and the survivors would save a meaningless life. But the life rescued from Death has a meaning: ***the triumph of the ideal.*** The hero throws himself on the grenade but clearly tells them all: ***'I die so that you triumph,'*** that is to say, 'I die so that we all triumph,' 'I die so that the ideal triumphs,' 'triumph!'; he does not say 'I give you my life.'

"And how does he tell them? C***harismatically.*** They all hear him with the Blood; that is why they do not feel that they owe their life to the hero but that they must triumph, defeat the Enemy, ***comply with his mandate.*** So there is order? Yes, but not the artificial order of the military organization but the formality of the Mystique: in the instant of bravery, the hero is the ***charismatic leader*** of his Comrades and his last thought is an ***order*** that all will obey. An order given outside of the military hierarchy, unlinked from the chain of command, but endowed with greater force than any exterior disposition because it has been issued within each one, simultaneously with the explosion of Death. Under the Mystical form of the ideal, the Comrades have received, in a unique instant, the order of the charismatic leader, who is so because in that absolute instance he surpasses them all with the heroic valor of his act.

"Returning to the previous comparison, one can now better appreciate the difference between friendship and camaraderie: ***friends can give us much, even all that they have; perhaps even give their life for us; but only Comrades will give us something greater than their lives, even greater than our own lives, this is, the ideal. Only a hero, or a Comrade, will believe in us as heroes or***

Comrades and order us to follow the ideal, will point us to the ideal, will reveal to us the ideal, will bring us closer to the ideal.

"***To be a friend is to be linked to someone else's heart. To be a Comrade is to be committed to an ideal;*** it means to take on, at the opportune moment, the absolute instance of the hero; if necessary, charismatically leading the Comrades, ordering the march toward the ideal, dying for the ideal. ***'Germany, you will stand shining / Even if we go down / ... / Yes! Our banner means more than death!'***

"But heroes do not always have to die. A hero is also he who leads his Comrades in the absolute instant and leads them directly to victory. And they all follow him, persuaded, captivated, won over, because they charismatically know, with the Blood, that he has seen the ideal and proposes to realize it. Thus is fulfilled a universal principle of the Hyperborean Wisdom; ***'one leads the Comrades and the ideal is realized.'***

"In our squad, military order was prevailing. There was a scale of command that was initiating in Von Grossen, continuing with me, proceeding with Hans and Kloster, and ending in Heinz; the Kaulika warriors also had their hierarchy, and their chiefs were receiving our directives.

"However, above the military organization, the common ideal of the Spirit, of National Socialism, of the Führer, was uniting us all. At a given instant, we were all Comrades, and then the absolute instance of the hero was able to occur. During the journey, and the attack on the Duskhas, the squadron functioned as a military corps and hierarchies and ranks were respected. However, when the sought objective became incorporeal, and Death and madness began to haunt us, and it was at last evident that neither Von Grossen nor anyone, except Me, would be able to get them out of that sinister 'Valley of the Immortal Demons,' the hierarchical order broke down and the charismatic coincidence took place: Me and the Comrades. They were all believing in me, expecting from me, trusting in me.

"The circumstance, it is clear, was requiring a hero and a leader. I was aware of it and ***not willing to let the opportunity pass by.*** That is why I was wanting that they rest before resuming the search for Ernst Schäfer: then there would be no more time. For, at that absolute instant, followed by my Comrades without hesitating, and in turn following the Path of Kula and Akula, we would throw ourselves into the Enemy's throat. We

would die or we would triumph, but whichever the case, our death or triumph would signify for the Comrades of Germany the order of realizing the ideal, the victory of the Führer. 'We will die so that they triumph,' I was thinking, trembling with heroic resolution. The ideal? As Baldur von Schirach would say, the ideal consisted in 'our Banners.'

Chapter XXXI

From there, everything happened very rapid, and I will narrate it to you in the same way, Neffe Arturo.

"Early in the morning we were prepared to reinitiate the pursuit. The totality of the warriors readied their weapons, as if we were, at any moment, to fight a battle: the Tibetans checked their arrows and the blade of their knives, and, with one hand rested on the pommel of their scimitars, were awaiting the sound to march; the Germans provided themselves with magazines and stick grenades, and replaced the Mauser rifles with Schmeisser submachine guns. Although Konrad Tarstein's orders, identical to those that Von Grossen received from the SD, were requiring me to peacefully join Ernst Schäfer's expedition, I was doubting that it was now possible. And neither were Von Grossen and the other ϟϟ officers considering it possible. Not after having entered into that Valley of the Immortals, after having seen that paradisiacal region in the middle of the eternal snows, that oasis in the heights of Kunlun. Such a place could not exist without surveillance. And the guardians would not be willing to let us advance or retreat. Guardians who, we were sensing, would be terribly more dangerous than the Duskhas.

"We had barely entered on the Threshold of the Valley when we stopped and camped. If we were surveilled, the guardians of the Threshold would not take long to act; hence our preparations, the certainty that something was threatening us and we would have to confront it. We were looking for Schäfer, that was the principal objective, but then the reality was that we were in a Valley of Hell.

" 'Nothing indicates to us that Schäfer has taken this course, much less that he has passed through here, but I believe that it now makes no difference whether we go forward or backward,' conceded Von Grossen. 'The truth is that this valley does not exist in our World: in any case, it makes no difference whether we go in one direction or the other!'

"The Kalita porters were refusing to continue. But neither were they knowing how to return, so it was necessary to separate again. The same two Lopas, monks of advanced age but equally dangerous, the yaks, zhos, and all the horses stayed

with them. Although there was no snow anywhere, and the climate was spring-like, the peaks of the Kunlun mountains were looking too close to suppose that the horses were to be useful to us for long.

"In that way, we set out, the five Germans, the seven Lopas, and the Gurkha, Comrades of the Eternal Spirit, thirteen heroes in their absolute instance. I gave the mental order to the daiva dogs and they set off in the same direction that they were following the day before.

" 'There's no denying that you're persistent,' Von Grossen grunted upon seeing the course taken.

"But I was not having the time to attend to him or to anyone else. Kala, the Devouring Time, was now the Mrtyu Death in front of us, a definitive instant in which we would either die or triumph, with no middle ground. And in that instant of heroes, a Hero among heroes was being required, a leader who transmitted the charismatic order to fight for the ideal, 'for our Banners,' 'even if we have to die.' If the ideal was finally being realized, to die or to live was signifying an honor or a triumph, whichever was the case. None should be concerned with dying or living but with the realization of the ideal, the universal imposition of our Banners, the victory of our own Strategy. That was the charismatic order to my Comrades. To the daiva dogs I was commanding 'follow Ernst Schäfer' in the language of the svadi Yantra. And the dogs Kula and Akula were following the traitor's trail in a region that was neither on Earth nor in Heaven. And I was following the daiva dogs, beyond Kula and Akula. And my twelve Comrades were behind me, without any longer caring about anything that was surrounding them, without contemplating the possibility of dying or living, only thinking of the ideal, of the realization of the ideal, of the Final Victory of our Banners.

"Since we left the bivouac, the excitement of the mastiffs was increasing, as if their prey was getting closer and closer. They guided us with much confidence along several descending trails, until finding the bed of a torrential stream, the current of which was coming from the Kunlun mountains. For an hour, more or less, we marched parallel to its right bank, and the Kaulika monks, on several occasions, had to chop with their scimitars to clear a path through the dense thicket of thorns.

"Finally, we arrived at a magnificent 50-meter waterfall, and there we obtained the first proof that we were not going in the wrong direction. In front of us was standing the wall of a stone ravine 50 to 60 meters high, where the water of the stream was pouring down, and at the base of which were unmistakable signs of man's presence. In a small clearing there was a ***mound,*** one of those stone tumuli similar to the South American ***apachetas,*** which are formed in the 'sacred places' of Tibet by the addition that all the pilgrim lamas make of a stone painted with signs corresponding to bījas of the Kalachakra. In a niche excavated in the stone wall, was the motive for the mound: the sculpture of the Living Buddha ***Maggogpa,*** the Master King of Shambhala, Rigden Jyepo. They had depicted him seated in the lotus position, meditating, and in his hands, a tiny statuette of the Kakini Shakti was holding a bleeding Heart, in the center of which was the sign of the Star of David, the indicator of the Anahata chakra. The whole was corresponding to the Symbol of the Doctrine of the Heart, the Yoga of Love that all the aspirants who aspire to know the Kalachakra must practice. Its presence there was frankly threatening and intimidating: only those who were initiated adepts in the Doctrine of the Heart could continue the journey toward the Gate of Shambhala. Acceptance of such a condition was demonstrated by adding a stone with the name written in blood, to the tumulus mound.

"We only stopped for fifteen minutes in that place, as the mastiffs were spiritedly insisting on continuing the search and were requiring a superhuman effort to restrain them. During that time, my Comrades explored the site and discovered that several paths were coming and going: the daiva dogs, perhaps to shorten the way, led us through completely impassable areas. But it could be seen that that 'Gate of Shambhala' had been frequently visited, given the volume of the mounds, or at least for quite a few years.

" 'Von Grossen, Von Sübermann, look at this!' shouted Heinz Schmidt, who was entertained examining the stones of the mounds.

"He had a stone in his hand and held it out to me. I observed that it was appearing written in blood on two of its faces: one was illegible, for its signs were unknown to me, but the second inscription shook my heart: it was reading, in correct German: ***Ernst Schäfer.***

"Without saying a word I passed it to Von Grossen and called to Srivirya and Bangi. 'Can you tell me what language this is?' I inquired.

" 'It is ***Senzar,*** the sacred language of the Bodhisattvas of Chang Shambhala. The Arhat Djual Khul, who guides the Germans, must have revealed to them certain formulas of the Kalachakra to write on the stones,' explained Srivirya.

"And that was all that occurred there. Moments later the daiva dogs were climbing, two by two, the steps of a staircase carved in the stone, which was leading to the top of the ravine.

"Once the ascent was completed, one was gaining access to a wide terrace, at the edge of which was beginning the slope of a mountain belonging to the eastern end of the Altyn-Tagh system. The place was equally desolate, but with evident signs of human activity. In fact, we were all surprised by the presence of an imposing ***Chorten,*** a sacred Tibetan monument with a square base and a strangled body in the shape of a bell, usually topped with a truncated cone, on which top sits the image of a Deity. Placed on the upper cone of the Chorten, was standing out the horrible statue of a Goddess countlessly multiplied in herself and unfolded in hundreds of similar profiles: innumerable faces, legs, and arms, were converting her into a whirlwind of Presences, that is to say, they were undoubtedly signifying Her Omnipresence. The Goddess was expressing only one Aspect, tirelessly repeated: such an aspect, isolated, was showing her compassionately smiling at us while dancing on a bleeding Heart; she was wearing her hair loose and adorned with a Queen's crown, an eye in the middle of her forehead, and eyes in the palms of her hands and on the soles of her feet. She was delicately painted, and the predominant colors were white and blue: white body, blue garments.

"The Chorten was at least 15 meters high, and the statue of the Goddess was large enough to enable us to appreciate all its details. We Germans were observing it in silence, expressing with eloquent gestures the displeasure that it was causing us: 'Teuflisch!'

"The Tibetans were also contemplating it in silence. However, in an unusual act the Gurkha turned toward the group of ϟϟ officers:

" 'The image of Kuan Yin, the Queen Mother of the West, impresses you? It equally impresses us, ***but contemplating the Goddess herself*** interested in the visitors of her millenary Sanc-

tuary affects us much more. If you wish, I can translate for you in clear words what this humble Kaulika monk sees and feels when perceiving the Chorten of the Goddess of Mercy in the Valley of the Immortals.'

"We all accepted, without imagining how far the Kaulika monk's sharp vision could take us into the details of the hidden plot.

" 'Yesterday I told two of you that if you could see the subtle world you would verify that we were on our way to the Sanctuary of Hsi Wang Mu,' recalled Bangi. 'Today we have come a step closer to ***Her, the Mother of the animal part of man.*** But you still do not see her, ***even though her presence is everywhere.*** Her image impresses you? For what would become of you if you could lift the veil of Maya and contemplate Kuan Yin in all her Intelligence and Majesty, in her total ***Merciful*** Omnipresence? I will tell you: you would not be able to resist the Gaze of the Goddess of Animal Love, the Compassionate One of the Heart!

" 'And you would not be able to do so because hers is a gaze of many eyes, of hundreds of eyes, of millions of eyes, which observe the heart of man, or jīva, waiting for him to approach and identify himself with his atman, the Divine Archetype created by Brahma in the likeness of Himself. And for that the Kakini Shakti makes her voice heard in the anahata-shabd sound, and says ***"om mani padme hum,"*** "O Thou, jewel that is in the lotus," "O Mother that is in the chakra," "O Devi, that is in the Anahata chakra." And if the jīva hears this mantram, and recites it as anahata japa, he converts himself into Jīvātman; and ***he also receives the kalagiya, the signal to enter Chang Shambhala and join the White Brotherhood.***

" 'At each point of actual Space there is a small archetypal globe or atom, which symbolizes with exactitude the unity of Brahma, The Creator. And in the center of each one of such atoms, there is an eye with which The One contemplates Himself from all created things. Each eye of the One Father is called ***Yod,*** but each pupil belongs to the Mother Kuan Yin. When the blood of man is stigmatized by the Lords of Karma, and pain penetrates the eyes of The One like a pleasant symphony, the pupils of Mother Kuan Yin soften the suffering chords with the Mercy of Her Heart. That is why She is ***Avalokiteśvara,*** a Bodhisattva of Compassion. Yes, Western ***Kameraden:*** this image that impresses you is just a dim reflection of

Kuan Yin behind the Veil of Maya. Right here, at this moment, the Goddess dances the Dance of Life and her countless eyes gaze into your Hearts seeking the warmth of Love! Kuan Yin wants to feel Your Hearts palpitating with Love for created things! She wants to feel you shudder with compassion for the pain that scourges the life of man, the pain caused by those who deviate from the harmony of the Universe, from the Law of The One! And what do the eyes of Avalokiteśvara pick up on in Your Hearts? Only Cold and Hate, instead of Warmth and Love of Life. And then the eyes of the Mother withdraw enveloped in tears, promising to help you so that you return to the animal condition, to the warm Heart of those who love the tepid Life. She is the Mother of the animal-men, of the Paśus: Her Mercy will reach you and warm your Heart with her Love, dislodging the Cold and the Hate, the hard ice! And do it she will, even if she has to spin the Kalachakra and convert you into primitive simians!

" 'But here, with you, is Ganesha, the Son of Shiva, whom you call Kurt. What has the Mother Goddess of the West seen in the Heart of the Son of Shiva? Also Cold and Hate, but forming the nest for the mask of the Cold Death, the refuge of Kaly, the Black One. Yes, in the Son of Shiva is the greater abomination, for he has harbored Death in his Heart, the Mask of Death that hides the Naked Truth of the Infinite Blackness of Himself. In the Heart of Ganesha, on the dead body of the Paśu, son of Mother Kuan Yin, Kaly the Black One dances the Dance of the Cold Death; and on the cadaver of the Paśu, which is carrion, is still living the phallus of Shiva, the diamantine lingam of Vajra: facing the symbol of absolute virility, Kaly unveils Herself and lets manifest Parvati Frya, the Truth behind the Black Death; Parvati Frya then performs the yonimudrā on the lingam of Shiva, and Bhairava resurrects in the Heart of the Son of Shiva; a Child of Vajra was abnormally born in the Heart of Ganesha! A child engendered by the Spirit of Shiva with the Truth behind the Mask of Death! A child gestated in the womb of the Infinite Blackness of Himself! A child born in the broken vulva of the dead Heart of the Paśu! A Child of Vajra, a Child of Diamond, a Child of Stone, a Child of Lightning, a Child of Cold Fire, ***a Child God!*** A Child who is the Uncreated Vrune and who is beyond Kula and Akula, beyond Time and Space, beyond Life and Death, beyond Good

and Evil, ***definitively beyond the Paśu killed by Kaly in the Heart of the Son of Shiva!***

" 'The millions of eyes of Avalokiteśvara have seen a very great evil in the Heart of the Son of Shiva. An evil for which neither Her Tears of Mercy, nor Her Compassion, nor Her Love are enough. An evil for which there is no redemption possible, neither in this nor in another life of the Sridpai Khorlo Wheel of Life.

" 'It is the evil of that one who flees the care of his Father and Mother, who disowns his Father and Mother, who discovers that he has no Father or Mother, who encounters the Naked Truth of Himself and insists on Being what He Is and not what He ought to be according to the Law. Oh what ingratitude of the one who thus cools the Heart to the Mother and harbors hatred against the Father! The Naked Truth has installed itself in the Heart of man, on a bed of ice, and he has converted himself into a Virya, into a God who competes with the One God. But She has cooled the Heart because She is the Enemy of Love and the Mother Kuan Yin cannot permit it. The Enemy of Love has caused much harm: with the Mask of Kaly, She has murdered the Paśu, Her firstborn son; and with the Power of the Naked Truth, She has procreated an abominable being who was born on the cadaver of the Paśu, a Diamond Stone Child, a child who is not and never will be human. Great is the harm caused by the Enemy, Terrible the evil that nests in the Heart of the Son of Shiva.

" 'It is the duty of the all-seeing Mother Kuan Yin, whose Mercy reaches out to all, to protect her animal-man children. Because her children, of Warm Heart and cold mind, are like sheep in the flock: they depend on the Shepherd and his staff. And because the Children of Stone, of Frozen Heart and hot mind, are like hungry wolves: they stalk the flock to kill the lambs, and only flee before the Shepherd's staff.

" 'What has the Mother Goddess of the West seen in the Heart of the Son of Shiva? A wolf, a slayer of lambs, a Child of Stone Son of Himself and Bridegroom of Naked Truth, an abominable Tāotiè Existence outside of Creation. But, above all evils, Kuan Yin has seen the one who can manifest the Naked Truth to the World, discover the Forbidden and Inebriating Beauty of the Enemy of men and propagate the evil of Wisdom like an epidemic. To the eyes of Mother Kuan Yin, the Son of Shiva is the Demon of Man's Destruction. The Naked

Truth that Ganesha can exhibit to sleeping men will cause in them a new and atrocious fall into the nothingness of the Uncreated. Upon the ruins of the Humanity of Love, Ganesha transformed into Shiva, will dance the dissolution of the Created, the decomposition of Maya, the Final Death of Illusion. And in the Pralaya of Love and Mercy of Kuan Yin, upon the Death of Humanity, in the Götterdämmerung of the Brotherhood, the resurrected Heroes, the semi-divine Viryas, the God-Men, will exalt the Naked Truth of Himself, the Enemy of Love, the Spouse of the Origin. Oh, how the millions of Avalokiteśvara's eyes weep upon realizing the evil that inhabits the Heart of the Son of Shiva!

" 'But Kuan Yin knows that the evil of Ganesha is too great to be forgiven. No; for Kurt von Übermann there is no possibility of negotiation, for his Presence is humiliating to the dignity of the Bodhisattvas, his Presence that shamelessly exposes the Naked Truth of the Origin! No one who is on the side of The One, of Brahma, The Creator, will accept such an affront! And it will once again be the Merciful One, who speaks in the Heart of the Son of Shiva and announces to him the decision of the Gods. Thus speaks the Mother Goddess Kuan Yin into the Heart of the Son of Shiva, Kurt von Übermann!

> As a wolf, thou wilt slay my sheep.
> As a Child of Stone, Tāotiè,
> then into wolves like thee wilt thou turn them.
> For thee there shall be no compassion!
> Serene is my loving Heart,
> dry are my many eyes!
> Monster of the Forbidden Truth
> that transmutes human Peace:
> the decision is made!
> Whither thou hast come thou shalt go!
> Out of the Path of Man thou shalt go!
> Fierce wolf, thou shalt not lie in wait for my sheep!
> Naked Truth of the Origin
> to sleeping men
> thy Sign thou shalt not reveal!
> For thou art eternal,
> though thou knowest it not, Ulfheðnar,
> thou shalt not die;
> but if thou wilt transit
> the Path of Man,

to the World of Man
thou shalt never return!
To my Sanctuary on Earth
thou shalt not enter!
I am the Mother of Mankind!
I am the attentive Shepherdess,
and I watch over my flock
with zeal without equal!
He who arriveth here seeketh Immortality!
He is the one who hath passed all trials
and is a lamb in my pen;
he is the one who hath offered a tender Heart
to Avalokiteśvara;
he is the one who loveth and suffereth,
who followeth his Dharma,
who is a perfect animal-man;
he who cometh to my Sanctuary
and goeth to worship the Father!
To him I grant Immortality!
To him I guide toward the Brotherhood!
But thou, who art a wolf in the guise of a lamb,
what dost thou come to seek?
Bearer of the Black and Cold Death,
in thine Heart of Ice,
the Hidden Enemy goeth.
The Gods cannot punish thee,
but neither do they wisheth to see thee any more.
There is no place for wolves on this property!
Through my sutratma of Mercy
the lycanthrope shall not transit!
Here I am Kuan Yin, Chenrezig,
the Goddess of the Bottom of the Sea!
I guard the Path of the Deva Yana
for the Immortals of the Brotherhood!
Thy sin of Frya Stone
hath offended mine eyes of goodness,
and I have cut thee off from the path
toward the Brotherhood.
For thine abominable evil
today I have closed
the Gate of Chang Shambhala!
I am Palden Dorje Lhamo!

"We were all left astonished and surprised by the monk's words, He was calling that 'translating his impressions of the Chorten,' when it was seeming that the Goddess Kuan Yin herself had spoken to us! Undoubtedly, Bangi was possessing a superior faculty that was enabling him to see and hear the Bodhisattvas. But I was the one most altered by that vision, for I was discovering in it aspects that were closely touching me, significances that were of interest to Operation First Key, concepts that were taking on meaning within the framework of my own Strategy. The Gurkha, in effect, had transmitted a message to me, although whether he did it consciously or unconsciously was unclear.

"In synthesis, what the Gurkha said, and that no one was able to then understand except me, was that ***my presence in the Valley of the Immortals was forcing the Demons to close the Gate of Chang Shambhala,*** just as Konrad Tarstein was expecting to happen. That is to say, that if Ernst Schäfer had not yet succeeded in getting through, his Operation ***Altwesten*** would be definitively suspended, because the Goddess Kuan Yin 'was saying in my Heart': 'the decision is made,' 'today I have closed the Gate of Chang Shambhala.'

Chapter XXXII

It was midday when we left the Chorten. The daiva dogs were demanding to climb the western slope of one of the Altyn-Taghs, but we soon discovered a concealed path that was enabling us to ascend about a thousand meters. Four tiring hours later, we arrived at the summit of the mountain, verifying that to the north, the mountain was falling thousands of meters in a vertical wall: from the base, a vast desert-like plain was extending in all directions, except to the NW, where we were sighting the blue waters of a lake of enormous surface.

" 'Teufel!' exclaimed the efficient Von Grossen. 'We have the fortune of contemplating the country from a privileged terrace of 4,000 meters. What we see, in all its expanse, is the Chinese province of Sinkiang; that plain, is none other than the Taklamakan Desert, which is connected with the Mongolian Gobi Desert at its eastern end; and the lake, with all precision, is the Lop Nor. At last a geographical area that conforms to the reality of the German maps!'

"But, if the World outside of the Valley of the Immortals was still the same, in its interior Space and Time were as distorted as before, the Traitorous Gods and the Priests of the White Brotherhood were lying in wait to block our way or attack us, and we still had to locate Ernst Schäfer. The latter occurred ahead of schedule. Effectively, while we were observing Sinkiang in awe, the Kaulika monks explored the hundred square meters of the summit and within minutes brought shocking news: at the foot of the southern slope was an encampment! We ran there and verified it with the binoculars. There was no room for doubt: it was the German encampment!

"The small ravine, which looked more like a gorge, was about 500 meters long and 50 meters wide, and in winter was fulfilling the function of transporting the snow of a gigantic glacier, like a titanic stone channel. It was oriented from east to west, and at each end, two passes were allowing entry or exit: from within, it could be observed that the western pass was flanked by the sculptures of two enormous armed bodhisattvas. For some reason, the expedition did not dare to cross that eloquently ornamented stone portal, and decided to camp

at the opposite end of the ravine, next to the entrance pass. It could be seen that they were already a few days in that place, and that perhaps they were thinking to stay longer, since they had unpacked all the equipment and rationally distributed it, after a rigorous castrametation: they were even making use of two sentinels, one to the east and the other to the west of the camp.

"For the long-cherished moment of encountering Schäfer's expedition, Von Grossen had drawn up a plan of approach to which only tactical details were needing to be added according to the circumstances. Given the present case, it was only necessary to confirm the positions and functions of each one so that the squad was ready to execute the plan.

"Accordingly, we descended in silence to the entrance of the ravine, the site in which the path of the summit was leading. Already there, Von Grossen, Oskar Feil, the Gurkha, and I, with the daiva dogs, remained hidden for a few minutes, while the three ϟϟ officers and the eight Lopas monks, were deployed around the encampment. They were to stand guard and cover our next advance, in anticipation of a misunderstanding or something going wrong.

"Without suspecting anything, the sentinel was smoking, distracted by his own thoughts, perhaps remembering his distant Fatherland. The three Germans suddenly appeared in front of him and he believed himself to be dreaming. But it was too late to react, especially when seeing the black muzzles of the Schmeisser: the Luger, the dagger, and the MP 40 submachine gun passed into Von Grossen's hands.

" 'We are officers of the Third Reich,' Von Grossen explained, 'but we can't take chances. Heil Hitler! Now approach the encampment, very slowly, and report our arrival!'

" 'Heil Hitler!' responded the troubled sentinel.

"With exquisite delicacy, he was peeking into each of the six tents and communicating to their occupants what was occurring. Many, possibly, must have supposed that the sentinel was delirious.

"In seconds, 20 or more men were assembled, but one was not able to distinguish who was officer or non-commissioned officer because they were all dressed in civilian clothes. One of them let out an exclamation and took several steps closer:

" 'I know you! You're ***Standartenführer*** Karl von Grossen! What the Devil are you doing here, in the armpit of Tibet?'

" 'And I know who you are, ***Standartenführer Reinhart Von Krupp,***' mischievously replied the always well-informed Von Grossen, remarking on the officer's rank and name. From his years in the Gestapo, Von Grossen was keeping the bad habit of putting a certain suggestive emphasis when naming persons, implying that he was possessing confidential or compromising information about them.

" 'We are here to...' Von Grossen was going to continue, when he was interrupted by the appearance of Ernst Schäfer.

"It is possible, and even more, very probable, that Schäfer had irreversibly lost his mind when finding himself before that unexpected spectacle. To understand this, it is necessary to imagine what it would be like for him to have arrived at the Valley of the Immortals, a step from the Sanctuary of the Queen Mother of the West and the Gate of Chang Shambhala, and to see that in place of the Arhats was appearing a group of Germans, one of them his sworn enemy. And along with this one, inexplicably, was the propitiatory victim, Oskar Feil, and the missing Gurkha.

" 'Ahahahah...!' he gave a demented shriek and cried out, 'Shoot, kill them all!'

"The ϟϟ, officers and troops, raised their rifles but waited for their ***Standartenführer*** to confirm the order: Schäfer was an officer of the Abwehr and had no direct command over the Schutzstaffel. That indecision prevented an armed confrontation of unforeseeable consequences.

" 'They are Germans, ϟϟ men!' tried to explain Von Krupp, who was stunned by Ernst Schäfer's hallucinatory attitude.

"But the latter had already drawn his Luger and was aiming at me, with the manifest intention of eliminating me from the world of the living.

"He did not manage to shoot. In a swift movement, two of the ϟϟ men of his expedition rushed at him and took him hostage: one snatched his pistol and held him, while the other was holding a dagger to his throat. They were the two spies of the SD!

" 'At the first one who moves, we'll cut this man's throat!' threatened one of them. 'Come closer, mein ***Standartenführer,*** and disarm those four!' he added, pointing at Schäfer's henchmen.

"Von Grossen did not wait long and shouted several orders. To the general surprise, Hans and Kloster emerged from

among the rocks and quickly stripped the four, who put up no resistance, of their weapons. Six figures, vested in saffron-colored tunics and with their faces and hands covered with ashes, attempted to flee in the direction of the western exit of the ravine, but they fell a few steps away riddled with arrows: they were the Kushok of the Jafran Ashram and their lamas. That was the last straw. Von Krupp bellowed an order in turn and all his men took to the ground; and it was not long before the confrontation began again.

"Von Krupp's squadron was double ours in number. However, common sense prevailed and the ***Standartenführer*** angrily interrogated Von Grossen:

" 'What is this, Von Grossen? You show up here, treat us as if we were enemies, and kill our Tibetan guides, who were counting on our protection. I imagine that you have a good justification for this outrage!'

" 'We have nothing against you, but against that gang of traitors,' Von Grossen vociferated. 'And if it seems to you sufficient justification, here are our orders, approved by the Führer.'

"He extended him a wax-sealed envelope that was reading: ***'Operationaltwesten.'*** Reinhart von Krupp tore it open and took out the letter. It was a decree of brief text. He affirmatively shook his head and commented to Schäfer:

" 'They have come from Germany to take charge of the expedition! From this moment on, ***Standartenführer*** Karl von Grossen is in charge of security and logistics.'

"Schäfer's face was looking whiter than the snow on the Altyn-Taghs. Von Krupp said in a tone sufficiently loud enough so that everyone heard him:

" 'It's fine by me. I accept the orders and put myself under your command. But you will have to explain to me what your accusation of treason means. And how it is that Oskar Feil happens to be with you.'

"The ϟϟ men eased the pressure of the knife. Von Krupp's men halted and lowered their rifles, while Heinz and the eight Kaulika monks were approaching, the latter with arrows still nocked on their bows.

" 'Treason!' cried the traitor, out of his mind. 'Treason! Damn murderers, you don't know the damage that you've caused to Germany and to Humanity! Ahahahah...! Von Sübermann, son of the Devil, I knew that you were intending to impede our mission! You've come to destroy us: we should

have killed you in Germany! For your sin I will be punished: the Masters will never pardon me for your condemned presence in this Sacred Valley! When the Arhat Djual Khul left, I should have imagined that something terrible was happening! It was you!! You and your execrable Mark that offends the Holy Beings!

" 'Damned, a thousand times damned Von Sübermann, spawn of Hell, how did he find me?!' he roared, completely enraged. The two ϟϟ spies were holding him by the arms to prevent him from throwing himself onto me.

" 'Despicable ***Herr Lehrer,*** the last thing that I had wanted in my life was to see you again,' I affirmed with sincerity. 'The merit of getting this far is the exclusive work of these noble canines.'

"I then let go a little of the rein on the daiva dogs, which were still obeying the order to 'fetch Ernst Schäfer,' and the mastiffs jumped up and took two fierce bites just centimeters from his neck.

"With his eyes bulged with terror, his face distorted by anger, Schäfer was the image of madness.

" 'You see: ***only an infernal being could come accompanied by the wolves of Wothan!*** Do not accept that decree Von Krupp, and kill them all. There is still time to avert a terrible evil for Germany and the world. I assure you that nothing will happen to you if you listen to me. Or rather, I guarantee that you will be decorated as a hero.'

" 'You're mad, Schäfer: in Germany there is no one superior to the Führer! If I don't carry out these orders the only decoration that I'll receive will be a hemp rope with a noose,' Von Krupp excused himself.

" 'No, Comrade Von Krupp,' I clarified; 'these are not the words of a madman but those of a traitor. He does believe that there are men more powerful than the Führer: they are those who plan the demise of the Third Reich and have entrusted him with a secret mission that will help to consummate the treason. And as for you, ***Herr Lehrer,*** it is certain that Kula and Akula are not the wolves of Wothan, although it is true that I come from a Hell and now I am in a greater Hell; but these dogs, like Cerberus, will prevent you from reaching the worst of the Hells, the one behind that Gate at the end of the ravine, that is, your beloved Chang Shambhala, the lair of the Immortal Demons.'

" 'Blasphemy! Blasphemy! Kill them, Von Krupp! Kill them now and you'll save your Soul! Kill them before it's too late and they release Lúcifer into the World!' he was imploring, already completely losing control of his words.

"Von Grossen ordered that they lock him in a tent, under the custody of Hans and Kloster. It was already beginning to get dark and the Kaulika monks hurried to put up the tents, before the astonished gaze of Von Krupp's squadron. The latter approached us and asked without much delicacy:

" 'Can someone explain to me what is going on? I was supposed to conduct and protect a scientific expedition that was aiming to investigate the Oriental ancestors of the Aryan Race. Nothing to do with what I am hearing: "Demons," "Hells," "treason to the Third Reich." What does all this madness mean? How can one betray the Third Reich in this remote place? And the most incredible thing, where did they find Oskar Feil? How did they follow us? What is that about the wolves of Wothan?'

"For half an hour, Karl von Grossen clarified as best he could all of Von Krupp's doubts. At the end, the latter posed a question to which Von Grossen had no answer.

" 'And what will we do now?'

" 'My orders,' Von Grossen revealed, 'specify that upon making contact with the expedition I must act according to the instructions of ***Sturmbannführer*** Kurt von Übermann. And since you must obey me, I will save myself the trouble of relaying such instructions to you if we are both aware of them at the same time,' he concluded with overwhelming logic. 'Well, Von Übermann, what have you to tell us?'

" 'That we have to go back to Germany immediately!' I said without hesitation. 'Tomorrow we must embark on our return. We will put Ernst Schäfer and his four accomplices under arrest, but if they resist, we will execute them on my watch.'

"Karl von Grossen unreservedly approved of this decision, but the most relieved was Von Krupp.

" 'That's it? Back to Germany? That's the best news I've heard in over a year. I feared that you would request to continue the exploration of Tibet. I totally support that proposal! The truth is that I was already fed up with Ernst Schäfer and his mysteries.'

"Poor Von Krupp! Neither Von Grossen, nor I, then imagined that he would never return to Germany...

Chapter XXXIII

I wouldn't be able to assure you, Neffe, if the first thing that we perceived was the sound or the light, ***or the unmistakable sweet and penetrating smell of sandalwood smoke,*** or if we sensed both tattvas at the same time.

"Von Krupp's men were already sheltered in the tents, except for two sentinels. The Gurkha and the Lopas were finishing pitching our tents helped by Heinz. And the two ***Standartenführers*** and I were still talking. The sun had long since set and the dying twilight was rapidly giving way to the freezing night of the Tibetan peaks. However, in an instant, the ravine began to illuminate from the western exit, as if we witnessed the dawning of a new and dazzling Sun.

"Perplexed, stunned, hypnotized, the three of us were staring at the ball of light, which was crossing the gorge and advancing through the center of the ravine, no more than a hundred meters high. Although the halo was extending tens of meters around the glowing nucleus, it was possible to distinguish that the center was comprised of four incandescent spheres, eccentrically intersecting each other. But such an observation was only for a second, because the sound that was accompanying the resplendent apparition immediately prevented us from any other perception.

"At least for me, who spent my childhood on a farm in Cairo where honeybees were being kept, that vibration was clearly familiar: ***it was the classic buzzing of a swarm in movement.*** It had started as a faint buzz, just as the light was at first a soft glow, but soon became unbearable. I believe that the three of us covered our ears with our hands, to find in desperation that nothing was able to stop the sonorous penetration. With my head in my hands, and my brain drilled by the murderous wave, I fell to my knees completely dazed.

"I felt that I was going to lose consciousness and, in a supreme effort of will, I looked around me. I saw Von Grossen, still standing, convulsing and screaming, while just a few centimeters away from me was lying the inert body of Reinhart Von Krupp. I automatically put my hand on his neck, looking for a pulse, but I realized that he had ceased to exist. My mind was becoming clouded; an intense dizziness was causing me the sensation that everything was spinning around me; nau-

sea, initiated in my stomach, shook me into a violent retching; and a growing anguish in my heart, which was already a declared tachycardia, produced in me the impression that that organ was wanting to jump out of my chest and flee. Finally, victim of a psychophysical attack, for which I was knowing no defense whatsoever, I was irremediably fainting. Laughter of the Demons, Music of the Infernos, Harmony of the Creator God of the Universe, in front of that disintegrating force of the Soul, what was left of the Hero, of the charismatic leader, of the Initiate who hours before was leading his legion ready to fight against enemies of Earth or Heaven? Very little, Neffe, very little. Barely a spark of will.

"Suddenly I was seized by a severe tremor, and it took me a while to realize that Bangi had grabbed me by the shoulders and was firmly shaking me. Through the haze, I recognized him shouting before me at the top of his voice; the eight Lopas were also there: two were dragging Oskar Feil; two others were holding Von Grossen; one was running with the daiva dogs, which were tied at one end of the encampment; and the rest were feverishly drawing circles and signs on the ground with their scimitars, while chanting mantrams and adopting warlike mudras. The ball of light was already above us and the buzzing of the bees reached its maximum intensity. Whether it was because of Bangi's shaking, or the effect of the Lopas' yantras, the truth is that I regained some lucidity; enough to understand the Gurkha's dramatic words.

" '***Shivatulku! Shivatulku!***' he was impatiently calling, still shaking me, an act that culminated in two impetuous slaps. With a nod of my head I made him understand that I was hearing him.

" 'O Pawo:[58] get us out of here! Soon or the ***Vimāna*** of Shambhala will destroy us!'

" 'H... how? How will I, if I cannot stand?' I despondently stammered.

" 'The daiva dogs. O Druptob![59] Order the daiva dogs to ***fly*** you to a destination outside of here! Do you understand me?'

"I nodded, despite not totally understanding the Gurkha's request.

58. Hero or "brave one."

59. Siddha or "great adept."

" 'What should I do to make the daiva dogs ***fly?***' I absurdly interrogated myself, but in a voice loud enough so that Srivirya responded. The Lopa, was evidently attentive to my reactions.

" 'Name them as if they were identical to Kyung, the Garuda bird that transports the Gods; or as Lungta, the Pegasus horse that fulfills the same function! Name them, ***Svadi-lung;*** Kula and Akula, ***Svadi-lung;*** and ***they will fly!***'

"Destination? What destination? My head was seeming like it was going to explode. Perhaps it was the unconscious, perhaps the Śrotra Karṇa, but the positive thing was that an Interior Voice said to me:

" 'Sining, you must go to Sining,' I thought on the Yantra, imagined it as best I could, and translated, ***'To Sining, Kula and Akula Svadi-lung.'***[60]

"Some of the Lopa had put the reins of the mastiffs in my hands. They were enraged by the presence of the diabolical vimāna and were howling as if they were indeed the wolves of Wothan. When I imagined the Yantra they stiffened and threw their heads forward, prepared to depart in fulfillment of the order. And when I ordered 'To Sining, Kula and Akula svadi-lung,' the incredible wonder happened that the daiva dogs jumped into a kind of abyss that was unusually being created in front of them.

"I felt myself pulled by the reins, hoisted into the air and transported in a direction to the east, plunged into an impenetrable blackness that was now occupying the place where seconds before were the Altyn-Tagh mountains. Upon being lifted into the air, an abnormal weight in my legs put my body under tension for an instant. I turned, startled, and noticed a human chain was dangling from my extremities: the Tibetans had performed a series of ***tackles*** at the moment of the jump, grabbing each other and also lifting Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil. My gaze slid downward and I stupidly contemplated the ravine illuminated by the vehicle of Shambhala and the encampment converted into a collective sepulcher: Reinhart Von Krupp, dead; the sentinels, dead; and at the entrances of the tents, were scattered the cadavers of those who managed to get out but did not get very far. The buzzing was deafening, terrifying, paralyzing; the buzzing was the call of Death! Heinz, Hans, Kloster! I remembered my Comrades and I believe that I

60. ***"Let us fly to Sining, Kula and Akula."***

screamed with helplessness, before plunging into the blackness and losing consciousness.

Chapter XXXIV

econds later I regained consciousness: no sign of the deafening sound or the diabolical gleam. The twilight was still subsisting, so I could see, without any doubt, that we were in a completely different place from the ravine where Schäfer camped. All that occurred, the attack of the deadly buzzing and the escape thanks to the daiva dogs, immediately came to my memory. By a miracle, I was still alive! But where was I? Because that was evidently not Sining, but the bank of a river, a short beach at the foot of a hill.

"I was seated on the ground, still holding in my hands the now inert reins of the daiva dogs. Centimeters from my feet, the murmuring river was intoning Nature's melody. A glow against the hillside showed me the Lopas gathering wood and stoking a makeshift campfire. Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil had stopped and were contemplating the scene in silence, as if stunned. When the eyes of the ***Standartenführer*** met with mine, he reacted:

" 'Von Sübermann: Gott sei Dank! Where are we? What became of the others?'

"I sat up and responded to him with raw frankness:

" 'I don't know. I don't know what this place is. Surely we're very far from the encampment, but at least we're still alive, because if there's one thing I'm convinced of, it's that those who didn't come with us must've died in the ravine. Who could survive that attack by the Demons? Even the Kaulika monks, who are experts in such kind of Black Magic, were fearing inevitable death!

"At that moment, the three of us remembered the monks and looked for them with a glance: the eight of them were standing by the fire that they had lit under the shelter of some enormous rocks, and they were observing us in turn with tranquility. Karl and Oskar approached them. I wanted to do the same, but the reins prevented me from doing so. With horror, I discovered that one of the mastiffs had died; the other stood at its side, emitting periodic groans of pain.

"If I was owing my life in this world to anyone, other than my parents, it was to those dogs, so I was understandably moved by the loss of one of them. I let the survivor continue its woeful howls, a disconsolate requiem for the absent partner,

and approached the group. Without courtesy, I addressed Srivirya:

" 'How is it that one of the daiva dogs has died? Had not Guru Visaraga assured me that both were constituting an archetypal couple, the manifested synthesis of a pair of opposite principles, the existence of which must ***necessarily*** be simultaneous? If that was true, shouldn't they both have died? Or, rather, why aren't they both alive?'

" 'Have patience, Son of Shiva,' the monk compassionately advised, 'and remember that these dogs are tulpas, mental creations of the Magicians of the Kaula Circle. Therefore they are not subject to natural laws but to the Will of the Gurus. I told you a few days ago that, although our Order knew the secret of the daiva dogs, they had never been projected until now because there was no Initiate like you, capable of controlling them beyond Kula and Akula. Therefore, we were lacking practical information about what would happen upon being performed by a Shivatulku. That is to say, we were not knowing how they were going to behave at this stage of the Kaly Yuga: the last time that the daiva dogs traveled the Earth was in Atlantis, thousands of years ago. Evidently, this Iron Age has somehow weakened their Power of Flight and one of them was affected by the Force of the Dorje. But if we were not knowing how long they were going to live, I can instead answer you why one of them has continued to live after the lung-svadi flight: it is due to the particular laws that rule their reproduction.

" 'You have reasoned well, but you did not contemplate the laws of reproduction. Being a perfect, archetypally balanced couple, the two dogs, indeed, should have died in unison. ***But the law of reproduction established by the Gurus requires that before disintegration, the couple begets and gives birth to another pair of daiva dogs.*** The process would then be the following: the death of either one of them, will mean the automatic metamorphosis of the other into an androgynous specimen; it is as if one of the archetypal principles, which was manifested outside, is incorporated within the survivor; and that which lives, will carry in its bosom the germ of a new couple of daiva dogs, which will grow, mature, and be born in the end: then, after the birth, the old specimen will fatally disintegrate. Do you now understand why one of them lives?'

"I nodded, relieved to know that in little time I would recover the couple of daiva dogs.

" 'Well then,' Srivirya added, 'do not forget that in this period, while the androgynous mastiff is in charge of gestating the new couple, you should refer to him by the name of "Vrune," since he is the unity of Kula and Akula.'

"I nodded again, given that that was undoubtedly logical. At that Von Grossen burst out.

" 'For God's sake, Von Sübermann! Always the damned dogs! You're concerned about the death of a dog? And our Comrades? You've communicated to me your suspicion that they've also died: well, you ought to be grieving for them! And you don't know where we are either. I was trying to find that out from the Tibetans when you interrupted me to talk about the blasted mastiffs.'

"I decided not to respond to Von Grossen's unjust accusations.

" 'We know nothing about the place to which the Shivatulku has brought us,' Srivirya interjected. 'It is up to him to answer, for he alone knows the order that he gave to the daiva dogs.'

"Von Grossen's expression broke down upon verifying that the subject of the mastiffs was inescapable. I did not have to reflect to raise a question that was intriguing me since I regained consciousness on that beach.

" 'To Sining! I ordered the mastiffs to go to Sining. It was the first place that occurred to me, probably because the two monks who were guiding the Kalitas affirmed that from there they would help us get to Shanghai. I can't explain why the daiva dogs didn't lead us to Sining.'

" 'Oh, how strange is the mind of the Shivatulku!' exclaimed Srivirya, who could not conceive that my actions were simply stupid, as in truth they were. 'If you were wishing to go to Shanghai, why not have the dogs lead you there directly, instead of requesting the plaza of Sining, situated 2,000 kilometers before? 'Incomprehensible are the Designs of the Gods! For now that the daivas dogs are in the process of reproduction you will no longer be able to use them for a lung-svipa flight: only the future puppies, some day, will carry you through Time and Space. Of course, now we will find out where we are. What Sining have you translated in your order?'

" 'What Sining? I don't understand what you mean,' I declared, fearing to hear what would come.

" 'Of course, Son of Shiva,' Srivirya candidly explained. 'Was the order requesting to go to Sining-fu or Sining-ho, that is, to the ***City*** of Sining or to the Sining ***River***?'

"I let out a curse. Why had I been so imprecise when defining the imposed destination for the air travel of the daiva dogs? The answer was obvious: because the order was formulated at a critical moment, in the midst of a tremendous physical disorder that prevented me from sufficiently reasoning. In that terrible circumstance I forgot everything, I did not describe the goal with precision because I unconsciously supposed that the dogs would understand, that they would interpret my wishes exactly. And the truth was quite different: the dogs were tulpas, yidams, magical machines projected by the steel will of the Magi and that were requiring the correct control of their functions.

" 'I certainly didn't specify if it was Sining-fu or Sining-ho,' I confessed with annoyance. The Kaulika monk meditated a second and smilingly said:

" 'Then it is very likely that we are by the Sining River. Upon receiving the order, the daivas found that there were two different objectives with the same name. They chose, for reasons that would be too long to detail, the older objective that was corresponding to that name, apparently, the river. And that lack of definition would also explain the death of one of the mastiffs: the cause would be the dilemma to which the opposite principles were subjected, which worked as if a logical wedge had been attempted to split the absolute unity of the dog Archetype. I believe that the problem lies in the degrees of reality of the things in play. On the one hand, the daiva dogs were not constituting a perfect couple, they were not able to be at this stage of the Kaly Yuga, and were exhibiting a certain small degree of disequilibrium. On the other hand, the Sining River turns out to be a little more real, within the Illusion of Maya, than the city of Sining. Consequence: the daiva dogs are faced with a dilemma and are forced to choose; because of the supposed disequilibrium, one of the mastiffs ***tends*** toward Sining-fu and the other ***tends*** toward Sining-ho; as the real destiny is that which magically corresponds to the most real name, only one of the mastiffs arrives at Sining-ho, where we are, while the other dog disintegrates in order to avoid the impossible alteration of the Archetype. And since daiva dogs cannot

exist except in pairs, the present androgyne will also disintegrate after the reproduction.'

" 'So the dogs have gone to the Sining River, to which the current that passes in front of us would correspond!' admitted Von Grossen, who at last was beginning to geographically get his bearings. 'Being so, Kameraden, I will present the situation to you. ***Elements in favor of our Strategy:*** a) three Germans and eight Tibetans, members of Operation First Key, we are still alive; b) it is possible that the city of Sining is near here and it is probable that it represents our definitive salvation, if we manage to pass the night under these conditions. ***Elements against our strategy:*** a) we experienced five losses, three Germans and two Tibetans, in addition to the five Kalita porters and all the equipment; b) if this site is really east of Lake Kokonor, it implies a distance of more than 1,000 kilometers away from the Valley of the Immortal Demons, which for the moment makes it impossible to return to inspect or rescue the bodies and materials. ***Conclusion:*** It is almost certain that the personnel in charge of Operation Altwesten have met an identical fate as the members of Operation First Key, that is to say, that they are dead or missing. This conclusion puts an end to Operation First Key, and imposes on us the delicate obligation of convincingly explaining the events at Ernst Schäfer's encampment to our superiors.'

"Von Grossen looked at me significantly, as if implying that the main person responsible for the explanations would be me. His last words were:

" 'Considering the diabolical attack that we have suffered in that Valley of Hell, in light of the orders received from Germany and the structure of Operation First Key, I have drawn certain conclusions that I will communicate to you on a strictly confidential and personal basis. I believe, Gentlemen, that our leaders in Germany had a pretty good idea of what would happen in Tibet if Kurt von Sübermann was integrated into Operation Altwesten. More clearly, I believe that they, Hitler, Himmler, Heydrich, Rudolf Hess, and God knows who else, knew that certain enemies would react with extreme violence upon discovering Von Sübermann: enemies who are perhaps extraterrestrial beings, possessors of terrible weapons, incomparable to any terrestrial arsenal. If they knew what could happen, why did they permit the enemy to lock us in a deadly trap? This is a question to which I lack an answer. I intuit that

they were wishing to concretely test the efficacy of Von Sübermann in order to cause the reactions of the "Demons" of Chang Shambhala and that perhaps they underestimated the enemy: perhaps they thought that the White Brotherhood would close the damned gates of their lairs, and dismissed the possibility that the Demons were trying to kill us all. Be that as it may, I am persuaded that Von Sübermann will never reveal to us the secret that inflames the Demons. In summary, I hereby conclude Operation First Key; the corresponding General Staff in Germany will make the evaluation of its results. And, as ***SS Standartenführer*** in charge of the execution of Operation First Key, I decree that the immediate return to Germany be undertaken. Do you agree, Kameraden, with the Description of the Situation and the conclusions?'

"What else could Oskar Feil and I do but unconditionally accept Von Grossen's decisions? The Tibetan monks, for their part, were never disputing orders and, once again, were ready to support our plans.

"We would leave at dawn. Meanwhile, we formed a circle around the fire and embraced each other to transfer warmth, a posture that the mastiff Vrune also adopted. In spite of the prevailing cold at daybreak, we all managed to sleep, due to the great psychic fatigue that we accumulated during the last few days. We did not even have a blanket or cloak, just the clothes on our backs, and that is why we were pressing ourselves against each other to avoid freezing, although it was evident that it was not as cold in that site as on the peaks of the Kunlun mountains. As for our weapons, we were only keeping the daggers and the Lugers of Karl, Oskar, and I, and the two Schmeisser submachine guns that we were carrying across our backs: for this fearsome weapon, we were only having two magazines each, the same as for the Lugers. Insufficient to transit through a country in civil war, but always better than nothing.

"All the Kaulikas, on the contrary, had their daggers, scimitars, and quivers with the fifty arrows. For the rest, no food, no water, no supplies of any kind, except what we were carrying on us at the moment of fleeing from the ill-fated ravine. They were few things, very few if we had been much more lost in Tibet; they were sufficient to reach Sining-fu.

"Frozen cold, from dawn we marched parallel to the Sining-ho River. Von Grossen surprised us all when pulling out the

canvas letter holder from inside his jacket and unfolding a map of the Western region of China. And from his pockets, like inexhaustible Pandora's boxes, emerged the inseparable compass,[61] a folding metric scale ruler, and a pair of compasses;[62] useless items, except for the compass and the map.

"Before departing, I made a mound of stones and buried the unfortunate daiva dog. I was not in the habit of praying, but on that occasion I concentrated for a few minutes and elevated my Ego to the sphere of the Gods, using the Śrotra Karṇa to get Them to listen to me: then I turned to Wothan, to him personally, and requested from him a glass of Mead for the feat of Heinz, Hans, and Kloster. 'Yes,' I said to the Gods, 'this time You should toast to those three warriors of Eternal Germany, receive them as Heroes in Valhalla; and, if possible, you should make room for the daiva dog, the dog of Shiva that was transporting the warriors, flying like Vāyu, the Wind!'

"Originated in the southernmost systems of Nanshan, the Sining-ho[63] descends to the south and flows into the Tatung-ho, after passing under the bridge of the Great Wall and bathing the walls of the City of Sining: the Tatung-ho, on the other hand, continues to the SE and flows into the Huang Ho or Yellow River at the confluence of Lan-chau.[64] Around midday, we arrived at a small village, fortified and surrounded by rudimentary crops: it was Huangyuan, one of the posts on the Chang-lam road!

"In the village was a Buddhist temple, several inns for pilgrims and merchants, and a free market of respectable dimensions. The stableman was belonging to the Kaula Circle and we hurriedly made our way to his establishment. There we were reassured, while we had our first hot meal in 24 hours. According to his report, the Prince of Kokonor's men searched for us for a few days, and in the end returned to Tibet. It would be difficult for them to come back unless someone convoked them, which would not happen if we were acting with prudence and were not making ourselves seen. In any case, the power of the roused Tibetans was reaching only as far as Huangyuan, a village situated on the northern side of the

61. navigation instrument

62. drawing tool

63. Huangshui River

64. Lanzhou

Great Wall, in a region traditionally disputed by Mongols and Tibetans. A few kilometers ahead, after the Great Wall, was the Chinese province of Tsinghai and the City of Sining,[65] where the power of the Kaula Circle was considerable.

"Of course, if in Sining-fu we were not to fear persecution from the Tibetans, we would instead have to avoid getting involved in the continuous revolts of the bitter Chinese factions. This time, logistics and tactics were left to the Kaulikas, who knew the terrain better and were possessing a powerful support infrastructure. Their plan, otherwise, was extremely simple: we would spend the night in the stable, which was seeming like a palace after the previous night, and in the morning the Chinaman and his son would take us to Sining-ho hidden in two wagons of four oxen each.

"The Kaulika monks let us know that they planned to return to Tibet after we were out of danger on our way to Shanghai. They would not return directly to Bhutan, for they would try to find their two companions, who had been left with the Kalitas at the Threshold of the Valley of the Immortal Demons. Although they had no daiva dogs, they were knowing much about the magic of the Kyilkhor and were positively knowing that the lost Valley was in the west, in the lands of the Queen Mother Kuan Yin: either from the east, as we did, or from the west, they would find the way to enter and rescue their Comrades or, perhaps, to avenge them. Then, if they were returning, they would withdraw to the Monastery in Bhutan, or to some other belonging to the Kaula Circle, to meditate on everything that occurred on that adventure. They fought side by side with the Shivatulku, were guided to the Valley of the Immortals by the daiva dogs, and participated in their lungsvipa flight: they were certainly fortunate, the Gods had smiled upon them, and it was only remaining for them to retire to meditate and give thanks.

"Nothing could object to that admirable decision, but Karl von Grossen thought differently. He called Srivirya and Bangi aside and qualified them as 'deserters.' 'Your mission,' he told them, 'would only be concluded when ***those in the know*** evaluated the results of the operation.' And such persons, of course, were in Germany: it was incumbent on them, then, to accompany us to our Fatherland and give their valuable testimonies.

65. Xining

They would then be free to return, and he would put all the necessary means at their disposal.

"As the monks were hesitating, Von Grossen morally pressured them by assuring them that they would have to accompany us to Shanghai anyway, in order to officiate as Chinese interpreters, and, once there, 'it wouldn't cost them much' to embark for Germany, 'which was almost as far away as Bhutan.' But this was not true.

"Srivirya and the Gurkha, indeed, were speaking Chinese, but no one was knowing a word of Japanese, the language of those who were occupying half of China. By contrast, Oskar and I took Chinese and Japanese in the ***NAPOLA Ostenführer*** course; and the two of us were proficient in Mandarin and Japanese. But, in any case, there was always the resource of English, a discredited language in Asia but with which Von Grossen or any of us could communicate. The universal language of Asia, as the sons of Perfidious Albion had intended, would be English, but the truth was that only the colonial functionaries and the usual cipayos were speaking it; among the cultured members of the Asiatic peoples, be they Indian, Nepalese, Kashmiri, Bhutanese, Chinese, Burmese, etc., English was resisted and usually remaining unknown, if not hidden and hated.

"Although we were disapproving of Von Grossen's attitude, neither Oskar nor I denied his arguments. We were smilingly observing, instead, how the two extraordinary Initiates were little by little ceding their positions. The truth was that deep down we were all wanting that the two monks travel with us to Germany. When, the following day, we left for Sining, they were already almost convinced by the persuasive ***Standartenführer***.

Chapter XXXV

What a city, Neffe! In those days it was having no less than 130,000 inhabitants, and a perimeter of more than 20 kilometers. To its towering walls were arriving routes from all over Asia: from Mongolia, Russia, Turkestan, Dzungaria, Afghanistan, India, etc., in addition to the aforementioned Chang-lam coming from Lhasa, through which arrived the wagons that were transporting us. Our way, since the daiva dogs deposited us at the foot of the Nanshan mountain range, followed the same natural course: bordering the mountain range on one side, which was now extending into the Ma-ha-che[66] mountains, and the Sining River on the other; on its right bank was Sining-fu, at an altitude of 2,500 meters above sea level.

"The City of Sining was a gigantic market, which neither the civil war, nor the national war against Japan, had affected its feverish rhythm. The different troops that were suspiciously coexisting and that from time to time were protagonizing some incident were constituting the only alteration. Such troops were belonging to many unknown Lords or triads and were controlling, each one, a sector of the city: there were even nationalist and communist factions, in addition to the aristocratic or noble, traditionalist, religious, and mafia factions. However, Sining-fu was then a 'free plaza,' that is to say, it had not fallen under the control of the Japanese. Before an external attack, paradoxically, each troop would take care of defending his part of the wall and all differences would be forgotten in order to face the common enemy.

"The Kaulika community of Sining-fu was really significant. We verified it when entering the 'pale-faced' neighborhood, so called because of the color of the complexion of its residents, and admiring the enormous Shiva Sanctuary that they were possessing. They offered to provide us with everything necessary to initiate a new expedition to Tibet: they were especially enthusiastic about the idea of our undertaking the annihilation of other Gompas like that of the Duskhas. They were disenchanted when we explained to them that we had to return to Germany.

66. Minshan Mountains

" 'If our Race comes to dominate the World some day, and remains faithful to the Hyperborean Wisdom of the ϟϟ, ***there will be no place on Earth for the worshiper and servants of the Potencies of Matter:*** the Eternal ϟϟ will destroy them without mercy and you, heroic Kaulikas, will be next to us, wearing, perhaps, the ***Totenkopf*** insignia,' I assured them, without suspecting that the latter would become a reality sooner than I was thinking.

"In view of our irrevocable decision, the Kaulikas agreed to support the trip to the East. Briefly, they outlined the situation to us. The two most powerful military forces in China were the 'nationalists' of Chiang Kai-shek and the communists of Mao Tse-tung. Before 1937 the two armies were fiercely fighting, but now they were facing the Nipponese enemy together. Naturally, for anyone who understands the political structure of the Synarchy, the Soviet Union was supplying Mao's communists and England and the United States, that is, Anglo-Saxon imperialism, were coming to the aid of Chiang's 'nationalists.' And fraternally united, as their foreign partners were in the Synarchy, the right and the left were allying themselves against Japanese 'fascism': ***on a reduced scale, what would happen four years later in the Second World War was occurring in the Chinese war.***

"There was a sole difference, which in this case was having no importance because the awakened man is guided by facts and not by names: ***it was the term 'nationalists' that the members of Chiang Kai-shek's party were adopting to define themselves.*** Curiously, those 'nationalists' were not supported by us, the National Socialists, but by the extreme liberalism of the Anglo-Saxons. And it is easily explained because that is what Chiang and his partisans were: exponents of the most reactionary liberal right wing in China, that is to say, the most cipayo. In this matter of being a cipayo, a partisan of the colonialist Potencies to the detriment of his own people, one must admit that Chiang Kai-shek was almost as great as Mahatma Gandhi, that agent of the English Secret Service who handed over India to the exploitation of the ***commonwealth*** masters, preventing that a true nationalist revolution be concretized there, that is, National Socialist.

"That is why, to call Chiang a 'nationalist' would be a joke, a joke in bad taste, if it were not for the fact that the role that his bosses of the Synarchy made him play finally caused the fall of

the millenary Chinese Culture into the miserable and narrow Marxist-Leninist Doctrine. No, Chiang was not a nationalist but simply a cipayo. And whoever doubts this should observe what he did with Formosa, the modern Taiwan, where there are no popular guilds and the ethical codes that characterize nationalism, but the rapacious action of multinational companies and World Banking, and the unlimited exploitation of the Chinese people, completely marginalized from deciding the Destiny of their 'Nation,' since it has already been determined by the Synarchy.

"If a people wishes to be imperialist, History offers them two classical models, which are not in the least understood by observers but are no less utilized throughout the ages. One is the Greco-Roman model, inherited from the very ancient concept of 'Universal Empire' of the Indo-Iranians: this model, and Rome gave us one of the last examples, only requires that the remaining peoples be militarily subdued, not culturally; thus, peoples of different idiosyncrasies could be integrated into the Roman Empire preserving their Culture, language, and customs, and, if they were valiant enough to proudly resist the ***Pax Romana,*** they could obtain extraordinary concessions, like the citizenship of the Gauls and Spaniards, and the control of the army, and of the whole Empire, achieved by the Germanics; it was possible because in that model of the Empire, value was paradoxically based on the actual valor of the people: the most valiant was the most valuable; this principle had an undoubtable character and no one was fearing the imperial rise of a valiant people because it was obvious that such a people were valuable for the Empire.

"That is to say, in that first model it would not be necessary to practice cultural indoctrination of the defeated, using brainwashing, morally destroying them, corrupting them, keeping them in barbarism or returning them to savagery: ***that was not suiting anyone, it was against the juridical essence of the Aryan Universal Empire, that is to say, it was against Honor.*** And here is the crux of the matter: the ethical support of the previous principle, and all that constitutes the Universal Empire, is the Principle of principles, the Supreme Principle that is the cornerstone of the juridical-social structure of the national State: ***the Principle of Honor. The justice with which the Empire will treat a conquered or allied people, on which their existence and development will depend, will only require the guarantee of***

Honor. For example, Alexander, an imperialist with Honor, did not need to dismember Egypt, or impose the Greek language on the Egyptians, or annihilate them, or subject them to slavery, or destroy their pyramids, in order to accept them without prejudice as federates of the Macedonian Empire. And the Romans, bridging the gap, when they finally subdue the Gauls, who had bloodily resisted for centuries, proceeded in the same honorable way: and they opened the gates of the Empire to such an extent that in a short time they no longer spoke of Gauls but of Gallo-Romans.

"The other Model of Empire is the Carthaginian, ***typically non-Aryan,*** inherited by the Phoenicians from their Semitic ancestors of Assyria, Babylon, and Sumer. It is advisable to comprehend this concept because the English and the North Americans, peoples completely Judaized by the systematic and tireless work of the White Brotherhood, have adhered to the Carthaginian model.

"Belicena Villca already spoke of the Carthaginians in her letter: a people of merchants lacking in ethical principles; only skilled in trade and piracy, famous for the human sacrifices that they were offering to their Incandescent Iron Idol. Carthaginians, English, Yankees: like their predecessors of the Assyro-Babylonian empire, they would think that the remaining peoples of the Earth are an article of consumption for their insatiable appetites! Herein lies the principle equivalent to that of the value of peoples in the Greco-Roman model: for the Carthaginians, English, and Yankees, the subjugated peoples have no value in themselves but ***to the extent in which they are useful to the Empire***. Thus, the conquered or dominated people are enslaved, humiliated, dehumanized, emptied of their own worth, ***transformed into a tool, into a utensil: they are valuable as long as they are useful***. A Judaic principle of value that it is no coincidence to find at the pinnacle of Anglo-Saxon imperialism. If a 'colonial' people ***serve,*** then they must be exploited without limits; ***if they can serve,*** then they must be indoctrinated so that they provide usefulness, which represents an investment that will have to be protected and recouped with interest. If something opposes the exploitation, it must be neutralized: ***if it were not done in this way, they would hypocritically justify themselves, they would not be 'helping' that people to recover their value, that is, their usefulness***. Man has a price, like commodities: ***he is worth for what he does, and he can be worth***

more for what he is capable of doing. The Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon Empire will commit itself to extract the maximum utilitarian value from the peoples, granting them the possibility of being worth much by producing much. Whatever is opposed to this magnanimous concession of those who hold the Power of the World, will be destroyed: for the good of those who are subjected but can demonstrate their value; in defense of the possibility of being useful to the imperialists, a possibility to which they earnestly call 'democratic liberty.' And what is it that stands in the way of these people who are worth nothing, who value themselves by being useful to the Empire, serving, producing, allowing that the Empire take possession of their wealth, if they have it, or keeping them from spending it for their own benefit if the Empire needs it now or tomorrow?

"Is their own Culture the obstacle? For it will be reculturalized by all possible means. Is national consciousness the enemy? Well, the essence of the national Being will be attacked: it will begin by discrediting or denying its own good and will exalt the foreign good; contrarily, the foreign bad will be diminished and its own bad will be exalted to the point of exaggeration; thus confidence in the national Destiny will enter into collapse, and the people will believe, overwhelmed, that the cultural distance between their own national weakness and the strength and greatness of others is insurmountable. The second step will consist in specifically attacking the supports of the national Being: the territoriality, the patriotic symbols, the traditions, etc. They will move or threaten the borders in order to create the sensation that the Nation 'is not finished,' that it is something half-built, that it does not exist; they will slander the great men of the Fatherland, who badly or well contributed to its existence, so that the people will be ashamed of its past; instead, their imperialist contemporaries will be presented for comparison, so that the people repudiate their national heroes and admire the foreigners, and lament: 'what were we doing while they were constructing their mighty Empires?'

"Is racial unity the impediment? The people will be bastardized by favoring the immigration of inferior Races. Is it national unity? It will be disintegrated by bribing or buying leaders, pitting one against the other, and creating chaos, the evidence that 'they are a people in which their members cannot agree among themselves.'

"As you see, Neffe, the Carthaginian model demonstrates a whole ***modus operandi*** in the action of the imperialists. While in the Greco-Roman model 'the most valuable was the most valiant," and the valorous peoples could grow and develop themselves without problems, according to their own cultural patterns, in the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon model it is necessary to permanently apply the principle 'good as long as it serves,' which forces to subdue the defeated, or dominated, peoples by means of the most vile practices. And here we also come to the heart of the matter: the juridical support of the previous principle, and all that constitutes the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon Empire, is the Principle of the synarchic principles, the Supreme Principle that is the cornerstone of the juridical-social structure of the synarchic State: ***the Principle of Division.***

"Division of what? Of everything, because the Principle of Division gives the Emperor or King, Carthaginian, English, or Yankee, ***the right*** to divide the structure of the peoples. It is necessary to immediately compare, so that the differences jump out: the Principle of Honor of the Greco-Roman imperialists was essentially ***ethical*** and was creating the ***obligation*** to procure the common good, to valorize the valor of the valorous; on the contrary, the Principle of Division of the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialists was fundamentally juridical and amoral and was generating ***the right to divide*** to ensure the valor of those who serve, to protect the democratic freedom of being worth being useful, producing, serving.

"Here are the fundamental differences of the two models: the ethical versus the juridical and amoral; the moral obligation of procuring the common good, versus the amoral right to divide the common good in order to extract its utilitarian value. Greco-Roman imperialism was producing 'citizens of the Empire,' an honorable title that was in no way lessening their nationality or racial pride. Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism models 'citizens of the World,' an ambiguous and dishonorable title that more often than not conceals unconfessable treason.

"We already know the citizens of the Empire from history. It is of interest, however, to know what the 'citizens of the World' are like, a title analogous to that of 'slave of the Synarchy'? Well, they are beings who have been shaped according to the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon model, that is to say, beings who

have suffered all the ways of the Principle of Division. They are usually ***internationalists*** because their nationality has been ***divided*** and disintegrated: they believe that the ***international*** bridges the gap between peoples. They are determined ***pacifists*** because their psychic structure was freudianly ***divided*** and their warrior instinct qualified as 'primitive aggressive tendencies that originate in the cortex, the animal brain, and arise through the Unconscious': for psychoanalytic culture, the warrior instinct is a shameful, almost animal impulse, extremely dangerous 'because it can incarnate itself in the Hero Myth' and become dominant in the consciousness; those who are indoctrinated this way, identify war with savagery, and believe that peace must be achieved at any cost because in that social state it is possible to demonstrate ***usefulness*** by serving pacifist imperialism, World Government, Synarchy, or whatever is called the system that exploits them wants. These specimens are color blind to nationality and their warrior instinct has been blocked; therefore they lack heroism, the capacity for patriotic reaction, they are psychologically mutilated beings who believe in the union of various concepts impossible to unite under a Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism: peace, happiness, creation, progress, liberty, civilization of love, universal fraternity, etc. Naturally, in our Epoch, they can be good communists or good liberals, indistinctly.

"But besides being ***internationalists*** or ***pacifists,*** they can be collaborators of the Carthaginian imperial system, working from within their Nations, in which they do not believe, to favor the contribution of utilitarian value that the imperialists have assigned to their people or country; or they can be international agents of imperialism and devote themselves to execute its plans. In any case, their task will consist, from within or from outside, in ***dividing,*** that is to say, in applying the Principle of Division wherever there exists something united that is opposed to Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism: intrigue, corruption, Machiavellianism, bribery, insidiousness, defamation, publicity, disinformation, etc., all means and crimes will be valid to ***divide*** the whole and strengthen the parts that are ***useful*** and ***serve*** foreign imperialism. In the formation of lackeys of this kind, Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism has always excelled: ***the classic type is the 'cipayo.'*** Naturally, I am not referring to the Indian cipayo, to the concrete man who many times with incredible courage tried to get

rid of the English plunderers, but to the ***type*** of cipayo, to the class of man ***'valuable in their service'*** that the English were wanting to produce by dividing all their principles. In Carthage, there were thousands of such mercenaries of that kind. In Asia and Africa, the English would produce them by the hundreds of thousands.

"And so we come to Chiang Kai-shek, who was the classic type of cipayo in the service of the Anglo-Saxon Carthaginian colonial power, and we see that by correctly defining the terms, such a personage can have nothing of what is 'nationalist' and much of what is an imperialist agent. He, like Gandhi in India, Marcos in the Philippines, F. Duvalier in Haiti, Reza Pahlavi in Iran, Tito in Yugoslavia, Fidel Castro in Cuba, and so many countless tyrants in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, were great cipayos who systematically divided the true nationalist movements of their countries and then crushed them part by part; it is understood: nationalism is the worst enemy of Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism.

"Now then, Neffe: I have demonstrated to you that the Supreme Principle of Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism is the Principle of Division, and I opposed it to the Principle of Honor, which fundaments the Universal Aryan Empire. Well, it is worth adding that such a 'Principle of Division' ***is essentially non-Aryan.***

"But it is not only an assumption, from the fact that the Carthaginians as well as the Phoenicians, Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, etc., have profoundly employed it, because in the non-Aryan Kingdoms where priestly hypocrisy has predominated for some period, the Principle of Division has also been used, given that the Priestly castes and the Synarchy both register common interests. The proof of its non-Aryan origin is, as it could not be otherwise, in its biblical provenance. That is to say, the Principle, which gives the ***Right to Divide,*** although ancient and non-Aryan, finds its juridical formulation in the people who worship a God of Justice, One who lay down the Tablets of the Law; and that people are Israel, the Chosen People of Jehovah Satan.

"To present the Principle of Division, the Doctors of the Law express it by means of a metaphor in the First Book of Kings. From that figure the Principle will be extracted and legally regulated, ***it will become the Divine right of Kings and Emperors;***

and, modernly, the undeclared right proper to the hierarchs of the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism.

"Logically, because it is a right, its sanction must be realized in the course of a trial. And a trial in which the judge is unappealable, in such a manner that the exercised right is converted into a Supreme Principle, into the First Law. A judge like this can only be 'the wisest man on Earth and in History'; and he must also be a King, because the Principle of Division will only grant the right to Sovereigns of the Carthaginian model.

"The man who was meeting these conditions was, of course, King Solomon:

" ***'And Your servant is in the midst of Your people whom You have chosen, a great people who are too many to be numbered or counted. So give Your servant an understanding heart to judge Your people, to discern between good and evil. For who is capable of judging this great people of Yours?'***

" *'Now it was pleasing in the sight of Jehovah that Solomon had asked this thing. And He said to him, [...] "I have done according to your words. Behold, I have given you a wise and discerning heart, so that there has been no one like you before you, nor shall one like you arise after you"' [I Kings 3:8–12].*

"The personage is already presented: he is wise by God's disposition, his judgment is unappealable; and he is King. He must, then, exercise the ***Right to Divide,*** so that it becomes a Supreme Principle, a First Law. Two Jewish prostitutes who argue about the maternity of a child give him the opportunity: one of them substituted her dead son for the son of the other.

" ***'Then the king said, "The one says, 'This is my son who is living, and your son is the dead one'; and the other says, 'No! For your son is the dead one, and my son is the living one.'" And the king said, "Get me a sword." So they brought a sword before the king. And the king said, "Cut the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other"' [I Kings 3:23–25].***

"This is the famous 'Solomonic judgment,' which legalizes the right of the King to divide ***if it is useful;*** in this case the usefulness is in knowing the truth, which will value the mother with her child by re-establishing her service. It is necessary to notice that the Priestly character of the Investiture has been made quite clear: the King does not carry the Sword: he requests it; he is a Priest. Let us remember that the Bible is a Sacred Book and that in it every last iota has meaning. We daily hear evangelist preachers qualify the Bible as the 'Word of

God.' But there are those who blindly believe that it is true: they are the Kabbalist Rabbis, the same ones who, precisely, secretly manage Masonry and dozens of Secret Societies of the Synarchy, organizations in which, coincidentally, militate the 'statesmen' who direct Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialism.

"Therefore, the Principle that emerges from the biblical metaphor is something serious. What do those images mean, in rabbinical terms? That the Priest-King has the ***right*** to request the Sword and ***to divide: and that this fact is just.*** Not only just, but the source of Justice. Justice at the beginning of the trial is not manifested, it is not known who the mother is in truth: ***Justice was made present a posteriori to the Priest-King exercising the right to divide.*** In summary: ***the Priest-King takes the Sword, 'the Power of the State,' and exercises the right to divide the body of a child, 'a small people,' and it is just, it produces Justice, the very foundation of the Priest-King;*** conclusion: ***the right of the King to divide his base justifies the rupture and strengthens the Throne.***

"With their customary realism, the Rabbinic Doctors have interpreted the Solomonic judgment in this way and have synthesized it in the Talmud, from where Machiavelli surely learned it: ***'the King must divide in order to reign.'***

"This non-Aryan, Judaic, and amoral principle has been constituted in the guiding axiom of the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon imperialists. They divide everything, as I demonstrated before, and even at the moment of withdrawing, from a colony for example, they leave it divided in all possible orders, from the territorial to the political and economic, counting on, of course, their cohorts of cipayos for that task.

"Remember, Neffe, that the famous ***'International Division of Labor'*** is a concept of nineteenth century English liberalism. Now you can see that it is inspired by talmudic Principles: ***'the King, if he is Wise, must divide his base in order to reign'; 'the King is the only whole, which none of the parts can reach'; 'the parts of the Kingdom, are of value as long as they serve.'*** Naturally, this Kingdom is Malkuth, the tenth Sephiroth.

Chapter XXXVI

The communists and Kuomintang nationalists,' the Sining Kaulikas explained to us, 'while fighting united against the Japanese, were sustaining fierce confrontations among themselves in the interior regions of China. Japan was controlling the entire eastern coast, to the south of Canton, and was occupying such important cities as Shanghai, Nanking, Hankou, Peking, etc. But it has never been easy to take over China: innumerable cities were dominated by Chiang Kai-shek's troops while the Communists were notably strong in the countryside, where they were counting on the unconditional sympathy of the Chinese peasantry; this was the result of 20 years of proselytism in the countryside, contradicting the postulates of Marxism-Leninism that were affirming the revolutionary primacy of the proletariat or urban working class: that tactical political success was the work of Mao Tse-tung; and thus a small guerrilla movement, which began in the southern provinces of Kiangsi and Fukien, and spread to central Szechwan after the "Long March," was now a powerful irregular military force that had under its control three more provinces, around Yenan: Shensi, Ninghsia, and Kansu, the province of which Sining-fu was part until 1928.'

"This was meaning that the communists were reigning in the countryside and keeping watch over the roads of that region. On the other hand, Chiang Kai-shek's forces, strong in the cities, were also patrolling the roads, at times being hostile to the communists. This situation was supposing certain risks for anyone who attempted to move toward the east without being enrolled in any of the warring factions. The Shivaguru of Sining proposed to us a way of getting to Shanghai:

" 'Since you do not consider the Japanese your enemies, I am going to suggest a way to reach them without the Communists or Nationalists killing you first. A few months ago, it would have been very simple taking the roads of the Northeast and taking advantage of the navigable stretches of the Yellow River. But now a terrible misfortune has occurred, which has made that region impassable: ***Tongzhi***[67] Chiang Kai-shek, may

67. A form of address that means "comrade," used by both the Chinese Nationalist Party and the Chinese Communist Party.

Kuan Yin take pity on his passionate heart, has just blown up the dikes on the Huang Ho River to stop the Japanese advance, but such an action has cost a terrible sacrifice of innocent Chinese lives.'

"Indeed, Neffe: in 1938, Chiang flooded the valley of the Yellow River and condemned a whopping 880,000 persons to death by drowning. Yes, almost a million dead by a single order: ***and I have not known of anyone bringing him to trial for 'crimes against humanity,' in 1945.*** If it has not occurred, one must admit that he was acquitted beforehand, and that such a pardon was granted to him in recognition of his refined cipayo quality.

" 'As things stand,' continued Shivaguru, 'I advise you to travel to Lan-chau-fu, a city situated 200 kilometers to the east. From there it is possible to go to Shanghai ***in different ways: they will tell you how.*** I remember that in peacetime, it was possible to travel the 200 kilometers to Shanghai using the railroad. Now that cannot be done because the stretch that was taking us to Lan-chau-fu is interrupted by the blowing up of the bridge over the Yellow River; and from Lan-chau-fu, only one branch line runs that does not go beyond Chengchow, in the province of Henan. In short, you will have to ride over 200 kilometers, along a road infested with guerrillas or "nationalists" and you will, possibly, have to kill members of both sides; but do not worry, killing is a common task these days!

" 'There are eleven of you: I will reinforce you with 25 men armed with rifles, part of the troop that protects our neighborhood. Now let us talk about what you will do in Lan-chau-fu. Have you heard of ***the Green Gang?***'

" 'You mean the gang of bandits?' asked Von Grossen, who was evidently knowing something of the matter. The Shivaguru smiled with a compassionate gesture.

" 'Don't be hard on us. The Green Gang is a Secret Society. And Secret Societies are to China what fragrances are to flowers. The Green Gang is a Society of Initiates who share our same Tantra and agree on the same Tao: many of its members have been or are Kaulika monks. Only they, because of their particular idiosyncrasy, have chosen a path that goes much deeper into the World of sleeping men. But they, of course, could not accept or obey the laws of that world without also ending up lethargic. And they do not! They act in their own way, according to their own code of Honor, and that is why

they are called "gangsters" by sleeping men. But do not underestimate them, for it requires much valor to be the Lord of Oneself in the midst of pleasures and temptations: only he who has tasted and dominated the desire of the Five Forbidden Things, has sufficient will to act in the Green Gang.

" 'That path is not for everyone, I repeat. I, for one, prefer the tranquility of our Monasteries, the serenity of the Martial Art gymnasiums, ***to the permanently dangerous path of the Green Gang.*** However, we all need each other if we are to march fighting toward the same goal. So the Green Gang helps the Kaula Circle with what they do best: the mastery of material values. And the Kaula Circle helps the Green Gang with what they do best: ***sha.***[68] Naturally, for us, as for Krishna, the son of Indra, ***to kill means nothing, if the Spirit of the killer is beyond Maya, the Illusion of Life; if when our scimitar cuts down the miserable life, the Spirit dances, alongside Shiva, the Dance of Destruction.***

" 'I know I should not explain these things to you who are enlightened by Shiva, and who have performed the marvelous feat of decimating the Duskha vampires. I asked you about the Green Gang, not to know your opinion, but to inform you that they will be the ones to lead you to Shanghai. In Lan-chau-fu we will put you in contact with the Green Gang and from then on you will be in their hands, which are absolutely trustworthy. If you wish, they can take you out of China through Hong Kong, but if you insist on dealing with the Japanese you can still go to Shanghai.'

"Before leaving, the Shivaguru of Sining gave to us a notable reflection:

" 'You, the Germans, are wrong to trust in the Japanese: they, sooner or later, will betray you! We have known them for millennia and that is why we can speak with foundation: ***deep down they are miserable Buddhists, even if they boast of their Samurai tradition.*** They were once valiant warriors, it is true, but only the memory of that remains; and the crippled and the elderly live on memories. ***They have been worked by the Buddhist Priests of the White Brotherhood, they have been "moralized," that is to say, softened, weakened, tamed, pacified.*** Today, under apparent ***austerity*** palpitates the Dragon of Envy for luxury and Western Culture; under the disguise of ***humility***

68. Killing

pants the bourgeois, desirous of all pleasures; under the mask of the ***warrior*** devoted to the hardships of struggle, is the pusillanimous face of the one who loves the comforts of peace; under declaimed honor hides treason. Remember my words, Shivatulku, and repeat them to your Führer if you can. ***Your natural ally is not Japan but China: for here the Tao passes through!***'

"Alas, Neffe Arturo, how right that Kaulika monk was in 1938! Just as the Führer explained to me that night of the graduation, at the Chancellery, and just as it was public knowledge, he was the first who stripped the internal armor of the Synarchy and exposed its Judaic core. At the center was Zionism, esoterically sustained by the Elders of Zion of the Great Sanhedrin; in order to dominate the World, the Synarchy had two tactical wings, a right or Judeo-Liberal wing, and the other a left or Judeo-Marxist wing; the right wing was esoterically supported by Masonry and hundreds of related sects; Marxism was directly controlled by the members of the Chosen People, so its esoteric foundation would be simply rabbinic. According to the Führer, the most politically illustrious man in history, the Great Jewish Conspiracy or Universal Synarchy was organically functioning this way. But, it was one thing to affirm it and another to demonstrate it. How to get that enemy, an enemy sufficiently capable of developing a Strategy for centuries and involving peoples, countries, and nations in it, to unmask itself? How to get the Enemy to abandon all caution and expose its tenebrous alliance? How to provoke it so that it gives itself away in that manner?

"The Führer found the solution. 'If there is something that the Elders of Zion, or the Synarchy, or the White Brotherhood, or the Creator Himself, Jehovah Satan, will never permit, ***it will be that communism perishes,***' was more or less the reasoning. In effect, communism, the purest political expression of the Jewish mentality, could not be lost: such a possibility, for the Synarchy, was naturally inconceivable. And from such a political point of view, 'communism,' ergo, ***was the Soviet Union.*** In synthesis, ***a tactical strike against Soviet communism would force all the participating states of the Synarchy to rush to the aid of their ally.*** To attack the Soviet Union was, thus, a strategic objective of the first order against the Universal Synarchy. The Führer was knowing this and acted consciously, foreseeing that the Total War of the Third Reich against the

Synarchy would be a War of Supreme Principles: the Eternal Spirit against the Potencies of Matter. During the war he anticipated what was to come, with his usual precision: ***'if we win the war, the Jewish world power will have disappeared forever; if we lose, its triumph will be short-lived, for its organization will be definitively exposed.'***

"And what did the Japanese 'Comrades' do to favor the Führer's Strategy? Let us remember. Germany invades the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. Anyone would think that with an 'ally' like Japan occupying China since 1937, the Soviet Union would be between two fires. Well, whoever thought so would be very much mistaken, for on April 13, 1941, 'coincidentally' two months before Operation Barbarossa, Japan was signing the ***'Soviet-Japanese Neutrality Pact'*** which was meaning the demilitarization of Manchuria and Mongolia. It is clear, Neffe, that if Japan had really shared our ***Weltanschauung*** it would have simultaneously attacked the Soviet Union with the Germans: with the German armies in the West and the Japanese hordes in the East, Soviet communism would have been suffocated in a deadly National Socialist pincer.

"Logically, after 1945 I have reflected a lot on the words of the Shivaguru of Sining and it was difficult for me not to find them right, since the facts confirmed them. Of course, in the face of Japan's dishonest attitude, it would have been better for us to have the Chinese as our allies: in those years they were wanting to destroy Soviet communism almost as much as getting rid of the Japanese. Had the Führer been wrong to rely on Japan, a mistake that would have cost him the Russian Campaign and the outcome of the World War? I believe that there was no such mistake and that the Führer's Strategy was so brilliant that it was going to achieve the incredible effect of revealing the 'Jewish mentality' wherever it was, even among Germany's own 'allies.' In a war of supreme principles like that which the Führer proposed, it was of no interest to 'win' or 'lose' on Earth, on the material plane, but to impose a spiritual ***Weltanschauung,*** the value of which was wholly outside the material plane: if the ***Weltanschauung,*** the Hyperborean conception of the World, 'our Banners,' were understood by the man of Honor, the war would be won, even if a material setback were suffered; if the ***Weltanschauung*** were not understood, or forgotten, the war would be lost, even when the fate of arms favored us. In that war of Supreme Principles, a life

without Honor would be of no interest: it would be the historic moment in which each people would demonstrate their true self and what they would wish to be. An extraordinary man, perhaps a God, one whom the Kaulikas were calling the Lord of Absolute Will, had created the circumstances that would force each people to manifest their essence, that would expose the Synarchy, that would ripen the Judaic pus and make it gush wherever its corrupting culture was incubating. Being so, was the Führer wrong or did he marvelously succeed when making Japan unmask itself before the World and History and show its hidden face, which today causes the admiration of the Synarchy?

"There are no surprises in history. Historical facts register causes that sometimes go back centuries or millennia. Japan today is a gigantic kibbutz, the 'Jewish mentality' has been imposed in all orders, in a similar way as occurs in England, and a general consensus predominates for the country to remain aligned with the Synarchy, to belong to the Trilateral Commission, the UN, NATO, etc.; everyone, there, speaks of yen, peace, consumption, tourism, brotherhood, freedom, fraternity, etc. Is this apparently 'surprising change,' given the 'warrior' vocation of the Japanese before World War II, really a change, due to the lesson of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or the exhibition of the true nature of the Japanese, who, perhaps because of a kind of collective trauma, have for centuries wanted to be what they were not, that is, Kshatriyas, Samurai, and had ended up pretending, playing, the role of warriors? Because all historical phenomena, like this supposed 'change' of the Japanese, have ancient causes that justify it: ***no one turns Jewish overnight, not even if he is circumcised; to be a good son of Israel requires many 'virtues,' like for example usury and the love of profit, which require considerable time to develop.*** But in such a short time the Japanese have demonstrated to be as good Jews as the Israelites and the English. Does this not signify that in Japan the Judaic mentality was larvated and that the heat of Hiroshima and Nagasaki only produced its metamorphosis, the birth of the synarchic chrysalis that today is already one more beautiful butterfly in the kaleidoscope of the White Brotherhood?

"Dear Neffe, you are a young idealist and you know History well. Listen to this principle, ascertained by an old man who has lived too long, and that synthesizes everything that I have said to you about the attitude of the Japanese: ***no people, ever,***

loses their Honor all at once; there is no example in History that proves the contrary. Peoples, like everything that lives, follow the laws of nature and among them, as among the inhabitants of the jungle, there are lion and sheep peoples, condor and rat peoples; and, as among animals, no lion suddenly becomes a sheep, no condor suddenly transforms into a rat: if such a 'change' were in truth possible, it would require a long, millenary evolution. Of course, as in fables, sheep may sometimes disguise themselves as lions, rats dress up as condors. Here is what I believe: ***the Führer's Strategy has marked a historic time, analogous to the agreed-upon time at masquerade balls when everyone must take off their masks, in which it has been given to us to observe the sheep and the rats, and a myriad of other vermin, under the colorful and deceptive costumes of lion, condor, and other predators.***

"I believe, Neffe, that the Japanese were already before the World War what they are today; that they did not 'change' one iota; that the Shivaguru was right in his fears, but that he was not totally understanding the Führer's Strategy; that, effectively, they betrayed us,[69] for their hearts were with the White Brotherhood, even if their lips belied the strategic acts opposed to our ***Weltanschauung;*** and that it was foreseeable, especially for the Chinese, who for millennia were knowing what kind of oxen that they were plowing with. But the treason did not only consist of the infamous pact, scrupulously respected, which was leaving the Soviets with their hands free to only occupy themselves with Germany. Let us also remember that on December 7, 1941, when the Germans were facing the terrible Russian Winter, trucelessly confronting the Bolsheviks, the Japanese 'Comrades' were attacking the United States at Pearl Harbor, thus giving that colossal and stupid synarchic potency the opportunity to directly intervene in the world conflict.

"According to the classical model of Judaic Justice, the 'sin' of a people toward Jehovah is redeemable through the Ritual Sacrifice of a part of their members and the submission of the rest to the Law. Although the Japanese did not directly participate in the goodness of the Judaic culture, their affection for Buddhism, and every form of religion founded on the Kalachakra of Chang Shambhala, demonstrated that their deviation from the Law was not so great: the greatest sin consist-

69. This naturally arises from the previous argument. He who betrays denies his own nature. He who has never been with us betrays us only in appearance (Maya).

ed, without a doubt, in their recent alliance with Nazism and fascism. But that little sin was only requiring a purgatory, of Fire, as opposed to the eternal condemnation that the Rabbis were intending to apply to German National Socialism.

"How to purge a whole people of a sin that offends the Creator? By means of lye, the Rabbis respond; washing away the sin of the whole Race by means of the human lye obtained in the One Sacrifice, and then reincorporating the whole Race from purgatory to the Paradise of the Universal Synarchy. The price to be paid would not be very expensive: 250 to 300 thousand men would be sufficient to produce enough ash. The Rabbis and the Japanese Priests of the White Brotherhood arrange the pact, and that is how on August 6, 1945 and August 9, 1945 the atomic bombs fall on Hiroshima and Nagasaki: ashes of thousands of men, salt of the Earth and Heaven, water of Heaven and Earth, human lye that washes away the sin of man against Jehovah God and against the Law of God.

Who orders the mini Holocaust of Fire of the Japanese is the Hebrew president of the United States, Harry ***Solomon*** Truman, whose real surname is ***Shippe***. A Mason of 33rd degree, he counts on the occult advice of the Great Sanhedrin and Jews and Masons of the stature of Dean Acheson, General Marshall, Snyder, Rosenman, etc., who are unabashedly supported by the Jewish gang of Bernard Baruch, Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman, Averell Harriman, Paul G. Hoffman, Walter Lippman, etc. Because the true synarchic work of the United States in the Second War was not developed by Truman, who only acceded to power on April 12, 1945, after the sudden death of the Jew Roosevelt: he was the authentic realizer of the Judaic plans. A descendant of Claes Martenszen van Rosenvelt, a full-blooded Hebrew who immigrated to New York in 1644, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was registering a double Jewish paternity: both his father, James Roosevelt, and his mother, Sara Delano, were belonging to the Chosen People. Also his wife, Eleanor, daughter of the Jews Elliott and Anna Hall. The Jewish mafia that unleashed the crisis of 1929 catapulted him to power: some of the collaborators of that epoch were Jews of extreme danger and nameless evil, like Bernard Baruch, Herbert Lehman, Averell Harriman, Sol Bloom, Samuel Rosenman, Henry Morgenthau, Oscar Straus, Joseph Davies, Truman, etc., all of them of exceptional power in the White House.

"The Sacrifice fulfilled, the Japanese sin washed away with human lye at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, would come the recompense that is in sight: the reconstruction plan of the Jewish Marshall, the end of Japanese 'militarism,' the integration into the international synarchic system, the exchange of samurai for yen, the raising of their standard of living, in short, the discovery of the true face of Japan, as the Shivaguru of Sining wisely advanced.

"Of course, these charges against Japan cannot be relativized or mitigated by the certain fact that during the war many Japanese fought with unparalleled heroism, for example, the Kamikazes. We must call things by their name and recognize the exceptions to the rules: just as in loyal Germany there were countless traitors, in traitorous Japan a great many valiant loyal warriors honorably stood out.

Chapter XXXVII

If Sining-fu had astonished me by its large dimensions, what to say of Lan-chau-fu, which was four times larger? But they were two different kinds of cities: Sining-fu was representing the typical frontier city, situated on an important commercial road; its life was depending more than anything else on the traffic of goods and it was not particularly interested in production; that is why it was resembling, as I said, a huge marketplace. Lan-chau-fu, on the other hand, was constituting the classic metropolis: it was the capital of the province of Kansu and, although it was trading as much or more than Sining, it was endowed with key industries, such as textiles and iron and steel, and was stockpiling a wide variety of agricultural products. Seated on the right bank of the Yellow River, it was giving the impression of a medieval European city because of its crenellated walls and high towers, but its population density was incomparable: around 1,000,000 inhabitants. Although there were fortified suburbs of poor appearance, behind the wall was the main part of the city: some 80,000 houses of beautifully decorated wood, with all its streets paved with marble or green granite. The 'nationalists' had rushed to occupy it, billeting a regiment of 10,000 troops; the motive: to control a famous heavy cannon factory and others of gunpowder and rifles.

"Things from China. Or perhaps the rationalism of Confucius. The curious thing was that in the wall of Lan-chau-fu there was a Hei-men, or ***'black gate,'*** which was not receiving its name because of the color with which it was painted, but because it was belonging to the ***black market***. With exemplary practical meaning, the Tsung-tu[70] negotiated with the organized crime bosses the cession of that door. According to the arrangement, the mafiosi would be in charge of maintaining a permanent guard, coordinated with the nationalist guard at the remaining gates; they could, then, channel through the Hei-men all the contraband that they wanted, without being bothered by the police. The gain that the Tsung-tu was obtaining with this original pact was in the reassurance of his troops, whom he could occupy in the war against the Japanese or in

70. Governor of the Province.

fighting the communists. The criminal Secret Societies were as old as China and had always been able to live together with them: they were representing the lesser evil. But with the Communists or the Japanese it would be impossible to coexist in peace. By ceding sovereignty over the Black Gate to them, he was somehow legalizing illegal activities and gaining some supervision over the uncontrollable traffic of the Black Market. To do otherwise, and to force the Societies to operate in the underground, it would be necessary to watch over the walls 24 hours a day and have to sustain periodic armed confrontations with the contrabandists.

"The Kaulikas of Sining went directly to the Hei-men and there gave a password by word of mouth. They immediately gave way to us. But, once inside, we were not led in front of a coarse miscreant, boss of a 'guild of gangsters,' as Von Grossen's definition was leading us to presume. The boss of the Green Gang was an elderly Chinaman of exquisite manners, who by the red ruby that he was wearing on his official cap was declaring to be a Mandarin of first rate and first class: such a sign was signifying the highest hierarchy in the Chinese aristocracy; we also distinguished an image of a richly embroidered unicorn on his garb, an insignia proper to the Guan[71] military: the Guan civilians were wearing bird insignias.

"His name was Tian-ma, that is to say, Horse of Heaven, and he surprised us with his knowledge of our every step: he was knowing that we were Germans, that we were coming from Bhutan, that we explored Tibet at the same time as another German expedition coming from India, that we destroyed the Duskha village, that we mysteriously appeared in the Kancheu[72] valley and arrived in Sining, and that we were now requesting help to travel to Shanghai. He was speaking in cultured Mandarin and let a halo of intrigue form around his reports.

"We were in an enormous and luxurious house that could well pass for a palace. The servants were finishing setting the table and the Guan invited us to sit down.

" 'I will be happy to have lunch with you. I understand that you are ***Doctors,*** men of study, as well as warriors. So am I: years ago, I attained the degree of jinshi, which is equivalent to

71. Or *mandarin* in imperial China, a public official and bureaucrat scholar who passed the imperial examinations administered by the Ministry of Rites.

72. Zhangye. Corresponds to Marco Polo's *Kampion.*

what you call ***Professor,*** the most elevated title that the Ministry of Rites bestows. My specialties are Mathematics and Philosophy. I have studied Taoism in depth and profess it: ours could be considered as a Taoist Society. It is because of that affiliation that we are natural allies of the Kaula Circle of Tibet: we consider that they know the occult part of Taoism; of all the taos, the Tao; of all the ways, the Way; the strategic Path that leads the Spirit to liberate itself from its material ties. Many of the members of the Green Gang, when retiring, usually recluse themselves in the Kaulika Monasteries.'

"Von Grossen and I, upon meeting Tian-ma, agreed that a new study of Chinese Criminal Societies was being required. Evidently there was a suggestive confusion, perhaps originated in that the common source that was available to Europeans to know China were the copious reports provided by the English, which would contain malicious and false information. After all, for the English the ϟϟ was also a criminal Secret Society! Because the last thing that one could accuse Tian-ma of was being a typical criminal, even if the actions of his organization were at odds with the law. He, and all those of his 'Gang,' were idealists, they had a spiritual goal to achieve, and they were finding themselves in a diabolical world. In such gnostic circumstances, the solution is always the same: the spiritual end justifies any means used to forge one's way in enemy territory.

"The 25 men from Sining-fu and the six Lopas were having lunch in an adjoining house. Tian-ma was accompanied by Von Grossen, Oskar Feil, Srivirya, Bangi, and I, who were the ones who would continue on to Shanghai; the former would return to Sining that same afternoon, together with the Lopas whose destination was Tibet. The boss of the Green Gang was speaking English very well, although he was not at all proud of it and was preferring to express himself in Mandarin. It was not until very late into the meal that we learned of this, for he agreed to communicate in that language with Von Grossen. We thus spent, conversing with that elderly man, endowed with the curiosity of a child, the whole afternoon: when the philosophical and religious subject was exhausted, we naturally fell into the political question, that is to say, into reality. From there, several hours followed during which we tried to make him comprehend National Socialism and its Hyperborean essence. He had information, of course, but we gave him all the details he required.

"At last, satisfied from holding a totally infrequent conference in those regions, he assured us, he prepared to reveal to us how he was going to get us to Shanghai. But first he gave us a reflection on the situation in his homeland.

" 'Oh, Jinshi: what you tell me about your Führer, and his government supported by patriotic masses, brings to my Spirit gloomy thoughts about the future of China. The Führer has set before the Germans his heroic and glorious tradition, and they have accepted it with pride. Here, on the contrary, Mao Tse-tung indoctrinates the peasants with the theories of the Jews Marx, Engels, and Lenin, and teaches them to admire the Russians, a people who were savage when China already had a developed civilization. And on the other hand, Chiang Kai-shek has turned out to be a "soft stone,"[73] for he has converted to Christianity, disavowing our millenary traditions: perhaps if he had placed, like your Führer, the Chinese Culture in front of the Chinese, they would have supported him en masse. But instead he offers them the alluring and deceptive images of a foreign Culture. A culture that belongs to those who until only yesterday exploited us like slaves. Mao and Chiang, both Chinese disavowers, are dazzled by strange Gods, both present their foreign ideals to the people. And whom do you believe the Chinese will choose? Those who will surely oppress us again, as they already did, or those who promise to do something for the people? I do not want to respond, prematurely, to that transcendental question, but as of now I inform you that the people support Mao to a greater extent than Chiang, because Mao believes in the people and knows how to express that belief, while Chiang only believes in Jesus, in England, and in the United States.

" 'Jesus! Here is another Jew, completely alien to the History and Tradition of China. But what curse is this, that has fallen on the Middle Kingdom?[74] Was it that there was no other option for China than the Jew Jesus or the Jew Marx?' None of us answered these dramatic questions, but I promised myself to get him the English edition of Mein Kampf, the Führer's book.

" 'I do not wish to burden my guests with an old man's laments,' apologized Tian-ma, 'but you will realize that, despite constituting a "criminal gang," as foreigners label us, we

73. Kai-shek means "hard stone." Tian-ma's affirmation made ironic sense.

74. Qin: China, The Middle Kingdom

Greens deeply love China and care about its future. We foresee that certain foreign forces, which we call Bai-long-ya,[75] will try to kill the sleeping Chinese elephant, ***before it awakens.***

" 'I will tell you how you will get to Shanghai. You should know that there is a Hei-tao, or ***black route,*** along which contraband to the Western Sea passes in both directions. It is almost official, since all along its course there are bribed officials, and it crosses the same Japanese lines, since neither can the Nips resist earning a few extra yen. In two days' time, a train leaves here that only goes as far as Chengchow. But you will get off first, in the city of Sian,[76] province of Shensi.[77] From there you will march south, crossing the Tsing-ling[78] Mountains that separate the Yellow and Blue Rivers,[79] to the village of Han-kiang, on the right bank of the Han-kiang River. In that village, you will make contact with our men, who will embark you on a transport that usually carries contraband.

" 'You will navigate through the waters of the Han-kiang and, at the confluence with the Yangtze-kiang, take it to Shanghai. As you can see, this is a very simple plan.'

" 'Indeed, it seems so,' replied the meticulous Von Grossen. 'But permit me to pose a few questions to you.'

"He nodded with a Chinese gesture that consists of leaning his head forward.

" 'You're talking about 500 kilometers by train. Isn't it possible that someone suspects and subjects us to an interrogation? What will we do then? Because we lack official German papers and we're also in China clandestinely.'

" 'Ah, Jinshi. You must cultivate the virtue of patience!' condemned Tian-ma, with naive severity. 'I told you that the train leaves in two days: by that date, the three Germans will possess papers that affirm that they are three Englishmen accredited in China by the League of Nations, with the diplomatic mission of observing the local situation and submitting reports that will serve for future mediation. They will display entry stamps for Hong Kong and will be written in English and Mandarin: but fear not, no one who might question you from

75. The White Dragon, Jehovah.

76. Xian

77. Shen: passage, gate; Si: west; Shensi: West passage.

78. Tsing or Qin: middle; Ling: mountains; Tsing-ling: Middle Mountains.

79. The Huang Ho and Yangtze-kiang Rivers.

here to Shanghai knows enough English to notice that you are Germans! We will also give you diplomatic safe-conducts and a pass for the two Tibetans, on which it will appear that you have hired them in Sining-fu.

" 'We will also give you money, plenty of Chinese and Japanese money. All fake, the papers and the money. All of the best quality. But you will not go on alone: a Green will accompany you as far as Shanghai. He will have you enter the train through a Hei-men and will accommodate you in a car that is under our control. The only occasion on which you might be questioned would be when getting off at Sian, which is very unlikely because you will only get off if there are safety signals, or if the train is stopped on the way, something possible and quite frequent, but generally everything works itself out with a generous donation. Whether nationalists or communists, in poor China nobody resists bribery. The Bolsheviks have not been original in this either, for they integrated themselves into the old institution of bribery by a name change that left safe their dignity: they call it "contribution to the Revolution." However, if they requisition you anyway, you will assert your papers and your most valuable currency. Do you agree? If not, I will give you more details; but it is in your best interest to trust the Green Gang, who know China like no one else.'

"Von Grossen had been left dumbstruck: the logistical support with which we would count on would be analogous to that which a Secret Service provides. However, he was not intimidated and returned to the fray with another question:

" 'I suppose that the rest of the journey will be equally covered, won't it? Believe me, we trust you; my questions serve a rather... professional purpose. That's right: professional! I'm an intelligence officer and I can't avoid asking questions. In truth, in whom we completely trust is the Kaula Circle: and they've placed us in your hands. So ***we must*** have confidence in the Green Gang.'

" 'You are right to give us credit. We will not defraud you. And I assure you that our man will take you safe and sound to Shanghai: he knows the passage through the Tsing-ling mountains and the people of Han-kiang, as well as the Japanese border guards in Nanking. But, just in case, before leaving here I will give you a password for the contact in Han-kiang and tell you where to find him.'

"For the time being, Von Grossen was satisfied, and the five of us were ushered into a spacious guest room, attended by solicitous and discreet Chinese Dames. In the following days, there would be an opportunity for the ***Standartenführer*** to extract from Tian-ma all the data that was interesting him.

Chapter XXXVIII

I can say, Neffe, that the Greens placed us at the very gates of the German consulate in Shanghai without any inconvenience. The plan was realized as Tian-ma had foreseen. Six days later we were finding ourselves sailing on a stout and massive junk[80] down the boggy current of the Yangtze-kiang. We passed quietly off of Nanking and, near the city of Chin-kiang,[81] we reached the confluence of the Wusong River.[82] With great skill, the captain turned the rudder and entered into the descending current of the latter river, for 25 kilometers ahead, on its left bank, stands the populous Shanghai.

"The merchandise that that innocent junk was transporting is unimaginable. Of course, it would not be so much if one was closely inspecting it and admiring the row of cannons on the port and starboard sides, and the two heavy machine guns on the bow and stern. But precautions were not superfluous because the ship was contrabanding weapons, explosives, fine fabrics, porcelain, metals, minerals, spices, food, opium, and even deserters from both Chinese sides or common snitches, in addition to the classic cargo of Chinese prostitutes that no similar organization could do without. Along with such heterogeneous and dangerous articles, we were an insignificant nuisance. We only realized it in Han-kiang, upon boarding the junk and seeing the high volume of merchandise that the Green Gang was trafficking: like that one, our guide informed us, the Society was possessing an entire fleet on the Yangtze-kiang alone, without counting those that were floating in other Rivers and in the Sea, and that were traveling as far as Hong Kong, Canton, or Macao.

"On the Wusong river, we passed by numerous modest villages, dedicated to farming and cultivation, and the Taihu lake that it fills with its waters. After drifting 200 meters, we reached Shanghai and docked at a small private wharf, equipped with a large hut that was serving as a depot. Other

80. A type of Chinese vessel or river boat.

81. Zhenjiang

82. Suzhou Creek

members of the Gang, who were disciplinedly waiting, were in charge of unloading and stowage, and of taking the prostitutes and fugitives. The absence of Japanese control, which we neither saw in Nanking nor anywhere else, surprised us. 'Japanese palms already ***greased,***' the guide told us in his striking ***pidgin,*** a slang mixture of Portuguese and English spoken in the maritime coasts of China: obviously, to call ***greasing*** a bribe is an irony typical of Portugal and Spain. 'Mr. Tian-ma no explain to you?' I replied yes, in the same tongue, but that the power that the Green Gang's ***dough*** was exerting over the ***greased*** persons was impressing us. He smiled and communicated to us that we would immediately go to Shanghai.

"Upon leaving the port area, taking streets that the guide was seeming to know very well, we arrived at a plaza-market of enormous dimensions, where there was a natural agglomeration of hundreds of jinrikishas, those Japanese vehicles pulled by a man, which have the shape of an individual calèche and the English were calling ***rickshaw***. It seemed the height of organization and discipline to verify that six were apart waiting for us, undoubtedly notified by the Greens who had left the port earlier. I looked at Von Grossen out of the corner of my eye, but he noticed.

" 'These crooks sure know how to do things,' he grunted. 'We ought to learn from them.'

"I paid no attention to this exaggeration, as we were already going quite fast and the view of the big city was completely absorbing me: with 5,000,000 inhabitants in 1938, Shanghai for the English, Chang-haï for the French, and Xangae for the Portuguese and Spanish, it was a tremendous city for any pair of Western eyes. We were now heading for the "Model Colony," or ***The Bund,*** the island that the Westerners were able to raise in the middle of an unhealthy swamp, which was ceded by the Chinese in the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, signed during a gun salute by the English who in that year occupied Shanghai despite the 250 artillery batteries on the Wusong: the British hijackers disembarked the infantry, which neutralized the cannons and marched on the city, while their ships were entering through the northern Gate and the Chinese were fleeing through the southern Gate.[83]

83. Battle of Wusong

"On those marshy grounds, a magnificent European citadel was raised, walled, with cobblestone water channeling, and paved and illuminated streets. Gigantic buildings were constructed belonging to the three occupying powers: England, United States, and France; and soon three neighborhoods characteristic of those nationalities arose, in addition to the not-to-be-missed ***Chinatown,*** called Nantao by the Chinese. The three colonial potencies obtained extensive private port zones for their Foreign Trade Companies to establish trading factories. When the Germans intended to enter into this deal, the port was already completely divided up and they were forced to pay franchises to their competitors. In any case, what Germany was trading with Shanghai was not much, although it was enough to require the presence of a Consul; the Embassy was located in Nanking. Naturally, the Japanese presence in Shanghai, and their distrust toward the Carthaginian imperialist powers that had operated in the region, was opening up promising prospects for Germany to obtain a larger share of the spoils.

"The rickshaws sped past the barred fence, crossed a well-kept garden, and stopped in front of the gate of a Rhenish-style mansion. A Kriegsmarine sergeant approached us while we were getting down.

" 'Heil Hitler!' saluted Von Grossen. 'I am ***SS Standartenführer*** Karl von Grossen on special assignment, Sergeant. We have to see the Consul urgently.'

" 'Yes, sir,' said the sailor. 'Do me the favor of handing me your papers and you will be attended to at once.'

" 'We have no papers, Sergeant! Here is a list with the names and military rank of these Gentlemen who accompany me and mine. We are all officers.'

"The prudent Von Grossen had drafted a note for the Consul, anticipating a possible bureaucratic blockage. It was reading as follows:

Herr Consul of the Third Reich,
Shanghai,

We present ourselves before you, and request to be repatriated immediately to Germany, ϟϟ ***Standartenführer*** Karl von Grossen, ϟϟ ***Sturmbannführer*** Kurt von Sübermann, ϟϟ ***Hauptsturmführer*** Oskar Feil, and the men from Bhutan, the Gurkha Bangi and the Lopa Srivirya, all members of Operation First Key, ***Highly Confidential,*** code ***AI RSHA,*** authorized: Hitler, Himmler, Heydrich.

Yours faithfully,

Signed: Karl von Grossen
Commander of Operation First Key.

" 'Wait a moment, Sir,' requested the sailor, and he hurriedly went into the building. Outside was still another guard.

" 'It seems that all is well,' said the Green. 'I will leave right away, but I will still be in Shanghai for a day. You can look for me at the port if any problems arise and, in case I have departed, I will leave you the name of a contact to whom I will notify that you are under the protection of the Green Gang. Remember that we can always get you out of China.'

"Fortunately, it was not necessary to again resort to the Secret Society of the Chinese underworld. While we were waiting for the Sergeant, Von Grossen interrogated the sailor. The latter informed him that the Consulate was located at the end of the French Quarter, almost next to the Yangjingbang Creek, surrounded by the branches of the few German companies that were trading with Shanghai. He also told him that in the port were anchored two German ships, scheduled to depart three and seven days later.

"The Sergeant returned accompanied by a diplomatic Secretary.

" 'Please come in, Herren,' he ordered.

"We five entered a comfortable waiting room.

" 'Take a seat, you will be attended to shortly,' he said, and left through a panel door, not without first casting a suspicious glance at Bangi, Srivirya, and the daiva dog.

"We had to wait an hour, until the Secretary finally returned and led us to the Consul's office. He was a career diplomat from Cologne, sent to Shanghai probably to take advantage of his native knowledge of French and university English. Impec-

cably dressed in a black suit, he was no more than 40 years of age and was appearing to be at ease.

" 'Excuse the delay, but I had to call Nanking. You cannot imagine how the Ambassador, Baron Heinrich von Baden, has protested against what he considers an interference of the ***RSHA*** in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs: he accepts no excuses for not having been informed about this secret "First Key" mission.'

" 'But the operation was not to take place in China but in Tibet,' interrupted Von Grossen. 'We have arrived here on the run.'

" 'Don't worry, ***Standartenführer:*** Von Baden always protests,' the Consul calmed him with a smile. 'Let me finish. The military attaché was consulted, who confirmed that your names and ranks appear on the ciphered list of the ϟϟ. What he knew not a word about, of course, was Operation First Key. Therefore, a report request has been sent to Germany and a response is awaited. As soon as the cable arrives your situation will be resolved.

" 'And how long can that take?' I irrationally asked.

" 'How should I know? If it is true that you are who you say you are, you will understand that Berlin may respond in an hour, in a day, or not answer and ***take action.*** When it comes to the ***RSHA,*** no one can anticipate their reaction. And keep in mind that I am not making a criticism because I am also of the ϟϟ,' he cut himself short.

" '***Honorary ϟϟ Sturmbannführer:*** I obtained that rank in 1936, thanks to the action of the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, Joachim von Ribbentrop.'

" 'Very good!' Von Grossen approved.

" 'Yes, I am of the ϟϟ and that is why I will advise you on what you will do from now on. If you remain here, I will be under obligation to take you into custody, which would be very unpleasant for you. Instead I will have you taken to a Hotel four hundred meters from here, where you will be comfortable until news arrives from Germany or Nanking. I will tell the Ambassador that I could not stop you and that, in any case, you are safe there. You did not have your ***real*** papers, but do you have other papers? Money? It occurs to me that you must be provided with them otherwise you would not have made it through China.'

" 'Indeed, ***Konsul Sturmbannführer:*** we have fake documentation and money at our disposal. Good money, they told us, because it is also false,' Von Grossen confirmed with sarcasm. 'We thank you for your counsel, and we will follow it to the letter for it seems very sensible. After spending months exploring Asia, we could not even endure an hour as prisoners.'

" 'I am sure that you told me that you were coming from Bhutan. By God, what a journey! And from what were you fleeing through China, may I know? From the Communists?'

"I believe, Neffe, that the five of us at that moment thought of the Valley of the Immortal Demons, of the vimāna of Shambhala, of the deadly buzzing, and we burst out laughing.

" 'Ha-ha-ha. From the Communists? ***No, Herr Konsul: we were fleeing from their Chiefs,'*** I responded with my eyes flooded with tears, 'Ha-ha-ha.' ***But we cannot reveal to you who they are: you would not believe it!***

"Karl von Grossen laughingly nodded, a gesture that Oskar, Bangi, and Srivirya imitated. The surprised Consul opted not to ask any more questions and had the Secretary accompany us to the nearby Hotel.

"Everything was solved in the following days. Strict orders came from Germany for us to immediately embark and without discussion. Seven days later, we were leaving on a cargo ship that would make, in Macao, the first of an endless series of commercial stopovers. However, the Captain communicated to us that 'somewhere in the Indian Ocean,' the coordinates of which would be transmitted to him by radio, we would transfer to a warship. So it occurred a few miles off Sumatra: a disconcerted Admiral picked us up in his cruiser and set a direct course for Germany. The ship was heading for Argentina along with two others, executing a long-planned maneuver. Off Cape Town, he received the order to change course for the Indian Ocean to pick up five passengers. His new mission was marked as 'maximum security' and, from the moment in which the mysterious personages boarded, he was to transmit in a top-secret code and avoid all contact with other ships or ground stations. No one was to be able to locate the cruiser for, otherwise, there was the possibility of entering into operations. 'Who would attack us in peacetime?' the Admiral was mumbling. 'It must be another General Staff game, a secret test maneuver for the Kriegsmarine.'

"The Admiral was not imagining that if the synarchic forces had known the location of his ship, and the identity of its occupants, they would have sank it on the spot.

Chapter XXXIX

wenty days after departing from Shanghai, we disembarked in Hamburg. There an external SD officer in command of a platoon was waiting for us; his orders: to drive Karl von Grossen, Oskar Feil, Srivirya, and Bangi in two cars to Berlin. I was to leave from the group and take a third car to the local airport, where a plane would also transport me to Berlin.

"We were going to separate for the first time in several months and the experience was painful. We had all lost Comrades and faced mortal dangers together; the lived adventures were bonding us. Before leaving them, Von Grossen wanted to speak to me alone.

" 'I knew it!' he said to me in a worried tone. 'Von Übermann: You were the first key of Operation First Key! And the Thulegesellschaft will only deal with you. We, from this moment on, will be incommunicado, isolated from the rest of the ϟϟ Black Order to prevent us from talking. We know a lot, Kurt, perhaps more than what the initiates of the Black Order want anyone to know! I have a feeling we may never see each other again,' he grimly concluded.

" 'You're delirious, mein ***Standartenführer!***' I exclaimed in horror. 'That cannot be! We returned from fulfilling an important mission, successfully I believe, and there is no reason why, instead of receiving superior approval, anyone should be punished. You're tired, Von Grossen, I respectfully tell you! You will see how soon we will meet at a Friedrichstraße Biergarten to celebrate. It's natural that we must first report to our respective units, but after these logical formalities we'll have time to see each other again.'

"Von Grossen was shaking his head as if refusing to allow my arguments to penetrate his ears.

" 'No, no! Von Übermann, once again you don't understand the situation. Now listen well to me because the possibility of us separating for good is real. I'm telling you this very consciously and basing it on all my previous experience in secret operations. I'm not so tired that I'm unable to foresee what may occur: ***we will be eliminated.*** That is, if you don't save us, Kurt. Believe me, we will live only if you assure your Chiefs that we won't speak to anyone about what we've seen. That's

the guarantee that they need to let us go free: the opposite of what you assume! Ha-ha-ha: a report! You make me laugh, Von Sübermann: to whom is it of interest that I make a report on what I've seen in Tibet and what I've seen you do? You think that the Initiates of the Black Order will permit that an official report exists on the vimāna of Shambhala, or on the daiva dogs, or your Śrotra Karṇa? No, Von Sübermann: we are condemned to death because of you. And only you can save us. Contrary to what you've naively suggested: assure your Chiefs that neither Oskar Feil, nor I, will make any report, and we may thus keep our lives!'

"I reassured him the best that I could, reaffirming to him my loyalty: I would never let anything happen to them because of me! And we departed, separately, for Berlin.

"At the Berlin airport, a Chancellery Mercedes-Benz was waiting for me with a motorcycle escort. Upon seeing it, I thought that it was waiting for a Minister or a General, but my surprise was great when recognizing ***SS Oberführer*** Papp standing next to the door.

" 'Kurt von Sübermann!' he called, warmly smiling. I could not help remembering the first time that I saw him, in Rudolf Hess' cottage on the Obersalzberg in Berchtesgaden. He also remembered it, because he said, as soon as I approached:

" 'Six years, Kurt. Too long or too short? Six years and you're back from your first mission. We've feared for you, you know? It was a relief for all those who were aware of the operation to receive news of you. But from Shanghai! Ha. No one could believe it. You'll tell me how you made it across China.'

"The car crossed the Spree over the Schlossbrücke and began to circle around the ***Lustgarten***. I looked at Edwin in surprise, but had no time to say anything:

" 'I thought that you'd like to go for a preliminary ride through the city, before arriving at the Chancellery; it'll revive you, after so many months in Asia!'

"Edwin Papp had correctly interpreted my sentiments. It was indescribable the happiness that I was then feeling to find myself once again in the Fatherland, from which more than once in the last few weeks I said good-bye, supposing that I would never return. The Mercedes went West and turned in front of the Brandenburg Gate, which was covered with swastika flags and garlands from the recent festivities. Now I was heading east, along the ***Unter den Linden*** or Linden Boule-

vard: I saw the Pariser Platz and the statue of Frederick the Great passing by. At the end of the avenue, we went around the Opernplatz,[84] area of the Emperor's Palace, the Royal Library,[85] the Berlin State Opera, the Catholic Church of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, the University,[86] and several military buildings. Finally, from the Lindens and the Opernplatz, the car drove into the ***Friedrichstadt*** neighborhood and began to ride down ***Wilhelmstraße,*** which is its eastern boundary. The ride was over.

" 'You can imagine who sent me to pick you up from the airport, can't you? Your Patenkind suffered a lot when we believed you lost and is enormously impatient to greet and embrace you. He didn't want anyone to divert you and that's why he sent his car to receive you and commissioned me, "under strict orders," he joked, 'to keep you safe and sound at his side.'

"Minutes later we arrived at ***Wilhelmstraße 77.*** At the ***Reichskanzlei,***[87] indeed, the Führer's ***Stellvertreter*** was waiting for us.

An hour later, after bidding farewell to ***Oberführer*** Edwin Papp, I was leaving the Chancellery in the company of Rudolf Hess. He had been greatly moved to see me, and then I realized how much that former Comrade of Papa's was loving me. During the six years that he took care of my fate in Germany, he not only was like a father, but he professed the same affection for me. Now we were on our way to Gregorstraße 239, to visit Konrad Tarstein.

It was the first time that we would go together and, as Rudolf Hess could be easily recognized by the public and did not want to call attention to Tarstein's domicile, he had insisted that I drive the Mercedes while he was keeping himself discreetly seated in the back seat. In truth, not only with Rudolf Hess, but I was never in the mysterious mansion with anyone other than Tarstein. I even came to suspect that the Initiates of the Black Order would meet elsewhere, for there was never anyone but the two of us during the two years that I frequented the house. But this time it would be different.

"As if it were the repetition of a Ritual, I struck the musty ring that was spinning inside the bronze fist and the shrill

84. Now known as *Bebelplatz.*

85. Staatsbibliothek Unter den Linden

86. Friedrich Wilhelm University, now known as the *Humboldt University of Berlin.*

87. Chancellery of the Third Reich

voice of Konrad Tarstein responded from some undefined place, behind the rickety door.

" 'Yes?'

" 'I am Kurt von Sübermann,' I introduced myself, speaking in the direction of the tiny peephole where the elusive little eyes of the Great Initiate were verifying my identity.

"The door opened and the squat and small figure of Konrad Tarstein appeared, his hand courteously outstretched to greet me.

" 'Kurt, Rudolf, good to see you,' he said, breaking the Ritual. 'Come in: ***we were expecting you***.'

"It was January 1939. We spent the New Year on the high seas, with Von Grossen and other Comrades. I thought of them as Tarstein was guiding me toward a room into which I had never entered, situated on the upper floor. I thought of them and remembered the news that he was bringing: in my judgment, the expedition of Ernst Schäfer had failed in its purpose of sealing the pact between the 'sane forces of Germany' and the White Brotherhood of Chang Shambhala. If I was not mistaken, the Gate of Shambhala had been closed before coming to any agreement, and, consequently, the destruction of the Third Reich and the universal establishment of the Synarchy were not ensured for the Enemy.

"It was January 1939 and World War II would begin in September of that year.

"Around a strange crescent-shaped table were seated 16 initiates of the Black Order. Apart from Tarstein and Rudolf Hess, I recognized only four more as high personalities of the Third Reich: the remaining ten were until then completely unknown to me. All were in civilian clothes, but I assumed that several would be military personnel, although others must undoubtedly be citizens, especially the Asian whose presence filled me with astonishment.

"I was introduced by Tarstein, and the Initiates kindly greeted me, ***but did not give their names at any time.*** On the contrary, they identified themselves by pseudonyms such as ***Aquilae, Leo, Serpens, Draconis, Corvus, Pavo, Cycnus,*** etc. The Asian said his name was ***Phoenix***.

"They invited me to sit in front of them, in an armchair located in the convex part of the crescent.

" 'So, ***Lupus,*** what happened to Ernst Schäfer's Operation Altwesten and the men lost in Operation First Key?' asked Tarstein, baptizing me that way.

" 'All dead or missing,' I affirmed. 'Both the members of Operation Altwesten and our own. But permit me, Gentlemen, to recount to you step by step the events that have taken place since I left Germany.'

"No one batted an eye when I brought forward the fate of the absentees. Not even during the following hours, spent in narration, in which I took great care to provide the main details and present the information as objectively as possible. Tarstein enlivened the long evening with two rounds of coffee, the last accompanied by exquisite jams. And I was hardly interrupted, except to request some concrete clarification. As I would later realize, those men were not needing to ask anything because they were all extraordinary clairvoyants; they were possessing what they were calling in the Thulegesellschaft: ***Faculty of Anamnesis,*** that is to say, a power proper of the Hyperborean Initiates that was enabling them ***to explore the Akashic Cultural Records.***

"From there, from Gregorstraße 239, ***they had seen*** everything that I recounted to them of our adventures in Asia.

" 'Do not take this the wrong way, esteemed Lupus,' said Tarstein at last, 'but we are going to ask that you wait downstairs. We must hold a Council.'

"The deliberation lasted another hour, until I was once again convoked. Konrad Tarstein opened the dialogue:

" 'I congratulate you, Lupus: we have unanimously agreed that Operation First Key has been a success. In spite of the losses, which cost nothing compared to the spiritual benefit of having frustrated the plans of the Demons. The three fallen, Heinz, Hans, and Kloster, will be decorated, as well as Von Krupp and his men, since they were not participating in Schäfer's conspiracy.'

" 'Permit me to interrupt you, Kamerad Unicornis. That of decorating the dead is all very good, but what of the living? What is going to happen to Karl von Grossen, Oskar Feil, and the two Tibetans? Where are they now?'

" 'Incommunicado, of course,' Tarstein fatally confirmed. 'Look, Lupus, we would only be able to set them free, and even promote them, if you see to it that they do not speak out of place.'

"'And how would I give such credence?'

"'It is simple, Lupus: you would only have to form a corps directed by you. For example, Oskar Feil would from now on be your assistant; and you would be in charge of controlling his tongue. In the same way, Karl von Grossen would be dedicated to training an Elite team to support you in your future missions, and he would be in permanent contact with you. What do you think?'

"'I am in agreement,' I affirmed relieved, 'and very pleased, because those men deserve the best treatment: they are valiant and priceless patriots. But now, Herren, after clearing up that matter that was troubling me, may I ask a few questions?'

"'Of course,' accepted 'Unicornis' Tarstein.

"'Well. The fact is that you seem to know what occurred in that valley of Tibet. You could then clarify some doubts for me. For example, why were we attacked and by whom? And I also have a question, perhaps not as "serious" as the previous ones, but which I am not ashamed to raise here: it is about the future of the daiva dog. I cannot deny, Herren, that it has caused me great displeasure to leave Vrune caged in Hamburg, considering that it is a unique specimen on Earth and that it is about to give birth.

"'You are right, Lupus!' accepted Tarstein. 'Tomorrow morning we will send the best veterinary officer of the ϟϟ, and his team of assistants, with the mission to care for and safely transport the daiva dog to Berlin. Have no doubt that we value this animal in its full measure and consider it to be a ***secret weapon*** of the Third Reich.

"'And about what you first asked,' Tarstein continued, 'you were attacked by the Druids!'

"'By the Druids?' I incredulously repeated. 'But we were in Tibet!'

"'Yes, by the Druids. Do you remember what I warned you the first day that you came to this house: ***"from among the hunters of the Synarchy, the Druids are in charge of bagging the catches of your species" ... of your species, Von Sübermann.*** It surprises you that they have ambushed you in Tibet, but you should bear in mind that you went to meddle with "The Gate of Bera and Birsha," that is to say, the sinister opening through which the Priests of Melchizedek enter Shambhala. On that particular door, Ernst Schäfer was wishing to knock, because from there have come, for thousands of years, the Arch-Priests

and Arch-Druids of the European Orders of the White Brotherhood.'

" 'Bera and Birsha?' I asked puzzled.

" 'Indeed, Bera and Birsha,' replied the Asian, whom we were calling 'Phoenix.'

" 'Remember, Lupus, did you not see two majestic images, one on each side of the Gate?'

" 'I suppose that you are referring to the figures of the winged bodhisattvas, which were carved on the walls of the gorge, or dvara, or shen, that is to say, at the opening between mountains at the end of the ravine. I remember them perfectly: on both walls of the exit of the gorge, and about 25 or 30 meters high, there were two bas-reliefs that were representing Beings of Divine nature, a kind of armed "angels" or "bodhisattvas." '

"I remained in silence for a few seconds, evoking that unforgettable vision. Then I added:

" 'They had wings: the two angels were both exhibiting spread dove wings. And they were wearing white tunics down to their ankles: yes, it was a Druid's garb or a Levite ephod! They were even bearing the ***four-leaf clover*** on their breasts; and little stars, suns, crescent moons, on their fringes. And I also remember their weapons: each one had his right hand closed on a handle, from which two globes were protruding on both sides. The scene was very suggestive and that is why I remember it with so much clarity: I was standing at the gorge entrance, when things had already been cleared up with Von Krupp; then I looked toward the west, at the end of the ravine, and I saw the vertex of the gorge, or pass, flanked by those colossal sculptures. Both of them were pointing with the index finger of their left hand to the exit, ***as if inviting to come in, a gesture that they were also accompanying with the expression of their diabolical faces;*** however, ***their right hands were not ceasing to point with their globes in the direction of every possible visitor,*** that is to say, toward the center of the ravine. I believe that I was precisely looking at the gorge of the West, and at its terrible guardians, when arose from there the ball of light that the Tibetans were calling "the Vimāna of Shambhala." '

" 'There is no doubt, then, that you have been in front of the Gate of Bera and Birsha,' assured Phoenix. 'The mysterious "angels" that you have described are not such, nor are they "bodhisattvas," but Demons of the worst kind, those who are

commonly called "Immortals": Bera and Birsha are two Immortal Demons who for thousands of years have acted in Europe and Asia, and whose image you have had the luck, or misfortune, depending on how you look at it, of contemplating in that ravine of Tibet. Their master, Melchizedek, assigned them millennia ago to work in favor of the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen People, especially taking care of sustaining the conspiracy in the bosom of the peoples of Indo-European, Indo-Iranian, and Hindustani lineage. In the European context, They have been the Supreme Arch-Druids who were secretly directing the Druidic Order, and that is why Unicornis and other Initiates also qualify them as "Druids" or "Golen." But they are much more powerful beings than the Druids, whom they command.

" 'For example, They have been distinguished by Rigden Jyepo, the King of the World, with the Power of the Dorje, the most terrible weapon in the Solar System. Dorjes: those were the weapons, similar to two globes joined by a handle, that you observed on the bas-reliefs of the Immortals! But you, Lupus, not only perceived the Dorjes carved in stone: ***you experienced their deadly power in the flesh***.'

"I looked at him dumbfounded. And Phoenix further clarified what my ears were refusing to hear.

" 'Concretely, Lupus: the buzzing of bees that you felt, and that caused the death of your Comrades, is nothing more than the acoustic manifestation of the Power of the Dorje, which also acts on the other four tattvas; with the Dorje it is possible to emit the ***om*** or the final ***yod,*** the monosyllable of the dissolution of Created Forms, which is identical to the bīja of the Principle of Creation. It is quite possible that it has been the Demon Bera who applied the Power of the Dorje on your heart. In synthesis, be assured that you have been in front of the Gate of Bera and Birsha, in a mountain pass of Tibet known since ancient times as "***Das Pech.***" Of course, Das Pech[88] is not easy to get to, that is to say, it is not easy to reach its eastern gorge, but curiously, on many ancient maps it appears there where you found it, next to the Altyn-Tagh mountains.

" 'It can't be,' I irrationally denied. 'I saw a flying vehicle, an extraterrestrial craft; I don't know what it was, but for sure the buzzing sound was emanating from it.'

88. *The Pitch.*

" 'So it is, valued Lupus: ***the phenomenon that you saw was the Demon Bera in all his Power. It was not a flying craft, or an unknown vimāna or airplane, but an "absolute energy unit" of the Universe animated by the infernal "Intelligence" of Bera, which is the Sephirah Binah. An "absolute energy unit," "an archetypal atom," adopted by Bera to present himself and unleash the dissolving Force of the Dorje: that is what you witnessed, although you believed to see something else.***'

" 'It's not possible,' I repeated disturbed, resisting to accept that that Deadly Presence was in truth an 'Immortal' Demon, and that this Monster was finally on my tail. I was beginning to realize what Tarstein was getting at when warning me about 'the hunters of the Synarchy' who would procure to bag catches 'of my species.'

"Unperturbed, Phoenix continued explaining:

" 'The archetypal atom is the Primordial Form par excellence, the Egg of Brahma, the monad made in the image and likeness of The One: all real atoms and all atomic forms, all units, emanate from it and participate in its exemplifying existence. And do you know why Bera adopted that form to manifest himself before You and use the Power of the Dorje? ***Because the only way left for a Demon like Him, traitor to the Spirit of Man, to resist the Sign of the Origin that you exhibit, is to enclose himself in the absolute unity of the Created Monad.*** But you have already seen the result of that tactic, Comrade Lupus: ***it has not been able to resist you, with the Sign of the Origin that you possess, and the Gates of Shambhala have been closed to our enemies.***

" 'Oh, I would not be so optimistic, Comrade Phoenix,' I suggested, at the same time that I was agitatedly shaking from old and new terrors. 'I remind you that if I preserve my life, it is not precisely due to the effect of the Sign but thanks to the intervention of those incredible warriors who are the Kaulika monks, and the invaluable collaboration of the daiva dogs that brought us out of the Altyn-Tagh ravine.'

" 'Ah, Comrade Lupus, I fear that you do not realize the situation.'

"Phoenix was giving me the same reproach as Karl von Grossen. Evidently, I was comprehending nothing, or very little, of what was going on around me. Either everyone was pretending to comprehend what was going on better than I. Or I was becoming extremely obstinate or stupid. But, whatever it

was, there was something that I was comprehending, and in which I was not mistaken: the cause of all my ills, which until yesterday I was considering a marvelous privilege, was the inapprehensible Sign of the Origin. Distinction of the Gods or Stigma? In front of me, the most important men of the Third Reich were counting on me, and on my Sign, to carry forward the Führer's plans. But, and this I was now realizing, the most terrible Forces of Hell, Forces that I had seen up close in Tibet, ***were considering me a priori their mortal enemy and would deploy an unimaginable attack against me.***

"Allegorically speaking, such a situation, the only situation that I was perhaps comprehending, was that the Third Reich was preparing to march on the World, like a cyclopean phalanx, and that I would then perform the function of ***banner-bearer.*** Yes, I would be the ***standard-bearer*** of the Third Reich, and the flag that I would fly would be the Sign of the Origin, the Sign of Lúcifer, the Sign of Wothan, the Sign of Shiva, ***my Sign.*** And, as in every army in operations, the Enemy would try to conquer the flag, ***our Banners,*** procuring to strike down the banner-bearer ***without prior warning,*** trying to take away the Sacred Insignia of the Spirit, trying to take away his life, trying to take away his banner, trying to take away ***my life,*** trying to take away ***my Sign.***

"I did not protest against Phoenix's commentary, and he continued:

" 'Esteemed Lupus: You owe your "salvation" to no one but Yourself. Are you forgetting that if there was Operation First Key, and daiva dogs, it occurred ***because there was previously an Initiate Kurt von Übermann, who was bearing the Sign of the Origin?*** The daiva dogs, and you, are the same thing, because without you there would be no daiva dogs, no Sign of the Origin, no Sign of Shiva, and no one ***capable of placing his Ego beyond Kula and Akula.*** The Demon Bera attacked you with the fury of a vimāna and you believe that you were saved "thanks" to the daiva dog: but know that it is your own insecurity, your lack of faith in Yourself, ***your incomprehension of the situation,*** the cause of which encourages such an erroneous conviction! Because if you were in reality the Initiate that you should be, ***sure of Yourself in the face of Death, and beyond Death, all the way to the Origin,*** you would know without hesitation that your Sign has made you invulnerable to the attack of any Created Being, even the most powerful God! If you were to find

yourself alone, facing the Demons Bera and Birsha, or others like them, and They applied all the Power of the Dorje on your heart, you would easily remain out of their reach by situating yourself beyond Kula and Akula, in the Origin, ***or by creating, with a tulpamudra, your own daiva dogs, or lungta "daiva horses," or any illusion of the sort!***'

" 'All right! All right! I give up!' I proposed, sadly smiling; and before the claims of the Initiates of the Black Order became unanswerable. 'I will strive to understand your points of view,' I promised. 'Do you truly believe that those damned Immortals not only attacked me to death, but closed the Gate of their Lair?'

" 'That's right, Lupus,' said Tarstein. 'I will tell you what has happened, according to the coincident vision of all the Initiates present here. In principle, and this will surprise you, we have reason to believe that Ernst Schäfer did not die at Das Pech. And if he had died during the attack, we are sure that the Immortals would resurrect him. What for? ***So that he returns to Europe to look for your head.*** Never, understand it well, Lupus, because your life is at stake, never will they permit someone like you to exist in a synarchic society. On the contrary, you being in the way, there will be no pact between the White Brotherhood and the Secret Societies of the Synarchy; and consequently, there will be no constitution of the Synarchy. Undoubtedly, Ernst Schäfer, or some other similar fool, will be delegated by the Demons to make their conditions heard in the west: ***and in these new conditions will be demanded the elimination of you and all those who, like you, are bearers of the Sign of the Origin that they cannot stand.***

" 'The Universal Synarchy of the End Times must see the Traitorous Gods lord over the World, as in the days of Atlantis, side by side with the Great Rabbis of the Chosen People: ***but they will not be able to do so as long as there are spiritual men in the World who raise the banner of the Origin, who speak with the Runes of Wothan.*** Hence we can affirm without fear of being mistaken that Operation First Key has been a success: we have brought an Initiate with the Sign of the Origin to Das Pech, in front of the Gate of Bera and Birsha of Chang Shambhala; and we have reclaimed him for the Strategy of the Third Reich. In a word, we have inflicted upon the Enemy the greatest defiance on its own ground: it is impossible for it to now want anything else but revenge. And its retaliations will no longer be of

a diplomatic or political order, it will no longer bring about secret pacts that back coups d'état or palace intrigues: the Third Reich will have to prepare itself to resist a formidable military potential.

" 'And as for you, Lupus: it goes without saying what you represent for us. To count on you means to have a ***strategic advantage*** for the execution of the plans of the Black Order. On this basis, we should try to protect you from any danger; it would be the most logical thing to do. However, we will do the opposite: we will not neglect your safety, but neither will we prevent you from fulfilling your mission, ***the mission that was entrusted to you by the Gods when they marked you with the Sign of the Origin.*** You will continue, then, taking risks! We will carefully study your future operations and we will send you to close, with your Divine Sign, the Gates of Hell! Now we know that ***you can*** do it, will you?'

"The sixteen pairs of eyes were drilling into my brain. I looked at Rudolf Hess, almost a father to me, how could I say no to him? And to Konrad Tarstein, my Hyperborean Instructor, the Sage who revealed so many secrets to me, what would I not give to him, who was needing and asking nothing for himself? And to the remaining Initiates, the Secret Architects of the New Germany, the Chiefs of the ᛋᛋ Black Order: to deny them anything was to refuse to serve the Fatherland. At that moment, Neffe Arturo, my answer could only be one:

" 'Heil Hitler!' I shouted, and raised my right arm to unequivocally agree. My answer, Neffe, and everyone understood that, was an oath, a vow as an ᛋᛋ Knight.

"When they all withdrew, half an hour later, and only the host, Rudolf Hess, and I were left at Gregorstraße 239, we said goodbye to Tarstein and left in the Mercedes. As before, I was driving and Rudolf Hess was remaining in the back seat. I was longing to greet Ilse and ruled out that we were going to Rudolf's house, but he immediately instructed me, 'to Hotel Kaiserhof.' I looked at him in the rearview mirror, not understanding.

" 'Can't you guess who's waiting for us there?' he asked, while he was teasingly smiling. I trembled upon asking:

" 'Papa?'

" 'Yes, Kurt. Your father in person. Baron Von Sübermann has specially traveled from Egypt to see his elusive son.'

" 'Oh, what a joy; what a joy. I still can't believe it. You told him, didn't you? Tell me the truth, Taufpate?'

" 'Yes, I did. I notified him, when we heard that you were at sea, that he could come to Berlin 20 days later. And that's what he did without wasting a moment. What was the harm in that? It is good for your father to see you at least once a year. Or at the end of an operation in which you nearly lost your life. You approve of my decision, yes?'

" 'Oh, yes, Taufpate. You have given me the most beautiful gift that I could hope for.'

"That was one of the best nights of my life. With Papa, Rudolf, Ilse, and little Wolf Rüdiger, in Berlin, in January 1939, the world was seeming to be in our hands. I still remember that during dinner, Papa announced that his daughter had married a German-Argentine engineer and that they would soon depart to settle in Argentina, where the Siegnagels were the owners of a winery. And that Rudolf also announced that I would be promoted in the following days, in the hierarchy of the SS, with the rank of ***Standartenführer,*** thus skipping the intermediate rank of ***Obersturmbannführer***. I would be, he said, one of the youngest ***Standartenführers*** or Colonels of the Waffen-SS.

Chapter XL

ear Neffe, thus concluded my first mission for the ϟϟ and the Third Reich. During it, the mysterious character of that Sign of the Origin that was causing the devotion of some and the terror of others was evidenced. By now, many of your initial doubts will have been dispelled. You will have realized, I hope, that the story of Belicena and my own history are built on the same armature, on an infrastructure called 'Hyperborean Wisdom.' And you will have realized—it is necessary that you do so!—***that both stories continue in you, that the Hyperborean Wisdom passes through you, that the Gods have marked you with the Sign of the Origin.***

"Your story and mine, Neffe Arturo, are partly parallel: to begin with, we are both members of the same family stock; we both suffered a shocking experience: I, because of the interview with the Führer, and you because of the death of Belicena Villca; and those impressions led us both to seek the truth in ourselves, in the depths of the Self: I, during the vacations in Egypt, in 1937, when the Śrotra Karṇa awakened in me, and you now, in 1980, in that infinite instant of the spiritual ***rapture*** by the Virgin of Agartha. Yes, Neffe: I believe that at that point we both ***self-Initiated.*** I know that the purpose of the Ritual of the Hyperborean Initiation is to put the chosen one in contact with the Vrunes of Navutan but, as such Signs were already in us, we were able to realize the miracle of the ***self-revelation of the Naked Truth of the Self.***

"Then, the parallelism of the events lived by both of us culminates in the correlativity of our initiatic experience: we are both, from now and forever, indissolubly linked to a Spiritual, Eternal, and Infinite Source, to the Grace of the Virgin of Agartha, to the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Gods. That is why, ***as I raised them at the time, you must from now on raise 'our Banners,' which are the banners of the Spirit.*** You were asking yourself in your Salta apartment: to whom to turn for spiritual help? Who are the representatives of the Hyperborean Wisdom in this world? Well, now you have the clearest answer. ***The Führer has given the answer: the answer is the ϟϟ, the ϟϟ Black Order. Remember that the Führer will return, Neffe, even Belicena Villca was announcing it in her letter:***

" *'The Great White Chief, the Lord of Absolute Will and Valor, will come once, twice, three times, to Your World. The first time, he will break History, but he will go away, and cause the insensate laughter of the Demons* (as it seems to me Neffe, this part of the prophecy has already been fulfilled); *the second time he will raise the Final Battle, but he will go away, amidst the Roar of Terror of the Demons* (and I suppose, Arturo, that this is what will happen very soon.); *the third time he will guide the Race of the Spirit toward the Origin, but he will go away forever, leaving behind him the Holocaust of Fire in which the followers of the One God, men, Souls, and Demons will be consumed. But those who follow the Envoy of the War Lord will be Eternal!*' (And here I can only call out *'fiat, fiat,'*[89] Neffe Arturo.)

"These are Capitán Kiev's words, which will be inexorably fulfilled. You will seek the Tirodal Order and bring to their Initiates the Letter of Belicena Villca. It will be very opportune because they seek, also, the Noyo and the Wise Sword in order to initiate the Final Battle. But you will bring them something more important than the letter of Belicena Villca: the Sign of the Origin, which closes the Gates of Shambhala and opens the Gates of Agartha, through which the Führer and the Eternal One will return to unleash the Final Battle!

"That is the ***true*** reason for the great maneuver, Neffe! That you draw near to those who wait, at the right moment, in the Kairos of the Final Battle! That is the spiritual significance of this whole series of coincidences: ***to bring the Sign of the Origin closer to the Kairos of the Final Battle!***

"***And like the House of Tharsis, and like me, Neffe, you must understand that it is all the more reason for them to attempt to get rid of you. The Druids will be after you! Perhaps Bera and Birsha in person!***

"For this reason, I want to propose that we leave as soon as possible. From my stories, although incomplete, you will already have drawn plenty of conclusions. Later on, if circumstances permit, I will give you the details of the following events up to 1947, the year in which I came to Argentina and since when I remained hidden.

"In summary, and in broad strokes, this is what happened from 1939.

89. Latin for *"May it happen,"* or *"Let it be done."*

"German citizenship was granted to Bangi and Srivirya and they were decorated with the Iron Cross 1st Class. They were also inducted into the Waffen-SS with the effective rank of ***Untersturmführer***. They remained until the summer of 1939 in Berlin, where they imparted to them training in cryptography and tasks related to the Secret Service, and finally they left for Tibet, and reunited with the Lopas who left from our expedition, they diligently devoted themselves to the mission that had been entrusted to them: to prepare an Elite corps that would act as Foreign Legion within the Waffen-SS. From there would emerge the famous ***Tibetan Legion,*** which was secretly depending on the ***1st SS Panzer Division Leibstandarte SS Adolf Hitler*** and one of which battalions would defend, to the death, the Führer's bunker in April of 1945.

"Karl von Grossen would also return to Asia. From India and China, he would occupy himself with discreetly supplying the Tibetan Legion, the natural settlement of which would be in Assam, in the dominions of a Kaulika Prince who was a bitter enemy of the English. In that small Kingdom on the border with Bhutan, SS instructors especially from Germany supplemented the offensive arsenal of the Kaulika monks, comprised of arrows, daggers, and scimitars, with modern weapons of tactical purpose, such as grenades, pistols, and assault rifles. However, the maximum effectiveness of those terrible warriors, would always be accompanied by the use of their traditional weapons, for which they had no rival in Tibet. In any case, for the sake of reference, that corps never exceeded a hundred troops.

"But long before the Tibetan Legion was ready, Vrune was giving birth in Berlin to two beautiful daiva puppies, dying in labor. Another legion, this one of SS veterinarians, took it upon themselves under the most severe threats to make sure that the twins lived. Notwithstanding our reservations, they grew up without problems and I named them ***Yum*** and ***Yab***. They responded well to conventional training and even better to the use of the svadi Kyilkhor, understanding and obeying my slightest wishes.

"In September, Germany invades Poland and the Second World War begins. On June 14 of the following year, 1940, the troops of the Third Reich enter Paris. Neither the Tibetan Legion nor I intervened in those actions because it was being re-

peated to us in the Black Order that ***'the true and only front of the Third Reich was in the East.'***

"Contrary, then, to the movement of our armies, we concentrated on planning Asian operations, in everything similar to First Key, in which I obtained my baptism by fire. Finally, in August of 1940, I received the order to execute 'Operation Second Key,' which had the objective of reaching Mount Elbrus, where, according to the Indo-Aryan traditions, ***the Aryans were twice-born.*** But it was not about going directly to the Caucasus, but to ***strategically approach with the daiva dogs to arrive at a Gate situated in other dimensions.***

"That time, I traveled from Germany with Oskar Feil, a ***Hauptsturmführer*** named Caesar von Lossow, and the mastiffs Yum and Yab. On the Pamir plateau, at the source of the Pyandzh River, Karl von Grossen was waiting for us with the ***Gebirgsjäger*** of the Tibetan Legion, about fifty men in total. From there, we initiated one of those crazy journeys that the daiva dogs would follow in order to go some place. I do not know what shortcuts they had taken, since, instead of crossing Tadzhikistan, Afghanistan, Turkmenistan, Iran, Armenia, and Georgia, and traveling 3,000 kilometers, the mastiffs found Georgia 500 kilometers away. Although it is hard to believe, 500 kilometers from the Pyandzh River we came upon Grozny, a city situated at the foot of Mount Elbrus; of course, the vicissitudes and peripeteias gone through up to then, and that I cannot narrate now, took us several months.

"Inversely to what was in Das Pech, ***at Mount Elbrus there was a Path to Agartha, or to Venus, which is the same.*** The mission entrusted by Tarstein, and the Initiates of the Black Order, consisted ***in locating the Caucasian Gate of Agartha and to unite such place with the locality of Rastenburg, in East Prussia.*** How? With the daiva dogs; ordering the mastiffs in the Caucasus to reach Rastenburg, by means of a jump through Time and Space. In that way, according to Tarstein's assumptions, the distance between Elbrus and Rastenburg would be ***eliminated*** or, in other words, the Gate of Agartha 'would remain' in Rastenburg.

"What importance had Rastenburg, in order to demand such an operation? We were not knowing then, for we were only asked to execute the plan before May of 1941, but as of June 22, when the Third Reich initiates the invasion of the So-

viet Union, the Führer's Headquarters would be established in Rastenburg.

"The Führer's code name was ***Wolf,*** and that is why his center of operations in the East, the Throne from where he would oppose the darkest Potencies of Matter with the Power of the Spirit, would be known as ***Führerhauptquartier Wolfsschanze,*** that is to say, the Supreme Stronghold Headquarters of the Wolf. It was in the Prussian province of Köningsberg, former plaza of the Teutonic Order, in the middle of the forests that grow on the banks of the Guber, and there Karl von Grossen, Oskar Feil, Bangi, Srivirya, and I landed one day in May of 1941: the rest of the legion was remaining camped on Mount Elbrus, 2000 kilometers away. Like their parents in Tibet, Yun and Yab had responded to the order ***to fly*** and bridged the established distance in an instant. Once in Rastenburg, we dedicated ourselves to marking the exact place where the daiva dogs touched down, because wherever the place was, a railroad track would be laid there to station the Führer's train car. We were under strict order not to move until being located by the troops of the ϟϟ that Himmler had stationed and that were constantly patrolling the region. A platoon found us and immediately a whole battalion occupied the zone in which, weeks later, the Wolfsschanze would be stationed. It is worth remembering that in the same place, on July 20, 1944, a group of traitorous Generals, the same ones who were helping Ernst Schäfer, attempted to assassinate the Führer by means of the installation of a high-powered bomb just a few meters away from him. Of course, those who do not know what the Caucasian Rastenburg Gate was, still do not understand how the Führer came away from the attack unscathed.

"When I finally returned to Berlin, in August of 1941, it was already too late to say goodbye to Rudolf Hess: on May 10, my Taufpate had flown to England to attempt to neutralize the Golen Strategy that had dominated the British High Command. His flight was concerted between members of the English Golden Dawn Secret Society and Initiates of the Thulegesellschaft, but as soon as he landed he was captured by the Druids thanks to the treason of the German Albrecht Haushofer and the British Duke of Hamilton, and confined in a military prison. For the Synarchy, peace between England and Germany and its alliance against the Soviet Union, a project that Rudolf Hess was authorized to handle, would have

been a catastrophe. He was therefore incommunicado during the war years and a supposed dementia was publicized while attempting to effectively destroy his psyche with drugs similar to those that Belicena Villca mentions. Analogously, in the case of Belicena Villca, being a Great Initiate like Rudolf, the Golen did not achieve their purpose.

"Yes, Neffe, in August of 1941 the time had arrived to remember the words that Tarstein had said to me four years earlier: *'we must all hope that his opportunity never arrives, for when Parsifal undertakes his mission it will mean that King Arthur is wounded... and that the Kingdom is terra gasta.'* Yes, Rudolf, the pure madman, like Parsifal, had departed for Albion, England, the White Island that was somehow representing Chang Shambhala, the Abode of the Demons: Tarstein predicted it to me because he knew that it was possible, because he was familiar with an esoteric significance that was explaining the deep symbolism of the journey. That the diplomat Albrecht Haushofer was a traitor, a member of the group of the 'sane forces of Germany,' we were already knowing for years from the reports that Heydrich had written in the SD: Albrecht was the son of Professor Karl Haushofer and a Jewess by the name of Martha Mayer-Doss. And that the Golden Dawn Secret Society, which at some point at the start of the century was related to the Einherjar and the Thulegesellschaft, fell into the hands of the Druids after the takeover by the priest Aleister Crowley, we were also knowing. So the result of his mission could hardly take Rudolf by surprise, but there must be a deeper and more secret reason that justified his sacrifice.

"I asked Tarstein directly, but that time he avoided direct clarification and spoke to me again in symbolic language, without a doubt so as not to affect the Myth, so that the Myth continued acting.

" 'See, Kurt,' he pointed out, 'King Arthur, the Führer, may be betrayed by Guinevere-Germany and such a dishonor can leave the Kingdom weak against the attack of the elemental beings, the ***Elementarwesen*** hordes coming from the east. To prevent the Kingdom from being destroyed, King Arthur needs to count on the strength of the Gral. But the Gral has not been present in the World of Sleeping Men for 700 years. What to do? As in Wolfram von Eschenbach, the Führer says:

"man mac mich dâ in strîte sehen:
der muoz mînhalp von iu geschehen."[90]

" 'And Parsifal departs for the Castle of Sigune, from where emerge the forces that animate the subhuman beings that threaten the Kingdom. And there, like Joseph of Arimathea, King Crudel captures and sentences him and his Knights to 48 years in prison. But then, in prison, Joseph of Arimathea enters into contact with the Gral and it spiritually nourishes him during the time of his confinement: and the elemental forces are, thus, to some extent restrained, because the Knight of the Gral, still locked up, possesses enough spiritual forces to transmit them to King Arthur and support him in his Regal Function. Some day the Knight Joseph of Arimathea will manage to get out from his unjust confinement and will be free with the Stone of the Gral, reading on it the Name of the Führer and restoring his sovereignty in the Kingdom. It will be at that moment that Frederick II, bearer of the Stone of Genghis Khan, will meet the Seignior of the Dog, Prester John, the Lord of Cathay or K'Taagar, that is, the Lord of Agartha. Then the elemental forces will be definitively defeated on Earth.'

"I managed to extract nothing more than symbolic affirmations of this type from Tarstein, which did not help me much to understand the hidden significance of his mission, although I was intuiting it enough. But I did not see my Taufpate again since 1940. Naturally, during the Nuremberg Trial of 1945/46, Rudolf was interrogated by the hypocritical Allied judges and, of course, he did not say a word about the Gral or King Arthur. Instead he spoke a good deal about the brainwashing and drug treatments to which the English subjected him:

. . . . . .

" '... Of course, I thought constantly how the monstrous behavior of the people around me might be explained. I eliminated the possibility that they were criminals because socially they made an extremely good impression. Also, their own past contradicted that assumption.'

. . . . . .

" 'A further thought that I had was that these people had been hypnotised, although at the time I did not know that

90. *"It will seem that I am the one who fights, but in truth it will be you who fights me."*

there was any possibility of causing such a strong and lasting state of hypnotism. I expressed this suspicion quite frankly to Major F., who evidently regarded this a wonderful joke. He said that he and all others around me were absolutely normal, and that unfortunately I was merely the victim of auto-suggestion.'

.....

" 'My headache went on constantly. I persisted in pretending that I had lost my memory. I learned from my mistakes. I assumed that I must not recognise people that I had seen more than fourteen days ago, even if it was one of the doctors who had been with me for years. From that, it can be recognised what terrible poisons they gave me, a poison for which there was no antidote [...].

.....

" 'Soon I didn't make any more mistakes. I came through tests like a sudden appearance of persons whom I had known before, and I pretended not to recognise them any more, although I was in a state of hypnotic sleep. I had to be ready, day and night. Finally, I was ready to answer questions falsely even in my dreams by keeping up the pretence of loss of memory.'

.....

" 'On the 19th of April, 1945, Brigadier-General Dr. Rees came to see me. He again tried to convince me that my conclusions as well as my suffering only stemmed from mental fixations. I interrupted him with the remark that there was no purpose in his speaking **because I knew what I knew.** Meanwhile, I had gained further convictions which were adequate to substantiate my suspicions. The abominable atrocities which the British perpetrated during the Boer War in concentration camps on women and children could also be ascribed **to the secret chemical**.'

" 'Brigadier-General Rees reflected with a gloomy face. Then he jumped up and hurried out with the words: "Oh well, I wish you good luck."

" 'I had been imprisoned for four years now with lunatics, and had been at the mercy of their torture without being able to inform anybody of this, without being able to convince the Swiss Envoy that this was so, not to mention my being unable to enlighten the lunatics about their condition. It was worse than being in the hands of criminals, for, with them, there is some little reasons in some obscure corner of their brain—

some feeling, and little bit of conscience in them. With my lunatics, this was one hundred percent out of the question. But the worst were the doctors, who employed their scientific knowledge for the most refined tortures. As a matter of fact I was without a doctor these four years because those who so called themselves in my entourage had the task of creating suffering for me and if anything to make it worse. Just as I was without medicine during all this time, because what was given to me under this name only served the same purpose and beside that was poison. In front of my garden, lunatics walked up and down with loaded rifles—lunatics surrounded me in the house—when I went for a walk, lunatics walked in front and behind me—all in the uniforms of the British Army—we met columns of the inmates of a nearby lunatic asylum who were led to work. My companions expressed pity for them **and did not sense that they belonged in the same column**; that the doctor in charge of the hospital, and who was at the same time in charge of the lunatic asylum, should have been his own patient for a long time. They did not sense that they themselves needed pity. I pitied them honestly—here, decent people were made into criminals.

" 'However, what worry was this to the Jews?—they were as little worried about that as about the British King and the British people. **For the Jews were behind all this**—if probability alone had not argued for that then the following would have. I was given the book of a Jew, about treatment that he had suffered in Germany in a very significant manner—I was given reports of the British Consulates about the treatment of Jews in Germany according to the description by Jews. Dr. Dix told me that my mental fixations were a consequence of bad conscience about the treatment of Jews, for which I was responsible,—I replied that it had not been one of my duties to decide the treatment of Jews. However, if this had been the case, **I would have done everything to protect my people from these criminals and I wouldn't have had a bad conscience about it**. Lt. A.-C. of the Scots Guard, who was with me for my protection in the name of the King, told me one day: "You are being treated like the Gestapo treats their political enemies." Dr. Dix and the nurse, Sgt. Everett, were present and smilingly agreed. Since they had stepped out of their regular role, because it was always claimed that I was imagining my

suffering, the doctor and the officer were relieved shortly thereafter.

" 'I mentioned the expression used by A.-C. of the Scots Guard in my protest of September 5th, 1941, and added that it was typical for the Jews to claim that their enemies did what they did themselves [without the Jews giving them a motive, and to charge their enemies with the crimes that in reality they were accustomed to commit]. The Hungarian Bishop, Prohaska, had found this already after the Bolshevik domination of Hungary in 1919. He reported that during this period whole truck-loads of mutilated bodies were driven on to the bridges over the Danube in Budapest to be pushed into the river; that priests had had their caps nailed on their heads, that their fingernails had been pulled out, and that their eyes had been gouged out, and the current joke was why should they go into the other world with their eyes open. All those responsible, with Bela Kun at the head, had been Jews. The world Press had been silenced. However, when, after the collapse of the Bolshevist Government, some of the guilty were to be judged, the same world Press cried out about white terror in Hungary. It has always been like this, Prohaska concluded, whenever a people had to fight against the Jews.

" 'I could not foresee at this time that the Jews, in order to receive material for a propaganda against Germany, would go so far as **to bring the guards of the German Concentration Camps by use of the secret chemical to treat the inmates like the OGPU**[91] **did:** [every criminal act of this nature must be attributed to the use of secret drugs that the Jews employed within Germany itself]. If I asked myself what the reasons were for the crimes perpetrated on me, I suspect the following—first, the British Government had been hypnotised into endeavoring to change me into a lunatic so that I could be paraded as such if necessary, if they were to be reproached that they had not accepted my attempt at an understanding whereby England could have been spared many sacrifices. Secondly, the general inclination of Jews or of non-Jews whom they had gotten into their power to maltreat me and revenge on me the fact that National Socialist Germany had defended itself from the Jews. Thirdly, revenge on me because I had tried to end the war too early which the Jews had started with so much trou-

91. Soviet Secret Police, whose chiefs are invariably Jews of unparalleled cruelty.

ble, whereby they would have been prevented from reaching their war aims. Fourthly, it was to be prevented that I was to publish the disclosures contained in this report.' "[92]

. . . . . .

"The secret truth about the famous 'Holocaust of 6,000,000 Jews' may be in these declarations of Rudolf Hess. It is notable, indeed, that the members of the Chosen People were victims of a typically Jewish genocide, a mode of extermination that, just as Belicena Villca demonstrates in her Letter, is that which the Rabbis have been demanding for millennia to apply to the 'Gentiles' or 'Goyim.' But Rudolf Hess rightly exposed 'that it was typical of the Jews to claim that their enemies did what they did themselves, without the Jews giving them a motive, [and to charge their enemies with the crimes that in reality they were accustomed to commit.]' This attitude of the Jews is frequent, is confirmed by hundreds of historical proofs, and explains the incredible accusation that the ϟϟ would have carried out on them a mini Holocaust of Fire, projecting upon the concentration camps the image of the Final Death with which they themselves dream of destroying spiritual Humanity, that is to say, non-Jewish Humanity. In synthesis, Neffe Arturo, only a typically Jewish mentality could have conceived of such a mode of extermination, which never passed through the imagination of Heinrich Himmler or, of course, the Führer. And as for the Germans who supposedly 'confessed' to having perpetrated those crimes, besides the fact that there are many obvious explanations as to why someone would testify against himself or against his homeland, it is clear that one must seek the real cause in the secret drugs known to the Druids, whose main lair for millennia is precisely England. Rudolf Hess himself exposed it in 1945, as you have seen, when affirming that not only had the witnesses been drugged and hypnotized in order to testify against himself, but that, in the event that any crime may have truly been committed in the German KZ, it was to be attributed to the introduction of drugs before the fall of the Third Reich, with the object of disturbing the guards in order to obtain further propagandistic gains.

"In the end, I never saw Rudolf Hess again after my return to Elbrus-Rastenburg, but I heard news of the accursed Ernst

92. Excerpts from a statement written by Hess during his time at Maindiff Court, which was taken by him to Nuremberg and there translated.

Schäfer: he had silently returned, just as Tarstein foresaw, and was in occupied France. Admiral Canaris' Secret Service, the Abwehr, which was outside the jurisdiction of the external SD, was protecting him. According to reports available to Walter Schellenberg, it was seeming very probable that his four henchmen also accompanied him, although one of them ***'would have lost his eyesight in Tibet,'*** due to his eyes being exposed ***'to an intense and unknown Light source.'***

"As is natural, I immediately proposed a covert operation to execute him, both him as well as his accomplices, but I was dissuaded by Tarstein, who was maintaining that the traitor was more valuable alive than dead: 'being alive, he will be able to communicate to the synarchic forces that, with the Third Reich, they have only one path: war,' Tarstein was explaining to us. The White Brotherhood will support an alliance against Germany, but only if, after its total destruction, the Universal Synarchy of the Chosen Peoples is constituted in little time. If this objective is concretized, Germany will undoubtedly be sacrificed, but that World Government will signify the end of History: Germany will be reborn once again, perhaps not as a Nation, but its Spirit, its Führer, its Wothan God, will be backed by the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man, ***and the Final Battle will be unleashed upon the Earth.***

"Ernst Schäfer returned converted into a Master of the White Hierarchy, that is to say, spiritually dead. His initiation in Tibet earned him the recognition of numerous synarchic Secret Societies, such as the English Masonry, which granted him the 33rd degree and the position of President of the Grand Orient of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. The destruction of Operation Altwesten was attributed in the papers to common accidents in this type of exploration and Schäfer lived quietly until after the war: his relatives still reside in Argentina.

"That freedom he enjoyed under the protection of the resistance groups to the Führer, allowed him, just as we had calculated in the Black Order, to plan and launch a multitude of attacks against my person. No one knows for certain how many attacks were perpetrated against the Führer, but those that I suffered in those years were not far behind him: poisonings, bombs, snipers, ambushes, sabotage of my equipment, and permanent threats: either I was abandoning the ϟϟ, deserting, leaving Germany for good, definitively distancing myself from

the places sacred to the Priests, ***or there would be no place on Earth where I could hide from the inevitable rabbinical vengeance.***

"Of course, I did not give in to threats and fulfilled my orders to the end, Neffe, even those orders that were not pleasing to me, like the last one, which obliged me to remain 35 years in Santa María de Catamarca.

Chapter XLI

I will not speak of the intermediate operations, for this will be my last reference to the intense esoteric undertakings of those years. I will only recall that in 1945 we were working in Southern Italy, in the region of Apulia, where is located the Octagonal Castle of Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen, who ruled from 1220 to 1250 and of whom Belicena Villca is very much concerned in her letter. Our mission had no direct relation with the war, since one could do little to revert a situation that was daily becoming more adverse. In those days, Germany was retreating on all fronts; but on all fronts, for the first time in History, the same Jewish enemy could be pointed out: Capitalists, Communists, Zionists, all the Allied Nations, regardless of their ideology, were showing the same Hebrew faces, the true profile of the Synarchy.

"And in the midst of that colossal debacle, while Germany was yielding to forces a thousand times superior, forces that were appearing united under the mask of Jehovah Satan, we no longer worked for Germany, to close the Gates of the Demons, the enemies of Germany, but ***for the ϟϟ, for the future of the ϟϟ***. What was our mission in Southern Italy consisting in? In something unusual: we had to seek ***the Stone of Genghis Khan.***

"Yes, this is not a delirium. Konrad Tarstein had specific and ancient information that was assuring that in 1221 Genghis Khan sent to Frederick II, to his court in Sicily, a Stone coming from Agartha, on which was engraved a tripartite pact to establish the Universal Empire; the three parties would be: Genghis Khan, Emperor of Asia; Frederick II, Emperor of the West; and the Loyal Gods of Agartha, for the Subterranean Forces of Earth. Before dying, in 1250, Frederick had that strange octagonal castle constructed and forever hid the Stone. Now, Konrad Tarstein was explaining to us that the Castle, in its construction, was hiding a key to locate the Stone, which would not be found very far from the plaza. Indeed, at 800 meters of distance, under a soft slope covered with grass, the daiva dogs sniffed out a stone crypt that was containing a chest of Queen Constance and the longed-for Stone of Genghis Khan, engraved in Uighur characters and in Germanic Runes.

"It was not easy to find. We had to carry out deep excavations and trigonometric measurements with theodolites. The measurements were taken a posteriori, to try to discover the key to the construction through Strategic Opposition that was enabling ***to protect*** a valuable object, placing it ***outside the walls***.

"There was no time to complete the measurements because since April 5, 1945, the Allied invasion of Italy had begun. We were retreating, then, toward the north, but at every step we were verifying the magnitude of the disaster. The war was lost for Germany and would soon be over. We decided to split up. Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil, under protest, would remain hidden in a Franciscan monastery, the Prior of which was a sympathizer of Germany and of the Arab cause: both had to swap the black uniform for the brown ***seraphic*** soutane. The daiva dogs would also remain in their care.

"While our Comrades were staying at the Neapolitan Monastery, the Tibetan Legion embarked on a journey to Berlin. We were Bangi, Srivirya, fifty commandos, and myself. After multiple clashes with the communist partisans who were infesting the roads, we managed to reach Verona, from where several paths that were passing through the Alps were starting. We took the Bolzano one, which led us directly to Berchtesgaden a day later.

"On April 25, the ϟϟ Commandant of Berchtesgaden received a telegram from Bormann ordering him to arrest Marshal Göring. When we arrived, there was no one who could attend to or give information to us. We then headed for the Obersalzberg, but before arriving, Fate, that tragic Fate that was always pursuing me, decided to play its best role: 318 Lancaster bombers arrived first and began to unload tons of bombs on the peaceful Alpine village. Paralyzed with grief, pierced by the lacerating nostalgia, I believe that I was shouting with helplessness, I saw Rudolf Hess' house and others nearby blown into a thousand pieces. That house where 12 years ago we arrived with my father to visit the Führer's Stellvertreter and request of him help to point my career in the right direction! There Papa had entrusted him with the Ophite medal. What would have become of it? Perhaps Ilse had it, his and mine...

"How many memories! ...

"Damned English, damned Yankees, damned Russians, damned Jewish Synarchy! What need was there to destroy that

Obersalzberg village? Perhaps to suppress a symbol? But it is only possible to break the form of symbols, to break their appearance, because the content is metaphysical, transcendent, and can never be broken by a Lancaster bomb.

"Finally, unable to hold back my tears, I observed the smoking ruins of the Berghof, the Führer's headquarters, empty at the time because, as the Allies were well aware, the Führer was in the bunker in Berlin, and the remains of Bormann's and Göring's houses, and of many villagers who had nothing to do with Nazism and the Third Reich. We returned to Berchtesgaden and were able to get transportation to Munich the following day. There I met General Koller who informed me of the disastrous situation in Berlin: the Russians had reached the banks of the Elbe and Eisenhower stopped the American Army near Torgau, with the confessed purpose that Berlin be razed to the ground by the Slav hordes. 'That was,' the accursed Jew justified himself, 'what had been agreed upon at Yalta.'

"Berlin was, thus, besieged by the Russians, being almost impossible to enter or exit by land. 'Then the Tibetan legion will enter into Berlin!' I affirmed with determination.

" 'It will not be necessary that you run such a risk, ***Brigadeführer*** Von Sübermann: orders have just arrived for you, which command that you go to Plauen. ***Reichsführer*** Himmler personally wishes to see you there.' General Koller, to my surprise, handed me Himmler's telegram. How did the ***Reichsführer*** know that we would be in Munich? There was only one answer: the SD officer in Berchestsgaden had reported our passage. I cursed to myself and questioned Koller.

" 'Is there a telephone line to the ***Reichsführer?***'

" 'Only in the case of extreme urgency.'

" 'Well, this is it, mein General. This is an emergency.'

" 'Alright, ***Brigadeführer***. Patch through on the radio and I'll authorize the call.'

"I sighed with relief: it was necessary to confirm my suspicions before leaving!

" 'This is ***Brigadeführer*** Kurt von Sübermann, mein ***Reichsführer,***' I greeted, through the inaudible line.

" 'Von Sübermann! How glad I am to hear from you at this moment! I congratulate you for reaching Munich. Just in time! Well, ***Brigadeführer*** Von Sübermann, listen well: ***things have changed here in Germany, and now I am in charge of Operation***

Frederick II. So, then, you must come as soon as possible and bring me the King's Relic. Come by plane. See you soon. Put me through to General Koller so that I can give him the necessary instructions.'

" 'See you soon, mein ***Reichsführer!***' I bade farewell, plunged into the blackest of apprehensions.

"I reunited with Bangi and Srivirya. As luck would have it, there were no planes available at the time. What would I do? It was evident that Himmler was planning to take possession of the Stone of Genghis Khan to utilize it for some personal end. But the Stone of Agartha was not belonging to him but to the ϟϟ Black Order, to the Thulegesellschaft, to Germany. To me the ***Reichsführer*** was worthy of the best of concepts, a Hyperborean Initiate faithful to the Führer and loyal to our Banners: if the fall of Germany had upset him, it would be understandable. But in the Black Order they would never forgive me if I was losing an object that Frederick II Hohenstaufen protected for 700 years.

" 'Comrades, I'm in trouble,' I confided in the chiefs of the Tibetan Legion. 'I will surely find myself in the necessity to disobey an order from the ***Reichsführer*** and I don't want you to get involved. I've thought of transferring you to the local ϟϟ Commandant, and continue the journey to Berlin alone. It's my duty to hand over the chest that we found in Apulia to the Initiates of the Black Order, who are also members of the Thulegesellschaft, and for that I must go to Berlin; on the contrary, the ***Reichsführer*** intends that I give the Relic to him alone, in the city of Plauen.'

" 'And how will you get to Berlin, Shivatulku?'

" 'Well, by land, since it's impossible to get there by air. I'll pretend to go to Plauen, but then I'll divert to the north, and somehow try to pass through the Russian fence.'

" 'Then we will follow you to Berlin. Think it through: We will be useful to you in order to carry out the feat that you plan. And besides, what do charges of disobedience matter to us, even if it means death? We have already lived too long and Death does not frighten us at all!'

"The Gurkha's words brought me back to reality. Those days were undoubtedly signaling the end of the Third Reich. And they would very likely represent our own end. Yes, it was all coming to an end, and perhaps we too would come to an end. Sooner or later, life would have to be risked against a plethora

of enemies: Russians, English, Yankees, French, who, by Wothan, who would take our lives? Leaving the Tibetan Legion in Munich was only meaning prolonging their lives a day or two longer: that was the reality.

"I decided to act right away. We had to act before General Koller got the plane.

"I gathered them all in a remote courtyard and spoke to them:

" 'Tibetan Legion! In a few minutes we're going to enter into operations. Our objective is to reach Berlin, and we need to equip ourselves at once. ***But we cannot officially request such equipment.*** Therefore, we will seize them.

" 'First of all, we have to get hold of two artillery trucks, with spare tires and enough ammunition. Bangi and fifteen men will take care of it, trying not to cause casualties on either side, which are the same side as Germany. Capture and gag whoever you have to abduct, and keep them hidden in the trucks, as we'll release them before we leave. You have ten minutes to execute the mission and park in front of the Quartermaster depot.'

" 'Srivirya and 20 men will raid the depot, only taking what is essential for a 600-kilometer journey and 50 troops: grenades, rifles, ammunition, and minimal provisions. Immobilize everyone and, when the trucks arrive, load everything and meet us in the dormitory building, next to the mess hall. You have to be there in fifteen minutes!' I ordered.

"The fifteen Tibetans and I dedicated ourselves to gathering our equipment and clothes, and piling everything at the door of the barracks. Fifteen minutes later we were leaving the Munich quarters. The first group had taken four prisoners. The highest rank was a ***Scharführer:*** to him I gave the letter addressed to General Koller. In it, I was apologizing for the violation, and was informing him that ***'I could not obey Reichsführer Himmler's orders because it was contradicting with a previous order that was forcing me to go to Berlin. The author of the first order was a Secret Service Chief of whom I was only authorized to mention his code name: Unicornis.'*** I was requesting this message to be communicated verbatim to the ***Reichsführer*** and bade a kind farewell to General Koller. I was not expecting that Koller forgave me for having ridiculed his men, but I had faith that Himmler would leave everything as it was, rather than face ***the hidden brains of the Third Reich.*** We then released the discon-

certed soldiers at the northern entrance of Munich, reiterating to them to transmit that letter to General Koller as soon as possible.

"My calculations were correct because Himmler did nothing after receiving the laconic message. We even came across SS troops coming from the Russian front to whom no warning had been given regarding us.

"Now then: it was April 28th and I believe that that was the last day on which there was even the slightest possibility of reaching Berlin by road. Our route was like marching along the edge of the synarchic Dragon's teeth: all were enemy vanguards along the way; first, French and Yankee vanguards that were advancing from the west, and then Russian vanguards coming from the east, which were colliding with the Yankee columns on the banks of the Elbe. Munich would fall into the hands of the Franco-Yankees on April 30, that is to say, two days after we left.

"Anyway, and sustaining periodic combat against Yankees and Russians, we reached Potsdam at nightfall. Impossible to get through the Russian lines in two German trucks and with an SS legion. It took another two hours to locate a suitable Russian encampment to obtain the indispensable camouflage: some 60 Russian infantrymen were sleeping in a row of tents, guarded by four sentinels. All were stabbed to death, the majority of their throats slit, as no one was wishing to spoil their disguise. However, no legionnaire wanted to take off his SS uniform and the Russian clothes had to be put on over it, many times helping to get it on by means of generous knife strokes.

"Thus dressed, we marched more or less openly in the direction of the Spree. Following its bank we came to the Weidendammer Bridge, which was covered by the children of Artur Axmann's Hitler Youth. It took me ten minutes to convince a 12-year-old ***Obersturmführer*** that we were an SS legion and that he should let us pass. Finally we crossed and everyone took off their Russian clothes right there, except for me who still had a ways to go.

"Because we now had decided to definitively separate. The Tibetan Legion was belonging to the Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler, the SS Corps that was in charge of the Führer's personal guard, and the most logical thing would be for that corps to head to the bunker to contribute to its defense. Berlin was looking catastrophic: entire blocks demolished by aerial bom-

bardments and Russian cannon fire, the streets covered with rubble, the glow of various fires were adding to the twilight of the dawn of that fateful 29th of April 1945. We marched in silence for several blocks until reaching Friedrichstraße, or what was left of it. The idea was to follow that street up to the U-Bahn station and then descend and go underground; at Wilhelmplatz station we would go up a few meters from the Chancellery. It was not possible to carry out this simple plan because a terrible tank battle was being fought on Frederick Street. We tried, then, to race to Wilhelmstraße when Fortune, so elusive until then, came to our aid.

"Indeed, down the cross street that we took, a column of tanks began to turn toward us. In command was an ***SS Oberführer*** by the name of Otto Meyer, whom we knew because Von Grossen got him, three years earlier, to give us a lecture on armored cavalry tactics: he was a young officer of legendary valor and great professionalism for the leading of motorized troops. He had fought in France and Russia, and survived, as well as causing great losses to the enemy. When Rudolf, after my first mission, alluded to the fact that I would be one of the youngest ***Oberführers*** in the German Army, he was undoubtedly including Otto Meyer in his plural concept. Now they had convoked him for the Battle of Berlin, the last one, and he would surely die.

"He stopped his panzer and came out through the turret: 'Kurt von Sübermann and the Tibetan Legion! Ha-ha-ha. I never expected to find you here, ***secret agent!*** Where the hell do you think you're going?'

" 'Otto Meyer!' I shouted with emotion. 'I didn't expect to see you again either. Oh, Otto: this is the Führer's guard. They must get to the Chancellery!'

" 'But it's just a few blocks! Don't worry, they'll get there. Tell them to march protected by the panzers and I'll drop them off at the gate itself. And climb in, I want to chat with someone who hasn't gone crazy yet, like everyone else in this city.'

"Fifteen minutes later, the five panzers stopped in front of the Chancellery, which was practically no longer existing, except for the subterranean bunkers, and the Tibetan Legion assembled in the garden. The astonishment of ***Brigadeführer*** Mohnke, SS commander of the Chancellery, knew no limits, when contemplating that troop of Asiatic faces.

" 'The Tibetan Legion, special formation of the ***1st SS Panzer Division Leibstandarte SS Adolf Hitler,*** presents itself to take guard at the Führerbunker! Heil Hitler, mein ***Brigadeführer!***' I presented and saluted in a loud voice.

"Mohnke was suspicious of that reinforcement, of which he had no news, and thought of a possible desertion from the front, but he was reassured when I proved to him that our destination was Italy, from where we logically had to withdraw, and I communicated to him that Himmler was informed of our march toward Berlin.

" 'Now, if I may, I must complete the mission that the Secret Service entrusted to me,' I requested.

" 'As far as I am concerned, you do your duty, ***Brigadeführer***. There's nothing more to do here,' he affirmed in a somber tone.

"It was 10 in the morning. I heard when they were telling Otto Meyer that the Führer was resting, that he would not be able to receive him. The heroic Meyer had attempted to see Hitler before embarking on a tour from which he might never return. I signaled to him to wait for a moment and said goodbye forever to Bangi, Srivirya, and the fifty Lopa warriors of the Tibetan Legion. Why describe what that farewell was like? It suffices to add that even after 35 years, I still see them clearly in the garden of the ruined Chancellery, raising their arm to militarily salute me, and I hear the voice of the Gurkha who says 'Farewell Shivatulku! Do not suffer for us, for soon we will find ourselves in another war, fighting alongside the Gods!'

" 'Gregorstraße?' repeated Meyer, in a questioning tone. 'But that's in the Gipfelstadt: you have to go through the Brandenburg Gate and cross the Tiergarten. Look, Kurt, for a few days now the Russians are trying to occupy the Tiergarten but they have not succeeded in breaking our anti-tank artillery. Therefore, they have also mounted their own artillery. Conclusion: no one can get through because an inferno of crossfire has formed. But have no illusions: neither could you get through on foot because we have mined all the fields and roads of the Zoo.'

"I looked at him desolately and this provoked another of his usual guffaws.

" 'Calm down, Kurt, calm down, all is not lost. Even if the panzers can't get through, that doesn't mean that ***nothing can***

get through. Have you heard of the Kamikazes?' he asked, always joking.

" 'Yes: they're the Japanese suicide pilots.'

" 'Well, my dear Comrade! If you dare to be a ***Kamikaze motorcyclist,*** it's possible that we'll get you through to the Gipfelstadt!'

"I was beginning to understand.

" 'The plan is elementary; all you need is the kamikaze to carry it out,' he said smiling.

"I nodded, making clear to him that I would play the role of the suicide pilot.

" 'Well then, there's nothing more to talk about. Take a motorcycle escort, which are now completely useless, and take off down the grand avenue, cross the Brandenburg Gate, and enter into the Tiergarten; with luck, in ten minutes you'll be in Gregorstraße. Of course, you must take the Tiergarten at high speed, more than a hundred kilometers per hour, so that the Russians can not sharpen their aim. In the meantime, we'll entertain them with at-will fire. Do you agree?'

" 'I absolutely agree. The plan is truly suicidal, but the only one that gives me any chance,' I accepted.

" 'You've done well preserving that Russian getup: it's an officer's. It may be useful to you later on, since where you're going there are no Germans but Russians. And you speak the language of the subhumans, don't you?'

"I nodded. I no longer felt like talking or joking; I was only anxious to depart for the suicidal adventure. I was realizing that I had everything at stake and I was just wanting to leave.

"Otto Meyer understood this, but did not stop making jokes until the end.

" 'Goodbye Comrade,' he bade farewell smiling, 'the next time we see each other you'll take me for a ride in the sidecar. Ha-ha-ha.'

" 'And me in a panzer carousel. Ha-ha-ha.'

"At the end we both laughed, and also said goodbye forever.

Chapter XLII

I crossed the main avenue of the Tiergarten riding on a motorcycle that was going at more than one hundred kilometers per hour, dodging, with instantaneous reflexes, thousands of potholes of what was looking like a lunar landscape. The German artillery, alerted by Otto Meyer, opened fire pretending to try to hit me, which disconcerted the Russians and led them to concentrate their fire against them, allowing me to get away.

"Ten minutes later, I was entering the Gipfelstadt and driving along Gregorstraße at regular speed. I stopped in front of 239, lifted my goggles, and observed both sides of the street: not a soul. But the most curious thing was that, unlike the other blocks, which had suffered the devastating attack from the bombings, that which was containing Konrad Tarstein's house was intact, as if the war had not passed through there.

"Once again, like a Rite a thousand times repeated, I struck, the musty ring spinning in the bronze fist.

" 'Yes?' Tarstein's shrill voice was heard through some crack in the old door.

" 'I am Kurt von Sübermann; that is, Lupus, I am Lupus, Comrade Unicornis.'

"The door opened and Tarstein, at the height of serenity, repeated once again.

" 'Come in, I was waiting for you. It's 16:00 hours. You're just in time for a cup of tea, if an hour ahead of English time doesn't affect you?' he asked with irony.

" 'No, no. Tea will be fine. You don't know what I had to go through to get here: literally, I went through a pass of heavy fire. In those instants I didn't know if I was going to make it here; and I didn't know what I was going to find here either. You can imagine my surprise upon seeing that you have not departed from your usual habits.'

" 'My dear Lupus, it's not good for the health that an old man like me be changing his way of life at this point,' he explained with renewed irony. 'Come, let's go to the kitchen and drink that tea, and forget for a while what's going on outside. Leave everything on that sofa, except the saddlebag that contains the Stone of Genghis Khan. Because that's why you've come, isn't it? You've risked your life a thousand times to com-

ply with the Black Order: you are admirable, Kurt von Übermann, a Knight worthy of the Führer, an Initiate worthy of the Gods.'

"Like so many times before, I entered the modern kitchen and sat myself down at a small table covered with a fine white linen tablecloth. Tarstein prepared the infusion in a porcelain teapot from Shanghai and filled the cups with tea from the same place. As I was sipping it, I observed Tarstein examining the Stone of Genghis Khan. He was seeming moved, which was unusual for him. Finally he asked:

" 'Do you know what this is? The proof that Humanity has a chance, the concrete testimony that the Gods of the Spirit agreed to deal with the Great Initiates who were attempting to make the Universal Empire a reality. If they had triumphed in the thirteenth century, the History of Humanity would be very different and the Enemy would not have had the chance to constitute the Universal Synarchy in the fourteenth century: for example, it would not have been necessary for Philip the Fair to dissolve the Templars between 1307 and 1314 because Frederick II would have liquidated them, in good taste, in 1227. And do you know why this was not realized? Well, because this Stone that you have brought was lost during seven key years, from 1221 to 1228. In truth, it was not lost, but they misplaced it, due to the failure of the imperial plans. Alas, Lupus: if this Stone had reached the hands of Emperor Frederick II in time, perhaps my own family, the House of Tharsis, would not have been exterminated in 1268!'

"I, naturally Neffe, was understanding very little of all this. Only now, after reading Belicena Villca's letter, do the words of Tarstein acquire their true and dramatic significance. At that moment, Konrad Tarstein must have noticed the confusion on my face because he procured to clarify with other words the meaning of that incredible Relic.

" 'Do you remember the history of Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen?' he energetically asked.

" 'Yes. That is: I remember some salient facts,' I hesitantly responded.

" 'Well then. This fact is very salient. Do you remember what happened with his Crusade vow?'

" 'Oh, yes!' I affirmed, pleased at not being totally ignorant. 'I believe that Frederick II was crowned at Aachen, in 1214, and there he made the fatal vow to Innocent III to undertake a

Crusade to the Holy Land; for various reasons, he did not fulfill this promise until 1228, which cost him innumerable complications with the Popes, which resulted in excommunications and wars.'

" 'The dates are correct, Lupus. What you don't know with exactitude, because it has remained secret until now and was only in the domain of certain Secret Societies, is the ***true reason*** for which Frederick II was delaying his trip to Palestine. ***And that reason is this: the Stone of Genghis Khan.*** Frederick II was awaiting since 1221 the arrival of a Mongol Initiate who would be the bearer of a written pact between the Emperor of the East and the Emperor of the West: such Initiate never arrived in Sicily and the reason was that they assassinated him in Frankish Syria by order of the Catholic Druids. When Frederick II finally decided to travel to the Middle East, he did so with the purpose of rescuing the Stone of Genghis Khan, which was in the possession of the Lord of Beirut. But it was already too late to consummate the metaphysical pact, to submit the World Order to the Universal Empire: Genghis Khan had died in 1227 and his successors, who were not Initiates, quickly fell into the hands of the Priests of the White Brotherhood.

" 'It is worth knowing the history in all its details, because now, 700 years later, the possibility of erecting the Universal Empire has presented itself again. And like then, the true struggle takes place on the plane of the Great Initiates and the High Doctrines: the Universal Empire against the Universal Synarchy; the Hyperborean Wisdom against the Judaic Culture; the pact of the Führer with the Loyal Gods of Agartha against the pact of a handful of little men, Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, De Gaulle, etc., with the Traitorous Gods of Chang Shambhala. The enormous slaughtering of the fighting masses impress but they lack importance, they always lack importance, in front of the confrontation of the Initiates and the Gods. This Stone, which you have found at the Castle of Frederick II, was the pact of the Emperors with the Gods of Agartha that was going to make possible the realization of the Universal Empire in the thirteenth century. Frederick II had it hidden by Hyperborean Initiates, experts in Lithic Construction, with the order that it only be found by the future Universal Emperor. This Stone, as you will understand, belongs to the Führer.'

" 'Then I should have delivered it to him personally, when I passed by the bunker a few hours ago,' I foolishly reflected.

" 'No, Lupus! This Stone will be delivered to the Führer in the Antarctic Oasis where he is now. The Führer in the bunker, it is possible that he has died by now.'

" 'I do not understand,' I confessed, even though I knew that my words would irritate Konrad Tarstein.

" 'Then you ought to understand!' he complained with predictable annoyance. 'After all, you are a ***Tulku*** too! The Tulkus, my esteemed Lupus, possess several bodies. And nobody knows how many or where. As they rightly told you in Tibet, in the Third Reich there is the strange phenomenon that there are many "reincarnated Gods"; ***many Tulkus,*** Kurt von Übermann. The Führer is a Tulku and there is nothing strange about him dying in Berlin and, simultaneously, living in Antarctica. To that Führer, powerful and strong as he was at the age of twenty-five or thirty, we will send the Blood Pact Stone to Agartha.'

"It got the better of me and I had to inquire:

" 'But was the Führer aware that he had this extraordinary faculty at his disposal?'

" 'Do you, "Shivatulku," know where your other, necessary, existences are occurring?'

" 'Certainly not.'

" 'Well, there is the answer that you seek. If you, so soon, are incapable of responding, how do you want me to know the process of a Tulku?

" 'However, I will give you an idea,' he conceded. 'This is how I imagine the process of the Tulkus: a special case of ***metamorphosis.*** Let us establish a relationship of analogy between Tulkus and lepidopterous insects, and suppose that ***the whole life of a Tulku specimen, such as the Führer, you, or Rudolf Hess, is analogous to a lepidopterous butterfly.*** Let us also suppose that there is a set of twin larvae that, by a particular law of the Tulkus, remain in a state of latent life while the butterfly develops its active life. And, lastly, let us suppose that the special laws of the Tulkus determine that when the butterfly dies, one of the larvae automatically resumes the process of metamorphosis and transforms into a chrysalis, generating a new active life and ***a new reality.*** Of course, because the larval life is latent life, and the active life, of the butterflies and Tulkus, is real life: ***the reality of life corresponds then, to the Tulku-butter-***

flies; the Tulku-larvae live on a plane of existence not real, but possible: such an existence is not of the same degree as that which the Tulku-butterflies demonstrate. Only if a Tulku-butterfly dies, or if a law of the Tulkus that requires the existence of two or more Tulku-butterflies acts, will a Tulku-larva become real. But, my esteemed Lupus, who knows the laws of the Tulkus? Who knows how many Tulku-men can exist in a larval state? A common man can only make one decision to perform in a determinate time and space: if the alternatives are two, he must say without hesitation "I am going to do this" or "I am going to do that." The Tulku, on the contrary, ***can opt to perform both possibilities, although for it, logically, he needs to have two simultaneous realities at his disposal.*** The Tulku can, for example, say ***"I am going to stay in Berlin, and I am going to die there if the Third Reich loses the war"*** and also say ***"I am going to retire to the Antarctic Oasis, together with the ϟϟ Elite, to prepare the Final Battle against the Universal Synarchy," and fulfill both statements.*** For a common person it would be impossible to perform both sentences, but for a ***Führertulku*** it is perfectly possible.

" 'Naturally, Lupus, two or three realities of the Tulku ***will only coincide in the Tulku himself, in the context that confers meaning on him and that he signifies.*** Outside of the Tulku, the realities of the living Tulkus may not coincide, Time may contract or expand, things may dislocate, History may contradict itself. What is in the reality of a living Tulku, that is to say, of a real, exemplary Tulku, of a Tulku-butterfly, beyond the Tulku, ***may not be in the reality of another real Tulku but different from the first one; or, inversely, it may very well be in context.*** I clarify this to warn you that, from now on, ***the partisans of the Hyperborean Wisdom must define to which reality they refer: whether to the reality of the dead Führer in the Chancellery-bunker of Berlin or to the reality of the living Führer, always young in his Magical Refuge, where he awaits the historic times of the Final Battle.*** And I anticipate that those who choose to live in the first reality will be considered traitors, no matter how much they proclaim themselves "National Socialists" or "Nazis." '

"Eyes sparkling, Konrad Tarstein paused for a second to serve himself more tea.

" 'Rudolf Hess... ?'

" 'Yes, Rudolf Hess is also a Tulku and that is why he is now alongside the Führer in the Secret Refuge: he is just as you know him; he has not changed at all. And because he is a

Tulku, he can be with the Führer and, ***moreover, be a prisoner of the English***.'

" 'But let us leave the Tulkus for the moment and return to the Stone of Genghis Khan. I was telling you before that it is worth knowing the story in detail. You have found it and you deserve more than anyone else to know that history, even if this is not the best occasion to tell it. Anyway, I will summarize it; pay attention:

" 'In Mongolia, in the Gobi Desert, there is a place that the Hyperborean Wisdom calls ***"The Tar Gate,"*** which directly communicates with the Kingdom of Agartha. In the Epoch of Genghis Khan and Frederick II, the Loyal Siddhas had approved a plan of the Hyperborean Initiates, known as the ***Tyr Strategy,*** intended to found the Universal Empire on Earth: the Chosen One in the East for it was Prince Temüjin, who received, as a youth, the Hyperborean Initiation by some Siddhas coming from the Tar Gate. Remember that Temüjin's father, Yesügei, had died poisoned by the Tartars when the young Prince was only 9 years old and that, from then until his adulthood, he lived miserably with his mother and siblings in the deserted lands of the Upper Onon. Like all the Great Chosen Ones of History, it is during that period that the Siddhas instruct and initiate him.

" 'According to local tradition, the Great Ancestors of the Mongols were the gray Wolf and the tawny Fallow Deer, which means that their Ancestors were not human, or, in other words, that they were Gods. In the sacred cave of Erkene-qon, the Gray Wolf married the Fallow Deer, who came from the vicinity of Lake Baikal. Subsequently, the original couple moved to the sacred mountain Burkhan Khaldun, today's Khentii, the ancient abode of ***Kök Kev,*** God of the Infinite.

" 'If his great ancestors were Gods, his close relatives had been no less powerful: his great-grandfather was Kabul Khan, the first organizer of the Mongolic tribes and military conqueror; and his father, Yesügei, had taken the nickname of Ba'atur, that is, "the Valiant." His mother Hoelun brought him into the world in "the year of the pig" of 1167, meaning that he was 27 years older than Frederick II, born in 1194.

" 'His ***Purity of Blood*** was so elevated that he became worthy of ***representing*** the Sign of the Origin, the highest Hyperborean distinction of the thirteenth century after the Gral, which was entrusted to the Occitan Cathars. That is why when an As-

sembly of Mongol Chiefs and Kings gathered in 1206 in Karakorum, and elected him "Khan," Temüjin proudly exhibited the sign that his triumph over his enemies had given him and allowed him to achieve the unity of his Race: that sign, which he was displaying on his ring and banner, was none other than the ***levorotatory swastika,*** the same sign that seven hundred years later would be worn in the most glorious feats by another Hyperborean people, but this time of the White Race.

" 'A historic mission was entrusted to Genghis Khan and he knew how to fulfill it in all its aspects, so it is not possible to at all reproach him for the failure of the Tyr Strategy. On the contrary, this failure is due almost exclusively to the excellent counter-offensive unleashed on the West by the enemy forces, which were operating infiltrated in the Catholic Church. That historical mission consisted in founding a Great Mongol Kingdom in the East, which completely encompassed North and Central Asia, ***simultaneously*** with the emergence of a Great White Kingdom in the west.

" 'When the foundation of these Kingdoms was consummated, then the moment would arrive to seal with a pact the creation of a Universal Empire in which the Mongols would be subordinated to an authentic King of the White World and where the Yellow masses would reserve themselves the right to advance toward the west and the White Elites, less numerous but more culturally qualified, would march toward the east. There, in Mongolia, the Crown of the Earth, would flourish a Hyperborean civilization not seen since the days of Atlantis. These were, in a few words, the objectives proposed by the Tyr Strategy.

" 'I will now show you, Lupus, how Genghis Khan fulfills his part in the Tyr Strategy. In 1206 he unites all the Mongol tribes and initiates the conquest of China and, in 1215, with the capture of Peking, he reaches the eastern boundary of Asia. From then on, the only thing left to do was to make contact with the "King of the West." But who is this King? How to recognize him if, toward the west, far from unity existing, a confused feudal organization can be seen? I remind you, Lupus, that according to the Hyperborean Wisdom, ***the effects of the Kaly Yuga are not of the same intensity in all geographical points;*** on the contrary, there is a ***Route of the Kaly Yuga*** that spirals around the spherical surface of the Earth and over which the

Kaly Yuga is "more intense" or more present. Said zone is orientable and, in the region that we are considering, orientable "from east to west," that is to say, that the effects of the Kaly Yuga are more intense toward the west than toward the east: ***going toward the east increases "spirituality" and going toward the west increases the "materialism" characteristic of the Kaly Yuga.*** It is according to these principles that the Tar Gate in the Gobi Desert is also called the "Center of lesser intensity of the Kaly Yuga."

" 'To situate oneself in Genghis Khan's dilemma, one must consider that the "King of the West" should be "Great" by the power of the Spirit, as was Temüjin, and reflect on the difficulties ***of looking*** from the east of Asia toward the west of the Occident. Genghis Khan, ***"to the west,"*** was only ***"seeing"*** spiritual darkness... and Kingdoms. Many Kingdoms, but no "Great Kingdom." The Kingdom of the Persians, which would soon fall, the Kingdom of the Byzantine Greeks, which was barely resisting the Arab and Turkish siege: a very small and weak Kingdom, with Kings without Initiative who were liking to call themselves "Emperors." The Slavic Kingdoms of the Russians and Poles, they could not even dream of placing themselves at the head of the peoples of the West and, on the contrary, they would be easy prey for the Golden Horde. For the same reason, Armenia, Georgia, Bulgaria, Hungary, etc. could be ruled out.

" 'The Germanic Kingdoms of Europe were remaining, undoubtedly the strongest, but in them, according to Genghis Khan's vision, darkness was absolute. If the Great King was there, it would be necessary to distinguish him by his exterior qualities and for that he would have to count on adequate information. For this purpose he had many travelers, merchants, or the religious, brought to his presence, whom he harshly interrogated, with scarce results. But from their accounts he was able to find out that there were truly two great Christian Kingdoms, one Frankish and the other Romano-Germanic. The Frankish Kingdom was precisely that which, for a century, was waging that absurd war against the Arabs, during which they had occupied Syria and Palestine.

" 'Genghis Khan then thought that he should address the Frankish King and the German King but there was still a doubt to clear up: both Kings were calling themselves "Christians" and servants of a High Priest called "Pope." Would not

this Pope be the true King of the World? To form an opinion about Christianity and the Pope he sent for Nestorian Priests from Armenia and some Greek Orthodox who were as slaves in Peking; from them he learned the story of Jesus Christ and found out that the Pope was not a warrior but a shepherd, that he was not killing but commanding to kill, and that he was not riding together with his people during wars but staying all his life in safe and distant convents. And with a grimace of disgust Genghis Khan ruled out the Pope as a worthy spiritual authority with whom he could deal.

" 'Before 1220, Genghis Khan already knew that of the two Kings, the Frankish and the German, it was suiting his plans to turn to the latter. He obtained this conviction by evaluating the religious information that one of his many esoteric confidants gave him. But it is worth making a clarification here: during the life of Genghis Khan three were the religions that surrounded him and to which he paid special attention: Nestorian Christianity, Persian Manichaeism and, fundamentally, Taoism.[93] He rejected the religion of Confucius as reactionary, and in Buddhism he immediately recognized a system based on the Kalachakra of Chang Shambhala, against which his Hyperborean instructors warned him early on.

" 'It was a Manichaean priest who informed him one Day that "beyond the Kingdom of the Franks, in fiefs of the King of Aragon, who is in turn vassal of the German King, there is a powerful Manichaean community to whom the Angels have delivered, into safekeeping, a Stone Vessel that is not of this World." This news shocked Genghis Khan, as well as the knowledge that the troops of the King of the Franks, with the blessing of the Pope, were dedicating themselves to exterminate those Manicheans of the West called "Cathars," that is to say, "pure ones." A whole "Manichaean route" was allowing that such news reached Asia: from the Languedoc to Italy, to the Cathar and Bogomil communities of Milan; from there to Bulgaria, the center of Bogomil Manichaeism; and, from the Balkans, Bogomil and Paulician missionaries were carrying the news as far as Armenia and Iran.

93. Manichaeism, which had managed to expand as far as China in the thirteenth century, was respected by Genghis Khan but not so by his successors who fiercely combated it until making it disappear; Taoism was later persecuted in the same way.

" 'The Cathars were sustaining that the material world had been created by Jehovah Satan with the help of a court of Demons; believing in a true God that was Incognizable from the state of spiritual impurity that incarnation was implying; likewise they were believing in Cristo Luz, whom they were calling Lucibel, and in the Paraklete or Holy Spirit, an agent absolutely transcendent to the material sphere. Consequently with these beliefs, they were rejecting the Old Testament of the Bible for considering that in it the history of the creation of the world was being narrated by Jehovah Satan, an evil Demiurge, and in which the true God was not being mentioned at all; of the New Testament, they were only accepting the Gospel of John and the Book of Revelation. About the Church of Rome, they were of the opinion that it was "the Synagogue of Satan," a refuge for the Demons and their servants in which not even a ray of spiritual light was shining

" 'Naturally, if the believers in so clear a doctrine were condemned to death by the Pope, and repressed to the point of annihilation by the troops of the Frankish King, there could be no doubt that the latter were, in turn, partisans of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan. But things were not "looking" so clear from Mongolia; indeed, it was suspicious that the Frankish King Philip Augustus did not personally participate in the Cathar massacre and, what was even more striking, that the whole of France had been put into interdict between 1200 and 1213 by Innocent III due to the cohabitation that the King was maintaining with a mistress. Which of the Kings, the German or the Frank, was, in the end, the ally that the Siddhas were mentioning?

" 'Seeing the West obscured by the darkness of the Kaly Yuga, Genghis Khan decided to send three messenger ambassadors, to Innocent III, to Philip Augustus, and to Frederick II, with the mission to initiate diplomatic relations and whom he instructed to carry out discreet prospecting intended to concretize an alliance between the East and the West. He did this to gain time, while other envoys of his were traveling to the "center of lesser intensity" to seek the longed-for answers.

" 'By 1220, Genghis Khan already knew that the deal was to be made with the German King. But such a pact, which would not be political but spiritual and that would be celebrated in several worlds at the same time, was requiring greater certainty than mere human conviction: in 1221 the Taoist sage Qiu

Chuji returned, after two years, from the expedition to the "center of lesser intensity." At the Mongol encampment, on the banks of the Onon River, the sage told of his incredible adventure to Genghis Khan: he had been authorized by the Siddhas to visit the Kingdom of Agartha; guided by some mysterious Mongol Initiates, they went hundreds of kilometers into the Gobi desert until reaching a completely desolate and barren place where it was not seeming possible that any vestige of vegetable or animal life existed; in such a place, apparently in the middle of the desert, the monks decided to camp and, although it was seeming a suicide, the Chinese sage did not dare to contradict them; they remained there several days, he lost count of the total, until one night in which he was deeply asleep, trying to recover the strength that during the day the burning sun was mercilessly taking from him, he was brusquely awakened; without coming out of his astonishment, he was invited by the monks, who were accompanying some terrible warriors, emerged from where he was not imagining, to go with them into the desert in a determinate direction; but they did not walk far, for very near to the encampment, in a place that in those days he had observed many times and in which ***could be nothing but sand,*** a whitish glow could be clearly distinguished rising up from the ground; it was a cloudless night, with a moon that was pouring torrents of silvery light upon the sinuous surface of the desert; however, and the sage of Shantung repeated this many times, when arriving a few steps away, ***the light that was rising up from the ground was a hundred times more intense than the moon,*** to the point that its blinding brightness was preventing him from distinguishing what or who was producing it; staggering, he stopped next to the light source and only a few seconds later, when his eyes had become adjusted, he could see that a perfect rectangular outline was cut out against the floor, where a heavy stone slab had been moved; the light was coming from that opening that was leading directly to a descending staircase of which steps were quickly being lost from sight into the depths of the Earth.

" 'In spite of the fantastic nature of the story, Genghis Khan accepted it without hesitation because the sage Qiu Chuji was deserving of his total confidence and, mainly, ***because his mission had been successful:*** he was bringing with him ***a message from the Siddhas*** and ***an inhabitant of Agartha*** was accompanying him to interpret that message to the Khan of the Mongols.

According to Qiu Chuji, after descending to incredible depths through that desert trapdoor, they arrived at a perfectly illuminated horizontal tunnel, and there they boarded "a chariot that was swiftly traveled without wheels or horses," which led them in a few minutes to the "City of Wo-Tang, the Lord of War," where "despite being underground, it is possible to see the sky and the stars." In Agartha "the Lord of War himself" received Qiu Chuji to whom, he said, "was waiting to deliver unto him ***the magic formula that gives power over the peoples.***" Said formula, explained Wo-Tang, ***was already known to Genghis Khan since the days of his Hyperborean Initiation.*** The novelty was now consisting in that the formula ***"had been endowed with a new, more intense light, so that it could be read even in the midst of the most impenetrable darkness."***

" 'In synthesis: Wo-Tang handed Qiu Chuji a green stone, similar to jade, on which were engraved two parallel columns of thirteen signs because, explained Wo-Tang, both the Uighur, spoken by Genghis Khan, and the language of the Great King of the West to whom the stone was destined, were coming from an ancient sacred language called ***"H,"*** that is, ***Eta***. The stone, consisted of the only ***"pactio verborum,"***[94] since by the mere reading by each one of the Kings, the Mongol and that of the West, of the written formula, a metaphysical pact would be sealed that was involving not the body or material goods but the Spirit of the Peoples and that was committing the Lord of War and his army of Angels to the struggle. Such a pact was surely a thousand times more powerful and enduring than the weak and dubious alliances of men. To guard the Stone and ensure that the formula would be pronounced with the right Ritual, one of those strange inhabitants of Agartha, with Mongolian features but reddish skin, would accompany Qiu Chuji to Genghis Khan's encampment.

" 'In 1221, when Genghis Khan pronounced the thirteen words in the due order and time, his part in the Tyr Strategy was definitively completed; from then on everything would depend on the White Races of the West: if they were pure enough they would not hesitate to follow a Universal Emperor from their lineage ***once he had pronounced the thirteen words, which were also thirteen Runes.*** Since a year before, at the time of Qiu Chuji's return from the Gobi desert, some messengers

94. Agreed formula; terms of agreement.

of the Khan had departed for distant Sicily to announce to the German Emperor the future arrival of an Initiate, who would carry a message "from another World." And during the following years, between 1222 and 1228, that envoy would be vainly awaited in the West, a matter that delayed the Crusade that the German Emperor was to undertake to the Holy Land on more than one occasion and that finally led to his excommunication.

" 'What had occurred to the messenger and the Stone? For four years, Frederick II fruitlessly awaited his arrival, but the "Tartar" had been swallowed up by the earth. The excellent Berber clairvoyants that the Emperor was keeping at his court in Palermo announced to him many times that the envoy of the Khan "had been arrested in the Holy Land," but Frederick II was refusing to give credence to such omens, rather attributing them to the antipathy that the Franks were arousing in the Saracens. However, he took advantage of his recent widowhood and in 1225 he married Yolande of Brienne, the daughter of John of Brienne, Frankish King of Jerusalem. Yolande was dowry for the Kingdom of Jerusalem, but Frederick II was not so much interested in that crown as in knowing where the Stone of Genghis Khan was. Through his wife he was able to find out: her uncles, John and Philip of Ibelin, encouraged by the papal legate, had seized the Messenger and his Message. But it was too late for the Tyr Strategy: Frederick II learned the truth only in 1227, the year of Genghis Khan's death, and after threatening Yolande with repudiation.

" 'Resolved to find the Stone, he set out for the Holy Land, but not before being excommunicated by Pope Gregory IX. In that same year, the unfortunate Queen Yolande died in labor, giving birth to the future King Conrad IV, father of the ill-fated Conradin. Knowing that John of Ibelin was in Cyprus, he took this island by assault with 800 Teutonic Knights and seized his sons, Balian and Baldwin of Ibelin. Arrived at the Emperor's camp to parley, Frederick II requested the return of the Stone and of the Messenger of Genghis Khan, to which John of Ibelin responded that the Mongol had died years ago and that the Stone was in his castle in Beirut, in Frankish Palestine. In view of this, Frederick placed the young Princes on the rack and threatened them with torture if the Stone was not restituted to him within a minimum period of time, to which the Lord of Beirut unconditionally acceded.

" 'Once the Stone was obtained, he was able to learn the root of the plot. It had originated in the Knights Templar: the Grand Master had assured the Pope, and many pious Frankish Knights, that Frederick II was planning an alliance with the Mongols to subjugate the World to their will; the next step would be the destruction of the Catholic Church. This information, though not totally false, was malicious and ill-intentioned, and achieved the sought-after effect of preventing that said pact be concretized. But the plot had developed six years earlier and was already beyond repair, after the death of Genghis Khan.

" 'Thus, defeated in what was constituting the spiritual objective of his life, Frederick II disembarked in the Holy Land ready to take vengeance as soon as possible. Paradoxically, that Emperor of the Christian Kings was facing a general uprising of the Frankish Lords, fomented by the Templar and Hospitaller Orders, and yet he was enjoying the high esteem of the Arabs. For years, in effect, Frederick II maintained correspondence with the Sultan of Egypt, al-Malik al-Kamil, who was considering him "the greatest Prince of Christendom" and "a Saint." On that occasion, he did not hesitate in ceding to him the three holy cities, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, which were in his possession; in 1229, the Treaty of Jaffa was signed that was confirming such a cession, ***provided that the Teutonic Knights were in charge of its custody***.

" 'But Frederick II was not content with humiliating the Franks in this way: he was desiring that all of Syria be passed into the possession of the Teutonic Knights and he used every resource at hand to achieve it, among them the promise made to the Sultans to share the holy places with the Muhammadans; in fact, he permitted that the mosques remain open in Jerusalem, as in the other cities that he recovered. In Jerusalem he protagonized the most irritating event when taking the King's Crown, which was over the Holy Sepulchre, and crowning Himself, placing it on his head in the presence of the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order Hermann von Salza and hundreds of German and Sicilian Knights.

" 'Not satisfied with this, he went to Saint-Jean-d'Acre, Bastion of the Templars, and occupied it with his troops. In the palace of the King, of which he took possession for being sovereign of Jerusalem, he gave a great feast to which he invited numerous chiefs of the Saracen Army, during which he exhib-

ited dozens of Christian prostitutes rescued from brothels belonging to the Templars. This initiative exposed the hypocrisy of the Frankish Knights, who on the one hand were proclaiming chastity, and even practicing sodomy, and on the other were exposing these baptized women to all sorts of temptations and sins. Such a crude reality impressed even the not too virtuous Saracens, and the prestige of the Templars fell lower than ever.

" 'Of course, the Emperor was seeking with such denunciations that the Templars would lose their patience and offer him an excuse to battle them. And his tactic paid off because they attempted to assassinate him and he responded by attacking the House of the Temple and the "Château Pèlerin." And if they did not all end up exterminated by the wrath of Frederick II, who predictably would not take long in calling the Arabs to his aid, it was because he received the stab in the back of knowing that his father-in-law John of Brienne was invading Sicily by mandate of Pope Gregory IX and that his son Henry II, King of Germany, was betraying him by supporting the Guelphs. That bad news forced him to return to Sicily where, with far superior troops, he defeated the Pope and forced him to lift the excommunication, then marched to Germany where he deposed Henry and replaced him with the child Conrad IV.

" 'In the years following, he had the King of the World's Castle built by the Hyperborean Initiates and buried the Stone that you have now located, Lupus.

" 'But keep in mind that Frederick II was also a Tulku, something that everyone was accepting in his time, since the people never resigned themselves to his death and awaited "his return" for centuries. And where were the Ghibellines supposing that the Emperor had traveled? Well, none other than to the Kingdom of Prester John, that is, to the Kingdom of Genghis Khan, the Great Emperor of Cathay, K'Taagar or Agartha: the mythical Kingdom of Catigara, which was located "in China."

" 'In the Epoch of Frederick II, the Great Khan was also the Great "Canine," that is to say, the Lord of the Dog, the Guardian of Heaven's Stone, the King of the Universal Empire "of the East," just as I mentioned to you several years ago, on the occasion of Rudolf Hess' flight to England. When Frederick II "departed," after 1250, and especially during the Interregnum, hundreds of troubadours and jongleurs were singing verses in which the Emperor's journey to the Kingdom of

Prester John were being narrated, and tears and laments were being shed because both Kings had not "met" after all, an event that would bring about the New Order of the Universal Empire: "nevertheless," it was being assured in the songs, "some day Frederick II, carrying his Stone of Venus, ***lapis exilis,*** would meet Genghis Khan in order to found the Universal Empire."

" 'In conclusion, I want to remind you that the aforementioned alliance between the Romano-Germanic Empire and the Mongol Empire was an open secret in the thirteenth century, although later the synarchic obscurantism hid the truth of the facts. But it is enough to refer to the evidence to know that truth: as soon as the death of Genghis Khan and the position of his successor, Ögedei, became known in the West, nothing else was thought of than to create another alliance, this time favorable to the synarchic plans. Behind this was, of course, the White Brotherhood. In 1245, Pope Innocent IV, who had taken refuge in Lyon, the City of the Druids, fleeing from Frederick II, proclaimed a General Council with the object of excommunicating him and stripping him of his imperial investiture: it was the famous Council of Lyon, a sort of "Congress of Basel" of the epoch, that is to say, similar to that which the Rabbis held in 1897 and that the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" mention, in which was discussed the quickest way to put an end to the House of Swabia and implant the Universal Synarchy. Well, no one associates the fact that in that Council, exclusively convoked to deal with the topic of Frederick II, Pope Innocent IV proposed to send an embassy to the Mongol Emperor: from the Council of Lyon would emanate the directives followed by the Franciscan monk John of Plano Carpini and the friars Benedict of Poland and Stephen of Bohemia, who in 1246 would arrive in Mongolia after crossing Russia. And if the synarchic counter-alliance was not then concretized it was because Ögedei had died and Güyük, his successor, was not at all convinced by the letters of the Pope, of whom his grandfather Genghis Khan warned him.

" 'Later on, the Holy See would send Friar Ascelin with the same mission of convincing the Mongols of the goodness of the Synarchy and Saint Louis himself would send Knights to Mongolia, but only to request help against the Arabs: they were representatives of Saint Louis, among others, André de Longjumeau and the friar Guillaume de Rubrouck. They set

out in 1253 and reached Karakorum by the Black Sea Route, but also failed because then was reigning Möngke Khan, whom Sartaq, great-grandson of Genghis Khan and a Nestorian Christian, had advised against the Pope of Rome.

" 'Pope Nicholas IV, pressured by the Order of Preachers, sends to Baghdad the Dominican Ricold of Monte Croce, he who establishes a fruitful deal with the Mongols and succeeds in founding a monastery in Marāgha. As a result of this embassy, the Turkish Bishop Rabban Çauma comes to Paris on behalf of the Mongol King of Persia, Arghun. The grandson of Saint Louis, Philip the Fair, a staunch Ghibelline and partisan of the Universal Empire, was then reigning in France, and that is why this time the alliance has chances of prospering. However, despite maintaining a permanent diplomatic connection with Mongolia, Philip the Fair did not manage to concretize the project due to the fall of Saint-Jean-d'Acre in 1291, at the hands of the Mamluks of Sultan Al-Ashraf, who would bring the Templars to Europe. Philip the Fair was desiring to be Universal Emperor like Frederick II of Swabia, but that would only be possible if he was first putting an end to the power of the Templars and the Popes; the terrible confrontations that he held with Boniface VIII and the very complex task of dismantling the infrastructure of the Knights Templar would keep him occupied until his death. Perhaps the historic opportunity of Frederick II was still present in the times of Philip the Fair, but the latter lacked the material time to consolidate himself in Europe and join the spiritual forces of Asia.

" 'In synthesis, Lupus, all this proves that there was a great esoteric movement between Europe and Mongolia-China long before the publicized and feuilletonesque[95] adventure of the Polo Venetian merchants in the fourteenth century: theirs was only a lucrative materialistic adventure, devoid of any transcendent content, and it is no doubt put in first place due to that. It has been tried by the usual obscurantist methods to ignore what one does not wish to accept as real, to deny or to not respond to the disquieting question of the military power of the Mongols: their tactical superiority, by invariably laying waste to medieval formations, is undeniable but has caused a collective trauma to the Europeans. From where can come the superiority of a Strategy but from the Spirit, from a lucid Intel-

95. In the style of a literary work that is serialized, similar to a soap opera.

ligence and limitless Valor? If the Mongols were the barbarians that they were made out to be, they would have never gone beyond the Urals. But of us they will also say that we were barbarians and that we were eating human flesh; or who knows what other barbarities. Do not forget that we have acted in a manner similar to the Mongols of Genghis Khan, and against the same Enemy, and displaying the same banner: even our best tactic, the ***blitzkrieg,*** is inspired by the swift and accurate movement of the Mongol horde.

" 'Wait a moment, Lupus, I'll go get something that I had prepared for you.'

"The master class that Tarstein had just given had made me forget the war, the imminent military defeat of the Third Reich, and even the black reality of not knowing what I was going to do from then on, whether I should go to die in the bunker, as the Tibetan Legion heroically decided, or whether I would have to flee to an uncertain fate in a World without the Third Reich, that is to say, in a synarchic World. I was not even wanting to consider this last possibility. Instead I was harboring the secret hope that the Initiates of the Black Order had decided to take me with them to the Antarctic Refuge of the Führer: did I not have sufficient merits to deserve such a distinction? Besides, Rudolf Hess, my protector, was ***also*** there. Would he disapprove of my presence? I was not fully comprehending the mysterious matter of the Tulkus and their faculty of possessing several bodies. I already told you, Neffe, that I was feeling that I was a unique individual, a perception that did not change until today, and back then I was not seeing what problem there could be in another Tulku joining the Tulkus who were preparing for the Final Battle.

"Before continuing with the account of what took place that day, the last day that I was there, at Gregorstraße 239, I want you to notice that the information provided by Tarstein about Frederick II makes quite clear the words of Belicena Villca written on the Nineteenth Day of her Letter: there she was saying, 'the causes (of Frederick II's hostility toward the Golen Church) were two: the positive reaction from the Inheritance of his Pure Blood ***thanks to the historical proximity of the Gral, a concept that I will soon explain; and the influence of certain Hyperborean Initiates that Frederick II himself made come to his Court of Palermo from distant countries of Asia and whose story I will not be able to stop to relate in this letter.***'

" 'Today you have brought something very valuable to the Führer and the ᛋᛋ,' Tarstein began saying upon returning, as he was holding out to me a leather case with silver fittings and a key lock, 'and I will recompense you with something incomparably lesser, but no less valuable to me. Take, Lupus, Kurt, my unpublished book "Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft": in it is narrated the history of the last 630 years of the German branch of the House of Tharsis, and contains the proof of its outstanding intervention in the foundation of the Einherjar medieval Order, which would last several centuries and would give rise in the twentieth century to the Thulegesellchaft, and then to the ᛋᛋ Black Order. I give it to you because I have consulted with the Siddhas and they have told me that you are predestined to know all the secrets of my Stirp: perhaps it will be given to you to know what even I have not achieved, that is, to follow the millenary history of the House of Tharsis and to discover the mission that your Great Ancestors entrusted to you.'

"I was noticing that for Tarstein that detachment was very significant, but I was also understanding that he was subtly sending me away, and that was what I was fearing. I was feeling for Tarstein's sensibilities but I had to clarify things. I took the book and ignored his speech.

" 'You speak as if we were never going to see each other again, but at the same time as if I were going to survive long enough to read this book,' I harshly said.

"Tarstein was undaunted and decided to respond with irony to my insolence, but with similar harshness.

" 'Very shrewd, Lupus! But we will indeed not see each other again in this life, although we will soon reunite in the Final Battle: such is the ambiguity of the Fate of the Tulkus! It was very difficult for me to communicate this to you, believe me, but I'm glad that you've cut to the chase. Now I will tell you frankly what the situation is: ***You are still an ᛋᛋ officer and must carry out orders like everyone else.*** And your orders are: ***flee Germany immediately and hide yourself in the Argentine Republic, where your sister lives.***

" 'No!' I shouted, interrupting his directives.

" 'You can't do this to me. I've complied with everything that I've been ordered up to now, with all the loyalty and valor that I've been able, but these orders are excessive. I would rather die a thousand times than survive in a world dominated by

Jews. It is not a lack of valor, it is not disloyalty, it is disgust, Comrade Tarstein, simple repugnance and horror to live in a world without Honor, where our Banners don't fly anywhere: since childhood in Egypt, when I joined the Hitler Youth, I have ceaselessly breathed the Mystique of National Socialism; no one prepared us for this! No, Comrade, we were not made to be defeated by the infernal forces and to survive under their empire. A moment ago, I was harboring the hope that I would be permitted to be evacuated to the Führer-Tulku's Refuge, as you call it; but now you leave me frozen with your orders to hide me in Argentina. I have been an ϟϟ officer, I have been an Initiate, I have developed amazing faculties, but now I see that I've only been an instrument of Fate, a toy of the Gods. And do you know why I feel this way? Because, in spite of all what I have been and done, the truth is that I don't comprehend anything, in the same way that I can't see the Sign that I am Myself and that you admire so much. And even less do I understand this condemnation to survive the destruction of the Third Reich. I supplicate you, Comrade Tarstein, if it's not possible that I depart with you together with the Führer, ask me to die, grant me the authorization to die with Honor, or have me killed!'

" 'You see Kurt, you are getting testy and I will have to interrupt the exposition of your orders to clarify some points. First and foremost, I already warned you that, from now on, ***the partisans of the Hyperborean Wisdom will have to define to which reality they refer: whether to the reality of the dead Führer or to the reality of the living Führer.*** And I anticipated that those who choose to live in the first reality would be considered traitors by the ***Black Order***. You, my esteemed Kurt, by presenting to me the case of survival in a World where the Third Reich has been defeated, are participating in the first reality. Of course, I am not going to make this a syllogism and conclude that you are a traitor because I know that you are not. Only that, indeed, you "do not comprehend the situation," an accusation that, as you have said to me, other persons have already made to you. Well, I will clarify the situation in such a way that no doubts remain for you: you are not going to stay in the World that you imagine as a condemned man, ***but you are going to act as a secret agent of the ϟϟ Black Order in an effectively Jewish World; and you are going to act as a representative of the living Führer, as his fifth column, as an Initiate infiltrated in enemy territory, nothing dif-***

ferent from the missions that you have fulfilled up to now. Take heed, Kurt, Lupus, do not believe in the fall of the bunker and the suicide of the Führer! It is the only way in which you will be able to carry out your orders.

" 'Secondly, and you must believe me, we would gladly take you to the Führer's Refuge but the Siddhas affirm that ***you must fulfill this last mission.*** As I said to you years ago, you are not only important: you are a first degree support for the Führer's Strategy. And the Strategy cannot afford to do without you in the place in which you have to be just because you suffer from nausea and Judeophobia. What we ask of you is not impossible for you and I know that you will comply: They need you here. And the Loyal Gods are the ones who decide who goes and who does not go to the Führer's Refuge: such a selection totally escapes the will of the Initiates of the Black Order.

" 'Thirdly, you have erroneously presumed that I will also depart for the Führer's Refuge, but I must repeat to you what I said at the beginning: "we will not see each other again in this life." That does not mean that I am authorized to leave from here: like you, my orders assure that I must stay in this World, in this house in East Berlin that will never be found by the Russians, not even if they search every house on the block. However, you must not come to see me, nor must you see anyone else of the Waffen-ϟϟ except your dear Comrade Oskar Feil. About Karl von Grossen, I will tell you what the orders are. That is all, Kurt, have you understood me? If so, I will go on to give you your orders.'

" 'Suppose that years pass, and nothing occurs, and I disobey and decide to come to see you,' I interrupted.

" 'You don't understand, Kurt! ***You will never find this house!*** Test it when you leave, go a few blocks away in any direction, go around the block, do whatever you want and then return to Gregorstraße and try to find 239: you will find that it does not exist, you will find a different house, perhaps bombed. If you have been able to arrive here it is because I was waiting for you, but when your Presence is not necessary for the Strategy you will never coincide with me and this house: ***such is the power of the absolute location that the beings consecrated to the Hyperborean Strategy possess; only the beings whose coincidence is strategically significant coincide in space and time; and that is the reality of the beings that exist; and the other created beings,***

although they are related to each other in space and time, they do not exist for the Spirit, they are Maya, Illusion, if they are not strategically significant. You as an Initiate should know this; have you forgotten that this is the War between Spirit and the Potencies of Matter?'

"But I was not listening to reason. Of course I was comprehending that a Hyperborean Pontiff like Tarstein had the power to situate himself in other dimensions of the illusory reality of Maya, including the house of the Thulegesellschaft, and that I would never find him if he was not wanting that to happen. But I insisted one more time.

" 'What if I use the daiva dogs? If I track you down through the dimensions and approach you, even if it's not at Gregorstraße 239?'

"Tarstein burst into laughter.

" 'You really are stubborn, Kurt. If you use the daiva dogs you will undoubtedly find me. Likewise, if you make them ***fly*** to the Führer's Refuge, they will surely take you there. But I do not want to exaggerate how any of us will take such an attitude on your part. Accept it once and for all! You are a military man and will continue being so from now on, no one will discharge you from the ϟϟ! And as a military man you must obey orders, orders that I will now transmit to you and that you will scrupulously fulfill! Orders that if you do not fulfill will be grounds for summary proceedings or a Court of Honor! If you appear by my side, or head to the Führer's Refuge, you will be liable to the penalty of summary execution, but, what is worse than death for an Initiate, ***you would be expelled from the ϟϟ Black Order.***

" 'I know that what I tell you is tough, but you must accept it and behave like a military man, like a Wise Warrior. Earlier you were complaining that the Third Reich did not instruct you to live under the Universal Synarchy. This is true. But if we have clarified anything, it is the difference between the Heart and the egoic Mind, that is to say, between the reason of the Heart and the reason of the Ego; between the emotions or sentiments of the Heart and the pure ideas of the spiritual Ego. And in the Noological Ethics of the Hyperborean Wisdom we have demonstrated to you the spiritual superiority of the Ego over the Heart, we have taught you to dominate, with the Ego, the Heart, we have stripped it of feelings and we have forged for you a new Heart of steel.

" 'We put a Stone in your Heart, Kurt! And in exchange for the reason of the Heart, which is weak and enchanting, we made you access the Absolute Honor of the Spirit, the foundation of Camaraderie. I remind you of these noological ethical principles because, and excuse my frankness, to me your attitude is pusillanimous, the product of a miserable affective connection, of a fear of doing without the illusory relationships between Hyperborean Initiates, of a lack of faith in Yourself. The truth, the hard truth Kurt, is that ***we are not friends nor will we ever be; we are, however, Comrades, partisans of the mystical ideals of the Führer's Strategy. And if we are not friends, and strategic orders demand that we never see each other again in this life, can you tell me for what spiritual motive you would want to reunite with me outside of the Kairos?***

"I was speechless. I would no longer respond to this unanswered question because I was remembering my attitude in Operation First Key, when guided by the daiva dogs I became a Charismatic Leader, a Hero, and led the Comrades into the Hell of the Valley of the Immortal Demons. How different were the morals of that time and the present. Of course, the war had not started then and the Third Reich was seeming militarily invincible. I was fully realizing that what was difficult to digest, even if one comprehended the Führer's strategic motives and shared them, was the destruction of the Third Reich and the probable constitution of the Universal Synarchy. It was not that my heart had softened, but that the war, the apparent result of the war, had confused me. And from that confusion was being formed the nihilistic attitude that I was presenting before Tarstein's orders. Then I was understanding it, Tarstein's Wisdom had made me understand. That is why his question would remain unanswered. But I would not give up my negative attitude because of that. As I told you, Neffe, the reality of 1945 was very difficult to digest, even though Tarstein advised me not to believe in it.

"Seeing that I was not replying to him, Konrad Tarstein continued without further ado with the orders.

" 'Well, Kurt: I will continue with your orders. The first thing that you will do, upon leaving from here, will be to return to Italy, to the Monastery of our Franciscan Comrades where Von Grossen and Feil have been hidden. You three are on a secret list managed by an ϟϟ organization known by the code name of "The Spider." Such an organization has been formed to

support members of the Waffen-ϟϟ who are the object of Jewish persecution after the war. Have prudence when dealing with them because they consist of an exoteric group, who know little or nothing about the Black Order, other than second-hand news. To your misfortune I will confirm that the 775 Initiates of the Black Order, and their Instructors, have been or will be evacuated from Western Civilization for, although not all are accepted into the Führer's Refuge, there are other appropriate Refuges to await the Final Battle: the 15,000 Pure Blood children, the product of Darré and Rosenberg's racial experiments, have been moved to those sites. You, on the contrary, are requested to remain in this World and I know of no other Initiate to whom such an order has been given, although I do not rule out that, in the future, Initiates will be sent to fulfill special missions: the Gods will know why they have determined it this way and you will have to seek them out. But in the meantime you will have to be careful, very careful, because those who remain acting on behalf of the ϟϟ will be Comrades without esoteric instruction of the Hyperborean Wisdom, many of whom have not understood and will not understand the true Strategy of the Führer. Notice that, although the Führer suggested resisting to the last drop of blood, and destroying Germany to the ground before letting it fall into enemy hands, our most valuable human capital, that is to say, the great scientists, have been made available to the Allies. The ϟϟ could have executed them all, and yet it has protected them and served them on a platter to the Allies. You may ask why? Because they have all received the Führer's order to reveal to the Enemy the secret of the most terrible weapons that the human mind can conceive, and to stimulate their construction. From the different countries where they are taken, they will foment the competition of sophisticated armaments and develop undreamed-of weapons, which will set one against the other because of the natural ignorance of the military, and will endanger the universal synarchic alliance. With the plans that are already being taken from the Third Reich, they have more than enough to initiate said tactic. Tactics that obey the strategic purpose of generating a certain state of world tension when the Universal Synarchy is declared. Then the Gods will intervene; the spiritual undercurrents of Humanity, placed in extreme tension by the permanent danger of the end of Civilization, will react to the Judaic Terror in which the Synarchy

will be affirmed; and the Final Battle will ensue, during which the Führer and the Eternal ϟϟ will return.

" 'You understand this simple but top-secret tactic, which constitutes an inevitable trap into which the Allies will fall, but how many others will understand it? You will see how many so-called Nazis, and even ex-members of the ϟϟ, will claim that our scientists are traitors. But they are incapable of comprehending the Führer's Strategy, and that is why they do not understand the actions of those who act motivated by strategic ends. ***They will understand you even less, if they find out what you are, esteemed Lupus.***

" 'You must be prudent and tolerant with those Comrades ***who have opted for the reality of the dead Führer.*** Once they have located you, you will disconnect from them and never resume contact. It will be an elementary way to prevent unnecessary risks because, for enemies, you already have enough and terrible ones, with the White Brotherhood, the Immortals Bera and Birsha, and the Druids and Jews who will search for you to eliminate you. As I was saying, you will wait in Italy until the Argentine passports and tickets are delivered to you. The Spider will deposit a sum of money in Buenos Aires Banks that will allow each to establish yourselves without problems; you should immediately withdraw those funds in order to avoid possible traces and investigations. Regarding you, the Siddhas say that you should seek a locality consecrated to the Virgin of Agartha, not far from your family. You will be able to meet with your sister, but employing all forms of cover in the Secret Service Manual: it is for the good of both of you; think that if the Enemy discovers your sister, they may attempt to extract your whereabouts by violent means and even put pressure on you, and that if you are well covered, but give your sister away, they may take their revenge on her when faced with the impossibility of capturing you.

" 'You will adopt the same precautions in order to meet Oskar Feil, who must inhabit a place far away from your home. You are prohibited to carry out any type of commercial partnership, not even by means of third parties, and to intervene in common activities that may fortuitously relate to them. You will only meet as Comrades, to share your spiritual ideals. With respect to Von Grossen, you will have to say goodbye to him forever in Argentina. Oskar Feil will be able to maintain contact but it is convenient that he also keeps out of the way,

for the old fox will not hold still and will try to wage his private war against the Synarchy. Possibly he will become an advisor in matters of Intelligence and Counter-espionage, and put himself at the service of pseudo-fascist regimes, of which abound in South America. Nothing that would be convenient for you.

" 'Lastly: keep the daiva dogs but do not use them except in case of extreme necessity. The same goes for your initiatic faculties: keep yourself alert, well trained, but do not act except in extreme cases. These are, in synthesis, your orders: ***to wait***. Survive, protect yourself, and ***wait!***'

" 'By all the gods!' I shouted out of my mind. 'Wait for what?'

" 'I cannot give you more information,' Tarstein impassively responded. 'Carry out your orders and you will find out!'

"He shook my hand and, as if such a greeting were not enough, he embraced me.

" 'Farewell, Kurt von Sübermann. Rest assured that your contribution has been invaluable to the cause of the ϟϟ Black Order. The Third Reich has decorated you with the Iron Cross, but the Order will some day award you an even more valuable distinction, which you have deservedly earned. I repeat: soon we will meet again, during the Final Battle, even if we do not meet again in this life.'

"We were at the door. I had exited and was grabbing onto the useless motorcycle, while I was hearing Konrad Tarstein say almost the same words of the Gurkha Bangi. I would have wanted to cry with helplessness in the face of that absurdity: they were all dying or leaving. Only I, a mute witness to a terrible and secret reality, had to remain in Hell. And without knowing why.

" 'Heil Hitler!' I shouted in salute, as the door of Gregorstraße 239 was closing behind me forever.

"I started up the motorcycle and, dodging the debris, turned around the block. Before completing the third block someone shot at me from a terrace. The bullet cleanly severed the fork and my front wheel suddenly crossed; I slammed on the brakes and flew several meters forward. Without stopping rolling, I hid behind the incinerated chassis of a car, pursued by a hail of bullets. 'I had forgotten that I was wearing a Russian uniform and was walking down a lonely Berlin street without any protection.' I let out several swears and ran to the corner, hugging the walls. I was back on Gregorstraße. I would

be long gone by now had I not decided to take one last look at Tarstein's house. I advanced the meters that were separating me from it, looking at both corners, alternatively. It was dead of night but not silent; that 30th of April would dawn accompanied by the heaviest combat and the noise of bullets, howitzers, and bombs was deafening.

"I soon found to my dismay that Tarstein's warning was not in vain. In fact, there was ***now*** no 239 on Gregorstraße. But the place where I left did exist, the fresh tire tracks of the motorcycle on the sidewalk and in the street were evidencing it. But door 239, in front of those tracks, was no longer there. In its place was the closed door of a business in fairly good condition. With my hand I removed the layer of dust that was covering the plaque and read: *'**Hyperboreanische Buchhandlung**.'*[96] I felt footsteps that were approaching; perhaps the snipers who had shot at me minutes before. There was nothing left to do there, so I ran in the opposite direction.

"I repeat that time is of the essence, Neffe, so I will leave out the account of my adventures until arriving in Italy for another time. I will only mention that in June of 1945 I reunited with Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil at the Franciscan Monastery in Southern Italy and that I remained there until February of 1947. On that date, our contact with The Spider introduced us to an Argentine Army officer by the name of Zapalla, who provided us passports and tickets, and, of course, new identities: I became Cerino Sanguedolce, as you know; Oskar became Domingo Pietratesta; and Karl von Grossen, Carlo de Grandi. The three of us would appear to be Italian immigrants, hence the linguistic affiliation of the names.

"Once in this country, everything happened as Tarstein had foreseen: they delivered the money to us in Buenos Aires, and each one went to live in a different Province. Von Grossen remained in Buenos Aires and, as Tarstein said, he would not take long to dedicate himself to organize a Secret Service in the company of another former Gestapo Comrade of his, ***SS Standartenführer*** Justin von Grosmann. Oskar Feil chose Córdoba, and it seems that the Gods had guided him because years later he found there the Order of Tirodal Knights, which oriented his last days; and I, knowing that the Siegnagels were residing in Salta, decided that 'Santa María de la Candelaria'

96. Hyperborean Bookshop

was a good title for the Virgin of Agartha, and I acquired this finca where since then I inhabit.

"Having left the World War behind, and having to stick to 'my orders,' I resumed the traditional familial profession of candy making and remained hidden until now, meditating all these years on what had occurred in the first half of my life. My only recreations were the sporadic visits of your parents, or of Oskar, to the neutral places agreed upon in advance to hold short, very short, meetings. And the only permanent companions that I have had, faithful by the way, have been the daiva dogs: Yin and Yang are the third Argentine generation, great-grandchildren of Yun and Yab.

"And since I settled in Argentina, except for the failed attempt to make contact with Nimrod de Rosario in Córdoba by acceding to Oskar's request, no one has ever, ever convoked me to fulfill the final mission of the Hyperborean Wisdom until you appeared here with Belicena Villca's Letter. I am not ashamed to confess it: I had already lost all hope that Konrad Tarstein's announcements would be fulfilled. However, I was keeping myself on alert, as he ordered me, and as you lamentably proved. ***Meine Ehre heißt Treue!***"[97]

97. Oath of the ᛋᛋ Black Order, also engraved on the Knight's Dagger: *My Honor is called Loyalty.*

EPILOGUE

to the fantastic book
"The Mystery of the
Hyperborean Wisdom,"
dedicated to them.

...or PROLOGUE

to the actual Mystery of the
Hyperborean Wisdom,
dedicated to us, we who feel
running through our veins

The Blood of Tharsis.

Chapter I

nd that was all Uncle Kurt managed to narrate to me about the story of his life. At that moment, he was right in feeling hurried, as events were demonstrating, but he was leaving the most interesting part untold: the details of his secret missions during the war and the mysterious mission of his godfather Rudolf Hess. Logically, he was also hoping to complete his stories on a future occasion. But it was written that such an occasion would never present itself.

However, the last night that we spoke about these topics and he recounted to me his arrival in Argentina, I managed to ask him two questions that I still clearly remember. It was already late, about eleven o'clock at night on March 21, exactly two months after the spiritual rapture of January 21, and we decided to go to sleep, after a long day of conversation. It was then when I raised a question that was causing me a lot of discomfort.

"Tell me, Uncle Kurt: if in 1945 you had received Konrad Tarstein's unpublished book 'Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft,' in which the German history of the house of Tharsis is narrated, how is it that you remained indifferent the first time that we spoke about the Letter from Belicena Villca, implying that you were unaware of its important historical contribution? I remember very well that you were only startled when hearing the name 'Tharsis,' but you expressed nothing about the German Tharsises. Nevertheless, you had to know a part of the history, perhaps as rich in nuances as that which I learned from Belicena Villca. And you were very careful not to say anything about it, even until now. Your behavior doesn't seem right to me, Uncle Kurt!" I affirmed with a tone of painful reproach.

Uncle Kurt observed me with surprise and let out one of his formidable guffaws.

"But I hadn't read it!" he apologized.

"What? After thirty-five years you hadn't read Tarstein's book?" I asked stupefied.

"I already told you, Neffe, that I was very angry about the orders that Tarstein transmitted to me! Here, in Santa María, I simply kept the book to read it on the day that Tarstein's predictions came true, that is, the day that I somehow gained ac-

cess to the rest of the history of his Stirp. And that day came with your visit and the Letter from Belicena Villca. That's why I read it, in effect, during the days that I was shut away in my room, after learning the contents of the Letter: everything was coinciding, it was really the part that was missing from Belicena's story, the connection between the Vrunaldine branch of the House of Tharsis and the Thulegesellschaft! The history of the search for the Führer, initiated in the Middle Ages, and his location and Initiation in the twentieth century! But if I have said nothing to you afterward about this, it was because I was hoping to narrate to you my own life and to make you aware of the existence of that work, which I still keep. It is my wish that you read it yourself and then retain it as part of your inheritance! To whom, but to you, is it justly due? You must join it to the Letter from Belicena Villca and take it to Córdoba, so that the Tirodal Knights and, if possible, Noyo Villca, learn of it."

I was stunned by my Uncle's incredible response: thirty-five years without reading Tarstein's book! Ha! That's ***what you call stubborn!***

Uncle Kurt went to his room and returned with the leather and silver hardware case that was holding the precious work. He unconditionally handed it over to me and there I fired at him the second question:

"I was left with a great curiosity to know what became of the Tibetan Legion. If you don't mind wasting a minute, synthetically tell me what happened with them."

"I'll tell you. And it's not too long to recount. The part of the Legion that was remaining at its base in Assam, on the border with Bhutan, quietly dispersed at the end of the war: some returned to the Kaulika Monasteries and others enlisted themselves as mercenaries in the subsequent wars in Asia: that of Chiang Kai-shek against Mao and those of Korea and Vietnam. Those, at the outset, survived World War II. But, surely, you ask me about the fate of Bangi, Srivirya, and the fifty legionnaires who stayed in Berlin to guard the Bunkerführer: about them I must confess to you, with pride, that they all died fighting the Russians. It's an amusing incident: according to what they informed me in those days, when I was still having to flee from Germany, on April 30 the Russians managed to take the bunker but at the terrible cost of ten to one. It is worth saying that the Tibetans wiped out an infantry battalion of more than five hundred men. And so impressive was the im-

pact of that carnage, carried out by an Asian ϟϟ Legion, that Stalin himself ordered the removal and concealment of the Tibetan cadavers and negotiated with the Allies the official suppression of all news about the Tibetan Legion from the bunker. Nevertheless, many independent investigators have mentioned the existence of the Legion and its valorous determination to defend the bunker to the end. Of course, if one consults the 'official historians,' those who must live on academic or journalistic presuppositions, their version will be quite different: the Russians would have found the bunker almost unguarded; and the Tibetan Legion never existed."

Chapter II

We said goodbye until the following day, with the instruction to leave immediately for Tucumán. After all, it was almost three months since the assassination of Belicena Villca and I still had not attempted to fulfill her request. I mentally counted them: 74 days. Seventy-four days! It might be a long time; perhaps for Noyo Villca it was, and I was regretting it. But for me it would be the most fruitful seventy-four days of my life. It was causing me laughter and shame to remember who I was before January 6, in that sinister Neuropsychiatric Hospital: "Dr. Arturo Siegnagel, one of our best interns"—the nurses were introducing me. What the system had turned me into! Before January 6 I had everything, from the material point of view, but I was lacking in clear ideals: they had brainwashed me! On the contrary, now I had nothing, comparing myself with the prestigious Dr. whom I had been, ***I was lacking a material future, a predictable future within the laws of the system; but I had the clear ideal of the Hyperborean Wisdom.*** And with this ideal that I now had, I was not needing to possess anything else in life, least of all the determinateness of a ***mediocre future!***

I got into bed, jubilantly I would say. How everything had changed for the better! How I had changed for the better! The night was starry and a little cool, perhaps heralding the beginning of autumn. At first I thought of reading Konrad Tarstein's book, but then I held myself back. I was also a bit tired and was not wanting to get completely out of control, nor was I desiring that the present joy completely dominate me: if Uncle Kurt kept himself from reading it for 35 years, why should I be impatient? Was I not capable of waiting one more day? And then, after generating such foolish thoughts, I turned off the light and went to sleep.

Oh, Gods, what a fool! That was what I had now become, apart from "enlightened by the Hyperborean Wisdom," which by the way had nothing to do with what happened. It was I, my excessive pride as a result of all what I was finding out in such a short time and that was puffing up my plumage like a peacock, the only one to blame for the Misfortune, which was lying in wait, to cast itself upon us that night. Of course; I do not rule out or underestimate the astonishing vigilance that the

enemy keeps over the whole World, or "over many Worlds," according to the concepts that Capitán Kiev was using with Belicena Villca. No, I am not going to underestimate the attentive task of observation that the Demons were developing trying to locate Uncle Kurt; perhaps that watch would have borne fruit one day and they would have somehow found him. ***But I was mainly responsible for what occurred that night! A hundred times, a thousand times, it would have been preferable that I read Tarstein's book, as I was "normally" desiring, instead of doing what I did!!!***

As I said, I turned off the light and went to sleep. I saw the starry sky through the glass, and closed my eyes. But, being still quite nervous, as well as tired, ***I decided to lull myself to sleep by mentalizing the svadi Kyilkhor. And that would be my fatal mistake!***

Uncle Kurt revealed to me the form of the Kyilkhor and gave demonstrations on the mental mastery that it was enabling to exercise over the daiva dogs. I realized then that the "whistle" used to launch the dogs on me, when I furtively entered onto his finca, had not truly been an audible sound: it was my unconscious predisposition to grasp the symbols of the Kyilkhor, from "beyond Kula and Akula," the cause of the perception of Uncle Kurt's order. The same had happened with the whimpers of the Tibetan mastiffs who were expressing their contained desires to attack: it was all mental, extrasensory perceptions, symbols that the ignorance of my reason was translated as originated by sounds, the illusion of sounds. Of course, only I, or someone who possessed "the Sign of the Origin" as I, would have been able to hear them: any "normal" person, no matter the training that his auditory sense possessed, would have only noticed the presence of the dogs when the deadly jaws had shut on his limbs.

In short, Uncle Kurt had agreed, like so many unfinished things that remained, to permit me to use it according to his indications; but the occasion did not present itself and I did not get to carry out any kind of practice on the mastiffs. That night, fifteen or twenty minutes before 12, I entertained myself a good while, fixing the image of the Kyilkhor in my mind, and at last, without reflecting on it, I issued an order. That is to say, I composed the word of an order without imagining that it would be inexorably fulfilled. It was a simple directive, ***"bark,"*** I

thought, which was in no way allowing me to suppose what it would cause.

Instantly, the mastiffs emitted a wolfish, harrowing howl, and began to bark in duet, ***without stopping.*** The bellows that they were letting out were shuddering, and very intense, which was why I sat up in bed, frozen with fright and desperate. "They'll wake up Uncle Kurt," I stupidly thought, and I concentrated again on the Yantra, trying to form a word to stop the canine concert. I imagined that the word would be ***"silence"*** but how does one say ***silence*** in Sanskrit or Tibetan, the only languages in which one could translate the concept with the key of the svadi Kyilkhor? "Uncle Kurt had told it to me," I was assuring myself, while fruitlessly procuring to remember. And it was then that the first of the series of nefarious phenomena that would happen during that hellish night took place.

It occurred as if my consciousness had all of a sudden limitlessly expanded: I perceived ***the whole room at a single glance,*** but without looking, as if a will more powerful than mine compelled me to do so. Then I saw the exterior of the house, the Finca, ***all at once;*** and the city of Santa María, and the road to Salta, and my own Finca in Cerrillos. I saw Papa, Mama, Katalina, Enrique and Federico, my nephews, and even Canuto the dog. As if hypnotized, I was seeing everything and I could not stop seeing. Unexpectedly, from the bottom of my field of vision, right in front of me, and as if emerging from behind the Cumbres del Obispo,[1] a point began to grow at an extraordinary speed until occupying all my attention. I can never forget it! Taking the words that Princess Isa said to Nimrod, I would affirm that it was ***"the most hideous and abominable monster that can be imagined in an eternity of madness,"*** one ***"who cannot be described by any mortal without losing his sanity."*** And what saved me from that Presence of Hell? Undoubtedly the Virgin of Agartha, the Seed of Stone that She deposited on January 21 in a human and mortal heart; the Seed that, in spite of everything, had germinated and made me what I now was.

Because in the past I would have died right there, in front of the Demon who had contemplated me for an instant with a hatred that I never believed possible that anyone could experience. But now I had sufficient strength to face him and push him away from me. Yes, he disappeared from sight and the vi-

1. Bishop's Slope, a hill southwest of Salta.

sion dissipated. Again I found myself in the room in Santa María, seated on the bed and listening to the mastiffs incessantly howling. I realized in an instant that my mind, when attempting to silence the daiva dogs, became "careless," offered a weak side, and was "tuned in to," captured, by a Demon of the White Brotherhood, a representative of the Potencies of Matter, maybe the Immortal Bera, maybe Rigden Jyepo, perhaps Enlil-Jehovah-Satan himself.

Evidently, I was not entirely unfocused, for I heard, or believed I heard, the voice of Uncle Kurt who was thundering the words ***"niścala nirvāta svadi"*** directly into the interior of my psyche, so that the dogs immediately ceased to bark. The truth was that an instant later Uncle Kurt was truly bursting into my room, shouting "Arturo! Arturo!"

"Arturo! You're all right, thank the Gods!" he exclaimed upon turning on the light and making sure that I was alive. "What have you done, Arturo? The Demon Bera has located you! For a moment I felt it like that time at Das Pech ravine, in Tibet!"

I told him about the imprudent use that I made of the Yantra.

"Oh, Arturo," he marveled, "you've been very strong in getting rid of him. But I don't believe that that's enough. I very much fear that the Druids have discovered this house. We'll have to get out of here as soon as possible."

I did not know what to say. Irrationally, I grabbed my wristwatch from the bedside table and looked at the time: "00:10 hours," I said, and turned my head toward Uncle Kurt, who was observing me with wide eyes.

I did not take long in realizing the reason for his horror: ***it was the buzzing, the unmistakable buzzing of honey bees.*** In truth, that euphonic sound of the Dorje was only being noticed when its complementary effects were already taking place. At first I did not notice it, but then, naturally after Uncle Kurt had perceived it, I heard it clearly, filling the environment with the sensation of the arrival of an innumerable swarm. But at that point it was impossible to react, for the pressure on my heart was not allowing distractions. I let myself fall backward, until my head hit the pillow, and I relaxed as best I could; unconsciously I covered my ears with my hands, but the deadly sound was still penetrating, each instant with more intensity;

and my heart, completely out of control, was seeming to want to burst out of my chest. And the worst was yet to come.

I was experiencing a growing paralysis in my whole body and I reasoned, already at the end of my psychic resistance, that the best mental tactic to fight against the powerful Willpower of the Demons would consist in concentrating my thought on an idea alien to the terrible reality of the Dorje. To think of something else, but of what? Oh Gods, how greedy for ideas can a fanciful imagination like mine become in such an extreme situation, when animal life is at stake! And how much more greedy it must become if, as the Hyperborean Wisdom assures us, the Created Soul is ready to betray us because its substance is part of the Creator, a participant of his Archetype in image and likeness! There I undoubtedly proved it: the Soul would always betray the Spirit, the Ego, in order to favor the Will of the Demons, who belong to the White Hierarchy in which the One-Creator unfolds and links Himself! Because at last a saving idea suddenly came to me: it was a memory of my days as a university student, when I was attending Biology classes. And I let the memory carry me away; and it seemed for a moment that I was freeing myself from the pressure of the Dorje. Yes, the Soul, owner of memory and recollections, had finally obeyed the will of the Ego and was pulling me out of that deadly reality. It was a Biology class, I was perfectly recalling it; I was surrounded by dozens of classmates; what was the class about? Ah, yes! Physiology of insects! Now Professor Jacobo Cañás was entering the Lecture Hall and was beginning to teach the class. Subject: "the ***common bee;*** also classified under the name of ***Apis mellifica*** by Linnaeus; ***Apis domestica*** by Réaumur; ***Apis cerifera*** by Scopoli; ***Apis gregaria*** by Geoffroy; and many other names with which the Great Naturalists have designated the same insect."

I was lacking the strength to get out from the memory. Someone within me, the same one who attempted to plunge me into the Abyss the night of the earthquake in Salta, had betrayed me again. Ah, if I had ascended for aid to the Virgin of Agartha, as then, if I had let myself be raptured by Her Divine Grace! Surely, that rapture of the Absolute Woman was what the Kaulikas were calling Kula. Kula would have transformed me into Akula, into a living Shiva, and the Spirit would have situated itself "beyond Kula and Akula." Surely, then, that was the true way of salvation to get out from the Demon's

siege, which I did not know how to find at first because of a manifest lack of faith in Myself, because of my distrust in the fact that my Spirit could really be loved by the Goddess of Eternal Deliverance.

Instead, I was stuck in Professor Jacobo Cañás' class: "the buzzing of ***hymenoptera*** is generally a combination of three distinct tones, generated in different organs. The most intense is that of the wings, although it is of the lowest frequency: for the same specimen of ***Apis mellifica,*** it statistically varies between a ***La*** of 440 cycles per second[2] and a ***Mi*** of the same octave of 330 cycles per second; the first tone corresponds to the bee—rested, at the moment of leaving the hive; the last, to the fatigued bee, at the end of its work day." I was precisely perceiving those tones; I was clearly hearing the sound of the flapping wings; the ***hymenoptera*** were flying toward me: "The second tone that comprises the characteristic buzzing, is produced by the vibration of the spiracles that lead air to the pulmonary tracheas: it is usually a ***Ti*** of 594 cycles per second, appreciably sharper than the tone of the wings, but less intense." I was now hearing the buzzing of a bee; the buzzing of a swarm; the buzzing was saturating my senses, paralyzing my body, invading my mind. The buzzing was taking over my heartbeat and synchronizing it with its frequency! The buzzing was killing me!

"The third tone, very weak, comes from the movement of the abdominal rings"... I would never finish remembering Professor Jacobo Cañás' class. At the paroxysm of the cardiac crisis, I suffered an unbearable sensation of heat, terrible, as if my body had been abruptly thrown into an incandescent furnace. But no; in the instant that the thermal convulsion lasted, I noticed that the Fire was not outside but inside me; that it was impregnating my whole body like an inflamed liquid that was decomposing into burning gases. And that liquid that was burning was my blood.

The heating impulse lasted an instant, which shook me to the rhythm of the bee's buzzing, but I, naturally, thought that I was dying: like a last agonizing vision, I contemplated the faces of Mama, of Katalina, of my nephews, and of many other relatives unknown until then, but whose kinship was evident. But all the faces were resembling each other, not by virtue of their

2. Also known as hertz (Hz).

genetic similarity, but because of the common expression that they were manifesting, probably identical to mine at that instant: ***they were all agonizing faces, faces of human beings who were dying in the midst of a great pain; their expressions were reproducing the Expression of Death.*** And then it was all over.

Chapter III

In other words, I mean that the phenomenon then concluded; that is, the buzzing stopped and the pressure on my heart was released. Little by little my pulse was normalizing and I was able to move at will. Still dazed, I reacted and sat up when remembering Uncle Kurt: I feared the worst.

However, he was also recovering in those moments; and I saw that he had fallen to his knees, as also occurred to him in the Tibetan Das Pech ravine, more than 40 years before. For a few minutes I was immobile, sorting out my thoughts, until I suddenly remembered the last instant of the phenomenon, when I lived through my own dying moments and those of all my relatives. ***And then I realized. Then I knew that that was true, that something irreparable had happened to my family.*** Panic-stricken, I interrogated Uncle Kurt with my eyes: ***in the horror that I read in his eyes I knew that I was right.***

I finally managed to articulate words and cried out:

"Mama, Katalina! Oh, Uncle Kurt: something terrible has befallen the family! What has happened, Uncle Kurt, what has happened?"

"I think something horrific, Arturo. I don't want to alarm you, but it seems to me that the Demon Bera didn't actually manage to find out your whereabouts, and mine, but I fear that what he saw in your psyche was enough for him to find Beatriz's Finca in Cerrillos. If so, our family is in grave danger. We must immediately go to Salta, Arturo! Request a phone call while I prepare the ***Jeep!***"

"To Salta, thirty minute delay," was the operator's laconic response. I also requested urgent communication and begged that she try it every ten minutes. She then notified me the time at which my request was being made and I could hardly believe it: it was only 00:30 hours. Everything had occurred in fifteen or twenty minutes. Could it be? Could the Demons have acted in so short a time? That doubt, inconsistent, gave me a little hope. But it was only until Uncle Kurt returned from the garage and I communicated to him my inquietude.

He shook his head in a negative and discouraging gesture, and said to me:

"I would like to confirm your hope but I cannot deceive you. We must not be optimistic in any way: the Immortals dominate Time and Space, they are Masters in the art of moving in the countless worlds of the mayic illusion. They can not find us, like they were unable to find Belicena and Noyo Villca, because Our Initiated Spirits are, in truth, isolated from Time and Space by the Runes of Wothan; or by the Vrunes of Navutan, if you prefer. They do not know our Reality, the World that the Spirit affirms from the Origin, and that confuses them, prevents them from locating us; but once ***the actual reference of a determinate World is obtained, they can go and reach it at any Time and in any Space***."

I do not know why I was asking if I knew that it was so. But I got my hopes up for a moment, trusting that my reasoning had value, vainly hoping that reason prevailed over the irrationality that was taking over my life. The ringing of the telephone bell brought me out of such bitter reflections.

"Your call to Salta," the operator said laconically. For ten long minutes I listened to the phone ringing, but no one picked up in Cerrillos. That was not normal! Even at one in the morning someone should answer in much less time: I had made similar calls a thousand times from Salta and they always answered me in three or four minutes!

"They're not picking up at your number," the operator interrupted. "Shall we repeat the call later?" I did not know what to say. I glanced sideways at Uncle Kurt and observed that he was giving me an obvious signal with his jeep keys.

"No, Señorita, cancel it now. There must not be anyone in that house," I bitterly suggested.

Chapter IV

Fifteen minutes later, I was finding myself for the second time in my life riding down Esquiú Street: it was Uncle Kurt, myself, and the daiva dogs. "It's necessary to take them with us, just in case they set a trap for us," he explained to me; "but those Demons are proud and they presume that they're never going to miss a mark; it's possible that they're already in Chang Shambhala, or fulfilling another of their macabre missions." He pensively paused for a moment and then added in a somber tone:

"Heavens, Arturo: where do you suppose they'd go next, if, as we fear, they've already passed through Cerrillos?

"To Tucumán, to Tafí del Valle, to Belicena Villca's Chacra," I answered without hesitating.

That probability, and what could have happened in Cerrillos, took away our desire to talk for the rest of the ride. It was an exhausting drive, if one takes into account the night hours, the poor roads, the fact that we were going a day without sleeping, and the recent physical stress caused by the Demons' attack.

The bells of the Cerrillos church were ringing for the eight o'clock mass when we passed in front of it. And a hundred meters before reaching the gate of the Finca, we already knew that something terrible had actually happened: the rotating lights on the roof of the police cars tragically confirmed our suspicions and fears. Disregarding the policemen who were guarding the entrance, Uncle Kurt swerved the Jeep and took the path toward the house at high speed. Evidently, nothing was mattering to him now: neither his strategic cover, nor the possible persecutions if he was discovered, nor that, according to his new identity, nothing was linking him to the Siegnagel-Von Sübermanns. Poor Uncle Kurt! In thirty-five years he never dared to cross that gate to visit his only sister, and now he would have to do it for her funeral!

Because all of them had died, even my mother, that is, his sister Beatriz! And in the most horrendous manner!

Parked next to the Finca, behind the lapacho trees where I received the fateful letter from Belicena Villca from my mother's hands, were four cars: two police patrols and two ambulances. Beside a lapacho tree, my favorite one, under the shade

of which I studied my university degrees and meditated on the mystery of man and on his miserable earthly life, was Canuto's lifeless body, covered by some bloody newspapers. How that place had changed in only two months! The joy and happiness of the family had turned into death and mourning! Damn Belicena Villca's letter! If only I hadn't read it! I was uselessly torturing myself. As I said in the beginning: ***"there are carefully set traps in the life of certain persons: it is enough to touch a spring so that irreversible mechanisms are triggered."***

When sensing the Jeep's engine, several men came out of the house. One was the police commissioner of Cerrillos, who knew me as a child.

"Jesus! Arturo Siegnagel! Just in time!" he said without thinking, for then he regretted it, looked down, and, putting a hand on my shoulder, cautiously spoke to me, that is to say, as delicately as a policeman confronted with a mind-boggling multiple homicide can speak. Uncle Kurt remained at my side.

"Excuse me, Arturo. The truth is that ***you haven't arrived in time.*** I only said it thinking of the investigation, because we didn't know where to find you. I don't know how to say it, you understand that I'm a policeman, not a priest, but you should know that your whole family has been killed in a ***strange way***."

I made as if to go inside the house, seeing that they had not yet put any body in the ambulances, but the Commissioner stopped me.

"Wait a moment, Arturo, but it's my duty to question you. You knew that something had occurred here? Where are you coming from now?"

"Oh yes!" I hastily affirmed. "I knew that something was wrong because no one answered the phone at the Finca at one o'clock this morning. That's why we came out here right away."

"But from where did you make the call, where were you?" he wanted to know without excuses.

"Well, at the farm of this friend here, Señor Cerino Sanguedolce, who is a candy maker in Santa María de Catamarca and with whom I was setting up a deal to sell him our leftover must.[3] I was there for a few days."

"All right Arturo, I'll check it out," he said, while putting away the notebook on which he was writing down all the data.

3. Fruit juice (usually grape juice) before it has been aged into wine.

"Well, they can pass. You're a doctor and are supposed to be 'cold-blooded,' but this is different: the killer or killers are undoubtedly psychopaths, perhaps escaped from the hospital where you were working. They've committed the crimes with a savagery never seen around here. You better go in prepared."

Inside, the disorder was total, after the passing of the unknown policemen who carried out their even more unknown examinations. In the dining room, the edges of two tables had been pushed together, and on them were deposited the five cadavers. Prudent sheets were covering the exhibition of the bodies. Uncle Kurt squeezed my arm with his steely hand and uncovered the first cadaver himself.

"Beatriz!" he shouted.

"Mama, Oh Mama! What have they done to you?" I cried out in despair, when seeing that the sweet face of my mother, now contorted by a grimace of indescribable horror, was appearing with her throat slit from ear to ear."

"See?" commented the Commissioner inopportunely. "This is the most aberrant criminal act I've ever seen in my life, incomprehensible, undoubtedly the product of a sick mind."

The next bodies were those of my sister Katalina and her two sons, Enrique and Federico. These were not showing any signs of violence.

"We think they were poisoned, and we were going to take them to the local morgue to perform the autopsy when you arrived. Now that you've seen them, I'll give the order to load them into the ambulances. There'll be no need to take the others, since their death is obvious and has already been determined by the coroner: your mother's throat was slit, as you yourself have seen, and your father died of a crushed skull, probably when resisting the attack: do you have any objections to that diagnosis?"

I negatively shook my head and uncovered Papa's body: the blow ***came from overhead,*** delivered with a blunt object, skillfully handled, since it only penetrated two centimeters of the cranial vault, at the level of the encephalon.

Uncle Kurt was standing as if lost in thought in front of his sister's lifeless body. The ambulances had already taken Katalina and her children away, and the policemen were beginning to leave. I invited the Commissioner to a drink, and pointed out several crates of our best ***Sauvignon,*** indicating to him that he distribute them to his men, an act of courtesy pro-

hibited by police regulations but that would be taken as an inhospitable gesture if it were not offered. It did not take the Commissioner long to have the crates of wine carried and join me in the kitchen. Iced ***Chablis*** and prosciutto were consumed in quantity, while it was loosening the policeman's tongue. Uncle Kurt joined us a while later.

"Who broke the news?" I asked.

"The staff that comes at 5 o'clock," the Commissioner responded. "It seems that a Criollo named 'Jorge Luna' was the first to arrive. He was surprised when noticing that all the lights in the house were on 'like on a party night,' as he declared; he then approached the kitchen, where your father was always having maté starting at 04:30 hours, but he saw no one. So, he began to go around the house thinking that your father would be outside. The first sign that something was wrong was when stumbling upon the body of the dog, literally split in two, near the lapacho trees. A few meters farther on, was lying the cadaver of Don Siegnagel, with his skull smashed in.

"At first glance and speculating a little," continued the Commissioner, "I'd say that at least two accomplices, maybe three, were involved. Two are essential to reconstruct the event with a certain logic, because it's evident that your father came out of the house requested by your mother, perhaps responding to a terrifying scream from her, and was surprised by the murderous blow next to the door. As soon as he looked out, he received the blow that, according to the coroner, caused his immediate death. Jorge Luna found him there and peddled with his bicycle to the police station to seek help, while warning the other workers who were arriving not to approach the Finca. We found Doña Beatriz, next to the winepress. From there she presumably called to your father, before being murdered, and we believe that she was made to leave the house under false pretenses: it was past 00:00 hours when the crime took place, an improper hour to voluntarily go outside of the house for people accustomed to getting up at 5 in the morning. Of course, this is only conjecture. Until more elements are gathered, and the results of the expert reports, we can't evaluate the facts very precisely," he said, as does every professional police officer when he does not want to involve his opinion.

I encouraged the commissioner to continue with the description of what happened, while passing around the slices of ham and glasses of Chablis.

"God forgive me; you ask and I will have to crudely answer you, Arturo. The madman, who seized your mother, dragged her to the winepress, perhaps gagged, and from there allowed her to scream in order to lure Don Siegnagel to the trap that his accomplice set for him. Once your father was dead, they both met to murder Doña Beatriz. You may wonder how can I be so sure? Because, ***as the coroner deduced, it takes four hands to kill in this way; that is, two to restrain the victim and two to perform so perfect a slit from ear to ear.*** Four hands would not be necessary if the victim were unconscious, but this is not the case, since no blows to the head or signs of narcotics were discovered—we have to wait for the analysis to be absolutely sure —and, more concretely, there are footprints, which reveal a desperate resistance until exhaling her last breath.

I felt that I was getting dizzy, that everything was spinning around me, that nausea was reaching my stomach, my throat... I hesitated in the chair, on the verge of vomiting.

"Drink a glass, Arturo! Come on, drink! You need it!" the Commissioner was inciting me, holding out to me the glass brimming with good white wine.

I drank it in one gulp, and I attest that I never liked one of our grape varieties so much.

"It's to be expected that you'd break down. What happened tonight in your house was too frightening and repugnant. You're sure you want to know everything now? You could rest a few hours and find out later, when you're calmer."

"No, no! Please, Commissioner!" I pleaded. "It was just a passing dizziness. Tell me everything now, the sooner the better."

Uncle Kurt supported this request with a nod.

"And here comes the worst part, Arturo: Doña Beatriz was restrained in such a way, that when slitting her throat, the murderers ensured that all her blood fell into the winepress; to the last drop!"

The Commissioner was looking at us perplexed. He was expecting to surprise us with this macabre piece of data but we were unfazed, since we were imagining the Ritual maneuvers of Bera and Birsha and we assumed that their purpose would be to take advantage of the precious Pure Blood of the Von Sübermanns in order to attempt to exterminate the entire Stirp, as they did in the thirteenth century with the House of Tharsis.

"In addition," said the Commissioner, "I'd like you to explain to us something that intrigued us all."

"Whatever you want to know, Commissioner."

"It's about the wine press; what is its capacity?"

"Well, if memory serves me, about 20,000 liters," I responded.

"And may I ask ***why the Hell they filled it with Tar?***"

Chapter V

I was seated on the living room sofa, dozing. I had taken 3 mg of a tranquilizer and my nervous system was quite sedated. It was about ten at night and, in my sleep, I was hearing Uncle Kurt speaking in Arabic and German. But it wasn't a dream: at noon, Uncle Kurt requested an international call and they were just calling back. Minutes later he was coming over and harshly shaking me.

"They're all dead, Arturo! All of them! You and I are the only Von Sübermanns left alive!"

I looked at him in a haze. He continued:

"My uncles and my cousins in Egypt, even some distant cousins who were living and studying in Europe, all died this morning at 00:15 hours!"

Uncle Kurt was not raising his voice, but his gestures were revealing: he was beside himself. I tried to calm him down, to transmit to him my pharmacological calmness, but I only succeeded in getting nervous again; the fury of Uncle Kurt was contagious!

A few steps away, in the Dining Room where I saw my dead parents, were laying two caskets on pairs of trestles; wreaths, floral arrangements, candelabra with lighted candles, and crosses, were completing the ceremonial elements of the Catholic funeral. My father was known in that town since childhood and my mother since 1938, so the parade of neighbors and friends who were wishing to say their last goodbyes was incessant. Many, belonging to the humbler people, but whom we always counted on for the hard work in the fields, would stay the night.

Someone hired a few professional mourners from La Merced, famous for the sentiment and fervor that they were imposing on their laments, who were dedicating themselves at that moment to playing their role.

That terrible moment, of helplessness, of seeing the manner in which our enemies were attacking us and of not being able to respond in the same measure. Surprisingly, the tough Uncle Kurt had finally seated himself on another sofa and at times was sobbing with affliction. I was to receive the condolences of the visitors, according to the traditional custom, who, before departing, were leaving their name on a card, which was as-

suring them to receive later, in a period of no more than ten days, the postal thank-you. Customs, habits in practice since time immemorial, from which I could not escape without causing a great scandal.

At midnight the house was packed with people. Some neighbors kindly took charge of preparing coffee and attending to acquaintances. Various groups of friends formed huddles to comment on the horrible crimes, and the most unusual rumors were circulating from mouth to mouth in the superstitious Indian and mestizo neighborhood. Uncle Kurt and I vainly attempted that the Police turn over the bodies of Katalina and the children, fearing that in a few hours they would be decomposed as had happened to the members of the House of Tharsis. But our efforts were futile. The autopsy would not be completed until the following day. And, although the Police did not admit it, we knew the reason for that delay: the Coroners were not managing to establish the cause of death. My sister and nephews were found in their rooms, on the upper floor of the house, and presumably passed away without being aware of the gruesome murders that were taking place outside; they would have died, like the uninitiated members of the House of Tharsis, at the moment in which the power of the Dorje of Bera was transforming the blood of the winepress into Tar, that is to say, at 00:15 hours. And obviously, the Coroners did not know this.

We resigned ourselves, then, to only watch over my parents, although we commissioned the funeral services company to periodically insist on the morgue and claim the pending bodies. A car stopped and a familiar person got out, but whom I would not have imagined seeing there: Officer Maidana, the policeman who intervened in the Belicena Villca case! Upon seeing me, he hurriedly approached me and expressed his "deepest condolences," as was customary. And then he elaborated on the motives that had made him decide to attend the funeral, speaking in his particular style, simple and frank.

"Dr. Siegnagel, this case, as you can imagine, has shaken the Province: we would all like to apprehend the demented murderers of your family. But this matter is out of my jurisdiction this time: I am now Commissioner of the Investigations Department, but not the Chief of the Division. With this clarification I want to assure you that I have not come here as a policeman but as a friend. Do you understand me, Dr.?"

I nodded without understanding where he was going with this. Uncle Kurt stood next to me and looked at Commissioner Maidana with curiosity.

"Then I'll get to the point: are you in trouble? Do you need some kind of help? Whatever it is, don't hesitate to confide in me. I have friendly, valiant, and loyal people, men proven in the anti-subversive struggle, who would be willing to act, let's say outside the rules, to settle accounts with the Jews or with whoever it is that's persecuting you."

Uncle Kurt frowned and for a moment I feared that he would burst into one of his thunderous guffaws; but he was too hurt for it and instead smiled with clemency. I, for my part, was irritated and stupefied; irritated, not because of Maidana's offer, which I was appreciating because, although absurd, it was sincere, but for having to live through that whole hallucinatory situation, including the funeral; and stupefied, because I was at a loss as to how the officer had reached the conclusion that I was needing that kind of help.

"No answer?" he said in consternation. "Or is it that you don't trust me? But I know that you're being persecuted, even if you deny it. It is my profession to discover these things. I've known it since yesterday, when I received at the Department of Investigations the report on what happened in Cerrillos. Then I remembered you and the case of the patient Belicena Villca. Making a parenthesis, I'll now confess that you were right when affirming that there was an obscure point in that crime: that point was never cleared up; but it's also true that nobody was interested in clearing it up, and that the Police have more important urgencies to attend to with the taxpayers' money. I know! That doesn't matter to you: you want to see Justice triumph; Belicena Villca interests you a lot because the case touched you very closely. But we have to deal with hundreds of cases and that was just one more, one that, I repeat, no one was interested in. I'm telling you this because in a way I agree with you, Dr. Look at it this way! In truth I was wanting to bury that case because it was lacking in importance. ***But now I know it isn't so!***"

"What do you mean?" I asked in spite of myself.

"Well, closing the parenthesis that I opened to apologize to you, it happens that this morning I attempted to find you at the Neuropsychiatric Hospital where ***you were working*** and there they informed me that you resigned two months ago,

during your vacations. I then called the University and found out that you requested a leave of absence from the subjects that you were taking and that you left the medical residency. All very strange acts to come from someone as... normal?... as you. It was then, at mid-morning, that I decided to take the day off and dedicate myself to carry out a small investigation on my own. I found out that you sold your apartment in Cerro San Bernardo without telling anyone of your new address; and that your friends got word from your parents that you were 'investigating an archaeological site in Catamarca on your own'; all very vague, Dr. Siegnagel. Closed bank accounts, change of address, abandonment of work, studies, friendships: ***one would say that they are the acts of someone who wants to erase his steps, of someone who is running away.*** But you're not a criminal, you had no motives or enemies that forced you to flee two months ago. Or is it that the mysterious enemies then arose?"

"Yes, Dr. Siegnagel. I somewhat ceded my position and connected your strange behavior with the crime at the Neuropsychiatric Hospital. 'It could be that there was something else there, something that forced the Dr. to flee,' I said to myself, and I gave myself over to re-read the file on the murder of Belicena Villca. And what did I discover? Well, that we did not pay the slightest attention to the ***Jewish*** medals that the deadly rope had on its ends. I wanted to know, as soon as possible, what the inscriptions were saying and, without respecting the siesta, I went to the University and investigated in a labyrinthine section, I believe that it was called the Philology Department, until I came across an incredible personage named 'Professor Ramirez.' And what does Dr. Ramirez tell me? Well, the poor man went running when finding out that I was a policeman and when seeing the pictures of the medals. I had to convince him for hours to talk. It finally turned out that he knew you very well. That you had consulted him three months ago about the same inscriptions, but without mentioning the crime to him (you were right, because when he learned of it, his mouth automatically shut). And that there is an astounding story in which behind all this, ***like I was saying Dr. Siegnagel,*** are the damned Jews.

"Yes; yes. I know what you think. That I don't know how to distinguish the Druids from the Jews, nor am I capable of comprehending the universal structure of the Synarchy. You,

like every German, believe that we are idiots (Druid? I think this is what Professor Ramirez was calling them). Look, it's possible that I don't know what a Druid is. But I advance to you that I've just come from being six or seven hours with Professor Ramirez in which he insisted on demonstrating to me that a Druid is the same as a Jew, if I didn't misunderstand his final synthesis. So, it amounts to the same thing, intellectual subtleties. I was right: Belicena Villca was liquidated by Jews, special Jews, but Jews nonetheless. And you were also right when telling me that the form of the assassination, the ***modus operandi,*** was quasi-Masonic. Yes, you were right and I didn't listen to you.

"But now I won't make the same mistake, because I've been thinking. I've reflected on what occurred three months ago, your subsequent steps, and what happened here yesterday. And do you know what conclusion I've come to?"

"I dare not imagine it," I told him with sincerity.

"Well, that the murder of your family ***constitutes a Ritual crime.***"

"I cannot deny it," I agreed, for the policeman was deserving the confirmation of his conclusions.

"And of the same kind as that of Belicena Villca, perhaps committed by the same murderers?"

"I wouldn't be able to prove it, but I'm sure that the answer is yes," I conceded.

"That's better, Dr. Siegnagel! I told you I'm not here as a policeman but as a friend. I understand that for some reason you cannot denounce the truth and so I come to offer my help, mine and that of my Nationalist Comrades. I have special forces prepared to go into operation at any moment!" he said, lowering the tone of his voice to an inaudible level.

Although it seems incredible, I was still not understanding what Officer Maidana was proposing to me.

"And what is it you want to do?" I blatantly asked him.

"And you're asking me, Dr.? To help you against your enemies, who are undoubtedly our enemies, and are enemies of the country! We offer you concrete help, men, weapons, equipment! ***All you have to do is give us the names of the assassins, provide us with a clue, reveal their organization.*** Don't you want to avenge your family? We'll do it for you, or together with you!"

I looked at Maidana with discouragement. How could I explain to him the reality of Bera and Birsha? Undoubtedly, there was no room in the policeman's head for the possibility that there was a supernatural cause behind the murderers. He was not recognizing the real existence of magic; and in his opinion, the esoteric would only be a method of intelligence, destined to achieve "psychological action" and "cultural penetration." In summary, officer Maidana, as a good veteran of the nationalist ***fragote,***[4] was only conceiving enemies of flesh and blood, solid targets, Jews, Marxists, Masons, Zionists, or whoever they might be, but enemies permeable to artillery of varied caliber and TNT.

"I appreciate your offer, Maidana. I'm deeply grateful because I know that it's honest and disinterested. But you can't help us and I can't give you any information. Believe me, it's better to leave things be. Now it's not just a mere shrink's patient: it's my family, Maidana; ***my whole family.*** If you were able to help me, how could I not accept? But now I'm the one who wants to leave things as they are. I know what I'm saying."

"What do you mean we can't help you?" protested Maidana. "You know what I think? That you're afraid! I don't know who committed the crimes. But it's evident that you know and don't want to share the secret. And why would you do such a thing? Well, because you suppose that the enemy is too 'powerful' for us, the clumsy South Americans. I understand; you're a German and you have a prejudice against Argentine nationalism; and perhaps you're right, because a whole fauna of imbeciles and traitors have discredited us; I can't answer for those charges. But you're wrong if you suppose that it'll always be like that! We are in another era, and there are other men: ***our generation, Dr. Siegnagel, will not be stopped materially,***" he affirmed with firmness. "We are many, we have ideals, and we are fed up with corruption and materialism; the day is coming when we will inflict a great national punishment on the synarchic forces. Trust us and you won't regret it! No enemy is too strong in our Fatherland for us not to deliver an unforgettable blow. Perhaps we won't win the war, but we can partially punish them, hurt their pride, break their arrogance, prevent them from savoring the triumph of their crimes! What do you say, Dr.? Is it Mossad? The English MI5? CIA?"

4. military rebellion

How to respond to Commissioner Maidana?

I will only tell him this, and this only: I said, "***if the Enemy were human, I'm sure that your help would be effective.*** Yes, Maidana: if the Enemy were human I assure you that I would count on your support. This should be enough for you."

"But what are you saying?" he asked with a mocking tone. "I'm surprised that you, a person whom I respect for his sincerity, demonstrate that you resort to simple escapism to evade the threat of the assassins. You're afraid and don't want to face the fact that sooner or later you'll also be attacked by the assassins! ***Because otherwise, if you were in your right mind, you'd realize that the assassins are quite human.***"

"What?" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Yes, Dr.; react," Maidana requested. "The murderers are human beings: ***if they weren't, why would they use knives and bludgeons?***" he asked with irrefutable police logic.

It was a simple, absurd, and elementally simple conclusion. That is why I could not accept it, I was denying it entry into my mind; because of that, and because it was coming from Maidana, a mere policeman from Salta.

"No! No!" I stubbornly denied, "you don't understand the nature of the Enemy. You cannot help us."

I had locked myself in a lamentably infantile attitude, when Uncle Kurt's intervention surprised us both.

"You can help us!" he assured.

We stared at him dumbstruck.

"Maybe he can get us back the bodies of Katalina and the boys," he suggested.

"Ah!" sighed Maidana. "This is bureaucratic red tape. It's another type of help that I came to offer you, but don't think that I'm going to let you down if you ask me for a favor."

He looked at his watch and added:

"It's 2:15. Bad hour to make arrangements. However, I'll go to the local police station to find out what's going on with those bodies, and then I'll be back. Don't forget what I told you, Dr.! In the meantime, consider my offer."

Chapter VI

Commissioner Maidana's car climbed the slope of the exit road, and two hundred meters later entered onto the provincial route. Two fat women, who were patiently waiting, approached and embraced me, both at the same time: they were the "milk mothers" of Katalina and myself. There, it was very important to be a "milk mother," "milk child," or "milk sibling"; it was all starting when a good mother "was running out of milk" for her baby, or was not producing it in the sufficient quantity: then resorting to the help of another mother, a stronger mother, who had given birth to her child at about the same time, and her help was being required in order to breastfeed both babies. Although the milk mother was the strongest, she was often also the poorest, since she was usually a Criolla or Indian, perhaps already the mother of many children, who was willingly lending her collaboration. And, of course, she was compensated for such services. But the compensation was one thing, generally gifts for her own children, clothes and food, and the mother's love quite another: that was not able to be paid with anything and that is why bonds superior to the simple commercial transaction were being created: the "milk godmother." In fact, the milk mother was usually becoming the "co-mother" of the real mother and was enjoying a certain friendship or preference with respect to other women in the Calchaquí valley. Customs, centenary customs, that were coming from the epoch of the Spaniards, or perhaps from the Indians.

Of those two women who were embracing me, one was "my milk mother" and the other had been Katalina's. "I have nothing," said the first one, "nor do I look like Doña Beatriz, but everything of mine is yours, Arturito, all my love." I tightly clutched that Criolla who had seen me being born, and kissed her on both cheeks. "Thank you, Nã Isabel, thank you very much," I said to her, moved, while the weeping women of La Merced were chorusing me with their painful laments.

I left the co-mothers to cross themselves by the coffins and withdrew to a secluded corner, in the company of Uncle Kurt. Since Commissioner Maidana's departure, a growing overexcitement was taking hold of me. I was having an idea, an idea arisen from the rational conclusion of the policeman, which I

was eager to communicate to Uncle Kurt without delay. Naturally, if I was not wanting to accept Maidana's proposals, Uncle Kurt was not even listening to them. So, I repeated it to him:

"Uncle Kurt! Uncle Kurt!" I startled him. "Reflect on the policeman's words: they are like a syllogism. He affirmed 'the murderers are human'; why? 'Because they use knives and bludgeons, that is, material weapons,' he deduced. At that moment I flatly denied such a possibility, but now I consider Commissioner Maidana's deduction almost brilliant."

"You're crazy, Neffe, completely insane," Uncle Kurt disqualified me for my opinion. "They're Immortals! Bera and Birsha are Immortals! It means nothing that they have used a dagger: it was necessary for the Ritual of Sacrifice."

"For the sake of the Gods, Uncle Kurt, don't treat me as if I were an imbecile!" I defended myself. "I know they are Immortals: ***but, as Belicena Villca said in the story of Nimrod, they are so only as long as you don't kill them, 'as long as no physical violence is exerted upon Them.' 'These Immortals,*** too, ***can die.'*** "

"You're mad!" he repeated, even more closed-minded. "Did you not see the power of the Demon Bera last night? We can do nothing against them. You've done very well in discouraging the policeman!"

"Oh, ***mein Gott!***" I swore. "No, Uncle Kurt! I'm not mad! It's you who are obstinate! But you are going to listen to me. And you are going to allow me to put forward my idea, ***einverstanden?"***

"Ja, ja," he promised without conviction.

"Then pay attention. My concept is that there are two irreducible planes, which now, through an erroneous and subjective appraisal of reality, have been interfered with or mixed. Such planes are: ***the Plane of the Reality of Spirit,*** and the ***Plane of Human Reality.*** Between the two planes there can be no relationships or connections, but ***unreasons:*** every nexus or reason is illusory, not real. But there is, likewise, a law, which is ***the reason of unreason,*** which protects and affirms the absolute reality of the planes. And this law, which sustains the reason of unreason between such planes, is the only reference for not losing your mind and going mad. This law of sanity demands: not to transgress the planes. ***Not to transfer entities proper to the plane of the Human Reality to the plane of the Reality of the Spirit;*** and reciprocally: ***not to project ideas proper to the plane of the Reality of the Spirit to the plane of the Human Reality.***

"In this demonic matter of Bera and Birsha, my dear Uncle Kurt, it seems to me that the planes have been confused, that we no longer know which plane is threatened by the Immortals. But I will tell you, Uncle Kurt. I will tell you so clearly that you will no longer be able to repeat that I am mad, but you will have to accept that I am too sane. That is: let us first observe the plane of the Reality of Spirit: there ***the truth*** is the Origin, the Symbol of the Origin; because of that truth, because of not being able to resist the weight of that truth, because of denying or not bearing the presence of that truth, the Immortals are compelled to manifest an ***archetypal monadic*** form, like that which you saw at Das Pech. The monad form, the unity of Light, allows them to powerfully exist ***outside of the plane of Human Reality*** and avoid confrontation with the reality of the Origin, with the Symbol of the Origin; and that powerful form is, with certainty, the most dangerous that one can imagine; I agree that such danger is also real.

"However, let us now go to the plane of Human Reality: there ***the truth*** is the Ego, that is to say, the psychic and volitive manifestation of the Spirit enchained to Matter. And the lie, the Illusion of Man, but also his animic motor, is ***Pain.*** The Creator God is nourished by a force called ***human pain;*** and man produces ***pain*** and ***suffering*** to feed the Creator of the Great Deception. The common man produces little pain because to suffer the illusion of pain, the wounded nobility of the Spirit is required. Hence, Great Men, Great incarnated Spirits, are capable of generating Great pain, Great sufferings, Great afflictions, Great anguish: ***the hunger of God, of Jehovah-God, demands the contribution of pain from Great Men. And those men capable of the greatest suffering must also be capable of offering the greatest sacrifice: their pain must be sacred to God, to Jehovah-God. For this are required the representatives of Jehovah-God, the Priests of Jehovah-God, Those with the power to consecrate the Great Pain, for example, Bera and Birsha.*** For it will be, always, necessary that there are, on the plane of Human Reality, Priests of God who consecrate the Great Pain of the Great Man, to the unity of God, of Jehovah-God. Only like this will it be possible ***to sacrifice*** the Great Man so that his consecrated Great Pain nourishes the unity of The One, of the Creator God Jehovah-God.

"In synthesis, Uncle Kurt, one thing are the Immortals confronted on the plane of the Reality of the Spirit, where they

have no alternative but to monadically manifest themselves, as a unit of Light, to avoid the truth of the Origin: just as it occurred to Bera with you, he had no other alternative than ***to dress himself in the Clothes of The One,*** that is to say, ***with his Monad of Light.*** You will object to me by saying that such a manifestation also occurred on the plane of Human Reality, but I will reply that you are an atypical case, and you know it. ***You are like an injured man, whose unusual wound exposes one of his most intimate bones; those who contemplate you are deeply impressioned by perceiving an intimate reality, which usually escapes all consideration: in an analogous way, those who have contemplated the Sign of the Origin that you involuntarily exhibit, have been deeply impressioned because they have sensed, in the discovery, the revelation of the other Reality, intimate and alien.*** In short, Uncle Kurt, your experience has no general value, it is characteristic of someone capable of exhibiting, on the plane of the Reality of Man, signs of ideas originated in the World of the Spirit, proper to a Shivatulku, perhaps.

"But on the field of ordinary human beings, like the non-initiated members of the House of Tharsis, like Mama and Katalina and I, things occur according to the law previously mentioned: ***pain must be consecrated and sacrificed to Jehovah-God; and for that you need Priests of flesh and bone.*** Hence, throughout her letter, Belicena Villca always describes the Immortals as Diabolic Priests. Have you understood me, Uncle Kurt? ***For the Sacrifice of Pain, one must officiate the Ritual of Death; and, to officiate the Ritual of Death, one needs sacrificial Priests!***"

"What are you getting at? Or, rather, where do you think your arguments will get me?" asked Uncle Kurt, suspecting that my intention was to make him fall into a dialectical trap.

"Very simple: ***my conclusion is, and I believe to have demonstrated it, that in order to perform Ritual murders like those executed yesterday, the Immortals must present themselves in human priestly form.*** In a word, it is my opinion that Commissioner Maidana is right: the murderers of my parents were human beings, Priests of Crime who must utilize a dagger and physical strength to subdue their victims."

"... Although it seems crazy, I must admit that it doesn't lack sense. Well, Neffe, let's suppose that it were so: what would we gain from it? Where would the difference in the situation be?"

"Ahhh..." I triumphantly sighed. "Your question is due to the fact that you are not even remotely considering the possibility of ***attacking,*** are you?"

"***Attack?*** I think you've gone mad indeed," he prejudged.

"Yes! Attack, attack the Demons! What's the matter with you, little Uncle? Did the thirty-five years of forced vacations soften you?" I mocked. "You were just accepting that the Demons, when acting as Priests, transform themselves into human beings, so what prevents us from executing them, from charging, with their filthy lives, all the damage that they've caused us?"

"But how, Arturo, how would we do that. Where would we find them?" I had left Uncle Kurt virtually bewildered, not knowing what argument to make against my wild idea. "And, even supposing that we could do it, what good would it do us, how would it serve us, how would it serve the Strategy of the Siddhas? Did we not already agree that the best thing would be to follow Noyo Villca's trail, in order to fulfill Belicena Villca's request?"

"Shhhh," I huffed, putting my index finger over my mouth as a sign of silence. ***"Still! You will obtain all those answers yourself, when you know the plan."***

"What... plan?" Uncle Kurt asked with apprehension.

"My plan! The plan that I have to attack the Demons! But for now I won't speak of it until the funeral concludes. Then I'll explain it to you and we'll discuss it."

Not at all convinced, Uncle Kurt was shaking his head with comical concern. If we were not in such tragic circumstances, I would have readily laughed at his gestures, with which he was intending to express that he was a serious person who had fallen into the hands of a madman.

Chapter VII

t 05:30 hours, two hearses arrived that were transporting Katalina and her children. The three caskets were immediately placed next to those of my parents, an event that inspired the weeping women to renew their litanies with singular pathos. Fifteen minutes later, Commissioner Maidana, the author of that incredible bureaucratic feat, was appearing

"How did you manage it, Commissioner?" I inquired.

"Well, it wasn't so difficult, considering that the forensic reports were already prepared, although they lacked a signature: no one likes to sign a report devoid of a diagnosis. Because that is what they had: ***nothing.*** That is, they did not know what your sister and nephews died from. My only merit was convincing the doctors, who only arrived at 5, that I had confidential information that the case would be buried by a superior order. Even so, I had to wake up a respectable Judge to obtain the verbal approval that permitted the Commissioner to deliver the bodies; however, the forensic reports being ready, there was no impediment to finalize the procedure and the Judge agreed to receive them in the morning and sign the authorization. And here are your unfortunate relatives, Dr.; and do you know with what diagnosis? ***Cardiac arrest.*** It's silly, since we all agree that it's a multiple homicide, but these doctors didn't manage to determine the cause of death: If I were you, I would've requested an in-depth study at the University of Salta, but since you're in such a hurry to wrap up the funeral, things will have to remain as they are."

"Indeed, Commissioner Maidana. Thus they will remain; for the good of all," I assured. "In any case, the assassins will pay for what they've done to my parents."

"I was wanting to talk to you about that, Siegnagel!" Maidana euphorically said, totally changing his attitude.

"Forgive me if I am guilty of optimism," he excused himself, "but ***I love to win*** arguments or bets, especially when the rival is a respectable person like you: ***that fills me with pride,***" he naively confessed.

"And how did you win?" I asked perplexed.

"Perhaps to you it's not important, but before leaving I made you an offer," he recalled. "And I still keep in mind your un-

usual words, absurdly suggesting that ***'the assassins would not be human.'*** 'If they were human,' you said, 'you would accept my help.' You said it!"

"Calm down, Maidana, I'm not going to refute you! Indeed, I believed it so, although later I have modified my opinion and now I practically agree with you that the assassins would be human beings, perverse and vile human beings."

"Bravo, Dr. Siegnagel! I'm glad that you've changed your opinion; now it'll be easier for you to admit that I was right. New elements have arisen in this case, Dr.!"

"What elements?"

"Witnesses, Dr. Siegnagel. Two witnesses came forward who saw the murderers perfectly," he reported in a professional tone. "At this moment they are giving their statements and providing the description that will allow us to reconstruct the faces of the criminals: once the identikit has been drawn up, thousands of them will be distributed throughout the Province, and the rest of the country, and a tracking operation will be initiated to detect their movements."

Uncle Kurt had turned livid. I, on the contrary, was evaluating that that news was benefiting my plans.

"Who are the witnesses?" I wanted to know.

"I will tell you with total reserve, since the case is under the secrecy of the judicial summary. They were two doormen from the Tobacco Company, who were to enter at 00:00 hours, 300 meters from here, and they passed in front of the entrance gate almost at that hour. As they are neighbors, they always cover the route in company, each one with his bicycle. And like all the early mornings, that of yesterday was also seeming quiet: ***until they saw the automobile upon arriving here.***

"The automobile!" we shouted as a duo, Uncle Kurt and I. "What automobile?"

"Ahaha," Maidana ironized. "Are you seeing how your assassins are very human? ***So much so that they even drive around in an enormous imported car***."

"Could you give us more details?" I frantically demanded.

"Have patience, Dr., and I'll tell you everything I know, which is not much. At approximately 11:59 or 00:00, the two men began to ride their bicycles in front of this Finca. Very soon they noticed that up ahead an enormous black car was driving slowly; it was creeping, as if it were looking for a certain house, and the cyclists did not go on ahead out of pure

curiosity. So, then, they continued together until, when arriving at the gate, the automobile turned and left the road, parking at the entrance. Then they got a good look at its occupants: ***they were two 'Oriental-looking' men,*** impeccably dressed in black suits; one of them even got out to open the gate and was clearly observed by both of them.

"The witnesses are in custody since yesterday at noon, but they didn't inform you about the progress of the investigation. The important thing is that they ran an ethnographic program through the computer monitor, and that the doormen identified the second personage as a kind of 'Turk' or person coming from the Middle East. What did I tell you, Dr.? I was not far off the mark when I suggested that they might be members of Mossad."

No, Bera and Birsha were not members of the Israeli Mossad, but they could undoubtedly be the Chiefs of that sinister Jewish "Intelligence Service" or "Death Squadron": they were more than qualified for it. They were, indeed, natives of the Middle East, where according to Belicena Villca, they were Kings in remote times. There was no doubt, then, about the form in which the High Priests of Melchizedek had come to Cerrillos: as "human beings," wearing modern attire, and driving a luxurious automobile. Upon receiving this news, Uncle Kurt completely fell silent.

"What make was the car?" I asked.

"No make or model. Curiously, the witnesses agreed to give a detailed description of the car, but they failed to recognize the make; neither did they notice if it had a license plate. From their statements it was deduced that it was a very large car, a Cadillac or Lincoln, which, for not being a frequent type in our country, would have made identification difficult."

When Maidana finished communicating to me the police information that he obtained in so little time, he went back to his own: he was expecting that I repay him with equal loyalty and reveal to him all I knew about the murders and the mysterious assassins. Of course, I could not tell him the truth, an unbelievable truth to boot, and so I was caught in a moral bind.

At 07:05 hours, the Commissioner of Cerrillos arrived. He was coming to greet me and to comply with a request from Maidana, who had also woken him up, at 3 in the morning.

"Hello, Arturo. Good morning, Señor Sanguedolce. How are you, Maidana?" he greeted. "I didn't know that you were Arturo's friend. I've brought what you asked for, but since you're friends, remember that everything is still under wraps. The judge is trying to shed light on a matter that has become excessively strange, and only in the morning will he issue the orders that will permit us to act. Until then the contents are secret."

He handed Maidana an envelope, which he hurried to open. It was containing the identikits of the assassins and several drawings that were depicting the scenes seen by the witnesses.

The portraits were showing two faces of undoubtable Oriental appearance: round, pronounced cheekbones, sparse eyebrows, slightly slanted eyes, thick lips. They were cleanshaven and were apparently lacking hair. The latter could not be ensured with certainty ***because, unusually, the criminals were wearing "bowler-type" hats, tightly pulled-down.***

"There are things that do not fit, that are not in accordance with the general patterns of Criminology," commented the Cerrillos Commissioner with vexation. "We're looking for two ferocious murderers, perpetrators of the massacre of a harmless family. Two witnesses, they see them, at the time of the crime, enter into the house. So far everything is correct, everything 'normal.' We then request that the witnesses describe the alleged criminals to us. They agree; and there ends the typological normality: the case escapes any general framework; neither the criminological casuistry, nor the antecedents, nor the accumulated experience, serve to understand the event. At first the witnesses were suspected, but then their capacity to testify was verified: they are faultless people, who never drink a drop of alcohol, given that they have to hold a surveillance post, and to top it off, they are ex-policemen, that is, retired policemen, trained to observe facts and accustomed to providing details. But their story was too unbelievable. Look at that illustration, where the passenger has gotten out to open the gate and the driver is seated behind the wheel of the big black car. What did the witnesses see? Not two 'normal' criminals, who are going to furtively murder a family, but two elegantly dressed ***gentlemen,*** who enter as if they were visiting the Siegnagel Finca. In fact, the Judge made psychiatrists examine them, yesterday afternoon, but the report is positive: they're in

perfect mental condition. They even underwent an interrogation under hypnosis, which also yielded positive results: concretely, ***they speak the truth;*** whatever it is that they've seen, they believe in what they say."

I cast a sidelong glance at Commissioner Maidana, for all of that was giving off the familiar whiff during the Belicena Villca murder. But he did not flinch; evidently he also had a rational explanation for the curious attire of the "Mossad agents."

"Look here, Señores!" the Cerrillos Commissioner was insisting. "Can there be anything more ridiculous than some assassins dressed in black three-piece suits, black shoes, black hats, (black bowler hats!), black ties, and white shirts? Yes, I know that there may be assassins like that: in Hong Kong, in Istanbul, in London, in New York, and a thousand other places in the world. ***But here, in Cerrillos?*** If they were another kind of people, it would even be possible to accept their presence in the area: for example, if they were executives of a transnational company who came for business, to plunder some of our raw materials. It's possible to imagine that kind of criminal without effort. However, in the case at hand, they easily escape the general pattern of farmer killers."

The Commissioner looked at his watch and said goodbye: "I must go now. See you later, Arturo; very sorry about all this. I'll see you this afternoon at the cemetery. Excuse the chitchat but it was Maidana who came to stir up the hornet's nest; I wouldn't have bothered you ***until after the funeral.*** Naturally, the Judge also wants to speak with you and will soon summon you; when this tragic moment passes, ***naturally.***"

The last words of the Commissioner of Cerrillos caused me deep concern. What would the police want? They were murdering my family and I would be the one interrogated?

"Calm down, Dr., it's nothing," Maidana assured. "It's just routine. The police are clueless and will want to know your opinion. The same thing with the Judge; that's why he was reluctant to hand over the bodies. I could give you many hypotheses about what the Commissioner didn't say and what has probably happened: for example, it's almost certain that they've radioed the description of the black car and failed to locate its whereabouts; nor will they know if it even left the Province. That puzzles them; it's a rare car and they assume that someone should have seen it. ***But they don't move forward because they investigate professionally. You and I know that, con-***

trary to what the Commissioner and the Judge affirm, this is indeed a classic case: a classic case within International Intelligence and Counterintelligence."

Maidana was convinced of his theory and I would have to give him an answer without delay.

Chapter VIII

ight thirty in the morning. I was in the kitchen of the Cerrillos Finca, having breakfast with Uncle Kurt and Commissioner Maidana. I was remembering with sadness that in that room I had seen my parents together for the last time: the last image of a reality that would no longer be repeated; as a product of the journey that I embarked on that morning, my parents were now lying in the next room, each in a casket. The memory was paining me, but according to Uncle Kurt, that was ***weakness:*** the Hyperborean Initiates, the ᛋᛋ Knights, he told me in Santa María, ***could not have a family;*** and much less love it: that would be to make it a target for the Enemy, to expose it to certain destruction, and, what was worse, it would be our ***weak point.*** At that time I underestimated his warnings, but I was now fatally realizing how much truth was in his words; that was why he insisted so much: he who knew that the Enemy knew, as I now knew it, that no advice was sufficient in order to be prepared against them. He had assiduously deprived himself from seeing his sister for 35 years to protect her, and it would be I, the son, who would imprudently send her to the executioner. ***It was maddening. But I could not go mad. For the death of my family, I was bearing some responsibility for the committed negligence. But I should not forget that the Enemy had executed the objective murders. We were, then, in a war: and in the Strategy of that War, I had a mission to fulfill!***

After breakfast, Maidana would stop for a moment at the Police Headquarters in Salta and then go to rest. He had promised to return at 18:00 hours for the burial. Nevertheless, he was rushing to immediately make good on his offer to help. For him, there was no time to waste, for every minute that was passing was an advantage that the assassins were taking in their tactic of escape. “Now,” he suggested, “if I was not wanting to catch the material killers but was wanting to strike at the instigators, then we could talk on another, less dramatic occasion,” for he was guaranteeing that his nationalist group would also support me.

It would not be necessary to wait; I had already made a decision:

"Commissioner Maidana, would you be so kind as to wait just half an hour more, and not take amiss that I converse alone with Señor Sanguedolce?" I asked him.

"I have no objections," he said with confidence. Then, while Uncle Kurt was heading toward the stairs, he came close to my ear and added, "Deliberate calmly, but don't think that I'm stupid. I have attentively observed him and would swear that he's not Italian. Maybe he's German or from some Nordic country. And maybe he's a relative of yours or one of those Nazi heroes that the Jews are seeking to liquidate. Maybe he's the hidden target of the Oriental assassins: a 'contract' of Mossad. Why not, right? ..."

I walked away without listening further. It was very difficult to deal with Maidana: he was intelligent, educated, he had intuition, but he was persisting in the erroneous attitude of covering all the facts with a superficial political concept. I should no longer think about him, but about the speech I would make to Uncle Kurt.

We met in my room, a place saturated with painful memories. Uncle Kurt laid down on the bed, and I took a chair. Before I managed to utter the first word, he made his opposition known to me. But I was prepared for his reaction, for days ago I had realized why Tarstein was calling him ***stubborn***.

"I imagine what you're going to tell me, Neffe. Ever since the policeman Maidana showed up, and you gave credence to the incredible idea about the 'humanity' of Bera and Birsha, I'm dreading to hear 'your plan.' And do you know why? Because I can imagine it. But don't worry; I'll listen to your plan and consider it with my best good will. I just want to lay something out beforehand, a principle from which I will not budge no matter what: ***the Immortals cannot die***."

It is obvious, Immortals cannot die, and Uncle Kurt stubbornly standing on that principle would never go along with my plan. Nor with his best "good will." But, as I anticipated, I was prepared for his reaction and had already found a way in which the future would not be up to his "good will": I was admiring Uncle Kurt, but I was believing him quite capable of waiting another 35 years before taking action. I let out my speech:

"My dear Uncle Kurt: we find ourselves facing two points of view; and in order to be able to move, one of them must prevail over the other. However, neither of us will compromise on

our position; ***and it is not convenient that we do so.*** You because, even though you are excessively stubborn, you possess powers that no one else has and an Initiatic knowledge that one must respect. I because, oh tautology, I may be right or I may be wrong; no one knows, not even you. There is a reason why I was now convoked by the Gods, a reason why I received the Letter from Belicena Villca, a reason why I am a Von Übermann, a reason why I suffer this pain, the attack of the Demons against my family; all these things must be for a reason, but they are not enough by themselves to decide whether I am right or wrong. You tend to believe that everything that happens to me is because of you, but I have a different idea of myself and I think that I also exist; and that if I exist it is for a reason: we do not know what that reason is, but perhaps it is being right in my plan, which would mean that I will also be right in fulfilling Belicena Villca's request, that I will find her son, the Noyo of the Wise Sword.

"How to know what the truth is? How to know if, after what has happened to my family and after proving that Bera and Birsha have been reincarnated to attack, I will never accept that the future steps be decided by your 'good will,' or if I will never decide for myself either? I will explain to you ***how we will know.*** And forgive me if I have to be hard on you, Uncle Kurt. You have laid out your principle from which you will not depart, but I will lay out mine, from which likewise I will not move: ***I will only accept, and I will solely accept, the Will of the Gods!*** Let them decide!

"Logically, I do not propose a 'Test from God,' an Ordeal, to find out the Will of the Gods. For there is something in which I am willing to trust; and that is in your Honor, in the Honor of your Eternal Spirit. ***And you can speak with the Gods by means of the Śrotra Karṇa faculty,*** although I am sure that because of stubbornness you have never used it since the Third Reich fell. Well then, speak with the Gods, with Capitán Kiev, and consult about our future, concretely ask what the steps are that we must take! Whatever answer they offer you, I will accept it. And I will accept it from you: ***I will believe in what you tell me.***"

In reality, what I was trusting in was that Uncle Kurt's Honor would prevent him from deceiving me. And if, in spite of everything, he was deceiving me, that was his problem: the Führer, who was the one who communicated the Śrotra Karṇa to him, would deal with him. Rather than persuading him

through eloquence, with my speech I was hoping to draw Uncle Kurt into a dialectical trap that would force him to choose between carrying out the attack on the Demons or betraying the Führer's Strategy. That is if my plan was correct. But if it was not, and if Uncle Kurt was affirming that for Capitán Kiev it was not, ***I would never know***. Logically, I was as sure that my plan was good as he was sure that the conversation with Commissioner Maidana had upset my reason.

For the moment, Uncle Kurt was silent. I brought him out of his reverie because I was needing to count on his approval before explaining the plan to him. In order not to fail, I resorted to a dramatic effect.

"What do you say, Uncle Kurt? Will you speak with Capitán Kiev and receive his message? Do you wish that I beg you? I'm not ashamed to beg you: do it for me. Remember that when I came to Santa María, and you nearly made the daiva dogs kill me, you assured me that if I had died you would have committed suicide: what can be worse than that, or than what happened to us afterward, when the Demons exterminated our Stirp? Yes, Uncle Kurt, I beg you: ***for once in your life, loosen your stubbornness a little!***"

"Wait a moment," he interrupted me, "it's not that big a deal. You mustn't exaggerate. Your proposition seems fair to me and I accept it with good grace. I will again avail myself of the Śrotra Karṇa, which I certainly have never used since the Second War, and will procure to inquire into the Will of the Gods. It's just that I find it hard to even conceive of the usefulness of your plan: ***the Immortals cannot die***. But perhaps you're right, above all else, and it is, in truth, necessary to carry out your ***demented*** idea. Now, would you be able to confirm in detail what my intuition has already made me see, so that doubts about what I have to consult do not arise?"

I had convinced him! The bird was in the bag! The goat had fallen into the trap! I shuddered with joy, but I did not make a gesture that gave away my state of mind, which was comparable to that of Cicero when he convinced the Senate that Rome should wage war with Carthage: if he was picking up on my thoughts it was something that I could not avoid, but I would not try to do anything that might offend him. Although he would not miss the opportunity to point out to me that my plan could only come from a madman.

"Strategically," I explained, "my plan is based on the principle of the two Realities that I mentioned earlier to you. More clearly, I affirm that the Demons, in order to attack us, have had ***to descend*** to the plane of Human Reality and that has rendered them vulnerable ***on said plane.*** It is not much, but what more can we ask for? The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches that the nature of fear is essentially animal, that is to say, animic, human, proper to the Immortal Soul; on the contrary, the Eternal Spirit is pure valor, ***it knows no fear, which is essentially alien to it.*** Now then: Bera and Birsha are two highly evolved Immortal Souls, ***but the nature of fear is not alien to them;*** on the contrary, they must be capable of feeling fear, and very much so; when? When they are overcome by ***force.*** This is because, like all animic essences, they only understand one language: ***that of force.*** Of course, They are conscious of their own strength, and that is why they do not fear an enemy who they know is inferior ***in strength,*** as are the Spirits enchained to Matter, as are spiritual men. That is why they are right in not fearing men ***if They themselves are supermen;*** and it is true that it represents a folly to attempt to attack Bera and Birsha ***outside of the plane of Human Reality.*** But now the case is different because They have situated Themselves on the plane of Human Reality by momentarily becoming human beings, offering a weak point in their Strategy: ***we can now attack Them in their human weakness like They attacked us.***

"What would we gain if, as you say, in the end, ***'the Immortals cannot die'***? The question seen in this way, as you solve it, that is, ***from the principles,*** in the case of taking away their human life, we would only achieve disincarnating their Immortal Souls. That is: we would achieve nothing. But I believe that this is not how the question should be responded to, because by clinging to a single principle other principles are being left aside, as important as that of the Immortality of the Soul, which if considered, ***can give us a relative strategic advantage.*** Concretely, I am referring to the ***principle of fear,*** already set forth, and ***to the 'avalanche effect' that takes place in the terrifying phenomenon, that is, to panic:*** as a professional of psychic phenomena, I know very well that the sensation of fear grows following an exponential curve, which is inverse to the volitive curve; at a determinate point, both curves cross and then fear dominates the will, or what is the same, the will weakens in

the face of the instinctive force, and panic ensues, during which the animic is out of control, it becomes irrational.

"My theory is the following: normally, we would not have enough strength to attack the Immortal Souls Bera and Birsha and cause them the fear that puts them on the run. Abnormally, They have situated themselves on the plane of Human Reality, they have incarnated in human beings, they have turned themselves into Priests: diabolical Priests but human beings in the end, with their vision limited by reason and ***by the instinct of fear***. Against human beings, no matter how diabolical they are, we have weapons with which to fight, ***and enough strength to cause them great fear; such a fear that transforms into terror; such a terror that breaks their satanic pride, their magical certainty that they cannot be defeated by human beings, and infuses them with panic; such a panic that leaves the Immortal Souls Bera and Birsha instantly out of control: as in an avalanche, a small initial force will be amplified into a great final force; as in a cosmic panic, a small initial human fear will be amplified into a great final terror, at the level of the Immortal Souls.***

"You know what Time is, Uncle Kurt: pure illusion. The only reality of Time, on the plane of the Creator of Time, is the Beginning and the End of Time, which are identical. And you know what certainty is for the Magician: the source of his power; the Magician cannot doubt even once because his magical power is cut off; ***the magician must always believe that he is powerful, more powerful at every instant: that is the 'satanic pride';*** a single instant of doubt and such belief will be broken, 'broken satanic pride,' the achieved evolution lost because of the consequent metaphysical fall. And according to my theory, if we succeed in instilling that instant of panic in Bera and Birsha, ***it will be equivalent to their own magical destruction and their automatic returning to the Beginning of Time because of the loss of instantaneous evolution.*** I do not know if two evolved Immortal Souls like Bera and Birsha will be able to return from that situation of total involution. But, if we are to accept the Hyperborean Wisdom, one must remember that it teaches that at the Beginning of Time, as well as at the End, there is the Mahapralaya, the Non-Manifestation or the Final Death of everything animic. At the Beginning of Time, Bera and Birsha would thus have two paths: one, ***not to enter Time and sink themselves into the Mahapralaya;*** and two, ***to enter Time, forced to recover their lost evolution 'in' Time,*** that is, ***monadically mani-***

festing in the elemental Worlds and then evolving toward the archetypal Final Perfection during eons, successively reaching the Mineral, Animal, and Human Kingdoms, in planetary rounds and chains, in manvantaras and kalpas.

"Conclusion of my theory: ***they will never be able to attack us again.***

"Putting this theory into practice is possible by means of my plan, which I will explain to you next. It is very simple, and I will begin by defining its objective: ***to kill the 'Oriental assassins,' that is to say, the Priests Bera and Birsha, in the course of a commando operation.*** To achieve this objective, it is necessary to fulfill four conditions; I will name them and then tell how they can be achieved: first, to have short-range powerful weapons; second, to locate the assassins; third, to get close enough to them to ensure the shots; and fourth, to count on the factor of surprise.

"I believe I can fulfill the first condition with the help of Commissioner Maidana, whom from now on I consider, and even if you disagree with my criterion, as ***an envoy of the Gods;*** of course, an envoy unaware of his mission.

"The second does not require any investigation because we are both sure that they left from here in the direction of Belicena Villca's Chacra: it will be there that we will catch them; and where we must go anyway. I only ask you ***to confirm*** our presumption in your consultation with Capitán Kiev.

"The third depends on you, on your ability to control and direct the daiva dogs. I count on them, on the ***svadi-lung*** jump that allows us to approach at the right distance so as not to miss the shots on the assassins.

"The fourth, naturally, depends on the third and also on you, on how you construct the mental orders with the svadi Kyilkhor that the daiva dogs will obey. It is logical that if in said orders you mention, only mention, Bera and Birsha, they will detect you like me and will be alerted. The factor of surprise requires, then, not referring the mastiffs to Bera and Birsha. How do we approach, then? It is necessary to discard the possibility of directing the daiva dogs directly to Belicena Villca's Chacra, because we run the risk of not coinciding at the right moment, that is to say, ***when both are inside the house.*** We must not forget that such a moment ***already passed,*** that the assassins ***have already been at the Chacra,*** and that the dogs will have to jump not only in Space but in Time, going back to the

right period in Time. How will we, then, approach by surprise? By referring the daiva dogs to ***the assassins' automobile,*** to the ***empty*** black car ***situated at the Chacra.*** This can be achieved in several steps, the first of which consists in making the daiva dogs identify ***right here, in Cerrillos,*** the trail of the black car. In this way they will possess, ***in abstracto,*** the 'idea' or 'name' of the black car a priori of the final order. And the final order will be a precise mathematical construction that implants the idea, or coded name, of the black car in the context of the Chacra. We have to think about solving the problem, Uncle Kurt! But I'm sure that there will be no insurmountable difficulties because the Yantra is extremely versatile to construct all types of orders, even the most complex."

Chapter IX

Uncle Kurt demanded to be left alone in my room. He would consult Capitán Kiev at once with his Śrotra Karṇa about the advisability of carrying out my ***demented*** plan or not. I was convinced that if my theory was correct, my plan would be approved by the Gods, even if it weighed on Uncle Kurt. On the other hand, the same Uncle Kurt was seeming to have somewhat dropped his negative attitude: when I concluded the speech, he only smiled, for the first time in two days, and said:

"I was wrong, Neffe. You don't just look like me, as I estimated in Santa María. You also resemble Konrad Tarstein. And you have reminded me of him now, by providing me, as you have done, with one of his ***demented*** missions. Then, when listening to him, like to you today, the conviction was assailing me that I had fallen into the hands of a madman. But then all was going according to plan and I had to surrender to the one who had a 'better strategic vision than I.' Really, because you deserve it, I would wish that today the same thing occurred and that you are right. ***For me, I will always perceive that these plans lack something, that they are incomplete, that they cannot bring good results.*** And if they lead to a happy conclusion, ***the impression will always assail me that the success was not depending on the plan, on its greater or lesser perfection, as much as on the Divine intervention, on the miracle that will save us at the last moment.***"

In the end, that was my Uncle Kurt, and no one could change him anymore. I retired to the next room, that of the late Katalina, while he was communicating with the Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man.

No more than seven or eight minutes had passed, but I was fast asleep when Uncle Kurt came in. Perhaps because I was accumulating much tiredness, perhaps so as not to think about Katalina, who hours before was occupying that room with her children until she felt that her blood was being transformed into fire, the truth was that as soon as I rested my head on the pillow I began to dream. It was a symbolic dream, strange, but very suggestive: I was finding myself, without knowing how, in a building with many floors, connected by innumerable stairs; I was looking for something and I was go-

ing up and down the stairs without coming upon its whereabouts; suddenly, when ascending some steps of green stone, I gained access to a square platform without an exit; I was about to return when I noticed a subtle movement in one of the walls that was surrounding the platform; I turned around and, upon carefully observing, I realized that that wall was really a mirror; at first the mirror reflected me, my outward appearance, and that is why what happened next took me completely unawares: paralyzed with terror, I discovered that an enormous and frightful black spider was observing me with the same carefulness; I immediately guessed that ***that spider was Myself, or something of Myself that was being reflected outside;*** overcoming the apprehension that was seizing me, I timidly stretched out a hand toward the mirror, at the same time that the spider was moving forward its left front leg toward that direction; on the mirrored surface, we brushed against each other; then the spider bristled, as if it decided to bite, and in the midst of my horror, it leaped forward, jumped out of the mirror and fell upon me, inside of me, sinking into the Depth of Myself; the terrible experience forced me to close my eyes, but then I opened them again, still paralyzed, and I saw the mirror again: but it was no longer reflecting the spider but a marvelous and beautiful Sword; I recognized it at once, it was the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis, unmistakable with its two quillons on the crossguard, its Stone of Venus, its spiraled ivory hilt of unicorn Barbel horn, and the legend "Honor et Mortis"; it was as if animated, as if provided with a life that was furtively beginning to show itself behind the symbolic form; once again I brought my hand toward the mirror, noticing with astonishment that I could now pass through the surface; I then reached for the Sword with the intention of taking it, but when touching it, it surprisingly transformed itself and also jumped toward me, entered into me, moved to the depths of Myself; but this time it was not a spider but a Dame, the most beautiful that I have ever conceived, only comparable to the Uncreated Beauty of the Virgin of Agartha, ***who reentered Myself,*** and whom I only furtively saw, just as She was permitting Her Eternal Life to be perceived under the symbolic Vrunic Vesture of the Wise Sword; at that nuptial instant, upon seeing her for the first and last time in my life, I cried out without knowing why: "I have found you again!"; and She ***kissed me in passing,*** losing Herself in the Infinite Blackness of Myself, and leaving

me submerged in an indescribable ecstasy, more frozen than ever, harder than ever, more complete than ever: ***Stone of Ice, Man of Stone, Kālibur Woman, Wise Sword, Kāli; O Kāli!*** "O Kāli!" I was murmuring, when Uncle Kurt entered and transported me to the bitter reality of the Cerrillos funeral. It was hard to regain my lucidity after so vivid a dream, and as if in between dreams I heard Uncle Kurt review Capitán Kiev's message. Of course, he did not do so without making his personal protest heard.

"I spoke with Capitán Kiev, Neffe! As I was doing 35 or 40 years ago! And you were right: ***it is advisable to execute your plan, strategically advisable!*** Which doesn't necessarily mean that the plan is good. So, don't rejoice too much, because the Lord of Venus gave me a warning, ***ambiguous, like all warnings from the Gods.*** But before I refer to it, I will tell you that ***nothing has changed*** after so many years, that ***for me everything remains the same, that is to say, in the most opaque nebula;*** and that I am fed up with this life in which I have the power but, by not comprehending my power, by not embracing the Symbol of the Origin that I Am, I fail to rationally insert myself in the Strategy, in the Grand Strategy of the Loyal Siddhas and of the Führer. History has repeated itself again; when commenting to Capitán Kiev that I had no faith in the effectiveness of that plan, and even less so after the warning that he had transmitted to me, ***he said to me verbatim, 'that I was not comprehending the situation.'*** Do you realize that, Neffe?" he asked with an affliction that was comical to me. "***The Gods confirm the diagnosis of Tarstein, Von Grossen, the Kaulikas, and so many others!*** I don't comprehend the situation, ***any situation,*** it seems! That I know and it fills me with sorrow, but they don't seem to give a damn about my sorrow: it is more than enough for them that I give them my power in order to realize their ***demented*** plans, even if I don't comprehend them. And Capitán Kiev shares this attitude: ***my function is not to comprehend but to act, to carry out orders to the letter.*** In order to comprehend the Strategy, there are men like Tarstein and you, the emulators of Nimrod, the Kassite King, the madmen who plan and manage to continue the war in Heaven, and take Heaven by storm. Of course, with the indispensable collaboration of us, the powerful ones who ignore how to apply the power, we who do not 'comprehend the situation,' but must use all our power to save the skin of the Wise Ones."

And so he continued protesting a while, as I was patiently paying attention to him. Finally, he referred to what was urgently interesting us.

"In summary, Neffe, for lack of greater comprehension, I will stick to the principle that for me is clearer: ***the Immortals cannot die.*** And here goes Capitán Kiev's warning. In general, he approved what you propose to do, but he told me these enigmatic words: ***'upon completing the operation, you will only see what you did not contemplate at the beginning, but if you had seen it at the beginning, it would prevent you from completing the operation.'*** You, in whom the gods trust, tell me what he meant by so ambiguous a warning."

"Dear Uncle Kurt, I have to be as honest as you: I don't know for sure, but I presume that he is warning us about ***a flaw*** in the plan; about something, an important detail, ***which I have overlooked and that, if I were to consider it, would perhaps make me desist from going forward.*** But even so, he advises us to act, and that we will do. But I will not stop thinking it over; I will meditate a thousand times on the plan to try to discover what is hidden from my strategic vision: I would not like to receive a surprise at the end; and I would not risk it for anything in the world if I was not convinced that we are going to win. The assassins must receive the surprise, Uncle Kurt! We have to master all the variables of the attack in order to avoid being surprised at the same time! And I swear that I will not leave an element unconsidered until I have acquired maximum certainty in the operation!"

Forty-five minutes after going upstairs, we returned to Commissioner Maidana: he was peacefully asleep on the sofa where we left him seated. Uncle Kurt asked me, when coming down the stairs, about the tactic that I would adopt in order to obtain the particular help that we were needing from him.

"Have you thought about what you'll say to him? You're not going to give him the details of the operation, are you?" He saturated me with his doubts. "Look, Neffe: I don't trust him, or any person like him. They suffer from great ideological confusion and cannot be true Comrades: today they are with you and tomorrow you don't know whom they will answer to."

"Slow down, Uncle Kurt, slow down!" I tried calming him. "Don't despise like that the one who represents our only support. Here, in Argentina, he is the best that there is: we are no longer in the Third Reich! That's over! The Führer ***is no longer***

in sight to awaken the limitless loyalty you feel. Only we, the Initiates, see the Führer! And we cannot demand of them that they behave like ϟϟ Knights if they are forced to live in the world of the Universal pre-Synarchy: remember that you yourself were preferring to die than to survive in this world! So, then, be a little tolerant; and don't worry, ***I will only tell him what he wants to hear.*** You understand, Uncle Kurt, that I must not lie; but neither can I tell him ***the whole truth.*** I will reveal to him, then, ***part of the truth, that part that he is longing to know and that does not affect us that he knows."***

I awoke Maidana, with a cup of coffee in my hand. He apologized for his "lack of control" and instantly pulled himself together. He was drinking the coffee like water and in a matter of minutes consumed three cups, while listening to my proposal.

"I will speak to you as a Nationalist Comrade, Commissioner Maidana," I clarified. "We have agreed, with my friend, that you can indeed provide us with the kind of help that we need. Logically, in order to reach an agreement, I will have to lay some cards on the table, so I will start with the assassination of Belicena Villca. First of all, I will point out the motive for the crime: ***her son Noyo Villca.*** The assassins were procuring to establish Noyo Villca's whereabouts. Why? Because the young man was an intelligence agent infiltrated in subversive organizations.

"I knew that there was something concrete in all this!" Maidana triumphantly exclaimed. "After so much madness, and profusion of false leads, you had to have a specific motive that you were seeking to hide."

"Indeed," I confirmed. "And do you know who Noyo Villca was working for? Well, no less than for the Argentine Army. Even more: he was an Army officer, a G2 captain."

"Mother of God!" he invoked. "And why weren't those pieces of information appearing in Belicena Villca's police dossier?"

"Because a powerful synarchic organization, which functions at all levels of the Army, took care of hiding the information. Don't forget that it was the Army that locked her up in the asylum. To said organization, made up ***not only of Jews,*** belong the assassins of Belicena Villca and my family. What you should know, since it will allow you to discover the nexus between both crimes, is that Noyo Villca is a fugitive due to the fact that the Synarchy attempts to suppress him in order to

prevent him from ***putting his ultra-confidential knowledge into practice.*** And that his mother, before dying, provided me with the clues to find him."

"Now everything is clear!" Maidana believed. "I congratulate you, Dr. Siegnagel! You are a real man: you put yourself on the line for the national cause and the international assassins made you pay dearly for it! You have done well to trust me. From this moment on we can work together against that organization and help Noyo Villca as well."

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Maidana, that's not how I see things," I stopped him. "The favor that we are going to ask of you does not consist in you and your group's support, but in something else. In that sense, and ***for the time being,*** you will be left out of our action: that will be the basis of the deal; no discussion: ***take it or leave it.*** My proposal is the following: Noyo Villca was belonging to a top-secret nationalist group in the Army: I know his contact and I am willing to reveal him to you, so that your group and theirs will be able to arrange to work together. In that way you will not be left out of the case: but yes, and for the time being, I repeat, you will have to let us operate against the assassins."

"What do you mean by ***'for the time being'?"*** Maidana, who was not born yesterday, wanted to know.

"I mean that the restriction that I'm imposing on you is provisional, motivated by the presumption that we will have a better chance of success if we operate alone. But the contact that I am going to give you demonstrates that we trust you. And furthermore, I will give you ***my word of Honor that if our action fails, and another opportunity remains, we will turn to you without hesitation.***"

"In principle I accept," Maidana acceded. "Who is the contact?"

"First, you must assure me that you will comply with the favor that we will ask of you," I warned.

"Fine, then, tell me once and for all what it is all about!" he irritatedly demanded.

"Weapons, Commissioner Maidana. We need at least two weapons as soon as possible."

"What kind of weapons?" he asked hesitantly, and added, "I don't know why you don't leave this in the hands of professionals, Dr. You're acting outside your specialty; it's as if I now dedicated myself to perform psychiatric cures."

"I already told you what the terms of the deal were, Maidana: ***take it or leave it.***"

"I have no choice, Siegnagel! Of course I can lend you weapons. We have all kinds of weapons! Just tell me what the hell kind of weapons you want."

"We need a type of weapon that's very effective up close, which destroys the body. Two repeating shotguns would be ideal," I suggested.

"I can deliver two Itakas[5] to you this very afternoon. What else?"

"Well... ammunition for the shotguns and... is it possible to get handguns as well?" I was realizing that I was lacking the military training to request things with clarity. Uncle Kurt, who was a specialist in the subject, was keeping quiet so as not to attract attention to his knowledge.

"Handguns? There are hundreds of handguns at your disposal; but, if you'll allow me to intervene with my experience in this matter, it seems to me that it'll be best to explain to me what you intend to do and let me take care of the equipment."

I could not, of course, explain to him the plan. But I could show him some general details.

"It's a commando operation against the assassins."

"What kind of operation?"

"An ambush," I defined.

"Well, then you don't need just any handgun, but machine pistols. And you must also carry fragmentation grenades. Look, Siegnagel: I'll prepare two SWAT outfits for you, suitable for an operation of that type. Where are you going to operate? Can you wear a combat jacket?"

"Yes... I think so," I responded. I glanced at Uncle Kurt out of the corner of my eye and saw that he was nodding. "What importance does it have?"

"It's just that the jackets that I'm going to lend you have all the necessary pockets, loops, and hooks," he explained. They carry the machine pistols, which are very small despite firing a thousand bullets per minute, in a shoulder holster, and you'll resort to them only in case of necessity, since you'll carry the Itakas in your hands. The Itakas can be used with a shoulder strap or with a leg holster, but in this case I suggest the strap. They have a capacity of 8 cartridges, which gives them a hell-

5. Most likely a Bataan Model 71, an unlicensed clone of the Ithaca Model 37 shotgun manufactured in Argentina.

ish firepower; a single load should be enough for an ambush, but, if you have to sustain a shootout, you'll find more cartridges in the jacket. Likewise, in other pockets will be the spare magazines for the machine pistols and the ten fragmentation grenades in the belt. Just in case you're forced to demolish something, I'll also provide you with two bricks of TNT with an electronic detonator for each of you, which will also be secured in your jacket. The equipment will be completed with two hunting knives, the sheath of which is sewn to the inside of the jacket. Agreed, Dr. Siegnagel?"

"When can you deliver such equipment to me?" I admiringly asked. "This very afternoon. Now give me the name of your contact."

"Captain Diego Fernández. In 1978, he was stationed in Tucumán. He doesn't know me and surely doesn't know what happened to Belicena Villca three months ago. He won't refuse to talk to you when he learns that we're trying to protect his Comrade."

Chapter X

At 18 hours the grueling burial was carried out. The Siegnagels were possessing a spacious mausoleum in the local cemetery and there the five coffins would be deposited: cremation would not be well seen by the priests of the town. First, the funeral procession passed by the church, as was the custom, and there a mass was officiated for "the eternal rest of their souls," a Golen formula, still de rigueur. The old priest, a friend of my parents, attempted to console me for the immense loss I suffered and veiledly insinuated that my estrangement from the Church might be connected with the present misfortune. I promised to return to Sunday masses, like when I was a child, and to confess and take communion, until the good man was satisfied.

A large crowd, both curious and sad, gathered at the necropolis to bid farewell to the mortal remains. There they were, punctually, Maidana and the Commissioner of Cerrillos. The latter handed me the predictable summons.

"I regret disturbing you at this time, Arturo, but you'll understand that we have a duty to fulfill. Tomorrow you can come give your statement at the police station. It's at 11 hours: the judge will be waiting for you, who also wishes to question you."

I promised to attend with exactitude and the Commissioner withdrew satisfied. After the prayer for the dead, the priest also went away, and after him the people dispersed, but not before repeating their condolences. When I locked up the mausoleum, only Uncle Kurt, Maidana, and I were left.

We met again at the Finca. With extreme caution, Maidana lowered four aircraft-fabric bags that were containing the SWAT equipment. He made a thousand recommendations about the prudence with which we had to handle that material, and some practical clarifications. There was everything he promised, and even more: he added the boots, pants, shirts, and berets, in short, the whole of the commando's attire, dirtied with shades suitable for bush camouflage.

"I've kept my end of the bargain," he said. "And I wish you luck in the operation. By dedicating myself to achieve this in such a short time, I haven't been able to rest, so I'm leaving now because I can't stand up. Ah, I investigated about officer

Diego Fernández! He is on active duty. He is now a G2 Major, and is stationed at the 702nd Intelligence Battalion, in Buenos Aires. Tomorrow or the day after I will personally go to speak with him.

"Well, adiós, Camaradas," he solemnly bade farewell. "Ah, another thing, which I was already forgetting! When you return, Dr. Siegnagel, will you clarify for me those two obscure points in the Belicena Villca case, those irrational events that hindered the entire investigation? I'm referring to that account of the murder within the hermetically sealed cell, and the bejeweled rope used in the strangulation. I know that Ritual crimes exist, and that those who practice them are precisely members of synarchic organizations. But why was it important to give Ritual form to the death of a poor alienated woman, or to the multiple murder of your family? That's what I don't quite understand."

I looked at him discouraged. How to explain to him that the Rituals would be effective if those who were performing them were Magi of Bera's and Birsha's quality? He must have read the disappointment in my countenance because he raised his arms in a ***stop*** expression and smilingly walked back to his car.

"Not now, not now, Dr. You're as tired as I am and it's not a good idea to continue with the hypotheses but rather to go to sleep as soon as possible.

"When I return," I told him.

"You'll see that then you'll find a way to explain it to me!"

He immediately left, and I never saw him again.

That night, a sepulchral silence descended on the Finca. Uncle Kurt spent an hour examining the weapons, while I was using that time to bury Canuto. My faithful dog had received a kind of lightning bolt in the middle of his body, perhaps a strike from the Dorje, and was torn to shreds: he would never again wait for me at the gate to offer me his affection, during those two hundred meters to the house that were belonging only to him. And I would never ever see my parents again, and my sister with her children, at the end of the driveway. Damned Demons Bera and Birsha! Damned Priests of The One Jehovah Satan! Damned Sacred Sacrificers! Soon, very soon we would meet again and they would be executed. Not "Bera and Birsha" for, as Uncle Kurt was repeating, "Immortals cannot die," but the "Oriental assassins" of my family, the human manifestation of Bera and Birsha. They would know my

fury, that of Uncle Kurt, and that of all the members of the House of Tharsis whom they murdered, tormented, and persecuted, and who were now seeming to come to my aid and encourage me. Because if I had had the willpower to impose myself on Uncle Kurt and force him to accept my plan, it was certainly because of that: because I was certain that eliminating the Oriental assassins was a matter of Honor, above all things; and I was patently feeling that in that yearning the House of Tharsis was spiritually accompanying me. I was clearly seeing Belicena Villca; and I was hearing that she was speaking to me, referring to the last words of her letter and telling me: "Yes, Dr. Siegnagel; it is a matter of Honor to do away with Bera and Birsha! They have committed an error and you must take advantage of it; the House of Tharsis accompanies you in your decision! Now you will demonstrate that you are a Kshatriya! And then, very soon, we will meet again during the Final Battle, or in Valhalla!"

The Spirit of Belicena Villca was guiding me; I was sure of it; perhaps it was She who so opportunely brought Commissioner Maidana to Cerrillos. I finished burying Canuto at the foot of my favorite lapacho tree, and went back to the house.

Uncle Kurt had retired to the upper room, taking with him the totality of the equipment. I drank the umpteenth coffee of the day and was turning off the lights until reaching my room, that is, the room that belonged to Katalina, and quickly submerged in the restful indifference of sleep.

Chapter XI

On January 6, 1980, Belicena Villca was assassinated.
On January 21, 1980, I experienced the spiritual rapture of the Virgin of Agartha.
On January 28, 1980, I learned that I had an Uncle Kurt von Übermann and I departed for Santa María.

On March 21, 1980, Uncle Kurt concluded the account of his life and, that night, I was detected by the Demon Bera.

On March 22, 1980, at 00:15 hours, the demons attempt to exterminate the Stirp of the Von Übermanns. As a result, all members of the family die, except for Uncle Kurt and myself.

On March 22, at 08:00 hours, we arrive in Cerrillos and verify a quintuple murder, according to the police version.

On March 23, at 00:30 hours, Commissioner Maidana arrives to bring me his condolences, and to bring armed protection.

On March 23, at 05:45 hours, Commissioner Maidana informed us about the existence of the "Oriental assassins" and their strange vehicle.

On March 23, at 07:05 hours, the Commissioner of Cerrillos showed us the identikits of the Oriental assassins. At that time I had already conceived my plan down to the last detail.

On March 23, at 08:45 hours, I convince Uncle Kurt to consult Capitán Kiev about my plan.

On March 23, at 10:30 hours, we close a deal with Commissioner Maidana: he will lend us material help in exchange for staying on the case.

On March 23, at 20:00 hours, Commissioner Maidana leaves Cerrillos, after delivering the commando equipment to us; I would not see him again.

On March 23, at 23:00 hours, I laid down to sleep for the first time since the ill-fated night of the 21st.

On March 24, at 11 hours, I presented myself at the Cerrillos Police Station and made my statement. What I knew about the murders was not much, and of this they were not doubting, since they had verified my alibi: for it they sent two policemen who made the inverse route to Santa María, they gathered testimonies about our trip from 00:30 to 08:00 hours, they questioned the telephone operator, who knew my voice for calling

frequently to Cerrillos, and they interrogated José Tolaba and his wife, the majordomos of Uncle Kurt. No, they were not doubting about my absence at the crime scene, nor were they suspecting Uncle Kurt; ***what they were presuming, both the police and the judge, was that I was knowing the motive for the crime, which they had dismissed as an ordinary offense.*** Could it be an error? Was there an unknown political purpose? What was I up to? What were my ideas and activities? Why had I distanced myself from the Church? Had my parents received threats before? Was there extortion?

So, grilling me with such questions, they held me until 5 in the afternoon and promised to summon me again.

On March 24, at 10:00 hours, while I was preparing myself to go to the police station, Uncle Kurt began to work with Yin and Yang. Upon returning, in the afternoon, the daiva dogs had already succeeded in isolating the trail of the black car: Uncle Kurt designated it with a code word and, mentally affirming it, effectively demonstrated to me how the daiva dogs were heading directly for the place where it was parked.

Uncle Kurt devoted the whole of March 25 to constructing the order with the svadi Kyilkhor: the whole operation was depending on the precision of that order and his meticulousness was understandable. He only spent a few hours to coordinate with me the movements we would make in front of our enemies. For example, we agreed that he would shoot first, and always to the left, while I should cover the right.

I devoted the whole of March 25 to getting the operations of the Finca sorted out.

Some neighbors, through a share in the crop yield, willingly agreed to take care of the vineyards and the future grape harvest; it would not be a difficult task since Papa had the productive mechanisms properly oiled and all the work would be reduced to administering the field and supervising the workers. We signed an improvised contract, in which I included a clause completely out of the ordinary: they were committing themselves to clean the winepress ***and to inject the 20,000 liters of Tar into one of the water wells of the Finca, of which water table dried up years ago and of which mouth was still open with a cistern.*** I did this because I could not run the risk that the Pitch be sold or energetically exploited: ***I was not even for an instant forgetting that that lake of asphalt was constituting an organic***

synthesis of our blood, which was representing the blood of the Von Sübermann Stirp.

On March 25, at 18:00 hours, at last, I acquired the only element that Uncle Kurt requested to complete the tactical equipment: a Teflon carboy, with hermetic cap, filled with five liters of sulfuric acid.

On March 26, 1980, we were prepared to initiate the operation.

Chapter XII

We could have acted that very morning, but Uncle Kurt preferred to wait until nightfall and spend the day going over every last detail of "Operation Boomerang." We had christened it this way, a little tongue in cheek and a little in seriousness, considering that, analogously to those Australian weapons, Bera's and Birsha's blows would come back against those who launched them.

At 19:00 hours we were already loading the equipment and getting ready to leave. At 19:30 hours we went out of the house, since the dying twilight would prevent anyone from being surprised to see us dressed in military attire. Lying down next to the lapacho trees, the mastiffs were the image of canine tranquility. We too were keeping calm. And we were no longer thinking about anything. We knew all the details of what we had to do and our only concern was to act as soon as possible.

Uncle Kurt took the reins of the daiva dogs and put them on alert. They both brusquely stopped and, moving with prodigious synchronicity, tensed their muscles and moved their heads upward, as if sniffing an inconceivable scent in the air. I was staying behind Uncle Kurt; I was carrying on my back, fastened with ropes, the carboy of acid, and hanging from my shoulder, ready to shoot, the relentless Itaka. In the end, we had decided to wear the commando uniform, for being invaluably more practical for action, although it would later represent a problem if we were seen by other persons. But what was that risk mattering in the face of the possibility of bringing down the Oriental assassins? If the luck of arms was adverse to us, there would be no return; and if we were triumphing, we would already find a way to obtain other clothes. Or were the assassins also not disguised, without giving a damn about what the witnesses thought?

I had, then, both hands free, with the purpose of carrying out Uncle Kurt's instructions: ***"you must take hold of my waist as soon as I begin to elevate myself." "And when we are in space, remember that you must concentrate your attention on me the whole time: not even for a second can you be distracted because you would run the risk of separating yourself from me and getting lost in any of the innumerable Worlds of Illusion that we will pass through." "Once out of the usual context of our life, the only way***

for both of us to continue together, coinciding in Time and Space, is to maintain a volitive nexus between us: and that is what you will do by keeping me under visual and tactile contact."

It seemed that we were already departing, and I was ready to hold him by the waist as soon as he got a move on, but he again turned to me to make recommendations. "Got the shotgun handy? As soon as you set foot on the Chacra, you must let go and take the gun!"

"Yes, Uncle, yes."

"Neffe, Arturo?" he called to me in a different, strangely affectionate tone.

"Yes, Uncle Kurt."

"This may be the last time that we see each other. I don't want to be pessimistic, but just in case, let's say goodbye here."

"Nooo, no," I exclaimed in horror, trying to shoo away the ominous thoughts. After what happened to my family, I could not think without shuddering at the possibility of losing Uncle Kurt as well. "Nothing bad will happen to us, dear Uncle Kurt: triumph is certain! We will be like the boomerang that returns to the hands of the one who threw it, strikes back, and stops!"

But my arguments were of no avail. Uncle Kurt had already turned around and was effusively embracing me.

"Goodbye, Neffe," he said with nostalgia. "Life didn't give us the opportunity to get to know each other better. Nevertheless, it was very good to have you in Santa María those months. You restored my faith in the Hyperborean Wisdom by bringing me the answers that I awaited for 35 years. Now I will risk my last strength in the most demented of all the missions that they have ever entrusted me with. And this is also necessary for the Führer's Strategy; as always, I do not understand why, but I know that it is so. Goodbye, Neffe Arturo: we will see each other at the end; ***at the end of Operation Boomerang or when the Final Battle is fought***."

It put a lump in my throat; I had not the courage to say goodbye to him. I just tightly embraced him.

However, Uncle Kurt was still being as stubborn as ever.

"Let's be off then," he proposed. "Just remember that, whatever happens, I will not depart from the only principle that I comprehend."

"Yes, I know, Uncle Kurt; for Wothan's sake, don't say ***'the Immortals cannot die'*** again!"

It was 19:45 on March 26, 1980, and it had already darkened quite a bit in Cerrillos. Uncle Kurt gave the first order to Yin and Yang and the phenomenon instantaneously began to be produced: the daiva dogs and Uncle Kurt, who were seeming to have an effective point of support under their feet, were slowly levitated upwards. Such a point of support was not enough for me, and so I hastened to grab his waist, literally hanging in space, without any base, and finding that Uncle Kurt was hunching over, bearing my dead weight.

The ascent lasted a few seconds, until I lost track of the altitude. In the meantime, I managed to make out with the corner of my eye the tops of the lapacho trees, the roofs of the Finca, and, in a snapshot, the town of Cerrillos, artificially illuminated by street lamps. We were not moving uniformly, but the ascent was accelerating as we were gaining altitude. At a given moment, Uncle Kurt, beyond Kula and Akula, plasmated the complex mental orders and the daiva dogs, without stopping their movement, performed the svadi-Lung flight. The order coming from the Eternal Spirit had the effect of a whip crack and, not only the daiva dogs: I also felt it; and I verified ***the power,*** the terrible power that a Hyperborean Initiate, a God Man, is capable of demonstrating.

If I had to refer to time, I would say that the flight through Time and Space lasted no more than a second. However, that sinking into the most impenetrable blackness did not transmit a sensation of temporality but of eternity, of being outside of life and death, and of everything passing by.

After that instant without time, in which without any doubt I experienced the impression of a jump, a decelerated descent began, during which I again distinguished the usual objects, skies, mountains, houses, trees, lights. The trip was comprised, then, of three phases: one, of accelerated ascent, with permanent perception of the sky and the stars; the second, of the svadi-Lung jump itself, in which I lacked any contextual vision, except for Uncle Kurt; and the third, of decelerated descent, in which I reassuringly reencountered the cosmic womb of the starry sky above me.

It was around 22 or 23 hours on March 22, 1980, when my feet touched the ground of Belicena Villca's Chacra, in Tafí del Valle. I stepped on solid ground and, nevertheless, my knees loosened a little, until Uncle Kurt landed, whose feet were at

all times a meter higher than mine: I repeat that I traveled "hanging" from his waist.

But as soon as I regained my stability, I let go of Uncle Kurt and grabbed the Itaka. I was still getting my bearings and I obeyed his gesture that was indicating me to get down. Rapidly, everything was making sense to me: we were finding ourselves hidden behind an enormous black automobile, the automobile of the Oriental assassins!

Uncle Kurt communicated to me with a finger over his mouth to be silent, and then pointed in the direction of the front, beyond the car. I peered over the hood, and spotted a house no more than thirty paces away, shedding profuse light into the exterior blackness through a row of three side windows. Apparently, the car was parked parallel to the vertex of the corner of the house, allowing us to make out, in addition to the windows on one side, the front door situated on the other. The door, closed, was framed on a forty-five degree plane to the left; and there we would have to go.

Undoubtedly, we were counting on the factor of surprise. The dogs had pressed themselves against the ground like serpents, mentally commanded by Uncle Kurt, and there they would stay. We were going to advance toward the door, to begin the attack, when a human scream, a shrill shriek of pain, pinned us to the spot: they were tormenting someone inside! So we ran to the door as quietly as possible.

And as we were approaching, a penetrating and sweet smell was the first thing that caught our attention. It was an aromatic substance like sandalwood or incense, and it was so out of place there that we looked at each other perplexed. We both immediately recognized that perfume for having perceived it before, in different and dramatic circumstances: Uncle Kurt, in the Tibetan valley of Das Pech; and I in the cell of Belicena Villca, the night of her death. But this only lasted an instant, for what came next concentrated all our attention.

Chapter XIII

But it was clear that those would not be ordinary human beings. Midway, when we had not yet separated from the viewpoint of the door and were not completely visible from it, the door burst open to make way for two men of enormous physical build. One jumped out and the other remained on the threshold: contrasted by the interior light, we had in front of us the two Oriental Gentlemen, impeccably dressed in their finely tailored English suits.

The first who came out was Bera, wielding a handle with two globes, the fatal Dorje. He instantaneously raised the weapon toward Uncle Kurt, at the same time that his face was breaking down in terror. I realized that the human Demon was not seeing Uncle Kurt but the Sign of the Origin, the Absolute Truth of the Spirit that was dissolving the Essential Lie of his own illusory existence.

Despite it all, he was going to fire the death ray, but Uncle Kurt was quicker. On the run, almost without aiming, he pulled the trigger once; and that was enough. The gunshot caught Bera in the middle of the chest, lifted him a meter high, and hurled him several meters away. Simultaneously, I, who was not exactly a professional commando, stopped, took aim, and fired twice, hitting the stomach and chest of the Demon Birsha. The eighteen rounds of ammunition, wisely dispersed by that magnificent weapon, flattened Birsha against the door frame without giving him time to do anything.

"Quick!" shouted Uncle Kurt, when seeing that I had remained motionless, refusing to believe that it was all over. "Quick, prepare the acid, Arturo! ***Hurry, before Avalokiteśvara manifests herself!***"

"Avalokiteś... ?" I asked surprised. Gods! Avalokiteśvara, the Compassionate One! ***That was the flaw in my plan, about which Capitán Kiev veiledly warned us! I had forgotten Avalokiteśvara, I was now seeing it clear, and that forgetfulness could derail my plan, even cost us our lives! The Great Mother would never permit that two of her best sons be destroyed, not if She could prevent it; that was precisely one of her cosmic functions: to protect her animal-man sons, to calm the fear of their Souls! And if She was succeeding in taking away Bera and Birsha's fear, even attenuate it, my whole plan would collapse like a house of cards! We could even***

suffer a counterattack from the Demons, already recovered, who would then know in which World to find us!

Evaluating these possibilities was paralyzing me. I painstakingly untied the ropes and lowered the carboy of acid from my back. Uncle Kurt, displaying extraordinary skill, had already extracted Bera's heart, leaving in its place a horrible hole through which was flowing abundant blood, which was forming a pool around his cadaver. He put the smoking heart inside the bowler hat, which was floating on the blood like a grotesque replica of Charon's boat, and swiftly knelt over Birsha's lifeless body. With accurate slashes of the hunting knife, sharp as a razor, he was cutting the vest of fine English cashmere and the no less valuable Chinese silk shirt; when reaching the flesh, he made a deep central incision, which he would later enlarge until exposing the end of the ribs and the thoracic cavity: from there he would section the arteries of the heart, which in those demons was located on the right side of the body.

"Uncle Kurt knew!" I discovered to my dismay. And to think that I dared to put his Honor to the test; he not only knew that we might fail, he also knew why we might fail. And despite having known, he kept silent in order to comply with the orders of the Lord of Venus. I remembered Capitán Kiev's warning: ***"upon completing the operation, you will only see what you did not contemplate at the beginning, but if you had seen it at the beginning, it would prevent you from completing the operation."*** Avalokiteśvara, She was what I had not contemplated at the beginning, for if I had supposed that Her Mercy would help the Demons to overcome the panic, I would not have undertaken Operation Boomerang! And Uncle Kurt had realized it then, he who was complaining of not comprehending anything, but had kept silent because he knew how much I was wanting to attack the Demons. That is why he made me buy the sulfuric acid without giving me further explanations: he also had a theory; he knew an alchemical way to neutralize the protection of the Great Mother Binah, or he knew how to maintain the panic of the Demons. I would soon know what the answer was.

About the sulfuric acid, he had only told me that it ***"fixes organic matter in Saturn"***: "by introducing the heart, seat of the Soul, into the sulfuric acid, we are constellating the Soul in Saturn, situating it at the beginning of the Universe and con-

tributing to its involutive regression." According to the plan, it was up to me to introduce the hearts into the carboy of acid. But I was now presuming that that recommendation was aiming at another objective, in addition to that declared by Uncle Kurt.

I sat the carboy on the threshold of the door and uncapped it; I took the bowler hat, which was just receiving the second heart, and placed it beside it; and, not without a certain repugnance, I prepared to pick up the diabolical organs. It was then when I stopped in fascination, and then I was paralyzed with fright.

It is written, *"the hearts belong to Avalokiteśvara."* The heart of the animal-man, of the Man of Mud, receives the protection of the Great Mother Binah by means of the ***Intellegentia*** of ***YHVH;*** and his crepuscular ***consciousness*** receives more light by means of the ***Sapientia*** of the Great Father Chokmah.

Chapter XIV

As I said, I was going to pick up the human hearts of Bera and Birsha, when I stopped in fascination: the cause was the ***scintilla luminis,*** or sparks of light, which began to burst from them. Thousands of sparks that were leaping in all directions, either spinning in a circle, or in a spiral, or tracing brilliant curves of whimsical form, preventing me from distinguishing the bottom of the hat, and even the hat itself. Fascinated by the spectacle, enchanted, perhaps bewitched, I unwittingly recalled the definition of the Alchemist Khunrath; they are, he said, ***"Scintillae Animae Mundi igneae, Luminis nimirum Naturae,"*** that is, ***"fiery sparks of the world soul, i.e. of the light of nature."*** Such ***scintillae*** always accompany the phases of Alchemy; and at that moment all the elements of the opus were present: in the Laboratory of Nature, there was the ***prima materia*** of the hearts; the ***aqua permanens of the Sulphur Philosophorum;*** and was present Mercury, the great transmuting ***Artifex,*** that is, ***Shivatulku*** Uncle Kurt, representative of Wothan, who is Hermes, and who is Mercury.

Whirling in a hypnotic whirlwind, the ***scintillae luminis*** were covering my field of vision. Golden sparks were now sprouting from everywhere and flying through space until extinguishing, a space strangely devoid of wind and sound, as if the whole of Nature was entertained in manifesting its ***lumen naturae.*** I took my eyes off the bowler hat and the carboy of acid, invisible under the luminous spring, and, semi-anesthetized, I looked around: ***scintillae*** were seeming to emerge from the entire world. From the house, from the ground, from the trees that I did not see before, but that were standing ten paces away, from all things was emerging a golden and flickering aura, comprised of myriads of ***scintillae luminis.*** Or was that vision signifying the sudden activity of a new sense, which was making it possible to perceive the Anima Mundi, a ***luminositas sensus naturae?***

But a greater luminositas attracted my attention. Over the cadavers of the Oriental assassins, in effect, two clouds of ectoplasmic vapor were beginning to rise, also twinkling due to the emission and absorption of thousands of ***scintillae;*** at a meter of height, those clouds were maintaining themselves

whirling in a spiral, and constantly nourishing themselves with the milky vapor that was emanating from the pools of blood. As in a painting of the impressionist school, like in a work of Henri Matisse, I was seeing Reality decomposed into millions of colored points, sparks of light that were whirling in the form of the ***elementum primordiale*** and of the ***massa confusa,*** of the ***chaos naturae.*** With my vision saturated by the swarming of ***scintillae,*** I felt that interiorly, and irrationally, a voice was speaking to me; it was saying, ***"Yod, Yod, each scintilla is yod, an eye of Avalokiteśvara"; "and among all the scintillae there are two that are The One, they are the scintillae pair, the Monads of Bera and Birsha that cannot die."***

Already wary by what happened in Santa María, it was just to listen to these voices coming from the Soul, from my own Soul emotionally influenced by the Great Mother, to refer me to the Virgin of Agartha. Yes: I closed my ears as best I could, since I could not ignore the great ***luminosity,*** and I surrendered myself to the rapture of the Virgin of the Child of Stone, whose spiritual aid allowed me to sustain myself in that terrible moment. According to what occurred next, I would have undoubtedly lost my mind if She was not supporting my Spirit from the Origin. Because at that moment, when the quantity and multiplicity of the ***scintillae*** had reached their maximum exaltation, ***they all opened in unison and showed an inexpressive eye, an eye that was the same eye dementedly repeated in all points of space.*** All of Nature, all differentiated things, all that I could see and perceive was now boiling with inexpressive eyes, with ichthyic eyes that were undoubtedly looking at us: ***and those millions of fish eyes, of oculi piscium, were the Eyes of the Compassionate One that were opening to contemplate the Souls of her Beloved Sons, the Souls of Bera and Birsha that were disembodied in the midst of a great terror.***

Think of the scene: in the general form of the entities, nothing has changed, all are distinguishable and recognizable, all are nameable as ever; the tree, the floor, the house, the Heavens, the cloud, the bodies, all the objects are still the same; ***but now, they also brim with a life ebullient with Divine eyes, with eyes that look with natural Love.*** Think of the tree, all comprised of eyes, and of the house, or of the Heavens, also comprised of eyes, and think that ***the thousands of gazes from the tree to the house and from the house to the tree, and from both to the Heavens, are the ties that bind and rebind those entities and***

constitute the superstructure of reality: a structure of objects bound together by the Will of the Creator and the natural Love of the Great Mother.

If one has imagined it, one must now think that I was finding myself in that scene, frightened by the omnipresent eyes of Avalokiteśvara, "the all-seeing one," and shaken to the root of my sentiments, agitated in my emotional nature by the intense Love of the Great Mother, by her unlimited Mercy. Thus, then, first was the fascination for the ***scintillae*** and then the fright from the ***panoptic*** ebullition; and the greatest fright was to see that my own body was constituted by millions of compassionate eyes. And this phenomenon, terrible, demented, explains why my hand stopped before picking up the hearts from the interior of the bowler hat.

"Neffe! Arturo!" the voice of Uncle Kurt was heard from several meters away. "I knew that this would occur and I know what you're seeing. Fear not, it's all an illusion: we can still fulfill our objective. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, Uncle Kurt," I dazedly responded. "I hear you as if your voice came from a great distance, and I find myself very much under the suggestion of this profusion of eyes that nature manifests, of this monster into which the world has been converted."

"Listen well, Arturo: you will do exactly what I request of you and you will respond to my questions. ***You will communicate to me what you see, for here there are no eyes but those of your own: all the eyes of Avalokiteśvara are illusory, they are projections of your own emotional weakness.***"

I made an effort and turned myself toward the direction in which his voice was coming from. I saw millions of shining eyes, I saw that all Reality was continuing made up of fish eyes, but where Uncle Kurt was, where his eyes should be, I only saw two empty sockets, two craters of impenetrable blackness, two open windows to Another World: I let out a cry of horror and returned my gaze forward.

"Are you with me, Arturo?" asked Uncle Kurt unusually.

"Yes, Uncle Kurt," I once more responded.

"You will perform the Work: I will only place, at the Beginning, the Sign of the Origin on the Stone of Fire!"

I remembered the words of Birsha in the Letter from Belicena Villca: "the mortal men, Men of Mud, who were evolving from mud, from the Stone of Fire of the Beginning that was

reflecting a monad similar to The One, would come to be in the End individuals identical to the Stone of Fire, like Metatron, the Heavenly Man, the realized Archetype, the Son of Binah Lamb; thus they would be when the Temple was ready, and each one occupied his place in the construction, according to the symbol of the Messiah; thus they would be in the days in which the Kingdom of ***YHVH*** would be concretized on Earth; and the King Messiah reigned; ***and the Shekhinah manifested Herself***"... So many eyes! Yes: that manifestation of Avalokiteśvara, of the Great Mother Binah, was also the Shekhinah, as Zechariah qualified it: ***"these optical roots of the Tree of YHVH represent Israel Shekhinah"!*** At the Beginning of Time, the created man was like a mud structure; at the End, he would be like a Stone of Fire. Such stones, the Sign of the Origin ***irreversibly plasmated*** them, transforming them into Cold Stone, into Uncreated Stone, as the Demons were being scandalized, marking them with the Abominable Sign: "They, ***engraved the Abominable Sign*** on the Stone of Fire upon which each Men of Mud's Soul was being seated. And the Abominable Sign ***cooled*** the Stone of Fire, ***Eben Esh,*** and removed it from the End. So, Cohens, ***the Stone that must be washed with lye at the End, is the Cold Stone that should not be where it is, because it was not placed at the Beginning by the One Creator.***" "Accursed Stone, Stone of Scandal, Seed of Stone: They planted it in the Soul of the man of mud after the Beginning, and now is found at the Beginning."

"Transmutemini de lapidibus mortuis in vivos lapides philosophicos!"[6] I heard Uncle Kurt repeat the words of Magister Dorn.[7] "Look into the ***matrix!***"[8]

"I see a golden water, aqua aurea, agitated by countless sparks of light: it is the anima panoptes!"

"Put the hearts in the ***matrix!***"

Without reflecting, I felt around for the hat, extracted the viscous organs, and introduced them through the mouth of the carboy. As soon as they sank into the sulfuric acid, an emanation of toxic vapor forced me to pull my head back: through the opening of the ***uterus philosophorum*** the ***ruby*** vapor rose for a moment, giving the impression that the liquid

6. *Let us transmute ourselves from dead stones into living Philosopher's Stones.*

7. Gerhard Dorn

8. Referring to the carboy of acid, which is like unto a matrix or womb.

had entered into combustion; however, it soon subsided, and a new glow began to shine from the interior of the carboy, this time black. At that moment I could barely notice it because Uncle Kurt was wanting me to keep my eyes off the acid and its macabre contents, but it was evident that it substantially diminished the general ***morpho-optic*** manifestation.

"Now what do you see?" he asked from his post.

"The starry firmament!"

In effect, the acid had turned color and now the carboy was containing a black liquid, ***nigredo,*** which was presenting a shiny surface and illuminated by an infinitude of fixed ***scintillae,*** sparks of light that were the stars of a particular microcosm.

"Now what do you see?" he repeated.

"The Zodiac!" Hundreds, thousands of constellations, all the Archetypes of the Universe were in that Heaven!

"Now what do you see?" he insisted.

"Two stars that stand out! Two stars, brighter than all the others, move forward and situate themselves in a central place, under the foot of the Virgin of the Spica, near Corvus!"

"Now what do you see?" he asked.

"The constellations seem more alive than ever, the Archetypes vibrate in the Heavens, animals of all kinds ***prepare themselves to descend!*** I see them and I hear their sounds!"

In truth, the sound of the celestial animals had become so real, that it was only when taking my eyes off the matrix for an instant that I realized that certainly, some of them were present around me: with a jolt I distinguished three bellows, and so I directed that fleeting glance toward the surroundings; ***they were the oink of the pig, the bark of the dog, and the roar of the bear.*** With growing fright, I then verified that the ectoplasmic clouds that were floating over the corpses of Bera and Birsha had acquired the unmistakable form of the ***boar:*** over the cadavers of the Oriental assassins were materializing two enormous white boars, that were threateningly growling and showing in their bodies the thousand eyes of Avalokiteśvara, the thousand eyes of the Anima Mundi, the thousand eyes of The One, the thousand eyes of Purusha. The daiva dogs had approached, no doubt called by Uncle Kurt, and they were seeming to see them without problems because they were barking at them with uncontainable impetus.

But the greatest impression I got when observing Uncle Kurt, how to explain what I saw? Perhaps only by saying that ***his form was changing;*** that at times he was Uncle Kurt ***and at times an enormous wrathful bear, an ursus terrificus.*** But such an explanation would not be entirely correct because, certainly, Uncle Kurt had been converted into a ***bear-Man:*** it was the ***fury*** of Uncle Kurt, ***the Fury of the Bear Warrior,*** the ***berserkr-gangr,*** the force that was transforming him. I looked for Uncle Kurt with my gaze and discovered a ***Berserkr,*** a Warrior of the Einherjar Order of Wothan, a Hyperborean Initiate in the Vrunes of Navutan. And the frightened look returned to his eyes, accompanied by a most violent roar and the rhythmic movement, almost Ritual, of his powerful paws. But when he spoke; it was once again Uncle Kurt.

"Now what do you see?" he demanded.

"The two brightest stars have transformed into twin Boars!"

"Now what do you see?"

"The Boars flee in terror and seek the protection of their Mother, the Dragon of the Universe!"

"Now what do you see?"

"I see the Boars taking refuge in the lap of the Dragon! And I see the Dragon: she has a thousand heads and a thousand eyes, and on each head a Star of David, and on each head appears the Face of Binah, and her thousand mouths sing the Song of the Lamb. The Dragon cradles the Lamb in her arms, and the Boars, right and left, growl without ceasing. And in chorus to the Dragon, and to the Boars, three-fourths of the stars of Heaven thus sing:

> 'Avalokiteśvara. Great Mother Binah!
> It is coming, it is coming,
> the Final Holocaust!' "

"Now what do you see?"

"The Binah Dragon holds the Lamb with her right hand, while with her left she takes a cup brimming with human lye. Now she pours the contents of the cup upon the Earth!"

"Now what do you see?"

"The very stars, they sing.

> 'Avalokiteśvara, Great Mother Binah!
> Thy Mercy, Thy Mercy!
> Wash the Earth with the lye of Jehovah!' "

"Now what do you see?"

"The lye falls to Earth. Two White Boars fly through Heavens from east to west announcing aloud: *'The Plague, the Plague!'* All that the lye touches perishes: ***the Earth becomes a Stone Desert!*** Only 144,000 who belong to the House of Israel survive: but they flee from the Desert and take refuge in a valley, which will then be flooded by the lye. And the Dragon, and the Boars, are furious ***because the Desert Stones still remain,*** because the lye has not calcined and dissolved them like the rest of the living beings!"

"Now what do you see?"

"The Dragon then sends the Lamb guarded by his brothers, the twin Boars, to graze on the Earth! But the Earth is barren and the Lamb faints among the Stones, unable to feed!"

"Now what do you see?"

"The Dragon, master of terrible wrath, curses the Stones and the Stone Desert! And she cries out that she will seek the Lamb before the Desert causes its death!"

"Now what do you see?"

"The filthy lye fallen from Heaven, and the muck that it managed to pull up from the Earth, drained into a valley, to the east of the Stone Desert, and formed a great sea! Eden and Paradise, are the names of that sea; and Tartarus and Tharsis, are the names of the Stone Desert!"

"Now what do you see?"

"The Desert has pushed the Lamb toward its shore, which is also the shore of the sea of lye! The Dragon, in Heaven, again cries out that she will help her son, who is between Eden and Tartarus!"

"Now what do you see?"

"The thousand eyes of the Dragon, shining like Suns, concentrate on the Stone Desert and the Stones suffer mortal suffocation. The majority of the Stones soften and melt, and the Desert becomes a huge lake of boiling lava: only the hardest Stones remain in their place, tenaciously maintaining their separate form!"

"Now what do you see?"

"A terrible clamor rises from the Desert and goes up beyond the Dragon: the Stones demand help from the Incognizable against the Lamb, and against the Mother of the Lamb, the Binah Dragon, who has dumped lye from Jehovah on them and has taken the Earth from them, and intends to calcine them in the Desert ***for not serving as food for the Lamb!***"

"Now what do you see?"

"A Sign appeared in Heaven: ***a Virgin, Blacker than Night,*** and the moon under her feet, and on her head a Crown of Thirteen Uncreated Stars!

"She is the Virgin of Agartha who came to help the Stones, in the Name of the Incognizable!"

"Now what do you see?

"The descent of the Virgin produces a mantle of refreshing blackness over the Desert, which had been transformed into a lake of burning lava, and brings immediate relief to the Stones. The Presence of the Virgin refreshes and hardens the Stones again, because she interposes herself with her darkness before the thousand burning eyes of the Dragon! And the Virgin bears a spica in her hand; and she drops the grains upon the Stone Desert; and the Stones that receive the grain become immune to the Fire of Heaven, they can no longer be softened, and they are branded with a Mark, a unique Sign that signifies the black, the hard, and the cold. And the Mark of the Virgin is called the 'Sign of the Vril.' "

"Now what do you see?"

"Now the Lamb is lost among the Darkness and the Hardness, and the Coldness of the Stones. And he calls with desperation to his Mother, the Binah Dragon, because the Stones threaten to strangle his throat ***or submerge him*** in the sea of lye."

"Now what do you see?"

"The Virgin is with child, and cries out being in labor and in pain to give birth. And another Sign appeared in Heaven: the Dragon of a fiery red, which has a thousand heads and a thousand eyes, and a thousand stars of David on his heads. His tail sweeps away three-fourths of the stars of Heaven and hurls them to the Earth; and they descend upon the sea of lye commanded by the star Thuban. And the Dragon also descends to look after the Lamb and attack the Virgin."

"Now what do you see?"

"The Dragon stood before the Virgin who was about to give birth, so that when she gave birth he might devour her Child. ***And She gave birth to a Child of Stone, who is going to rule all the Nations with a Trident of Vajra: Führer is the name of the Child of Stone.*** But her son was protected from the Dragon by being mistaken among the Desert Stones. And the Virgin took refuge in the Desert, where she has a place prepared by the

Incognizable to reside for two thousand one hundred and eighty-eight days."

"Now what do you see?"

"There is a war in Heaven. Khristos-Lúcifer, and Capitán Kiev, and the Loyal Siddhas, waged war with the Dragon. The Dragon and his Immortal Angels, his Boars and stars, did not prevail and there was no longer a place found for them in Heaven. And the Great Dragon was ***cast down,*** he who is called Jehovah and Satan, who organizes the whole Universe; he was ***cast down*** to the Earth, and his Angels were ***cast down*** with him."

"Now what do you see?"

"I hear a loud Voice in Heaven saying:

> 'Now the Liberation, and the Power, and the Kingdom of the Incognizable, and the Empire of His Khristos have come, for the enchainer of our Comrades has been ***cast down,*** the one who marks them before the Incognizable day and night. But the Loyal Siddhas overcame him because of the Pure Blood and because of the Valor of their testimony, and they did not love the Warm Life even when faced with death. For this reason, fear, you Heavens and you who dwell in them. Woe to the Earth and the Sea, because the devil has come down to you with great wrath, knowing that he has only a short time.' "

"Now what do you see?"

"And when the Dragon saw that he was ***cast down*** to the Earth, he persecuted the Virgin who gave birth to the Child of Stone. But the two wings of the Great Condor were given to the Virgin, so that she could fly into the Desert to her place, where she would resist ***for a cycle, and cycles, and half a cycle,*** away from the presence of the Dragon. And the Dragon hurled lye like a River out of his mouth after the woman, so that he might cause her to be swept away. But the Desert helped the Virgin. And the Desert opened its mouth and drank up the new River of lye which the Dragon had hurled out of his mouth; and it drained it into the sea of lye, where the Lamb and the 144,000 were. And the Dragon was enraged with the Virgin, ***and went off to make war with the rest of Her children, who exhibit Her Mark and bear the Testimony of Khristos Lúcifer.*** And the dragon stood on the sand of the shore of lye."

"Now what do you see?"

"I see a man coming up out of the Desert with the Power of a Beast! He is a being half-man and half-bear, or half-man and half-wolf; at times he is like a bear and at times he is like a wolf; when he must face the Bees of Israel he is like a bear and when he has to fight against the Lamb he is similar to the wolf! He is the Son of the Virgin of Agartha who has grown as a Stone in the Desert; he is the Führer who has returned to wage war against the Lamb and the 144,000! His roar deafens the Earth, and in his wake rise the Desert Stones, those that bear the Sign of the Vril! And the Stones frozen by the Virgin of Agartha are also wolf-men that howl with uncontainable fury!"

I do not exaggerate at all if I assure that the roar that arose at that moment from the place where Uncle Kurt was, monotonously asking "now what do you see?" ***made the earth tremble.*** I was describing what I was seeing on the surface of the ***aqua vitae*** in the carboy, but my words had acquired a prophetic formality that was directly taking shape in my unconscious. For a long time I was no longer reasoning what I was saying: I was simply expressing what was filling my mind, which at that point I could not explain whether I was really seeing it or imagining it. What, of course, was not a product of my imagination, was the transmutation of Uncle Kurt and his bestial roars and howls; or the two ectoplasmic Boars that, ever more clear and evident, were materializing over the cadavers of the two Oriental assassins.

To the roars of the bear-man, the Boars were responding with the accursed bee humming that I now also knew; but when the wolf-man was howling, the Boars were trembling with panic, their hair standing on end in terror and growling with desperation. And I, upon perceiving what was going on around me, was trying to keep my eyes hypnotically fixed on the ***matrix*** with the acid and the hearts, contemplating visions that, as fantastic as they might be, were less terrible than the Reality of Belicena Villca's Chacra.

"Now what do you see?" Uncle Kurt's voice clearly asked.

"I see an enormous army advancing, formed by those who bear the Mark of the Virgin and are like unto the Beast, the Enemies of the Lamb. And I see that they are led by the Führer, who is like unto a furious wolf, and accompanied by the Virgin, who flies over them bearing the banner of the Sign of the Vril and of the Spica. And the Army of wolves ap-

proaches the sea of lye! And the Lamb, and the 144,000 members of the Chosen People, settle on a White Island situated toward the center of the sea of lye, which had been formed with the summit of Mount Zion! Heavenly Jerusalem and Chang Shambhala are the names of that island."

"Now what do you see?"

"The Lamb, standing on Mount Zion, and with him 144,000 who have his name and the name of His Father written on their foreheads. And I hear voices from Heaven, which sound with the harmony of manifold Nature. And they sing a ***new*** song before the Throne of Jehovah, before the ten Sephiroth, before the Elders of Israel, and before the Shekhinah; and no one is able learn the Song of Creation except the 144,000 who had been purchased from the Earth. These are the ones who do not know the love of the woman because they are sodomite Priests. These are the ones who follow the Lamb wherever He goes. These constitute the Hierarchy of Souls, that range from man, to Jehovah and the Lamb. They do not know the Truth of Creation. They are perfect animal-men."

"Now what do you see?"

"I now observe a Time before the fall of the Dragon: one sees upon the Earth ***the men who already had the Sign of the Vril*** and some Angels of the Dragon who threaten them from Heaven. One of them, the one who flies highest in Heaven, carries the Gospel of the Lamb and announces the Holocaust of Fire to those who live on the Earth, and to every Nation, Tribe, language, and People, and says with a loud voice:

> 'Fear Jehovah and give Him glory, because the hour of His judgment has come; worship Him ***who made Heaven and Earth, and Sea*** and springs of waters.'

"Another Angel, a second, followed, saying:

> ***'Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great, she who made all nations drink of the wine of the Universal Empire.'***

"Then another angel, a third one, followed him, saying with a loud voice:

> 'If anyone worships the Beast and its image and receives its Mark on his forehead or on his hand, ***he also will drink of the wine of the wrath of Jehovah, pure wine, concentrated, human lye, poured into the cup of His anger;*** and he will be tormented ***with Fire and Brimstone*** in the presence of the Holy Angels and in

> the presence of the Lamb. ***And the smoke of their torment ascends forever and ever;*** they have no rest ***day and night,*** those who worship the Beast and his image, and whoever receives the mark of his name.'

"Here is the perseverance of the Chosen People who keep the commandments of Jehovah and their faith in the Messiah!' "

"Now what do you see?"

"Another Immortal Angel: He points to the city that is on Mount Zion, in the midst of the sea of lye, and says:

> 'Behold the bride, the wife of the Lamb!'

"This Angel speaks for those who worship the Lamb, and promises them salvation from the wolf-men hiding themselves in the City of Jehovah. Thus he speaks to them:

> 'There shall come down a city from Heaven, upon Mount Zion, from Jehovah. Its brilliance was like a very valuable stone, like a stone of crystal-clear jasper. It had a great and high wall, with twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels; and names were written on the gates, which are ***the names of the twelve tribes of the sons of Israel. There were three gates on the east, three gates on the north, three gates on the south, and three gates on the west.*** And the wall of the city had twelve foundation stones, and on them were the twelve names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb.'

"The one who spoke has a gold measuring rod to measure the city, its gates, and its wall.

> 'The city is laid out as a square, and its length is as great as the width.'

"And he measured the city with the rod, twelve thousand stadia; its length, width, and height are equal. And he measured its wall, 144 cubits, by human measurements, which are also angelic measurements. And the Angel says:

> 'The material of the wall will be jasper; and the city will be pure gold, like clear glass. The foundation stones of the city wall will be decorated with every kind of precious stone. The first foundation stone will be jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the

> sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, topaz; the tenth, chrysoprase; the eleventh, jacinth; the twelfth, amethyst. And the twelve gates will be twelve pearls; each one of the gates will be a single pearl, like shining crystal. There will be no temple in it, for Elohim, Jehovah Sabaoth, and the Lamb will be its temple. And the city ***will not need the Sun or the Moon to shine on it,*** for ***the Glory Sephirah of Jehovah will illuminate it,*** and its lamp will be the Lamb. ***The nations will walk by its light, and the kings of the earth will bring their glory into it. In the daytime*** (for there will be no night there) ***its gates will never be closed;*** and they will bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it; ***and nothing unclean, not consecrated by the Priests of Israel,*** shall ever come into it, nor those who bear the Abominable Sign, ***but only those whose names are written*** in the Lamb's ***book of life.***' "

"Now what do you see?"

"A River of living water, out of which all created things flow, coming from the ***Kether*** Trunk of Jehovah and of the Lamb. The Angel pronounces the last words:

> '***In the middle of its street, on either side of the River, there will be a Tree of Life, bearing twelve kinds of fruit, yielding its fruit every month; and the leaves of the Pomegranate Tree will serve to heal the Nations from the River of the Living Water. And the leaves of the Pomegranate Tree will serve to cure the Nations from the sin against Jehovah. There will no longer be any curse;*** and the throne of Jehovah and of the Lamb will be in it, and His bond-servants will serve Him; they will see His face, and His name will be on their foreheads. And there will no longer be any night, ***or infinite blackness,*** and ***they will not have need of the light of a lamp nor the light of the sun,*** because Jehovah Elohim will illuminate them; ***and they will reign forever and ever.***' "

"Now what do you see?"

"I see the Final Battle. I see the Führer and his army of wolf-men storm the Island of Zion, and surprise the Heavenly Jerusalem, which is Chang Shambhala, and cause great

slaughter among its dwellers. Not even Thuban and the three-fourths of Heaven, garrisoned, succeed in stopping the furious herd! The Lamb and the 144,000 Priests are cornered in the Accursed City, ***constructed with the body of the Dragon!*** And they die by the thousands: they prefer to die rather than see the Sign of the Vril of the wolf-men! And the Dragon-City palpitates and writhes, unable to shake off the wolf-men. And the immortal eyes of the Dragon shed countless tears; tears that roll toward the fourfold Wailing Wall, tears of Pity for the Children of Israel. But the wolf-men do not relent and sink their fangs into the Children of Israel, into the Lamb, and into the Dragon. And the Virgin of Agartha nails her banner into the Wailing Wall, which is like unto the Heart of Binah, the mistress of all hearts: yea, in the Heart of Avalokiteśvara has been planted the Sign of the Vril, the Mark that causes the Black, the Hard, and the Cold of the Stones, and down the Wailing Wall flow Her tears as if brought forth from a miraculous waterfall. And a hard and icy darkness falls upon Zion: it is the Cold Death of the Virgin; the Death that snatches the warmth from the hearts of the Lamb and the 144,000 Saints of Israel; the Death that those who see in the darkness unleash, the wolf-men of Stone who form the Army of the Führer."

"Now what do you see?"

"The Final Battle continues on Earth, but I can no longer see what occurs there, ***for I see that the White Boars flee in panic to hide themselves in Heaven: they are pursued by the Wolf-man-Pack-Army-of-Stone! But only a fourth of the stars are left in Heaven!***"

"The moment has arrived! The End is equal to the Beginning!" Uncle Kurt exclaimed in surprise.

Chapter XV

I was startled by Uncle Kurt's unexpected words. However, he then asked:

"Now what do you see?"

"The twin Boars have gone up to the starry Heavens seeking the Dragon. But the Dragon is not in Heaven but in the Final Battle. And the Boars have become stars again, and have situated themselves under the feet of the Virgin, near the Raven. And in the sky many constellations are missing, like a picture book from which many pages have been torn out."

"Now what do you see?"

"The stars of Heaven, ***all those that were left,*** abandon their posts and revolve around the two Boar-stars. It is the ***chaos primordiale,*** the massa confusa!"

"I will project the Sign of the Origin on the massa confusa!" shouted Uncle Kurt. It seemed that he was now very close to me, behind my back. I was imagining his empty black sockets, deep and infinite, peering into the alchemist's vessel, of which shining surface would irremediably house ***what he was: the Sign of the Origin, the Sign of the Vril, the Mark of the Virgin, the Sign of Lúcifer, the Sign of Shiva.*** I imagined it, for I was not wishing to look at it and see, as before, Frya Death, the Bear-Man, and the Wolf-man.

In the ***matrix,*** the surface of the ***Sulphur Philosophorum*** was showing the image of a whirlpool of ***lumen naturae*** that were revolving around the twin stars, the ***monads of Bera and Birsha.*** When the first Rune reflected on them, they lost a great part of their brightness and began to solidify. And so they continued, darkening and ***solidifying,*** as the following Runes were succeeding each other. And when, at last, the thirteen Runes had been plasmated, the two stars underwent a metamorphosis and were transformed into ***flowers of Stone.*** Then, as if Uncle Kurt had asked me the question, I described aloud what I was seeing:

"The stars are now two flowers of stone; they are two ***padmas*** or lotuses: Esther is the name of those Stones. And the thirteen Runes move and associate with each other in an incomprehensible way. And the thirteen Runes form a Sign that disintegrates the whirlpool, the ***chaos confusum,*** and replaces it with the most impenetrable darkness; only the flowers of

stone have remained in the ***Sulphur Philosophorum:*** and now they ***fall*** to the bottom of the ***matrix. Opus consumatum est!***"[9]

"You now possess two ***lapides philosophorum!***" said Uncle Kurt. "You have completed the Work, through the Virgin, ***because you have seen the Work!*** And you have received the ***descensus spiritus sancti creatoris!*** You are just like Me, and I am just like you! ***Naturalissimum et perfectissimum opus est generare tale quale ipsum est!***"[10] Suddenly, I came to realize that the roaring, growling, and barking had been silenced. I brusquely turned around and looked for Uncle Kurt with my eyes: I did not see him anywhere. Instead, I observed two white spots that were moving away toward the sky. I sharpened my eyes and thought to distinguish two wild boars that were fleeing in panic, their fur bristling and grunting in terror. Nature had calmed down and the ectoplasmic clouds were no longer over the cadavers of the Oriental assassins. The Boars were the Souls of Bera and Birsha who were fleeing toward the Beginning of Time! Had the plan succeeded, after all, despite the intervention of Avalokiteśvara? How had Uncle Kurt managed it? How did he manage that the Pity of the ***Dea Mater*** did not calm the panic of the Immortals Bera and Birsha? Yes, now I was remembering: ***with their hearts in the Sulphur Philosophorum, with their Souls in the vessel of alchemical projections, he had taken Bera and Birsha toward the future, toward the Final Battle, when the Dragon would lose its Power; and there they had suffered more terror than that of the death of their physical bodies by our gunshots.***

Of all possible Futures, it is feasible to hope for one that corresponds to the World ***"that Wothan affirms from the Origin,"*** the World that constitutes ***"the Reality of the Blood of Tharsis."*** To that Future, in which Spirit will triumph over the Potencies of Matter, the Souls of Bera and Birsha had been alchemistically carried: to the Battle of Chang Shambhala, to the Final Battle; to the Defeat of Chang Shambhala, to the Defeat of Zion; and the Terror of the End of Chang Shambhala, of the End of Zion, caused the return of Bera and Birsha to the Beginning of Time, to the point where all possible Futures are settled and where Chang Shambhala or Zion has not determined its End before the End of Time. Because that which I

9. *"The Work is realized."*

10. *"The most natural and perfect work is to generate its like."*

saw in the ***matrix*** is an Uncreated Future, not foreseen by the Creator, only possible in the World of the Blood of Tharsis, in the World of the Reality of the Führer: ***and Uncle Kurt had demonstrated to have blind faith in that Uncreated Future, in which the spiritual men would rise like Wild Beasts against the Lamb and the "144,000" Priests of Israel.*** I believe that the success of the alchemical transmutation, and the terror infused into the Immortals Bera and Birsha, were fundamentally owed to that unshakable faith that Uncle Kurt was professing for the Führer and his Future.

Although, he was strangely affirming that the Work was mine. But I was harboring the certainty that it was he who marked the Hot Stones, the Souls of Bera and Birsha, monads above the Primordial Chaos, with the Sign of the Origin, with the "Abominable Sign" that the Demons were fearing. And their Souls had hastened the Stone of the Beginning, the ***Lapis Ignis,*** and now ***they were to be at the Beginning. In a panic, at the Beginning:*** the goal of the plan. I forgot the Pity of Avalokiteśvara, but ***thanks*** to Uncle Kurt the objective had been achieved.

By the way, where was Uncle Kurt? I was beginning to worry, when I heard his voice: it was coming from above, and was sounding ironic and tranquil.

"I was right, Neffe: ***Immortals cannot die.*** And you were right: ***their fear would make them flee toward the Beginning.*** It is a tie, don't you think? I must now go after them, Bear against Bees, Wolf against Pigs, I have to pursue them to the Beginning: ***only then will the End be equal to the Beginning, Potentiality will become Actuality, the Possible will become Real, the Work will be Present between the End and the Beginning; and you will be able to fulfill your mission.***"

I knew what was occurring: Uncle Kurt had elevated himself with the daiva dogs until putting himself out of my reach. His decision was, then, irrevocable. I felt myself dying from sadness and desolation. My legs went slack. I got a lump in my throat. Nevertheless, I cried out with helplessness:

"Uncle Kurt, don't go! Don't leave me here ***alone!***"

Then I heard the thunderous guffaw that my uncle was emitting with inevitable spontaneity: it was not a mockery, but the expression of his mood.

"And you are the one who was questioning my ***stubbornness,*** when I was resisting to stay ***alone*** in this Hell, after the Second War?" he asked laughing. "Well, remember that I endured 35

years: you will have to endure much less. Come on, be valiant, Neffe Arturo! Or will I have to ask you, like Belicena Villca, if you are capable of being a Kshatriya? But I know that you comprehend why I do it: ***it is part of the Führer's Strategy. The hunt that I now initiate will soon be imitated by thousands of Wolf-men-of-Stone. I will have the Honor of determining the End of the Age of the Boar and the Bee, just as the Spica of the Virgin will destroy the Age of the Dove.*** You are like Me and I am like you. And if I am, you are: ***that was the great Strategy of the Von Sübermann Stirp,*** which we could not know until now; ***the secret of the Tulkus.*** Today, the Sign of the Origin is on you, ***on your earlobes; and those who have the Pure Blood will see it.*** That is why the ***lapis philosophorum*** adopted the form of ***flowers of stone:*** because ***such lotuses are the adornment of the earrings of Avalokiteśvara, the earrings that the Compassionate One places on the ears of those marked with the Sign of the Origin, in order to cover the Sign of the Origin.*** You have obtained them in the ***matrix*** of projections because your own Sign of the Origin ***has been uncovered: its covers have fallen! And that is the Great Work! You are now the Sign of the Origin, and you are in the Origin of the Eternal and Uncreated Spirit, the same as I!*** I could never see the Sign of the Origin, remember? But ***we both saw it today: you in me, and I in you, in the projection on the Hot Stone.*** Separated, we would never have seen it. That is why it was good to be with you, Neffe; because together we will fulfill the mission of our Stirp: ***we will do it for Honor, since we saw the Origin, and we have the Origin, and we can return to the Origin when we want to.*** You no longer need me; nor do you need anything or anyone. Farewell Neffe; we will meet again during the Final Battle. Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" I mechanically responded, while the roar of an indescribable Wild Beast was thundering through space and an unearthly gust of wind, icy, was hitting me like a lash and shaking the trees and kicking up clouds of dust.

I directed my sight in the direction that the Boars had fled, that is, to the south, and I swear that I observed Uncle Kurt for the last time. Or at least I received that impression. Because I saw, or believed to see, contrasted by the starry firmament, a Beast that was running after two bright stars that were running away in dread: now it was looking like a Bear, now a Wolf; and its roars and howls were becoming less loud until they

were completely extinguished. ***I felt sane: it was The Plague that was moving away.***

In thought, still looking toward the Southern Cross, I recalled Belicena Villca's Letter, the part where Rabbi Benjamin was referring to Bera the Mystery of the weakness of the Chosen People: Jehovah warned the People of Israel about four kinds of evils, before which they would be ***weak:*** "And I will appoint over them four kinds of doom," declares Jehovah: "the sword to kill, the dogs to drag away, and the birds of the sky and the animals of the earth to devour and destroy" ***[Jeremiah 15:3].*** There, on the floor of the Chacra, were lying the lifeless human bodies of Bera and Birsha: they had been ***weak,*** strategically ***weak.*** And in their case, the symbols warned by Jehovah had intervened, all four, at the same time:

Sword: the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis.

Dogs: the daiva dogs.

Birds: the Virgin of Agartha, and every Kālibur Dame, whose Infinite Blackness ***devours*** the light of the Souls.

Wild Beasts: the ***Berserkr*** and the ***Ulfheðnar,*** that is to say, the Bear-men and the Wolf-men, of Frya Stone.

And the "remedies" proposed by Bera were of no use to them this time: the Peace of Gold, the Illusion of Rage, the Illusion of Earth, and the Illusion of Heaven.

We had won the match against the Demons, but I never ever, to this day, saw Uncle Kurt again.

Chapter XVI

Next, a phenomenon occurred that I have decided to expose separately, due to the fact that I have not yet found a convincing explanation for it. As I said, I was still looking at the Sky, toward the Southern Cross and thinking about the things that he mentioned, trying to master the nostalgia for the departure of Uncle Kurt, attempting to overcome the nervous depression.

The blow was violent, forceful, in the center of the skull, a few centimeters above the place where Uncle Kurt applied to me his accurate hit. I fell struck to the ground, seeing stars that were not exactly the product of an alchemical process, ***but aware that something had fallen from the Sky on my head, something of small size and considerable weight.*** I sat up, still dazed, and began to look around with the help of the pen flashlight. It did not take long to find the projectile, the cause of the bump, the painful effects of which lasted several days and of which scar I keep: as it is easy to imagine, it was a stone.

But that was an artistically carved stone, and it was evident that it was belonging to a larger whole, from which it was fractured. ***It was the hand of a child of Stone, amputated at the wrist, expressing the Bala[11] Mudra,[12] the Internal Salutation of the House of Tharsis: the index finger and thumb were stretched out forming a right angle; and the middle, ring, and little fingers were bent over the palm of the hand.***

When finding the stone hand, I instantaneously remembered the Thirty-third Day of Belicena Villca's Letter, and then I checked it by re-reading that paragraph again and again: on that day Belicena was narrating the extermination of her Stirp carried out by Bera and Birsha, by transmuting the non-initiated members of the House of Tharsis, like those of my family, into ***bitumen of Judea.*** It was then that the Noyo, Noso of Tharsis, arrived at the church of the Virgin of the Grotto, in Turdes, to rescue the image from the generalized plundering of Lugo de Braga. And it was upon fulfilling this task when he verified that the hand that was expressing the Bala Vrune had been amputated from the Child of Stone. ***But such disappearance***

11. Strength

12. Gesture

happened in the thirteenth century, seven hundred years ago: it was at least seeming adventurous, if not absurd, to relate this fact with that one. And yet, against all logical arguments, to me the accident was seeming suggestive. And I have not changed my mind: I mounted the little hand on a silver ***bail,***[13] added a chain to it, and hung it around my neck. How it fell on my head, or from where, I do not know; whether it is the same hand from the thirteenth century, I do not know either; and what it means that it fell against my head at that moment, is something that belongs to the field of the most obscure enigmas. But the piece pleases me and I will carry it with me until the End.

13. The part of a necklace that connects the pendant to the chain.

Chapter XVII

What remains for me to add to this Epilogue, or Prologue is very little.

After the shock that Uncle Kurt's departure undoubtedly produced in me, evidenced in the abnormal serenity with which I began to reflect on the symbols of the Sword, Dogs, Birds, and Wild Beasts, and getting over the painful effect of the blow to the head, I began to become aware of the reality and my nervous system entered into a violent crisis. Inside I was feeling that I was falling apart, and I tried to keep myself armed outside, shouting a thousand insults and swears against all our enemies, and from which in the end our Comrades and allies were not excluded: Belicena Villca, her son Noyo, Capitán Kiev, the Loyal Siddhas, the Führer, and even the Incognizable, were encompassed by my irreproducible profanities. I will not justify myself, for known events explain this irrational reaction. How was my will not going to be broken, if in the span of four days my family was atrociously murdered, my entire family, close and distant relatives, and the only survivor outside of me, Uncle Kurt, had just left never to return?

I became crazy. I was hurling insults and impotently kicking the cadavers of the Oriental assassins. With irrational aggressiveness, I was about to empty the clip of the useless machine gun into those diabolical bodies, when some moans coming from the interior providentially brought me back to reality. I was not alone! I suddenly remembered that during the attack we had heard screams of pain.

With my face still distorted by fury, some demented glint in my eyes, and pistol in hand, I decidedly entered into the house, causing the consequent alarm of the person who was tied up on the dining room table. It was Segundo, the Indian descendant of the People of the Moon, whom Belicena Villca was mentioning in her Letter, and whom I had seen a couple of times as a visitor at the Salta Neuropsychiatric Hospital.

He was looking terrible, because Bera and Birsha had torn out the nails of his fingers and toes; however, he ought to be grateful to the Gods, and to Operation Boomerang, because the Demons lacked the time to cut off his tongue and ears, and empty his eyes, and finally skin him or slit his throat. When I

untied him and asked if there was a first-aid kit, the Indian regained his speech.

"And the two men?" he cautiously asked.

"They were not men," I gruffly responded, "but the Demons Bera and Birsha. They're both dead, out there: we killed them with the shots that you heard. And now my uncle is pursuing them to the Bottom of the Central Abyss of the Universe, to an infernal place from which they may never return."

Now I realize that such an answer was improper and absurd to offer to an unknown Indian who would possibly not have the slightest idea what I was talking about. But I was suffering from the effects of shock and crisis and was not stopping to think about what I was saying. On the contrary, I was constantly cursing myself for all my errors: for being the cause that the Demons discovered the World and the address where my family was living; because in the plan of attack I forgot to consider the compassionate action of Avalokiteśvara; and for not heeding the bad feeling that Uncle Kurt's farewell in Cerrillos produced in me, before levitating with the daiva dogs: ***Uncle Kurt knew what was going to happen, that we were going to be tested by the Maternal Passion of Avalokiteśvara, who would mercifully defend the Immortals, and that in all probability he should set out in pursuit of the Demons, to keep their fear awake; and that is why he wanted to say goodbye before going into operations!*** And I was the imbecile who went through with the plan to the end, regardless of anything, underestimating Uncle Kurt's capacity! Now I was alone, more alone than Uncle Kurt was in his exile, even though he affirmed the contrary to console me and give me courage!

Such were the thoughts that were occupying my mind when I responded to the Indian in the above-mentioned manner. Fortunately, I was not entirely alone; the Indian repeated, with even greater caution:

"Beraj and Birchaj?"

It is possible that only at that moment did it dawn on me that the Indian was real.

"Beraj... ?" I repeated, trying to remember where I had heard that pronunciation before. Then I remembered Belicena Villca's Letter and the history of the People of the Moon. "You know them too, of course! Those sons of bitches exterminated your family, just like the House of Tharsis and my own Stirp!" I exclaimed with exaggerated euphoria.

"And how do you know that?" asked the Indian at the height of astonishment. "You're not from the Army?"

"Ha-ha-ha," I heartily laughed, upon discovering the impression that the commando uniform was giving. "No, man, no. I don't belong to the Armed Forces. The one who was a member of the Army was Noyo Villca, as you well know. Do you not remember me? I am Arturo Siegnagel, the psychiatrist who was treating Belicena Villca in Salta. She recounted everything to me in an extensive letter: for example, I know that you descend from the People of the Moon, who were inhabiting Koaty Island on Lake Titicaca, and that your remote ancestors were residing in Scandinavia, in the country of King Kollman, of the lineage of Skiold."

"Ah, the Doctor. Yes, I remember. I was aware that Doña Belicena was writing a letter with data about the Casa of Tharsis, but I was not knowing who its addressee would be."

"And you say," he added, "that these torturers are the same Beraj and Birchaj who guided, more than six hundred years ago, the malones[14] of the Diaguita-Hebrew Indians, under the command of Chieftain Cari, in the invasion of Island of the Sun?"

"They were," I corrected him. "Indeed, they were the same, although perhaps they used other bodies; that I don't know with exactitude. But what's certain is that three months ago they assassinated Belicena Villca in the Hospital, and only four days ago they did away with my whole family; because of these damned Demons, we only have three survivors left from three spiritual Stirps: Noyo Villca, from the House of Tharsis; Segundo, from the House of Skiold; and Arturo Siegnagel, from the Von Sübermann House. Belicena Villca requests of me in her Letter to seek out Noyo Villca in Córdoba, and assures me that you will help me. She also recommends me to be very careful with Bera and Birsha, who were powerful Demons, but you can see, in spite of the blows that they gave us, and thanks to the help of the Gods, we were able to finish them off for the time being. There will be other Demons that will no doubt pursue us, and a thousand unknown dangers, but it is improbable that Bera and Birsha will return to the World of the Blood of Tharsis; ***however, they will continue existing in the other Worlds of Illusion; and woe to those spiritual men***

14. A rapid and surprise attack by a large party of mounted warriors against an enemy group.

who do not soon find the World of the House of Tharsis! What do you think, Segundo? Will you help me?"

"Of course I will! Know, Dr. Siegnagel, that She was a Queen for those of my Race: her wishes are orders for me. She asked me not to go to the Salta Hospital anymore because she was under surveillance and was suspecting that they were going to kill her: and I carried out her orders to the letter; I did not go to Salta anymore and I did not respond to the correspondence from the Hospital, the Judge, the Police, etc. ***And no one came here because this house is very hard to find.*** Your powers must be very great to have arrived this way, by surprise, and to be able ***to kill*** the Demons. You have saved my life, and surely you have spared me a previous terrible suffering! But I don't know up until what point to thank you, since, as you will realize, I am already fed up with living."

I was perfectly understanding him, since I too was fed up with living; and if I was going on, like that Germanic Indian, it would exclusively be for Honor, because it was an Honor to stay to fulfill the mission that the Gods, who were directing the Essential War, had assigned to one, and because after the Final Battle, once the accounts with the Potencies of Matter had been settled, we would definitively return to the Origin of the Uncreated Spirit. I saw Segundo's face distorted from pain and I ran to an adjoining storehouse to get the first-aid kit that was in the glove compartment of a pick-up truck. With patience, I disinfected the twenty fingers and toes and was bandaging them one by one. I was carrying the sedative tablets with me, and I made him swallow two: four milligrams that would make him sleep until noon.

Before concluding the cure, he was already nodding off, so I took him to his room, making him step with his heels, and left him lying on his humble carob-wood bed.

I warmed up coffee, and drank it more calmly, seated in a chair in the kitchen. The encounter with Segundo had calmed me down quite a bit and I was now meditating on the next steps to take. On the table I deposited the carboy of acid, transmuted as a very black liquid but with a light density. To recover the roses of stone, the Avalokiteśvara earrings, I would pour that unusable substance into the sink, and neutralize the residual acidity with a powerful concentrated detergent that I discovered in a cupboard. A minute later, the Esther earrings were in my pocket, already empty of weapons. Certainly, we

exaggerated the artillery, and were now resting on the table, the Itaka, fifty cartridges, the machine pistol with its uncomfortable underarm holster, its magazines, the ten fragmentation grenades, the TNT bombs, and the hunting knife. Nonchalantly and discreetly, I made sure of Segundo's deep sleep, and decided to take care of eliminating the remains of the Oriental assassins. Equipped with a powerful 12-Volt flashlight, I explored the surroundings of the Chacra.

I then verified that, in effect, the construction of the house was following the layout of the ancient Pukara of Tharsy, and that the perimetric fortress was reduced to a low wall, of no more than one meter, to disguise its function of fortifying a liberated plaza. In its interior was still existing the very ancient cromlech, the stones of which were forming an enormous circle, in the area of which the plan of the Chacra was easily able to fit. But the fate of the Menhir of Tharsy, the one planted by the White Atlanteans to establish the Blood Pact with the Stirp of Tharsis and to determine its familial mission, was intriguing to me. Taking the diameters of the Cromlech, I looked for the center at its intersection, and I verified with intrigue that that central place was inside the Chacra. Finally, there were no doubts that the central site was inside a huge hermetically sealed shed. I cut the chains and padlocks with a suitable bolt cutter, and opened the doors of the shed: incredibly, after centuries and millennia, the Menhir of Tharsy was still in its place of origin. It was of green stone and was showing at its base the millenary apacheta of Vultan: ***purihuaca voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy***. Over the apacheta was, for four hundred and forty three years, the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis, guarded, as in Huelva, by tireless Noyo and Vraya descendants of Lito of Tharsis. In the face of that attitude of respect and trust in the Loyal Gods, assumed over millennia of patient guarding, what were my current anxieties, my selfish anguishes, meaning? The imposing Menhir, and its rustic stone altar, had the virtue of making me ashamed of myself, of my human weaknesses, and of strengthening my will to continue until the End.

With all the vain and cruel efforts made in the past by the Demons Bera and Birsha, the hatred that that Chacra would arouse in them, at which the members of the House of Tharsis lived outside of their reach, preserving the Stone of Venus of the Wise Sword, comes as no surprise. But they arrived late,

they always arrived late to America: they failed to exterminate the Skiold lineage with the Diaguita-Hebrews, or with the Spaniards of Diego de Almagro, Diego de Rojas, and so many others; neither did the murder of Belicena Villca do them any good because she wisely misled them; nor did the extermination of the Von Sübermanns allow them to finish off Uncle Kurt. America had turned out to be fatal for them! They did not know where Noyo Villca with the Wise Sword was and wanted to take revenge on the Indian Segundo, to sacrifice him by means of horrible torture before departing from the unpredictable World of the House of Tharsis. And they had been attacked and killed when they were least expecting it. Like a boomerang, their own blows came back against them; ***like in a Jiu-Jitsu strike,*** their enemies took advantage of their own moves and turned their forces against them.

There were all kinds of tools in the storehouse that was storing the pick-up truck. I went there, took a wide shovel, and began to look for a suitable place to dig the graves. Fifty meters from the house was growing a dense reed bed of tacuaras[15] that seemed to me would be the ideal spot: it would be difficult to penetrate the layer of roots, but after a few days no one would discover the slightest trace of the removal. I returned to the house twice and loaded the accursed cadavers into a wheelbarrow to make transport easier; on the last trip I also carried a machete to clear the path. I looked at the clock in the house and saw that it was reading 03:00 hours on the 23rd of April. Mine, on the other hand, was showing 01:30 hours on the 26th of April. Logically, I synchronized my watch with the local dial.

So, then, at 06:00 hours, three hours later, I finished the macabre task of burying the mangled cadavers of the Oriental assassins. It was already dawning and I was feeling exhausted, psychically and physically drained. And there were still several things to do, unavoidable matters that were not admitting delay. One of them was to carry out the destruction of the assassins' black car, in order to avoid police tracking: but, for that, I was needing to count on Segundo's help.

I drank a new cup of coffee and then dedicated myself to pouring buckets of soapy water on the patio, to eliminate the traces of blood, a precaution that, more than to avoid police

15. Type of bamboo.

investigations, was aiming to frustrate the still more terrible action of the Tucumán flies. At daylight, I discovered next to a tree, fifteen paces away from the door of the house, the jacket and all of Uncle Kurt's weapons: evidently, he had abandoned them before departing, when he silently called the daiva dogs. At that moment, I thought that my will would break again. But I overcame and joined those objects with the rest of my equipment.

I could no longer continue dressed as a commando, especially if I had to go outside the Chacra, so I devoted myself to perform a prolix inspection of the interior of the house. I ruled out the Indian's clothes, because of his size, appreciably smaller than mine, and I trusted that Noyo Villca had a larger build and that his clothes were preserved. At last I came upon his room, after passing by that of the deceased Belicena, and found, in fact, a stocked closet: I discovered a pair of jeans, more or less my size, and a similar shirt. I decided to keep Maidana's boots, and I made two large packages with the weapons and combat clothes: I only left the four TNT bombs unwrapped.

In a shoebox, of the vilest cardboard, I deposited the nefarious Dorje, the Scepter of Power that Rigden Jyepo delivered to the Demons Bera and Birsha, together with the stone padmas, the Esther earrings of Avalokiteśvara.

And then, when I had concluded those minor jobs, I headed toward the black car to calm the understandable curiosity that it aroused in me from the moment I learned of its existence.

Seen from a distance, there was no doubt that it was a classic North American limousine. However, upon inspecting it up close, confusion was arising from not being able to establish either the make or model, like the Salta police officers were saying; because it had a mark, and well-visible: *"Aviant."* But who knew that make? To what country was it belonging? Immediately, the suspicion assailed me that the automobile was not from this World, that it was coming from a Reality parallel to that of ours, where "Gentlemen" like Bera and Birsha moved around in *"Aviant"* cars. Was it really an automobile anyway? Yes, it was. An authentic and excellent luxury car, apparently just out of the factory. I popped the hood and observed a powerful eight-cylinder *"V"* engine. The keys were in; I started it up and it ran without problems. And it was useless to check its interior because the Demons were not carrying anything with

them, no papers, no baggage: nothing at all, which was indicating that the possibility of being stopped or questioned on the roads was not entering into their plans; ***or that they were not in any way driving on the roads and routes of human civilization.***

At 08:30 hours, I leaned back in an armchair in the dining room and slept undisturbed until 13:30 hours. I prepared more coffee, toasted bread, and woke up Segundo for the late breakfast. He was astonished upon finding out that I worked all night and that no traces of the assassins' death were remaining. While he was drinking coffee, I checked his wounds; his feet were especially interesting me: they were very swollen:

"Do you think you'll be able to drive the pick-up?" I asked.

"I'll do whatever is necessary," he valiantly said. "No matter the pain."

"It'll be nightfall," I explained. "You'll have to drive about fifteen or twenty kilometers to get rid of the assassins' car. But first I'll bring you some medicine and painkillers: just tell me where the nearest pharmacy is."

It was in Tafí del Valle, five kilometers away. At 15 hours, after roasting a chicken and eating it together, I went to the pharmacy in the pick-up and bought the anti-tetanus vaccine, syringes, anti-inflammatories, and painkillers.

At 19:00 hours we left the Chacra. Segundo would go ahead, in the pick-up, and I would follow him in the ***Aviant***. We would take secondary roads, normally untransited, because the success of the maneuver would depend on no one seeing the black automobile, no one who could report it to the police; and least of all the police, who would already have its description.

But everything went well. Segundo, with his bandaged fingers and toes, and barefoot, since he could not wear alpargatas, was deftly driving the truck in the direction of the Sierra del Aconquija. We crossed the Tafí del Valle River, the Blanco River, and entered onto an almost impassable road that was going up to the summit of Cerro Ovejería. I had to perform feats with the enormous limousine in order to round the sharp curves of the cornice road. Finally, a few kilometers before the summit, we came upon the ideal place: the edge of an abyss a thousand meters deep or more. There I parked the black car, while Segundo was driving the pick-up several meters backward: the path was so narrow that we would have to backtrack

hundreds of meters until finding a widening that allowed us to turn around.

Segundo's backing up was necessary to prevent a possible collapse of the road, which would leave the pick-up isolated and unable to get down the Cerro. Because I was planning to blow up the ***Aviant*** and that was very likely to occur, as it actually occurred.

I poured the contents of a ten-liter can of gasoline inside the car; I programmed the electronic detonators with a time of five minutes; and I placed a bomb on the engine block, another on the interior of the cabin, another in the trunk, and another underneath the chassis. Then I closed the hood, the doors, and the trunk, and ran toward the pick-up, which was waiting for me a hundred meters farther back.

The explosion of the four kilograms of TNT was impressive in those mountains, generating prolonged echoes. The automobile would never be found, for only remnants of it remained scattered over hundreds of meters of inaccessible precipice. When the explosion ceased, we approached a little closer, and made sure that this would happen, for the road disappeared where the car was parked, and the avalanche of stones had dragged the larger debris to the bottom of the gorge, burying it forever.

I remained ten days at Belicena Villca's Chacra, during which I conversed much with Segundo and we agreed on the future steps.

I referred him to the last parts of Belicena Villca's Letter and explained to him that I had certain indications about the possible residence of Noyo Villca: it was all consisting in locating the mysterious Order of Tirodal Knights and their Pontiff, Nimrod de Rosario. Since a chapter had closed in my life and there would be no turning back, I could only continue the adventure and initiate the search for the Order in the Province of Córdoba. Segundo manifested his decision to accompany me on that mission. Besides also being a Hyperborean Initiate, a disciple of Belicena Villca, and possessing a logical spiritual interest in the matter, the Indian, who was fifty years of age, had known Noyo Villca since childhood and would do whatever possible to see him again or lend him his help.

We thus designed a simple plan destined to solve the last problems that were remaining before finally moving ourselves to Córdoba. In the Chacra there was a fortune in Inga gold, to

which Belicena Villca alluded in her Letter. Segundo showed me the secret hiding place, near the Menhir, where they were keeping 250 kg of gold in ingots: originally, the Indian explained to me, the gold was constituting the tableware of the Quilla Princess, because the Ingas were not giving monetary value to said metal; already in Tucumán, and to avoid possible surprises, the descendants of Lito of Tharsis melted all the utensils in the seventeenth century and hid the ingots where they still were. The family never had need for that reserve, but we could take whatever we wanted, because such was Belicena Villca's will.

However, to my understanding that wealth was belonging to Noyo of Tharsis and it was not advisable to touch it for the moment. With what Uncle Kurt left me, we had more than enough to start. It was essential, then, to ensure the care of the Chacra, even if we were absent for a long time. Segundo occupied himself with it, bringing from Tafí del Valle a large family that at other times had already cohabited the place: they would live in the service house and would watch over the place.

Once this was arranged, we left on the 4th of May for Santa María, in Segundo's pick-up. I was never intending to return to Salta, but I had to unfailingly cancel Uncle Kurt's businesses. Apart from that, at my Uncle's Finca the two dearest things left in my life were waiting for me: Belicena Villca's manuscript, reproduced in this book, and Konrad Tarstein's manuscript, from his unpublished book "Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft," which I hope to publish in the future.

The Santa María Finca was impossible to sell because Uncle Kurt was not dead, but "missing," and his will in my favor was of no value in this case. But I could lease it and that was what I did, entering into a contract with the Tolabas, who for so many years accompanied my Uncle Kurt: they would take care of the small candy factory and store my Uncle Kurt's belongings. They would only pay a moderate annual rent. Of course, in the future, if I needed to reduce that property to cash, I would appeal to the well-known expedient of falsifying the death certificate of "Cerino Sanguedolce" and put his will into effect. But the future is still in the hands of the Gods.

What I could sell, was the Cerrillos Finca, which I was not wanting to hold on to for a minute longer. So I wrote to my lawyers in Salta so that they could immediately put it up for

sale and liquidate it as soon as possible. Six months later, in Córdoba, I signed the final documents of the transaction and received a considerable amount of money. And the last day that I was in Santa María, I sent the two packages by parcel to Maidana, communicating to him in a brief note that the commando operation was a success and that it would be useless for anyone to further seek out the "Oriental assassins"; and that, not recovered from the pain because of the death of my family, I was embarking on a trip to rest and would reunite with him when I got back. A "white lie," of course, but what else could I tell Maidana? Perhaps in the future; perhaps in the future if the Gods so decide.

Chapter XVIII

nd here we are in Córdoba, trying to find the blessed Order.

Today is May 30, 1981. It has been more than a year since I bought the apartment downtown, where I live with Segundo. I have just finished this book, in Chapter XVII of the Epilogue, or Prologue, and many will wonder how and why I wrote it. The answer is simple: this book is the product of a reflection, of a written recapitulation of my extraordinary experience with the Hyperborean Wisdom. I had to do it when all attempts at locating the Order of Tirodal Knights failed. Months ago, in the face of the null results of the search, I asked Myself if I might be the cause of the non-coincidence with the Order, if I had failed to come to a ***previous*** conclusion. And I decided to set the record straight for Myself. And I said to myself, "what better way than to put them on paper?" So, I began to write down my memories starting from the assassination of Belicena Villca, which was when it all began.

And now, when finishing, I realize that my intuition was right, that ***it was necessary for me to come to terms with a great part of all that I assimilated in so brief a time and that was still keeping my Spirit in shock:*** it would not be possible that I was permitted to find the Order with such a mental state. But writing this book has helped me, and that is why I have decided to make it known: ***...so that others, now like me, find the World of the Blood of Tharsis.***

HYPEREPILOGUE

Córdoba, June 7, 1981.
To the reader of this book,

Indeed, it was my intention to conclude *The Mystery of the Hyperborean Wisdom* on the previous page. At that time I had no more to say. But today, a week later, something has happened that has shed new light on the problem that was keeping me occupied, that is, the location of the Order of Tirodal Knights: ***I believe to have obtained, at last, a sure clue.*** And I think that it is my duty of Honor to share it with the reader, to give him the same opportunity that I now have.

But, before offering such information, I will succinctly state what has happened to me yesterday.

I was seeking an interior illumination, since the exterior search was leading me nowhere. That is why I wrote the present book; and it was when finishing it that, now much more serene, I decided to try a path that I had not yet attempted. Yesterday afternoon, without warning, I went to the house of Oskar Feil, the late friend of Uncle Kurt, and who had first found the Order of Tirodal Knights. As I supposed, his wife, a kind and pleasant woman of Italian nationality, was ignorant of everything concerning the location of the Tirodal Order. She assured me that Oskar died a natural but very happy death because of the spiritual satisfactions he received in his last years.

She was finding out about the existence of the Order, and even more about Uncle Kurt's history, and was surprised that he had not mentioned it. I explained that we did not have much time to speak with Uncle Kurt, and that he had left pending many topics to which he would never give me an answer:

"But what's happened to Kurt?" she asked. "Has he died? If so, I'll tell you everything I know, which isn't enough, and much less than what you seek. Look, I know about you: I know that you're a nephew from Salta, son of his sister and of an Argentine German. And do you know how I know that? Not from Kurt, who'd never say anything, but because of good ol' Oskar, who loved him like a brother and shared with me his whole history. That's why I'll recount what he didn't tell you: I'm Italian, that's obvious; what's not so obvious is that I was a novice of the Monastery where Von Grossen and Oskar Feil had to take refuge for two years, after 1945, with the subsequent com-

pany of your Uncle Kurt. Well, Oskar and I fell in love, and when he came to Argentina, I was quick to follow and marry him in this country, where we have been very happy: we had a couple of children who already go to University. That's why I'm surprised that he didn't mention me, since your Uncle knew me almost as well as Oskar. And what's happened to him? Tell me with trust; did he have to flee from those terrible enemies who, according to Oskar, would not stop searching for him even unto his death?"

"No, Señora," I clarified. "Fortunately, Uncle Kurt hasn't died, despite being true what you suppose: those 'terrible enemies' finally found him, and exterminated his whole family, which was also mine. That is to say, my whole family, my parents, my sister, nephews, and distant relatives, were assassinated a year ago; but the assassins failed to wipe us out and which is why Uncle Kurt departed more than a year ago, assuring that he would never return. Only I am left, with the mission of finding the Tirodal Knights."

"I'm very sorry for what happened, because I knew how much he loved his sister Beatriz! Justly, he avoided encounters with her for fear of compromising her and unintentionally causing her harm."

I bit my lips when hearing that truth: Uncle Kurt protected her for 35 years and I delivered her into the hands of her executioners in an instant. The news from Señora Feil was, on the other hand, not very encouraging with regard to the Order:

"I fear that I'll be able to do nothing for you, for what Oskar revealed to me about the Order of Tirodal Knights is very little. He certainly didn't give me any data about its members or meeting places."

I looked at her without being able to hide my disappointment. My expression was comical to her, because she smiled and encouraged me to have hope: there was a chance.

"We'll do something, Dr. Siegnagel; it's the only thing that's in my hands; and pray to your Gods it works. Oskar had a safe in his desk in which he was keeping the Order's things. Several times he recommended to me that if 'something' happened to him, and someone from the Order presented himself to claim his belongings, I should return to them the contents of that chest without discussion. But up to the present, no one, except you, has requested information about the Order, which is why

I've never opened his safe. What we'll do, then, will be to examine the contents of the box and try to find some clue."

We immediately went to the study of the late Oskar and, with growing anxiety, I waited for Señora Feil to key in the combination to the lock. At last it opened and the reserved objects were in sight. The meager esoteric inheritance of Oskar Feil consisted of two objects: a book and a vulgar magazine.

It will be difficult for anyone to imagine my perplexity at that moment. The book was a copy of *Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom* by Nimrod de Rosario, exactly the same as that which Uncle Kurt gave me to read in Santa María, and which I now had in my possession. And the magazine, it was an issue of ***Spot,*** three years old.

Señora Feil ended up sharing my concern and, not knowing in what way to satisfy me, or wishing that the interview concluded as soon as possible, handed me the two publications. She was convinced, she said, that Oskar Feil would approve of her course of action, since I was the nephew of his dearest Comrade, to whom he could refuse nothing.

It is needless to say that I reviewed the book page by page, and line by line, looking for some secret clue, some cryptographic message, some hidden indication, some key only destined to be interpreted by Hyperborean Initiates. Very soon I had to rule out that the book offered such a possibility.

And it is needless to explain that I read and studied all the articles in the magazine, looking for a clue there about the Order of Tirodal Knights. Very soon I arrived at the same results as with the book: nothing, not even a hint. This last task unpleasant, since ***Spot*** is a sensationalist magazine of the lowest intellectual or moral level.

Crudely pro-government in its general political line, it lacks defined editorial discretion since its articles are written with the evident purpose of delivering a low blow or causing a scandal, effects that, naturally, please its 2,000,000 readers. The ethical limits of the development of the topics, as is to be expected, are determined only by the legal protections with which its victims manage to defend themselves if they are attacked or by the amount of the bribes paid by the "friends" of the cheap advertising. Logically, such a magazine cannot belong to just anyone: its editor-owner is the famous yellow journalist, not just for being "Oriental," Samuel Isaacson, an exponent of the most rancid Hebrew prostitution, and an

avowed Zionist. Through the issue that had reached my hands, I learned of the details of eight separations of not very close couples of actors and actresses; I familiarized myself with the demands of the National Liberation Movement of Homosexuals; I read two different articles about UFOs, in which two "Professors in Parapsychology," were assuring that their crew members were going to save humanity; I acquainted myself with the details of five murders, three rapes, and one statutory rape; I gained access to the crimes of Nazism, thanks to a biography of Anne Frank and an abridged account of her apocryphal "diary"; I saw five review columns, which in fact were containing underhanded advertising, on films with leftist themes, and five other columns on ecology and pacifism; etc; etc. In truth, there was practically no matter in which the magazine did not dabble with its habitual and repugnant vulgarity.

Mein Gott! What a cesspool that publication was! Why the Devil would Oskar Feil have kept that issue? There had to be some reason. And this possibility was my only hope.

But what reason? I had already read it several times: seventy, or more, articles and columns with the marked synarchic tone. And I did not mention the incredible and varied series of advertisements about porn-shops and Afro-Brazilian sorcery; and the endless list of ***Umbanda priests,*** masters, gurus, magicians, chiromancers, tarotists, etc., who were offering every kind of "spiritual help," from a "solution to couple problems" or "impotence," to complex psychological "unblocking." Of course, I did not pay the same attention to these ads as I did to the journalistic articles: there were so many, hundreds of them!

And there was the solution to the enigma! So visible that it was seeming a joke: a practical joke from Nimrod de Rosario!

Suddenly, where I would have least expected it, on a sheet covered with posters offering the "services" of various esoteric schools and masters, on a sheet that I had looked over many times without seeing anything, the phrase "Hyperborean Wisdom" was highlighted. When I thoroughly inspected the ad, with surprise I read the following:

DON'T DESTROY A PART IF YOU CAN DESTROY IT ALL!!!

In effect:

If your hatred toward the World is so intense that you have seriously thought about committing suicide or becoming a multiple murderer; or if you plan to destroy cultural or natural assets, or join nihilist groups that practice terrorism of any kind...

Don't do it!!

...because you would waste your effort, you would waste gunpowder on chimangos!

It is very possible that you are spiritually prepared to know the Hyperborean Wisdom. This millenary Science will reveal to you who your true Enemy is and will show you the way to work positively to achieve ***the TOTAL destruction of the created Universe.*** The realization of such a magnificent objective will signify the absolute and definitive liberation of your Spirit away from the malignant material Universe that You hate. Reflect and turn to us! Even if you have suffered some kind of brainwashing that has momentarily weakened your aggressiveness: we will help you to recover your hatred!

Keep in mind that ***there is not much time left, that the day of the Final Battle is near: then everything will be destroyed and not mere parts.*** **And in that moment, we hope to have you destroying it alongside us and dancing like Shiva on the ruins of the Cosmos reduced to Chaos.**

Take the finger off the trigger!
Put away the dagger!
Don't drink strychnine or give it to your relatives and friends!
Don't drop the match on the gasoline!
Don't throw your Molotov cocktail!
Stop the timer on your excellent home-made "pipe" bomb!

Just contact C.C.C. 479, Córdoba. If your spirituality is true, and your repulsion toward the present Culture, toward the present World, or toward the present Universe, is authentic, you will have the opportunity to join an Order of Wise Warriors, and become a Wise Warrior yourself, and participate in the greatest man-made effort of all Time to totally destroy the Work of the Creator God of the Material Universe.

You are not alone!! Others share your same aspiration and know how to do it!

C.C.C. 479, Córdoba.

Was it a joke or not? The answer can only be affirmative, and more so if one takes into account the kind of magazine in which it was published. However, nothing of what the ad was affirming or proposing was strange to the Hyperborean Wisdom: anyone who has read this book will agree with me. What was making that text absurd and unbelievable was its reading outside the context of the Hyperborean Wisdom; or in the context of synarchic journalism of the characteristic of ***Spot*** or other similar rags. But it was not escaping me that such an effect would be deliberately sought by the Tirodal Knights. To what end? I did not know, and I was not venturing to imagine it: perhaps the ad was a password; perhaps, in fact, it was intended for spiritual persons endowed with a high degree of intuition.

Whatever the truth was, the fact was that I had no other choice but to write to the mysterious PO Box. I have already done so, before writing this Hyperepilogue. And now I will wait for the response, which will undoubtedly clarify everything. But, as I said at the beginning, I have not wanted to end this book without giving the readers the same possibility that I possess. It is a way, also, to compensate them for the fatiguing task of assimilating the elements of the Hyperborean Wisdom here exposed; so that, whoever wants, and dares, can prolong that knowledge in Reality, which, however, is as illusory as the fiction of this book.

Summarizing, my intuition tells me that the box belongs to the Order of Tirodal Knights or communicates with them. Each one will be able to verify it by himself, in the same way that I will do. And with this discovery, which constitutes the last and only clue that I have gotten about the Order of the Tirodal Knights, I hereby conclude *The Mystery of the Hyperborean Wisdom* and I bid farewell to all readers with the hope that they will have the ***courage*** to write and the ***spirituality*** necessary to merit the Order's response.

Dr. Arturo Siegnagel

Post Scriptum
Córdoba, September 4, 1987.